

Maid to Order, Made for More

The Talkman

Irene

When you have to choose between cleaning the house and making love to your husband, that's a problem. I hated to clean, I just hated it, but that responsibility fell on me. I had married rich, and my husband Troy was kept extremely busy at his father's company, so I felt like it was on me to keep the homestead looking nice. We had a very large house, practically a mansion, so it was a never ending battle to keep it presentable. It just felt like there was always something that needed cleaning. I had brought up the idea to Troy of him working from home so he could help me out, and he said he would love to, but it was unfeasible. And that's fine. I understood. Don't get me wrong, Troy never expected the house to be perfect and for there to be dinner on the table when he got home. He wasn't that type of guy. But for all the blessings he gave me, I felt I should at least do that. And besides, he was so busy the last thing he wanted to do was come home and clean.

Now, I did work, but unlike him, I could work mostly from home. After we were married, his parents suggested I help them out. Troy's family was extremely wealthy, and outside of the main company that Troy's great-grandfather had

founded, they also were very active in raising money with fundraisers. Who they were raising money for changed with every event, and they held events often. Most of them were black-tie affairs, real classy events among the city's elite. Troy's mother suggested I help them out with these events by being on the fundraising group's Board of Directors, helping spearhead different events and charities. This may sound like boring stuff, but I loved it... I revelled in it.

My family had been poor for years. We had always struggled to get by, and all the money I made when I worked as a teen went to keeping the family afloat. We all had to do above and beyond to keep our house presentable while Mom and Dad worked. My sister handled lawn work. My brother handled car repair. I handled cleaning.

Thus grew my hatred of house work.

So, every week after I turned 14, I cleaned the house. I despised it, and to this day the antiseptic smell of the cleaning spray makes me sick, but I did it. I was eager to get out and be on my own, and I eventually found a small

apartment while I tried to go to school. I had to work three jobs to keep myself afloat, but I did it. And it was at work where I met Troy. He was so handsome, with a boyish smile, and perfectly coifed hair. He flirted with me as he ordered his coffee, and as I handed him the cup, I made sure my number was written at the top his bill. He called a day later, and the rest was history.

It was funny, on our second or third date, I found out his birthday was the same as mine. He and I were born on the same day. I knew at that point it was our fate to be together. Put on Earth on the same day, meant for each other. We married a couple years later. We are now both 25 and happy. He rescued me from a life of toil and labor, and introduced me into high society...it was like something from a fairy tale!

I had lived years in the lower class, but suddenly I was kanoodling with the crème-de-la-crème of high society. I went from working three jobs catering to blue collar slobs to hosting charity events for society's elite. I went from wearing hand-me-downs to wearing elegant designer gowns. I had always resented people in the upper class, but now that I was one of them, I loved it. I loved being rich. I

loved interacting with the city's elite. I loved knowing some famous people. I loved dressing up in amazingly expensive gowns.

I could never go back to the life I had before. I promised myself that I would never do anything that would jeopardize the life I had, the blessings I had been given. I vowed that if there were any issues in my marriage, if I ever had a fight with Troy, I would do my darneest to get past it, to make it work. I would do anything to keep Troy and maintain the lifestyle his love had provided me.

So, you can understand now why after all this change, after moving so far upward in society, the last thing I wanted to do was dirty my hands with common house work. It was a reminder of my old life, and to be honest, I felt a little above this. And like I said, cleaning our house was a big job...an exhausting job. So, I had to choose between saving my energy but leaving the house in squalor, or cleaning and not having the energy to take care of Troy's needs. And I was such a perfectionist and maybe a little bit OCD, that I wanted the best of both worlds. I wanted to have the house look perfect, and I also wanted to take pleasure in my

husband's...more than generous endowment, day after day. It became clear I had to choose between one or the other.

Both Troy and I loved sex. I would freely admit I put out for him on our first date. He was that handsome, and that charming, and that...hot. That smile of his, his easy charm, could make any girl melt with desire. He could easily charm his way into the bed of any woman...he certainly did with me.

Not to make him sound like a dog, sniffing around for any bitch in heat. No, it just came naturally. He was a sweet, good-hearted man. His charm came with the package. And his package was...well taken care of...thanks to that charm.

I could go on and on, but I loved Troy's penis! It was a thick, beefy, smooth 9.5 inches, and he kept his pubic hair nice and trim. His testicles were huge and smooth, and he could ejaculate like a stallion. I could play with it for hours, and just study it for days. It was gorgeous. Troy was skilled in the carnal arts, and it would be hard not to with such an impressive endowment. He could go all day if I let him, and I did my best to keep up with him, but we were both adults,

and we had lives to lead, so we could not just stay in bed all day enjoying each others...company. I did my best to hold up my end of the bargain and keep him satisfied, and I knew for a fact I kept him happy and satisfied.

With a husband that had a healthy sexual appetite and a big house that needed cleaning, something had to give. I brought this up to one of the women on the fundraising board, an older, handsome woman named Agnes, who had been on the board for years. I explained myself delicately, not wanting to get too crass, but she was the type to get to the point.

"Dear, just say it. You can't find time to be with your husband." Agnes said.

"Yeah, pretty much." I said blushing.

"Irene, I know exactly what you're dealing with, and I have the perfect solution. Get a maid." Agnes said.

"A maid?" I asked.

"Yes, I have one myself. She's dumb as a box of rocks, and she doesn't speak much English, but she can clean a table like no other." Agnes said.

"Really?", I said.

"Yes. Do you want to get one? I mean, in this part of the country, it shouldn't be hard to find a Mexican immigrant for cheap work." Agnes said.

"Uh, yeah." I said, blushing at her casual racism.

"I'll tell you what, I'll ask my girl if she has any friends, and if she does, I'll send them your way." Agnes said.

"Okay, sounds good." I replied.

"A maid?" Troy asked, sliding under the sheets, laying back as we got ready for bed. "Do we really need a maid?"

"Just think." I said, rolling towards him from under the sheets. "If we get someone to take care of all that boring cleaning, it would leave me all the time in the world to take care of this." I added, reaching down and grasping his cock in my hand.

"Oh, yeah." he said, perking up, smirking that smirk that always made me melt.

"Yeah," I said, starting to stroke his hardening cock. "All those hours I spend washing clothes, dusting the house, buying groceries, could be spent doing this." With that, I ducked under the sheets and took his dripping dick into my mouth.

"Oh shit." he said, his head falling back onto the pillow. I bobbed on his dick, hoping to change his mind.

"I don't think we should." Troy said. I teased the tip of his dick with my tongue.

"We probably don't need a maid." he said as I played with his balls.

"Uh, maybe we can have a maid come over once a month." I took deeper sucks.

"Okay, maybe once a week." My cheeks were hollowing as I sucked hard.

"Oh, fuck!" Troy groaned, spilling his copious seed into my mouth. I swallowed as he fell back, to the bed, relieved of all tension. I emerged on top of him, hovering over him.

"Okay, fine. We can get a maid." Troy said with a laugh.

"Full time? Cause I really hate cleaning." I asked.

"Fine. Full time." Troy said. I kissed him on the forehead and fell to his side.

"Good. I already set up an interview tomorrow." I replied.

Irene

I made things look nice in anticipation for the visit from the prospective maid; just because we were looking to hire a maid did not mean that I wanted to look like a slob in front of her. There was a smudge on our glass table that was bugging the crap out of me, so I had to quickly grab a washrag and some spray to rub it out.. I just finish stacking some magazines in a nice neat pile when there was a knock at the door. Troy was supposed to be here, but he was being kept late at work, so it be just me for this interview. Excitedly, I skipped to the door, eager to meet this possible maid. I calmed myself, regaining my professional demeanor, and opened the door with a big smile on my face.

I was a bit taken aback at my first glance at this girl standing at my doorstep. I expected an older woman, a matronly like

woman. But this girl standing in front of me, she could have been a model. She had long, straight black hair, which looked silky smooth. Her face was strikingly pretty. She had silky, mocha colored skin, a bright infectious smile, perfect teeth, and big, expressive eyes. She was lightly made up, but her beauty rendered any makeup unnecessary. She had the skin of a baby, smooth and unmarked. But if her face reminded you of youth, her body let you know she was very, very adult.

The first thing anyone would notice on her was her massive breasts. They were huge! They had to be DD's! Lucky girl! She thankfully only exposed a hint of cleavage in her tight blue tank top, which clung to her body, and her giant breasts, leaving her smooth arms exposed. She had on a pair of tight, dark jeans and a pair of sneakers.

"Hola!" she said brightly. She bounced on her ankles as she said this, full of pep, causing her full breasts to jiggle under her top.

"Oh hi! You must be..." I started.

"Gabriella... but you call me Gabby." she said, with a heavy accent.

"I'm Irene." I said slowly, as I noticed she seemed to struggle with her English. "Please come in." I said, inviting her into my home. She smiled wide and bounded in with the enthusiasm of a child. But as she did, her chest jiggled noticeably. I couldn't blame her for showing off her assets, but at least she kept it within reason. I was never the type of girl to compare cup sizes, but still, even after I let her in, I couldn't help but glance down at my A cups and accept they didn't compare to hers. And as I walked and noticed how the jeans molded to her ass, her round, perky jutting ass, I couldn't help but burn with jealousy as I knew my ass definitely lacked the curves and perkiness that hers had. But hey, I was happily married to my soul mate, living my dream life, and she was a maid, so I think I won out all things considered. I didn't stew on this for too long, as her infectious joy and wonderment won me over.

"Su casa... very big. Biggest I see. Ever." Gabby said, looking around in awe of my large house.

"Oh, uh... gracias." I said, causing her to smile. "Please, uh, sit down." I added, gesturing to the couch, she bounded onto the couch, bouncing to a stop, looking up at me like an expectant child.

"So, tell me about yourself." I said. I looked down and noticed the remote control was haphazardly placed on the table. I lined it up so it was parallel to the side of the table as she began to speak.

"Um, I was born... in Mexico, near Oaxaca." Gabby started. "I'm 25. I have two sisters and one brother. I came to America to get... new life. Better life." I nodded.

"Are you legal? I mean, are you a citizen?" I asked. I saw her expression drop a bit, so I continued quickly. "It's not a big deal if you are not. I won't report you or anything like that." I said, making sure she didn't think I was going to report her.

"Uh, no." Gabby said, sheepishly.

"That's okay, that's fine." I assured her.

"Okay." she said with a nervous smile.

"So, Gabby, you know why you're here, I'm assuming. We need a maid around here, to keep things clean, do the laundry, take care of chores, some cooking maybe." I said. She nodded to everything I said, but I wasn't sure if it was all getting through. "Would that all be okay?"

"Yes, I...very good at clean. Very good at cooking." Gabby said with a big smile.

"Do you have any experience?" I asked.

"Yes, at home, I clean all the time." Gabby said. "And, I'm very good cook. Very good." she added, putting both thumbs up.

"Good. Um, I would like you to work forty hours a week, minimum. Would that be okay?" I asked.

"I work...as much as you need." Gabby assured. "Is this job... do I live here, or..." she started.

"Um, no. You just come here every day in the morning." I replied.

"Oh, okay." she said, looking down, disappointed.

"Is that a problem?" I asked.

"No, it's just... I don't have car. I have to take bus to get here. It would be easier if I could live here, in a room or something. My friends do that." Gabby said.

"Uh, sorry. Maybe eventually, but not right now." I said, taken aback by this request.

"Okay." Gabby said. "Is...husband here?" she asked, regaining her glow.

"Uh, no. Troy is not here right now. He was supposed to be here but he is running late. You know how guys are." I said, and she giggled at this. "C'mon, let me show you around." I said, standing up and giving her the grand tour. Her wonderment returned, and it was clear that this was a whole new world to her. As we walked, I kept noticing small things I missed when cleaning. I knew better than that, and I tried to quickly fix these mistakes without her noticing, but every time I did her eyes were on me, smiling brightly. She came across a bit like a dim bulb, but her heart was clearly in the right place and she seemed like a sweet girl. I tried to show her some of my tips and tricks to cleaning, and like before, she nodded to everything I said, but I was unsure if anything I said really stuck. I was unsure if she would do a good job at this, but it seemed like she had her hopes up, and I would be breaking her heart if I told her she couldn't have the job. We had just reached the front of the house when I heard the door open up behind me.

"Hey, babe. Sorry I'm late." Troy said, still looking dapper in his work clothes. He walked over and gave me a peck on the lips. "Hon, this is Gabriella." I said, gesturing at Gabby.

"Hi." he said, holding out his hand.

"Hola!" Gabby said brightly, taking his hand in hers and squeezing it softly. I couldn't be sure, but it seemed like her shirt was clinging a little lower on her chest, and it seemed like more of her cleavage was exposed than before. But, my eyes might have been mistaking me. They made small talk for a little bit, as I sat back and watched. She told him about her family, and that she hoped to help her parents back in Mexico. He paid attention, even though she was struggling with her English. Her bubbly personality seemed to grip him as well, as he was smiling wide at her, even though I could tell he was tired.

"So, where are we at?" Troy said, turning to me, clapping his hands together.

"Actually, we were just finishing up the tour." I said.

"Oh. Uh, sorry." Troy said sheepishly.

"It's alright. Gabby, I have your number, so I'll give you a call when we make our decision." I told her.

"Oh. Okay. Nice to meet you." she said, bowing slightly to me and shooting a smile at Troy.

"We'll be calling you." Troy said as she bounced away. "We're hiring her, right?" he asked.

"I don't know. She seems super friendly, but she comes across a bit... dumb." I said.

"I dunno. It seems like she has a big heart." he replied.

"And a few other big things." I said, nudging him in the ribs.

"Hey." he said, holding up his hands, "I'm a gentleman, so I don't notice these things."

"Gentleman my ass." I said, "You were leering like a school boy." I teased.

"How dare you?" he said, causing me to laugh. I pulled him close and gave him a peck on the cheek. As we headed to the kitchen, Troy asked.

"Are we gonna hire her, or not?" he said, his arm around my shoulder.

"I guess." I replied.

Gabriella

As I walked away from the house, I knew I had the job, so I let my ditzy façade drop. I reached into my purse and pulled on my sunglasses. I called one of my roommates and arranged for one of them to pick me up. Moments later, a car pulled up next to me, and I stepped in.

As we drove away, I smiled, reflecting on the interview. My dumb, ditzy Mexican immigrant character worked to perfection. That stupid bitch Irene bought the routine hook, line and sinker. I was willing to go with this maid job

till something better came along. I had worked many odd-jobs. Cook, waitress, room service at a hotel, and now maid.

But then her husband walked in.

That hunk of all-American man pushed all of my buttons. He had all the ingredients I was looking for. Hot. Rich. Sexy. But he was too good of a guy to glance at my displayed cleavage. I would just have to wait him out till the only thing he could stare at was my tits. I would continue to act like to the stupid Mexican immigrant slut until he realized that is what he always wanted.

I couldn't wait to get to work.

I looked into the mirror, admiring the reflection. I wanted to make sure I presented the right image for my first day of work. But most importantly, I wanted to make sure this bra really pushed my tits out. I mean, I have really big ones, big DD's, so soft and supple, so they didn't need much help. I

mean, these tits got me the job. I knew the simple truth that all girls knew: Not showing enough cleavage could be the difference between being an also-ran to being the leading candidate for the job. But I didn't want to get too slutty, as I knew the wife would be there as well, and I didn't want to intimidate her with my awesome tits. I'm sure that hunk of man Troy at the very least noticed them, even though he didn't stare like a dog. I'm sure he pushed his wife to hire me in the hope of seeing a bit more skin, so why not give him what he wants.

I looked at myself in the mirror. My hair looked amazing, long straight, dark black, down to my mid-back. My face looked perfect, my make-up subtle but good. I fingered my tits in my bra, satisfied with my cleavage. It was the best bra I owned, but it was a good one, lacy and black. I ran my fingers down my silky smooth, golden brown belly, down to my undies. My teeny tiny black thong, splitting my round ass cheeks perfectly.

I slipped on a tank top, checking my cleavage. Not overwhelming, but I could pull my top down to show off more if I needed to. Satisfied with it, I slipped on some

jeans, making sure they were snug, and highlighted my assets.

I never used to be this vain. I never used to be such a slut, but things changed. I changed. My life wasn't what I'd thought it would be.

My parents always said I was destined for greatness. I don't know if it was a reaction because of how my siblings turned out, or if they genuinely believed it. But that always stuck with me.

My name is Gabriella Garcez, and I am 25 years old. I was born in a small town in southern Mexico. I think I was an unplanned child, because both of my parents were in their late forties when I was born. I never had much, but I was always happy. Mom and Dad doted on me, and my sisters always complained that I was the favorite. I couldn't blame them though. I was the favorite. I was the only one of their kids with a head on their shoulders. My brother had joined a gang after he left home and we barely ever heard from him, except when he wanted something. My sister's were both idiots, and they ended up pregnant by the time they

were 16. I was young at the time, and even I knew how irresponsible that was.

As I got older, my sisters left, so I was the only child left at home. My Dad worked multiple jobs to get us by, and my Mom was kept very busy at work as well, so a lot of chores fell on me. I cleaned. I washed clothes. I did lawn work. I even cooked. I grew to hate these chores, but I understood why I had to do it, so I never resented my parents for it.

I was a very idealistic child. I knew I was poor, but I figured if I worked hard, and if I studied hard, it would all work out. I would save my family. I was a bookworm. A straight-A student. I was fluent in both Spanish and English. I wanted to go to College and get a good job to rescue my parents from the tiny house we shared.

I had been so focused on school that I ignored boys for the longest time. I focused on my school work, or my house work, and eventually, my job. So that left no time for relationships. And I was fine with that. I was happy with that. Even though I wore hand-me down clothes, even

though I had very little I could call my own, I was happy. I was so focused on my dream I wouldn't let myself get down.

Mom had her own plans for me. She wanted me to go to the land of freedom. The great beacon of hope: America. She told me she wanted me to go to America, live a happy life, and marry a nice, rich American man. I always laughed this off. That wasn't my type of plan.

It wasn't until my last year of high-school where that dream died. I applied to schools all over the place, and I got accepted to every one of them, but I didn't have the money. I applied for scholarships, but none of them came through. I had to choose between a lifetime of debt or giving up my dream. So it was then that my dream died.

I was definitely depressed for awhile, as I had to come to terms with the fact that I would be stuck in squalor for my entire life. For the first time in my life, I felt like I deserved better. I didn't deserve this! It just felt wrong. It felt like my life wasn't supposed to turn out this way. It truly felt like I was meant for better. The things that didn't bother me before bothered me now. The constant work. The shitty

house. Living in poverty. I suddenly hated it all. Being stuck in a house with my parents suddenly became the last thing I would ever want. I stopped trying in school, and my grades suffered. But it didn't matter anyway, so why bother? Now that my focus had shifted away from school work, I could no longer ignore that burning desire inside of me. That un-ignorable, unquenchable desire to fuck!

One other thing my parents always thought about me was that I would be trouble. I surprised them by being so studious and such a straight arrow, but I had the looks to cause some trouble. And my looks became hard to ignore as I matured. I would freely admit I was a great looking girl, but I was not the type to flaunt it, at least not back then. I had a pretty face, a hot body, and some nice big jugs, so it was inevitable that I would get the boys attention. When I was being studious, I ignored the boys. They were pesky distractions. But once I stopped caring about my grades, I began to give the boys more thought. That tension coming from my cunt was too much to ignore. I had heard rumors that people thought I was too uptight. That I needed one good fuck so I'd stop being such a bitch. And, although it sounds crass, it kinda was the truth. I eventually gave in to a boy's charms, and even though the actual sex was nothing

to speak of, it tapped into something deep inside me. I suddenly had this itch inside me that needed to be scratched. And the only thing that could was a giant cock!

I don't know how I ignored the pleasures of cock for so long. I had looked down on my sisters for so long for being such sluts, but it became clear that I had something in common with them. I loved cock! All that time I spent studying before was now spent boy hunting. Unfortunately, I never had that incredible, life changing sex I was hoping for. High school boys were only capable of so much. But they did teach me one thing that stuck with me to this day. Boys were willing to shower me with gifts so I would stay with them. It was as if they realized I was better at sex than they were, and they had to give me gifts in order to keep my attention. It was a bit intoxicating to witness. And believe me, I was much better at fucking than they were. I don't know if there was a girl in Mexico who could suck cock like I could. But, anyway, for the first time, I was being given things. Presents. Things that were mine and all mine. It made me realize how easy men are to manipulate. How just a little bit of pussy could change them. How just a little bit of pussy could make a man yours. And from that point on, I just had to think, if these boys were willing to give me gifts

for how well I could fuck in high school, I could only imagine what men would give me once I got really fucking good.

By the end of the school year, I had cut myself off from sex, knowing I needed better than what these boys could offer. For the first time, I agreed with my mother's plan for me. I had to go to America. I had to find a rich American man with a big fat cock to take care of me. That was the way forward. That was my plan.

With the border control tightening up, it became hard for a lot of people to cross the border. It took some people years. It took me two days. All it took was my magic mouth. I sucked cock all the way across the border, into the land of the free. Into my new home. America.

Unfortunately, work doesn't come easy for illegal immigrants. They weren't looking for someone smart. They were looking for some brainless 'wetbacks' to do grunt work. I tried for a few jobs, but I could tell how put off they were by my intelligence. So eventually, I realized I had to create a character, a dumb airhead Mexican bimbo who

could barely speak English. And the jobs came rolling in. Some of my friends worked as maids, and they were the ones that helped find me the job. I hated the idea of being a maid, I hated all the cleaning and that shit. It reminded me of a past I should be beyond. But it was all part of the plan. I needed to keep myself afloat until a man came in and swept me off my feet. And once I did, I would make him mine. I thought again about the couple I would be working for.

I smiled as I realized that Irene wasn't just hiring a maid. She was hiring her replacement.

Irene

I rolled my eyes as I watched Gabby show me how she dusted.

"No, Gabby, here, let me show you." I said impatiently, grabbing the rag out of her hand and scrubbed the dresser in the correct manner.

"You see what I am doing. Circular motions to make sure you get everything. No streaks of dust." I said. She looked up at me with those big eyes of hers.

"Yes. I see." Gabby said with a smile as I watched her replicate what I did. I nodded and left the room to take care of some business. I walked back in to where she was after about twenty minutes to inspect her work. She stood proudly as I walked in. I looked at the dresser, and as soon as I lifted a jewellery box, I saw a big patch of dust.

"Gabby, you have to dust under this stuff." I told her.

"Uh, why? You don't see it." Gabby said. I rolled my eyes right in front of her.

"Dust gets under things." I explained like I would to a slow person, illustrating my fact. Annoyed, I left her to finish her job, hoping she wasn't this bad at cleaning.

The next day, I went to grab some laundry to see how she did. As soon as I opened the washer, I saw what was wrong.

I stormed into the lounge, where she was vacuuming. I watched how she was doing it, and I cringed. She wasn't vacuuming in neat lines, giving the carpet a clean pattern of lines formed by the vacuum. But no, she was vacuuming in random lines from one corner, making the carpet look like a jumble of lines. It drove the organized side of me crazy.

"No, no!" I said, annoyed. I grabbed the vacuum from her hands. "Neat lines. Straight lines." I said, showing her the proper way to vacuum, with perfect parallel lines.

"Oh, okay." Gabby nodded.

"Second, what's this?" I said, holding out a pink shirt.

"What?" she said.

"You put a red shirt in with the whites!" I said. "I told you the whites are whites and light colors!"

"But, the shirt was light red." Gabby said naively. My fists clenched.

"No, red is a dark color. Whites are white and grey, maybe. No red." I said angrily.

"I sorry." Gabby said, sensing my anger.

The next day, she had made me lunch. While the food was admittedly very good, as I opened up the dishwasher, a wave of smells hit my nose. I looked into the dishwasher, and saw all the dishes were caked with food, and there were chunks of food along the bottom. I approached Gabby, who was putting food away.

"Gabby, you wash off the plate and scrape off the food before you put it in the dishwasher." I told her tersely, roughly shoving a dish under the spigot and running the plate through the water, making sure every bit of food was removed from the plate before putting it back in the dishwasher.

"But, it dishwasher. It washes dish." Gabby said.

I had to walk out of the room or I would scream in annoyance. I tried to be patient with her. I did. But, I shouldn't have to do this much hand holding. Every little thing she did began to annoy me. Her positive, cheery, girly attitude. Her second hand t-shirts that were a size too small. The ones that were so thin you could see her nipples and see that she clearly was not wearing a bra. Even though she didn't need it, since those tits of her infuriatingly perky. And when I caught her listening to a CD and dancing to it as she cleaned, I couldn't help but be aggravated. I know what she did was not a sin, but I couldn't help but tell her no music. This was work. It didn't help that her tiny jeans molded to her butt, and she was shaking it in time to the music. For some reason, that is what set me over the top. Her smile dropped as I turned off the music, but she still bopped around as she cleaned in silence, the beat still echoing in her tiny brain.

Troy

"Here you go." Gabby said, putting plates in front of me and Irene on the table.

"Thank you, Gabby." I told her, causing her to smile and blush slightly. I didn't recognize the plate in front of me. Gabby said it was a dish her mother would always make for her. It was her favorite. I took a tentative bite, and my eyes opened wide as the flavor hit my tongue. It was spicy, but not overwhelmingly so. It was much different than what I was used to.

"Oh my God! This is so good!" I said, marveling at the dish in front of me.

"Oh. Thank you." she said meekly, blushing girlishly, turning to clean her dishes.

"You never say that to me." Irene whispered to me. I looked back at her, noticing her hurt expression.

"Well, that's cause you're cooking is terrible." I said, causing us both to laugh. Irene was always the first to point out her own faults, so she was very open with the fact that she was a terrible cook, and she joked about it often, so I felt no hesitation to joke about it to her face.

"You got me." she said, resuming the meal.

Even though she joked about it, I could tell there was some part of her that kinda resented that Gabby was a better cook than she was. Irene was the type of woman who liked to be the best at whatever she did. She was constantly looking to improve herself, but to me, she was perfect as is.

I had never been the type of guy who loved high-society girls. My parents always tried to fix me up with those types of girls, but those relationships never lasted. Those girls were just so shallow and vapid and had nothing to say.

Some people had told me that I acted like I resented coming from money. I wouldn't agree with that; I felt lucky to be born into such blessings; but I just never felt comfortable having so much money, more than I would ever need, while

so many were struggling to get by. I wasn't the type of guy to reject my family's money and make my name on my own terms. I didn't want to disrespect my family like that. So, I just felt like I could play the role I was given, with a beeline into my father's company, and I knew I wouldn't have it too bad. But I vowed to give back when I could. I vowed not to get lost in high society.

Like I said before, I didn't like high-society girls. I liked girls with character. And Irene, she had more character than most. She wasn't raised with money. She had to get where she was through hard work and dedication. And so when I first met her, I could immediately tell this about her, and that attracted me to her. It didn't hurt that she was darn cute as well.

She had shoulder length blonde hair, and a strikingly pretty face. Some might see her and view her as looking kind of bitchy, with her thin, pointed eyebrows and expressions that made her look upset, but I was able to see the soft side of her. Her body was thin, svelte, and fit. She was a petite girl, a real girl. Not like those high society girls with their endless curves and jaw dropping bodies. No those girls were all-show. They had the best bodies money could buy. But

they were not genuine bodies. I didn't need a girl with huge, round boobs, plump, firm, asses, and sexy long legs. Those were things a shallow guy would want. Those were the things a rich materialistic guy would want, and I was never that guy. Even though Irene had little boobies, and a tiny, cute ass, I loved it. I loved her body. I loved every bit of her body. It had character. And she had character to match.

I loved every bit of her. Her perfections and her imperfections. Her talents and her flaws. Her quirks and her foibles. Her idiosyncrasies and her normalcy.

Nothing made me happier than seeing her experience the life I had. Seeing her so wide-eyed and awestruck reminded me of the blessings I had. And I was happy to have her move into this life permanently. And seeing her freed from having to scratch and claw for every penny, and the pressure that added to her, warmed my heart.

I'm capable of self-reflection, so I didn't want anyone to think I was the type of guy to want to rescue someone. That I wanted to heroically rescue a girl from poverty and debt, and have her be so grateful to me that she owes me

something. That was not my style at all, and I think everyone that got to know both me and Irene learned that as well.

Irene and I are a great match. We have a very playful relationship. I was typically a lot more easy going than she was, so I had my fun trying not to make her so serious all the time. I would prank her constantly, and even though she would get pissed when I did it, she would eventually come around to see the humor in it. These pranks started small, typical pranks, like water balloons, or loosening a salt shaker. But a prank war ensued, and it had escalated. She would try to get my back, but I could see her tricks coming a mile away, so she rarely pranked me. But occasionally, she could get me. Last time she did, she replaced all the files in my briefcase with candy bars. I was heavily embarrassed at work, and I vowed revenge. I hadn't got it yet, but I vowed to get her good.

In a way, we were mis-matched. She was serious, I was jokey. But that kept it fun. She would make me take things more seriously, and I would try to loosen her up. Even though she at times acted seriously, I could tell when she was fooling around. She had a snarky sense of humor, a

little mean, but not too bad. She was the type that would say things that people wouldn't receive as jokes, but I did, as I understood her sense of humor. It was a little dark, a little mean, but my sense of humor was a little darker than some might think. So, like I said, we were a good match.

That translated to the bedroom as well. Irene and I had a great sex life. Me trying to loosen her up carried over into the sack. I was more experienced in the bedroom than she was, so I was the one trying to get her to try new things. She was open for new things, to a point, but those points were lines I would not expect any sensible girl to cross. Lines that I would feel guilty about crossing. Lines that if I crossed, I would know that the girl was a bad girl, a nasty girl. So there was not any part of our sex life that left me wanting more. Irene was everything I could hope for and expect from a woman. She was open for new things, and things were always kept interesting. Usually, I was the aggressor, but occasionally, she was the aggressor, and those were the times that we had the most fun.

Anyway, Gabby had been working here for a little over a week. To be honest, I only interacted with her before I left for work, and after I got home, so I wasn't the one around

her most of the day, Irene was. There was definitely an adjustment period for her working here, and Irene was always trying to make sure things were done to her liking. That was her style. So, Gabby struggled for a few days, as she tried to meet Irene's standards. She was a hard worker, and open to advice. But, according to Irene, there was... room for improvement. Sometimes, she would miss certain aspects of the rooms, and also she would run late. This one was understandable, as she would have to take the bus to get anywhere close to this side of town. But I could tell Irene was annoyed by this. But one thing that Gabby was excellent at was cooking. Her food was amazing. Every breakfast she had made had been different, but all were delicious, and she always had dinner ready as soon as I got home. It was never anything I expected from Irene, but it was a nice thing to have.

The striking thing about Gabby was that she was such a sweetheart. I never saw her without a smile on her face. She was sweet and cute and funny. She was a welcome presence around the house, and I was happy to see that. Like I had said before, I liked girls with character, and she had a lot of it. It took a little digging, as her English wasn't so good, but she had a fascinating story. Hearing her tell about her small

poor family, and her trek to America, it was all fascinating stuff, and I enjoyed hearing about it.

But, like I said, I was not the one around the house most of the day. Irene was. And Irene was the one who wanted the maid, so it was her opinion about Gabby that mattered.

Irene

Gabby was a sweetheart. She really was. But she was so... dumb. I mean, she was as sweet as they come, but I had to show her again and again how to dust the way I expected, how to do the laundry the way I liked, etc. Again and again, I would show her the proper way to dust, and she would smile sweetly and nod, but I could tell it wasn't getting through. I could tell she wasn't much of a student.

My goal was to not have to be here to show here these things, that I could go out and do my own thing during the day, but I was stuck looking over her shoulder and making sure she did things correctly. And with the tops she wore, being over her shoulder meant having a primo view down her expansive cleavage, which just pissed me off. They were

so big and perfect. I hated her. It was hard to scold her, because she seemed so sweet and fragile, and it felt like if I scolded her, it would be like slapping a puppy. So I bit my tongue as she tried her best, even though it didn't match my expectations. I would vent to Troy, and he eventually talked me into taking it slow, taking it easy on her, and letting things go, as he tended to do when I got upset.

I would go out during the day, leaving her on her own, and I was relieved that nothing catastrophic happened. If she had done a better job, I would have been more lenient with her. I would have let her go into the pool, like she had asked. I would have let her borrow my car to go into town. But she was still struggling, and I would find myself having to go in after she left and fix things up. It reached the point where I wondered why I had a maid if I was still doing some cleaning.

I was patient with her, more patient than I would be normally, but it was starting to reach the point where I thought it might be best to go a different direction and find a new maid. I didn't tell Troy about this, because I knew he would talk me out of it. He was a softy, and I couldn't imagine him cutting someone off so callously. I could

though. I could fire the sweet Mexican flower. I could be that bitch.

But when I went to let her know my decision, I was confronted by something I did not expect. I walked into the living room, and she was sitting on the couch, in tears, crying into her palms, those infuriatingly big boobs of hers bouncing as she sobbed. I had told her to go in there, that we needed to talk. She clearly understood what was about to happen. So I tentatively joined her on the couch and put my hand on her back, rubbing it, trying to calm her down as she sobbed.

"You gonna fire me, aren't you?" Gabby sobbed, her accent getting more pronounced as she got emotional.

"Uh, well..." I stammered. This caused her to sob even more.

"I know I can do better. I do. It's just, I have to get up at five to catch the bus here, and I can't get a ride home till 8 PM, so I very exhausted...every day." Gabby said, looking at me with bloodshot eyes.

"Uh, I, uh..." I said, not sure what to say to quiet this hysterical girl. "I don't know what to say."

At that moment, the door opened up, and in walked Troy. As he saw us on the couch, his eyes widened in confusion.

"What's wrong?" he asked. I stood to walk up to him, annoyed that he was home early.

"I was letting her go." I told him quietly.

"Are you kidding? She's only been here three weeks!" he whispered harshly back. "Give her a chance. Why didn't you talk to me about this?"

"You would talk me out of it. This is what needed to be done." I told him. He rolled his eyes, annoyed at me, as he walked over to the couch.

"Hola Troy." Gabby said with a sad smile.

"Hey." Troy whispered, putting his arm around her, trying to comfort her. Gabby looked up at me.

"It's just, if I could live in one of your, como se dice... spare rooms, I could do such a better job. I would have no other things going on. I could focus on cleaning and getting better." Gabby argued.

"I don't know." I said, sitting on the couch. Troy looked over Gabby's crying head, looking sternly at me.

"Irene, we do have guest bedrooms that are never used. How could it hurt?" Troy said.

"Troy, um, it's just..." I started.

"I won't be a bother. I swear." Gabby said, promising like a young girl would, looking up at me with doe eyes. Troy looked at me, seeing what I would do. I hated being in this position. I hated being the bad guy. I looked down at the

delicate little lamb next to me. Could I be cold enough to slaughter her?

"Fine, I guess you could stay." I relented, rolling my eyes and crossing my arms. Gabby jumped into my arms, giving me an excited, tight hug. She did the same to Troy.

"I promise..." Gabby started excitedly. She turned away from me to face Troy, a small smirk on her face, and added:

"You won't regret it."

Gabriella

Irene would totally regret it.

A few days had passed, and now, I looked around the empty house, surveying the home that would soon be mine.

I had my bare feet resting disobediently on their coffee table, bouncing back and forth while I watched a movie on

their huge flat screen, eating a big bowl of popcorn. I was supposed to be hard at work, but I could fit in a movie before the bitch got home.

The plan had worked to perfection. I had played the dumb immigrant role to perfection, and I even turned on the tears when I knew she was about to fire me. Irene acted like a tough, mean bitch, but she had gone soft when it mattered. If she was smart, she would have fired me. But she didn't. Troy talked her out of it. Because he was already falling for me... hard. He just didn't know it yet.

I knew I had to get in the house on a more permanent basis. The way I was working now meant that I saw very little of Mister handsome studly Troy. But getting me in the house gives me all the time in the world to make him mine.

It was a win-win situation all around. I wasn't late because I had to catch a bus. I just hated waking up early. I hated cleaning for this uptight bitch, I hated being her employee, so I did a really shitty job. I ruined her favorite shirts. I made a mess of things. I loved aggravating her. With anyone else, I would have been fired immediately, but

because I was dumb, innocent Gabby, she took pity on me. Stupid woman! She would regret it.

She was one of those crazy girls who needed everything in its right place, and it would bug her if things were even slightly off. That's why it was so much fun to annoy her. I knew how to push her buttons, to infuriate her while I played dumb. I was dominating our relationship. Cause I was better than her.

But now, I had moved in to one of the guest rooms. I had brought over all my stuff, and now I was living in a mansion. So my situation was improving immensely. Now I had the house. I just had to get the man. Even though Irene insisted that I take a pay cut in exchange for rent, I knew it would be for the best, because now I could focus all my money on sexy, skimpy, revealing clothes to tempt the man of the house. This made me smile. It was time for the next step of my plan to begin. Unfortunately, that meant actually having to do some work, but if all went to plan, I wouldn't be the one doing all the work for very long.

Troy

I was happy to hear that Gabby had picked up the pace as far as work goes. I knew how Irene could be, and I knew she could be impatient and quick to judge, so I was glad that she had decided to give Gabby a chance. And now, Gabby was living here. Gabby brought a unique energy to the house. It was definitely strange to have someone else living in our house, and ironically, it made the sex between me and Irene a bit awkward, at least at first. It wasn't like me and Irene had loud, screaming sex every night, but there's that part of you that wants to keep certain things private, so it felt awkward to have sex with someone else in the house. At first, we kept things quiet, but eventually, we found our groove and resumed the lovemaking we always had. Gabby was on the other side of the house, and she kept to herself in her room, so it became clear she wasn't imposing on us in that sense.

Like I said, Gabby was picking up the pace. She was dusting everything in sight. She was taking care of the laundry and the vacuuming and the cooking. She had a new spring in

her step. She even surprised us a few times, as she had gone out, in one of our cars, and purchased our groceries. If she had asked Irene to borrow the car, Irene would have said no, but she went out and just did it, so she kinda showed that she could, so Irene eventually allowed her to take the car regularly to go buy stuff we needed.

She still had her moments where she messed up. She had walked by me and Irene as we were watching TV and she knocked over Irene's glass of wine onto the carpet. In a panic, Gabby tried to clean up the mess. Irene watched her for a few seconds before she exploded.

"No. No. No! You're doing it all wrong! You're rubbing the stain in!" Irene screamed out. She pushed Gabby away and got on her hands and knees above the stain, trying to rub the stain away. I led Gabby into the kitchen, away from Irene, who had gotten into one of her moods. Gabby smiled apologetically to me, and I smiled back, sharing the knowledge we both knew, that when Irene was in one of her moods, it was best to stay away. So me and Gabby just chatted as Irene was on her hands and knees in the other room. She told me how her parents were always so comforting when she messed up. She was playing with her

hair cutely as she spoke, emphasizing how innocent she seemed to me.

It was fascinating to watch her come out of her shell. I felt bad for her as we helped her move in, as she only had a few boxes of things to her name. I could tell she felt a bit ashamed of this fact, so I let her know she had free reign to use our stuff in the house. Irene didn't like that I told her that, but I knew that I had to be the one to help bring Gabby out of her shell. Irene would be happy if she stayed in her room whenever she was done working, but that felt so clandestine to me. If she was living here, I wanted her to at least have some benefits. She had been poor all her life, so I was happy to let her experience the good life. It reminded me of when Irene experienced this life the first time, so her wide-eyed awe made me smile.

Having her around the house allowed me to hang out with her more. Before, I only really saw her in the morning and after I got back home. But now that she was around the house, I saw a lot more of her. We had to coax her along a bit, but eventually, she reached the point where she felt comfortable around us while not working. She did insist on

cooking, even when she was not on the clock, and I wasn't complaining since her food was amazing.

Irene ended up becoming very busy, as her event schedule picked up. Typically, I never attended those things, but Irene loved hob-nobbing with the elite. So, I would chill at home and relax. And this gave me the opportunity to chill out with Gabby one-on-one. I got to talk to her a little more, and she told me about her family and growing up in Mexico. It was fascinating stuff. I grew to be able to sift through her accent to the point where I had no problem understanding her anymore. We would talk outside by the pool. We would talk while she finished up her work. We even watched movies together on the flat screen. She didn't get to see many movies, so I was happy to let her see some films she had missed. It was fun letting her watch scary movies, and watch her be so jumpy and frightened. The best was watching her in the tense times between scary parts. She was almost shaking she was so tense. I would have the lights out in the room to add to the tension.

Irene would give me a funny look when she saw me and Gabby hanging out, watching movies. But it wasn't like it was a romantic thing or anything like that, and we both

knew that. It was hard to view Gabby as a woman. Even though she was the same age as me, she was like my Mexican little sister. Funnily enough, she was born on the same day as me, so me, her, and Irene all were born on the same day. It was freaky.

Anyway, I liked to tease her and bring her out her shell, but it was nothing more than that. But there were a few occasions where I was reminded that Gabby was indeed a woman. She never wore overly revealing clothes, but the clothes she did wear did highlight her body. Her tops tended to be tight, highlighting her large chest while exposing a bit of midriff. And her jeans would be tight, but not overly so, but enough to highlight her legs and butt. And occasionally, she would show off a little bit of cleavage, but nothing ridiculous. But, it was just hard to look at her in that manner. When I looked at her, I didn't think about the fact that she was a beautiful woman. I viewed her as a shy, delicate Mexican girl. Like I said, it was like she was a little sister. I couldn't think about her in a sexual way. I couldn't imagine her having sex. She was just so sweet and shy and good natured.

For example, we were talking by the pool. It was a sunny, hot day. I was sitting at a table with her, drinking lemonade. I could tell she was struggling with the heat.

"You know, you can use the pool anytime." I told her.

"Oh, I don't know. I too busy with work." Gabby said.

"Well, after work. After you're done." I said.

"Oh." she said, looking down, her cheeks glowing with shame. "I don't even own a swimsuit."

I reached into my pocket, removed my wallet, and pulled out some money. I passed it to her.

"Go buy yourself one. A nice one. You've earned it." I told her.

"No. Please. Not necessary." she said.

"I insist." I told her. She nodded at me and took the money I was handing her.

"Thank you." she said, a tear in her eye. I smiled at her. That cute smile of hers made me smile with affection. She was a puppy who had gotten pushed around and beaten down all her life, and for the first time, she was getting some positive reinforcement.

So like I said, she was so sweet and good natured and humble. But every so often, we received a reminder that Gabby was indeed a woman, and that there might be a dark side to her after all.

The first time this happened was when she and I were watching a movie. I was thinking about including Gabby in a prank against Irene. Irene would pay for that candy bar prank. Irene was still a bit frosty towards Gabby, so I thought that including Gabby in a prank would humanize her in the eyes of Irene, and would Irene to view Gabby as a friend as opposed to an employee.

I brought this up to Gabby, to see if she would be interested. Irene knew all my tricks, so I figured getting someone else's ideas for a prank would be for the best. But first, I had to make sure Gabby would be game.

"Gabby, would you be interested in pulling a prank on Irene." I said.

"Prank?" she asked, her eyebrows scrunched in confusion.

"A prank, a, uh, practical joke. A trick. Do you understand?" I asked.

"Oh. Si, I understand." Gabby said, nodding.

"Now, I've done a lot of tricks on her, so she knows all my angles. Have you ever pulled a prank? Do you have any ideas?" I asked her. She scrunched up in concentration. "It's gotta be big. I like big pranks." I added. She thought about it for a few moments before speaking up.

"What if... what if we take all of her stuff out of your room, and put it in mine. And we put all of my stuff in your room?" Gabby said.

"Wait, we just flip your stuff and hers?" I asked, confused.

"Yeah. It's... funny prank. Make her think she not in bedroom anymore. Make her think I am." Gabby said.

"Um, I don't know. Seems like she might get the wrong idea." I said, confused at her prank idea. It seemed a bit dark and mean. It wasn't even that funny. Gabby just shrugged her shoulders, as if she didn't understand why this was a bad idea. I kinda let the idea drop after that.

The next incident that occurred that let me know there might be more to Gabby than originally thought was as Irene and I were getting ready for bed. Irene was in her dresser grabbing some clothes as I walked in from the bathroom. As she pulled open her underwear drawer she stepped back.

"Okay, that is not mine." she said.

"What?" I asked, stepping close to her. As I did, she reached gingerly into the drawer, and with two outstretched fingers, she pulled out a teensy, tiny ball of fabric. As she lifted it out and allowed the fabric to hang down, I realized what it was. It was a chocolate brown, lace thong.

"Like I said, not mine." Irene said. One thing about Irene was that she was a staunch feminist. She was all for women's rights and stuff like that, and I was all for that as well. So, due to that, Irene was a no thongs kind of girl. She felt they were exploitive to women. I didn't necessarily feel that strongly about them. To me, it wasn't the underwear that bothered me, it was the women in them. A lot of the high society girls my parents tried to fix me up with. They were the sluts who would wear thongs and let me know in no uncertain terms let me know they were down for anything. So I associated thongs with slutty girls, which added to my confusion. These could only belong to one person.

"Gabby!" Irene called out. A minute later, Gabby padded down the hall to the doorway.

"Yes?" she asked.

"I think these belong to you." Irene said, handing the thong over.

"Oh, uh, sorry." Gabby said, blushing, taking the thong in hand. She glanced at Irene, embarrassed, before she glanced over Irene to glance at me. I looked away, trying to spare her the embarrassment. Gabby walked away, and Irene rolled her eyes as she walked towards the bed.

I had trouble sleeping. Gabby wore thongs? She seemed so sweet and girly. A thong was a thing a slutty girl wore. A nasty girl. Despite her very girlish demeanor, a thong was a very adult thing to wear. Could I have misjudged Gabby in some way? Gabby couldn't be a slut, could she?

The next thing that made me wonder if there was more to Gabby than I originally thought was when I got home after work a few days later. Irene wasn't home, but Gabby was. I found her by the pool. And when I did, my jaw dropped.

She had used the money I gave her to buy a bikini. And it wasn't a cheap, off the rack bikini. The bikini looked high end, almost custom made. It was a golden color, which was set off by her light brown skin. There were two triangular patches, not overly revealing, but because her breasts were so large, a long line of cleavage was left exposed to the world. She was wearing a big pair of sunglasses, making her look like a Hollywood starlet. She was wearing a towel around her waist, which I realized was for the best. Because as I stood behind her, I realized she had a noticeable whale-tail formed by the gold thong she was now wearing.

I couldn't believe it. Gabriella had bought a thong bathing suit. That was a pretty brazen thing to wear, especially around your employers. Most of the high society sluts I knew wouldn't be that brazen. At least she had the towel covering her, but it was still a bit much. Gabby finally noticed me.

"Oh, hola Troy. You like?" Gabby said, opening up her arms, showing off her bikini clad body, her smooth belly, her cute little belly button, her large breasts packed into a small top.

"Uh, yeah it's nice." I stammered.

"It's not... inappropriate, is it? Mi madre always said to be proud of my body." Gabby said.

"Uh, yeah, it's fine." I replied.

"Thanks for helping me pay for it. It...very expensive, but it looks good, no?" Gabby said, proudly.

"Oh, yeah, it looks good." I told her.

"You... swim now?" she asked.

"Uh, not right now, maybe later." I told her, turning and walking back inside, hearing her toss her towel away and dive smoothly into the water. I didn't want to see my maid's thong clad ass. For the first time, I really noticed that Gabby had the body of a voluptuous woman. A very voluptuous woman.

I could understand her spending money on something nice, as she had never had much. But the strange thing was it seemed like she spent very little. This swimsuit was the first thing that I knew she bought. Maybe she had used the money she had earned through work. Maybe it was from the money I gave her. Maybe both.

Either way, the money that had come from my hard work was spent on the tiny piece of string running down the crack of her ass.

Irene

Daniel Kensington was a son of a bitch.

He was a salesman for a company that Troy's company tried to do business with. Dan was a fat, pervy, misogynistic piece of shit, and the only reason Troy put up with him was the fact that he was very good at what he does, and the company he worked with was worth a lot of money, and Troy's company could increase their wealth immensely if

they could do work with Dan's. Dan always teased that he wanted to do business, but he always pulled out at the last minute. So, every few months, we had to entertain him with a nice dinner. Part of me wondered if he wanted to get in my pants, and if he could, then he would be willing to make a deal. Dan struck me as the type of guy to do business that way. I always dreaded these dinners, but luckily, a lot of the work was taken off my shoulders now that Gabby was here.

I had to admit, Gabby had started to grow on me. She had improved immensely as a worker, so I didn't have to stand over her shoulder as much. Even her girly, naïve charm had started to grow on me. And her infuriating perfect body didn't bother me as much as it used to. I began to trust her with all the chores and I even let her take my car out for errands.

The only thing that occasionally set off alarm bells was her wardrobe. Occasionally, she would wear something that flattered her a little too well. It was never over the top or slutty, but every so often, she would wear a shirt that was a little too tight. A little too low cut. She would wear jeans that hung a little too low. She was admittedly a gorgeous girl, and typically, a woman wouldn't want a girl that beautiful

around their house, and around their man. But it was hard to view her as a threat. She was so shy and introverted and naïve that she didn't come across as a sexual being. She was just a quiet, shy girl, but with giant breasts, a gorgeous face, and a perfect ass. I agreed with Troy's assessment of her: she was like a little sister. So, I was never worried about leaving her alone with Troy. She was not a threat to me.

She was happy to help prepare a good meal. I told her to make sure things looked extra nice around the house, and she had done a great job. She had a meal roasting in the oven, the table was set, and we had spent some money to buy her a very nice dress. We had to play the game and make a good impression on Dan, even though we were pretty sure this was going nowhere.

The doorbell rang, and I joined Troy at the door as he opened it. There stood Dan, looking as portly and blustering as ever.

"Troy! My boy! It's been too long! And Irene! You look as lovely as ever." he said, gesturing widely, taking my hand and kissing the back of it. I had to smile and hide my

creeped-out shivers. He slapped Troy on the back as we led him in. I grabbed some beers as Troy and Dan talked shop. I smiled at Gabby as she was hard work, glad that I wasn't the one having to cook.

Dan was still as full of shit as ever. Talking about his worldwide exploits, and his luck with the ladies. He struck me as the type to leverage his power into getting women. I had to hide my dislike with his pig-like ways. We sat at the table as we caught up a bit. A rustling from the kitchen caught his attention.

"Is there someone else here?" he asked, confused.

"Uh, yeah, that's Gabby, our maid." I told him.

"Maid huh?" he said with a wolf-like smile. I looked at Troy and he looked at me. We both knew what was about to happen. Our little lamb Gabby was about to meet a wolf.

Troy

Dan was the same blowhard as ever, and as soon as I put together that Gabby and Dan would be in the same room, I knew what was about to happen. Pervy Dan would emerge. And as soon as Gabby emerged, bringing our dinner to the table and setting it down, Dan stood to greet her.

"Why hello there. I'm Dan." he said, speaking in a low, husky voice. He grabbed Gabby hand and kissed the back of it.

"Hola. I'm Gabby." she said, smiling naively.

"Well, I tell ya, you are gorgeous." Dan said, glancing at her cleavage. Both me and Irene rolled our eyes.

"Oh, gracias." Gabby said blushing. I don't know why, but this was making me upset. Seeing this guy who I didn't like hitting on my maid was like seeing some douchebag hitting on your sister. And she was going along with it. It made me see red for some reason. Dan let Gabby resume her work as

he snickered at me, as if letting me know this girl was the ticket to us doing business together. I gulped deeply.

I guess I could understand why he had noticed her. Her dress was very flattering to her curvy form. I had to admit, after the incident by the pool, where I saw my maid's bikini body, I couldn't stop noticing the fact that Gabriella, this sweet, innocent maid, had the body of the porn star. She had these huge boobs, that jiggled just slightly when she walked. Her nipples would tend to slightly show through her top, in whatever she wore. Her butt was firm and round, set off by her otherwise thin frame. And she was in reality, shockingly beautiful. And that was great. I wasn't, like attracted to her, or anything like that. I could acknowledge she had huge boobs, a round butt, and a gorgeous face without being attracted to her. She was so sweet and innocent. Not my style of girl. But for a wolf like Dan, she was perfect.

I tried to keep the talk on business, but every time Gabby emerged, Dan would stop everything and talk to her. It was just so slimy. He would ask about her where she came from, how long she had been working for us, stuff like that. And Gabby didn't know better, so she kept engaging him. For

someone If she had any experience with this kind of thing, she would know better than to interact with this type of guy and let him keep thinking he had a chance with her. She just naively kept chatting with him, even though he was obviously checking her out and making comments about how beautiful she was. She would blush and thank him. This whole thing was making both me and Irene nervous.

So the night went as typical. After staying for too long, as always, we guided Dan to the door. He said a cordial goodbye to both me and Irene, and then went close to Gabby, grabbed her hand in his, kissed it again, whispered in her ear, then slipped her a piece of paper. She blushed again as he turned and left.

As soon as the door closed, both me and Irene spoke up.

"Gabby, stay away from him." Irene said.

"Yeah." I agreed.

"Why? He... very funny." Gabby replied, her eyebrows scrunched cutely, clearly not understanding the type of guy Dan was.

"Dan is not a good guy." I told her.

"But why you have over for dinner then?" Gabby asked.

"It was for work. I don't like him, but I have to do work with him, to try to make money." I told her.

"He did not seem bad. He was nice." Gabby said.

"Trust me." I told her. She shrugged her shoulders and walked away.

"He would destroy her." Irene said. I nodded in agreement.

I thought we had dodged a bullet there with Dan. But a couple nights later, for the first time, Gabby had plans for the evening. I noticed her getting ready, cleaning up and dressing up and I walked to her room to check in with her.

I glanced around her room for a second. It was strange. She had really not made this room hers. No decorations. No pieces of flair or little trinkets. It was like she was in a hotel room. A temporary pit stop. I saw Gabby at the dresser, checking her hair. I watched her check her top, then undo a button or two, making sure to show off cleavage. What? The innocent flower Gabby wouldn't do something like this. If a girl made sure to show lots of cleavage, she might not be so innocent. I looked at the mirror, and damn, she had a lot of breast exposed. Her round, soft breasts, pressed together. I shook my head.

"So, what have you been spending your hard earned money on?" I asked, looking her in the eye. Startled, she looked at me.

"What?" she asked.

"It's just, there's no decorations or anything here. No stuff. If you don't mind me asking, I was just curious on what you're using your money on." I asked.

"Oh. I... save money. For very important things." she said.

"Like what? The only thing I saw you buy was that bikini." I said.

"Yes, bikini...very important." she said with a laugh. I laughed before asking what I came here to ask.

"So what do you have going on tonight?" I asked,

"I have... date tonight." Gabby said with a small smile.

"If you don't mind me asking, is it with Dan?" I asked. She looked at me, blushed and replied.

"Yes." Gabby said. Unbelievable. That dirty fucker.

"Gabby, I don't think that's a good idea." I said, wanting to make sure she knew what she was getting into.

"Why? Dan seem very nice." she said.

"He can be trouble with girls like you." I said.

"I'm a grown woman." Gabby replied. "My choice." Fair point.

"Uh, sorry, it's just, if you are gonna go through with this, just be careful." I told her. She smiled. A car honked from outside.

"I can take care of myself." Gabby replied, walking by me, her perfume hitting my nose.

I heard Gabby return home very late, and the next day, she seemed as cheerful as ever, so it seemed like Dan hadn't

done too much damage to her. Both me and Irene were extremely curious about what happened, but neither of us wanted to pry, so we didn't bring it up. But the next day at work, I heard something at work that made me have to ask Gabby what happened.

"Dan quit." I told Irene.

"He quit?" Irene asked in disbelief.

"Turned in his notice this morning." I said. Neither I or Irene was particularly broken up by this fact, but this only increased our curiosity about what happened on the date.

"Now I have to ask." I told Irene.

"Oh, yeah, of course." Irene said. "I'd love to stay and find out, but I really have to go."

"Okay, babe. I'll let you know what I hear." I told her, kissing her cheek as she walked out.

I made my way over to Gabby, who had stepped into her room. I walked in as she was folding clothes. She was bent over, her round, heart shaped ass pointed right at me. I shook my head.

"Hey, Gabby." I said.

"Hola Troy." she said cheerfully.

"So, I don't mean to pry, but I heard today that Dan quit, so I am kinda curious about what happened on your date." I told her.

"He quit?" she asked.

"Yeah." I replied. She took this in and shrugged. "Do you know why that might have happened?" I asked. She studied me a second before speaking.

"I have a surprise for you." Gabby said, reaching into her drawer.

"Surprise?" I asked, very confused. She smiled and pulled out a manila folder.

"Here." she said proudly, stepping close to me, handing me the file. I opened it up and studied the contents. As soon as I realized what was inside, I ripped my eyes away and slammed the file shut.

"How did you get this?" I asked tersely.

"I get them... from Dan." she said.

"This is confidential information about his company. It is illegal for me to look at this!" I said.

"But... it very important. Help you make deal. Lots of money, yes?" Gabby said.

"If anyone knows I have this, I could be arrested!" I said, angrily. "How did you get this?"

"Dan... give it to me." Gabby said.

"Why would he give this to you?" I asked.

"I get it... to help you." Gabby said. I roughly handed the file back to her.

"Gabby! I don't want this! Take it. Give it back!" I said. Her eyebrows scrunched up in confusion.

"But Dan quit. He's gone." Gabby said.

"Where is he? Why did he quit?" I asked.

"I don't know." Gabby said, tearing up at seeing how upset I was. "I'm sorry."

She looked so fragile. So scared. I couldn't stay mad. I pulled her in for a hug. She sobbed into my shoulder, her soft breasts pushed into my chest as she pulled herself in tight. It was uncomfortable, but she needed some comfort.

"It's okay. Listen. Take this. Give it back. Destroy it. I don't care. If I am found with this, I could go to jail. You understand?" I asked. She nodded, but I couldn't help but notice her hard nipples were showing through her top. I met her eyes as hers met mine. Her eyes were wet with tears as she stared at me. I felt a jolt as we shared this moment. She looked so fragile. So desperate for some positive emotion. I felt the sudden urge to kiss her, but I quickly shook those strange thoughts out of my head. I pulled away and left her in her room, confused by what just happened. I contemplated what to do. I heard her go out and take my car, so I hoped she was taking care of business.

I couldn't sleep that night. I could go to jail if anyone found out what Gabby did. They would think I asked her to get the file. Even if she took the blame, I would come out looking sketchy. This could be the end for me professionally if I didn't find a way to work this out. I

couldn't tell Irene about what Gabby did. I couldn't involve her in this.

I dragged through the next day, almost waiting for the police to take me away. Part of me thought I was over exaggerating what might happen, that if things got exposed, I could claim innocence, but I was still nervous about the whole thing. But it was starting to become clear I had to cut my ties to the whole thing. There was only one thing I could do to show I wasn't in cahoots with Gabby to steal that information. I had to fire Gabby. I know it seemed harsh. And she was such a sweetheart. But she had crossed a line that I didn't ask her to cross, and for my own safety, as well as my wife's, I had to cut ties with Gabby.

I made my way home, knowing Irene wouldn't be there, knowing she had an event going on tonight. Part of me was relieved, knowing I could confront Gabby face to face, alone. I made my way inside, and something seemed amiss. It looked like nothing had been done. Dishes in the sink. Dust on the tables. Garbage can's not emptied. Was Gabby even here? Then, I heard the click of heels from behind me. I turned and looked back at the source of this noise. There was Gabby. And my jaw dropped.

The first thing I noticed were her high-heels. They were black high heels, and they looked severely, uncomfortably high. This led to her black mesh stockings, which clung to her smooth legs. Typically, the top of stockings like these would be hidden under a skirt or a dress, but not these. They were left exposed to my vision as they snugly wrapped around her bare thighs. Black suspenders were connected to these stockings, leading the eyes upward, up to her skirt. And it was barely a skirt, since it went just below her ass. The skirt was ruffled, black in color with white lace around the edges. My eyes led up to the matching fancy and expensive black top, which seemed like it was half top half corset, made of a smooth and silky material, and it molded to Gabby's belly. My eyes widened as I took in her chest.

Her top was extremely low cut, to the point that three quarter of each of her large breasts were exposed. The bra cups of her top molded around the outer edge of each breast, just barely reaching the nipples while the rest of her breasts were pouring out. The rest of her smooth chest was left exposed. Only a small amount of fabric reached up to her shoulders, and the top had very short, frilly sleeves, leaving most of her smooth arms exposed. She had a duster

in her hand, as if I just interrupted her dusting. I looked up at her face, more made up than normal, but her expression was unusually impassive.

"What are you wearing?" I asked, confused.

"What do you mean?" Gabby replied.

"Your outfit... is not normal." I stammered.

"How so?" Gabby asked.

"You, uh, you look like, uh..." I started, not sure if I could finish that sentence without offending her.

"Look like what?" she asked with a small smile, guiding me along to the word she knew I wanted to say.

"You, uh, look like a... slut." I said quietly.

"That's right, Troy. I look like a slut." Gabby said. I was shocked to notice her accent was gone.

"What happened to your accent?" I asked.

"Oh, Troy, that accent was a necessary evil for me to get to this point." Gabby said quickly and smoothly.

"What?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"Do you think any woman would hire a woman as gorgeous as me, with huge tits like these, with an ass like mine, unless they think 'I a dumb Mexican immigrant.'" Gabby said, finishing her sentence with the strong accent I was used to.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" I asked.

"Everything I said about who I am is true. I am Gabriella Garcez. Not Gabby. Gabby is the stupid Mexican immigrant. But I am not stupid. I'm as smart as you, smarter than your wife. I'm not Gabby. I'm Gabriella. I did

immigrate from Mexico. My story is completely true." Gabriella said, walking around the dinner table, closer to me. She was right, this was not the girl I knew. She was completely different. A new woman. Gabriella.

"And what am I doing? It's simple. I'm cleaning." she said from over her shoulder as she turned around to face the table. Then, smirking at me, she bent over the table, as if to dust, keeping her legs straight as she did so.

Holy shit! As she bent over, the hem of her skirt raised, and just like that, Gabriella's ass was bared to me, arresting my vision. Gabriella's thong clad ass, I should say, the string from the black thong splitting the cheeks. Despite my previous efforts in the past to avoid this sight, I gulped as I saw my maid's smooth, round ass, with perky, jutting cheeks., I couldn't help but gaze at her taut thighs and the smooth stockings molding to her long legs. She stood up straight and faced me again.

"What are you doing? What's going on?" I asked.

"Troy, I was at the top of my class and high school. I had better grades than everyone. Everyone told me I was destined for great things. But I had no money. No money means no college. No college means getting a job would be very difficult. It's funny, I wanted to work with money. Like an accountant or a banker or something. I was always good with math and that kind of stuff. But no, here I am, a maid. Can you possibly understand how demeaning it is to cook and clean for people I am just as smart as... if not smarter! I was destined for great things! And here I am, a maid!" Gabriella said.

"Well, I'm sorry about that, but flaunting yourself like this is not the way to get ahead." I said. This caused her to smile.

"I tried to be a good girl. I did. But now I know how to really get ahead. It's got me this far, and it will get me even farther. I know how to fulfill my destiny. I know now that it has nothing to do with hard work. No, the way to get ahead is to be hot. To suck cock. To be sexy. To put out. Let men fuck you in whatever hole they want. That's how to get what I want." Gabriella said.

"That's not true. I worked hard to get where I am. So did Irene." I said.

"The only difference between you and Irene and I is fate. You were born into money. Irene wasn't, but fate brought you two together. Fate and geography. There are thousands of girls like her. But she's the one you met. She's the one you married. Fate is the only reason she is rich, because she met you. Fate is what brought you together. Fate is the only thing keeping us apart. If fate had put me in that coffee shop, you would have married me. I am everything Irene is. Everything that attracted you to her also applied to me. If I had been there, you would have chosen me, because I am just like her, only much, much hotter. I would be the one living in this house. I would be the woman in your bed. I would be the girl you would play jokes on." Gabriella said, stepping forward, towards me, her heels clicking. I backed up.

"Fate left us a country apart. You here in America, me in Mexico. Born on the same day, but a world apart. I was destined to live life in squalor, but then I changed my destiny. You know how? By fucking. Sick, disgusting, nasty fucking. I changed my fate, and I fuck so well, I'm about to

change your fate as well." Gabriella said, backing me up till I hit a wall.

"What are you talking about?" I said nervously.

"Sex! It's the key to everything. It's the key to getting ahead. It's my ticket to the high life. And it's the ticket for you to live an even better life. Sex is what got me that file. Sick, nasty sex, stuff that that fat pig Dan couldn't handle. Trust me, after what I did to him, after I wounded his manly pride by fucking him till he couldn't possibly keep up, where he was begging me to stop, he won't show his face anywhere around here. No one will ever raise a fuss about that info I gave you. I read through it. That's some meaty stuff. Not only will that info let you practically put that company out of business, it will enable you to double your wealth, no questions asked. And in exchange, I want to be there at your side." Gabriella said.

"By my side?" I asked, my head full of comments. She did fuck Dan. She deliberately got that information. She actually was a secret slut.

"I did so much for you. Don't you think I deserve a reward?" she said, getting uncomfortably close.

"Reward?" I asked.

"Yes, a reward. Like... your giant cock." Gabriella said with a smile.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" I don't think so!" I said, escaping her clutches and moving away from her.

"I've been thinking about a prank to pull on Irene. I know you didn't like my first one, so I revised it. I have a good one." she said, walking towards me again. "I want full access to everything of yours. That fat cock that I know you have. Your house. Your bedroom. Your bank account. I want you to shower me with money. And cum. I want it all. And I want Irene to have none of it. No money. No access to your bank account. No access to your bedroom. No access to your cock. She loves this life so much. She was poor for so long, so she hates cooking. She hates cleaning. She hates being poor. Imagine ripping this life away from her. Taking away all that money. All that love. All that cock. Imagine

how funny it would be if she lost all of that to her dumb Mexican maid that she hired! That she brought into her home. Imagine how funny it would be to make her our maid!" Gabriella said, clearly getting more turned on as she spoke.

"You're evil." I said, my cock hardening despite me knowing better, this bitch somehow tapping in my dark sense of humor.

"The best pranks are evil. Mean. But that's what makes it funny. And trust me, this prank is hilarious." Gabriella said.

"Get out!" I commanded angrily.

"That's not what you want. You want to march me down to the bedroom, rip off my clothes, and fuck me senseless." Gabriella said. "You want to make me your whore. And I would love to be your whore. You can use me anyway you want. Fuck me as hard as you want, in any hole you want. You can live out your deepest, darkest, twisted fantasies on me."

"Get out or I'm calling the cops!" I said, standing my ground.

"But what will happen when I tell them you had me steal that file." Gabriella asked with a sick innocence.

"They'll take my word, the word of a respected son of a rich businessman, over a Mexican immigrant that I know is pure evil." I said. "Trust me, whores like you always come out of the woodwork. My company has lawyers to deal with sluts like you!" I said, with more anger than I had ever felt before.

"Oooh, such passion. It's so sexy to see you so mad." Gabriella said.

"I'll do it! I'll call the cops. I'm not afraid of anything you say." I told her.

"Fine. Do it!" she said, attempting to call my perceived bluff. I looked at her, tense with anger. I finally smiled, a little bit smugly I might add, turned my back to her, and started to walk towards the living room, towards the phone. Just as I

bent over to grab the phone, I heard an approaching clicking then I felt Gabriella jump onto my back and wrap her arms around my throat, choking me slightly. She growled in anger as she tried to knock the phone from my hands. I wrestled with her, trying to escape her evil clutches. She wrapped her arms and legs around me, like a spider. I wrestled her around, trying to break her grip, but I couldn't. Her nails dug into my chest, and I was eventually able to get her wrapped around my side. Spinning quickly, I was able to slam her against the wall, dazing her a bit, causing her eyes to glaze over for a split second. But she kept her legs tight around me, even though her hands had loosened a bit. So I was now face to face with her, a few inches from her face. I looked into her eyes, full of anger at this evil woman, as we both breathed deeply from our struggle. Before I could react, she brought her face forward and mashed her lips roughly into mine.

I wasn't even thinking. I just reacted on instinct. That's why I opened my mouth and let her soft tongue inside. That's why I mashed my tongue against hers. That's why I allowed her to move her face to a right angle of mine, allowing our furious make out session to get deeper. I just went with the pleasure. Her soft lips. Her smooth, malleable tongue,

which spun circles around mine, filling every part of my mouth. I started to get lost in the pleasure.

Then I pulled away, pulling away from her wet mouth, and she dropped away from me as I backed away.

"No. No. What the hell am I doing?" I said to myself. What is wrong with me? Why did I let her kiss me? Why did I kiss her back? She's evil.

"It's obvious this is what you really want. Deep down." Gabriella said. "Such passion. All for me."

"No. Just leave. Please." I begged, wanting to remove this temptress from my home.

"No. This is my house now." she said, walking past me towards the dinner table. "And you can prove it." she added, sitting on our dinner table, slowly pulling her skirt up. "By walking over here, getting on your knees, and sucking on my sweet pussy." With that, she flipped her skirt up,

exposed her thong-clad pussy to me, grabbed the thong and peeled it to the side, revealing her bare pussy.

"I just..." I began, but the sight of her bare pussy took the words away. It looked so small and cute and pretty. A small strip of hair above her pussy again reminded me that she was indeed a woman, and the sight of moisture on her puffy lips let me know she was extremely aroused.

"Doesn't it look nice?" Gabriella said, running her fingers across her pussy. Her juices were dripping onto the spot on the table where Irene sat, as was her bare ass.

"Gabriella. No! You need to leave!" I said.

"Why should I, when you want this so much?" Gabriella replied, fingering herself.

"Gabriella. I am married! I love Irene! I am perfectly happy!" I said.

"Are you? Have you ever been truly fulfilled? Are you truly happy? Cause if you were, you wouldn't have kissed me so hard." Gabriella said.

"That was a mistake." I replied.

"That was the one thing you've done that wasn't a mistake. Has Irene ever driven you this wild? I think not." Gabriella said with a giggle.

"That doesn't matter. Marriage isn't just about making out or sex." I said.

"Well then you clearly haven't had good sex." Gabriella said with a laugh.

"My sex life is fine. You need to go." I said.

"And you need to get to sucking! You have a lot of work ahead of you before the wife gets home, cause I am not easy to satisfy." Gabriella said.

"Gabriella. Please go. I won't call the cops if you just leave now." I begged.

"Tell me, Troy, have you ever had life changing sex. I mean earth-shattering, world shaking, life-changing sex? I don't think you have. Just looking at Irene, I know it. That bitch is not built for pleasure. There are two types of women. Some are built to cook and clean. Others are built for sex. And just look at me. Look at these huge tits. Look at my perfect ass. Look at my tight little cunt. It's clear what I am built for. And look at her. No tits. No ass. Not particular good looking. Just completely unattractive in every way. It's clear her talents lie elsewhere than in the bedroom." Gabriella said, her juices forming a puddle on the table.

"It's not just about sex. Our sex life is great. I don't need a girl with huge tits, a round butt, a...tight pussy." I stammered.

"Ah, she's a bit loose too, huh?" Gabriella asked.

"Uh, it's just..." I stuttered. "I don't need those things." I said, "It's not what a relationship is about."

"Have you ever been with a girl like me? A slut? With huge breasts? A perfect ass?" Gabriella asked.

"No of course not." I said.

"Why not?" Gabriella asked.

"Girls like you...you're all show. You have huge boobs and a great butt and you feel the need to show them off. You feel entitled. I would rather have a girl from humble roots, with character." I replied.

"An ugly girl then? I understand you, Troy, better than you do. I can tell you feel funny about having money. You feel like you don't deserve it. So you punish yourself, marry an ugly girl, just to show you're your own man, that you are more than just a bank account. You are afraid to live the life you were born into. You reject the blessings you have. Girls like me struggle to get by, while assholes like you refuse to

savor the gifts you were given. You torture yourself, out of guilt. Deep down, you know you deserve the best. That's why all your rich friends are married to those high class sluts with the big boobs. Because they are the best. Meanwhile, you slum it with an ugly girl, a poor girl, just to prove some sort of point." Gabriella said.

"That's not true." I said, frazzled. It wasn't, was it?

"Yes it is. But here's the good thing. You can have the best of both worlds. You didn't marry a hot rich girl because of your pointless guilt. You felt you didn't deserve it. You married a poor girl, so you could rescue her, so you could feel like a good guy. But here's the best part. You can get everything you ever wanted...with me. I am poor. I have little money. And all the money I saved I spent on slutty outfits. You could rescue me, save me from my life of poverty, and you could also have a hot slut with a perfect body who was so built for high society. You torture that poor girl you married by showing her a life that she does not belong in. You know it, I know it, and deep down, she knows it too. She loves this life, she savors, she throws herself into it, because she knows she doesn't deserve it." Gabriella said.

I gulped. Irene deserved this life. Sure, she didn't exactly fit in. Sure, she was a really good housewife who was great at cleaning. That doesn't mean her destiny was to clean dirty dishes and mop the floors. She was meant for the good life, right?

"Troy, you need to let go of your guilt. You won't truly be happy, you won't truly appreciate your blessings, until you fuck my tight pussy and cum deep inside me." Gabriella said with a girlish smile.

"I appreciate my blessings." I said.

"A man of your stature needs balls. You need to be a cold blooded businessman. You need to make tough choices. You try to be a good guy. You try to be a hero. You want everyone to think highly of you. But no one respects a guy like that. For people to respect you, you need to accept who you really are. You're a rich, high-flying, high-society asshole! You have more money than some small countries. Accept it! You need to spend your time living the high-life, driving fast cars and fucking a gorgeous slut who knows

how to drain your balls, not slumming it with an ugly girl just to make you feel less guilty." Gabriella said.

"You're crazy! I am not slumming it with an ugly girl. She is my wife. I love her!" I said.

"Stop lying!" Gabriella shouted, her voice firm and authoritative. "You think you love her but you really don't. I can tell. She knows it to. She is waiting for this all to fall apart. That power is in your hands. You can absolutely destroy her, as can I! Let's do it. Let's show her where she really belongs."

"She belongs here, with me!" I said.

"No she doesn't. She is not the one that belongs at the end of your fat cock. I am. I have a tight, wet pussy, perfect for that fat cock of yours." She said, tracing her pussy with her fingers. "I have these big, fat titties, DD's, perfect for squeezing... sucking... fucking. I have this silky smooth skin, begging to be touched. I have these soft lips, perfect for sucking cock. I have this perfect, Latina ass, built to handle whatever you want to do it. Whatever you want."

I gulped. I don't want this. I really didn't. I loved my wife. I really did. I had no desire to hurt her. But Gabriella's pussy looked so fucking good. So juicy. Why was my mouth watering?

"You are clearly gagging for it Troy? Haven't you ever dreamed of having a tight, wet pussy smothering your cock in perfect warmth? Haven't you dreamed of being smothered by a pair of giant, silky-smooth breasts? Having a hard nipple from a big, fat tit in your mouth? A pair of long smooth legs wrapped around you? Your dick buried in a tighter than tight asshole?" Gabriella asked.

"I can... go without." I croaked out. I could resist her body. I could resist her no-doubt tight little pussy. Her giant, suckable titties. Her perfect spank-able ass. Her body was so hot! But I could resist.

"Can you? Then...why can't you look away. Why haven't you taken your eyes off my nice pretty pussy? It's cause you want it. You want my tight cunt. You've wanted it since you first met me. That's why you got so, so jealous when Dan flirted

with me. Even when I was a dumb, sweet-hearted immigrant, you so wanted to take advantage of my innocent nature and just fuck me senseless. Stick your fat cock in your maid's tight pussy behind your wife's back. But this way is so much better, isn't it? Because we know how this will end, don't we? We both know your wife is going to catch us having sex. You could have called the cops and they would have carried me away and probably deported me. But you don't want me out of your life. You want me right here. Because you want it to happen this way. Because you still want to be a good guy. You haven't kicked me out because you do want this to happen. You just don't want to take responsibility for it. You want me to make you do this. That's okay. I can take full responsibility for this. Just get on your knees and I'll do the rest." Gabriella said.

"I can't." I said, choking up. The truth was, if I was single, I would totally do this. I would fuck her. I have never been the type of guy to just bang some slut. I always cared more about personality and how well I got along with them. I had never had a one night stand before. But something about Gabriella was driving me insane. She was ridiculously hot, her body was insane, hotter than anybody I had ever seen. But I was married. I couldn't cheat on my wife. I couldn't.

But my dick was rock hard, and the devil on my shoulder was telling me to avail myself in this whore's body. But I couldn't do it.

"Just imagine how good it would it would be." Gabriella begged.

"I know it would be good!" I yelled angrily.

"You don't have to do anything bad. Just get down on your knees, right here, between my legs. That's not cheating. Just imagine how good it would feel to get on your knees in front of me, in front of your maid. C'mon. Don't make me beg. What's the worst that could happen?" Gabriella said.

Yeah, the worst that could happen was that she could grab my face and smother it with her warm pussy till I had no choice but to fuck her tight, juicy pussy. Well, it couldn't hurt to get a better look, I said, knowingly lying to myself.

With that, I went to my knees, my face now in line with her wet pussy. Her scent hit my nose, causing me to shiver and my mouth to water.

"That's it. Good boy." Gabriella said. She removed her wet hand from her cunt and put it on top of my head. "You're doing a great job." she said, petting my head. "Now look at my pussy. It's pretty, isn't it?" she asked. I nodded without thinking, my eyes consumed by her tiny, dripping pussy, and the strip of hair over it. Her fingers settled on the back of my head. I knew what was about to happen. I looked up at her, over her twin peaks, to her smiling, almost smug face. It turned into a sneer as her fingers dug into my scalp and pulled me forward. Before I could react, my mouth was mashed against her juicy pussy.

"Ahhh, there you go! That's it! Take it in." Gabriella moaned out. Her juices hit my nose, my lips getting soaked with her copious juices. "This is not your fault, Troy. I'm too fucking sexy. It's not your fault that your nose deep in my tight pussy. No one could blame you. And no one would blame you for opening your mouth, either. It's not cheating." I looked up at her comforting, gorgeous face. By some

twisted logic, I couldn't help but agree with her. With that, my mouth opened.

"That's it! Right there, baby, right fucking there. Use your tongue!" Gabriella moaned. As her juices spilled in my mouth and her soaking wet pussy hit pressed into my open lips, it became too much to resist. I flicked my tongue out, taking a tentative lick of her creamy snatch. Her juices poured onto my tongue as I delved deeply into her pussy. I licked along the sides and the lips, creating a frothy mix of her cum and my spit. I swallowed it down as if it were the only thing that could quench my thirst. I circled her clit with my tongue. Her juices spilled onto my face as I delved back in deep, my nose pressed against her clit, swallowing her juices.

"Swallow my juices. Swallow them all!" Gabriella begged. As I continued to munch away at her sweet pussy, she began to speak her mind.

"I lied, Troy. You know that, right? This is cheating. Getting down on your knees, sucking my sweet pussy, that's cheating. One of the worst forms of cheating. You are

pleasuring a girl while receiving none of your own. This is purely for my pleasure, so you can't claim to have gotten lost in the pleasure. You made the choice to cheat on your wife with me. You know that? You're a cheater now." Gabriella said arrogantly.

She was right. I knew it. I was cheating on Irene with our slut maid. But I didn't pull away. I just attacked her cunt harder, diving in deep, sucking harder, biting at her clit. This sent her over the edge. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she pushed me away.

"Oh, you bitch! I'm cumming, you cheating bastard! Here it comes! Open your mouth. AHHHHH! FUCK!" Gabriella screamed, furiously rubbing her own cunt. She screamed loudly as streams of girl-cum sprayed from her cunt. My mouth was open and copious amounts of her tasty girl-cum landed in my mouth, pooling inside, but most landed on my face. As soon as she finished squirting, I closed my mouth, and with a heroic gulp, swallowed the pool of juices in my mouth. I fell back onto my hands.

"No. What have I done?" I said, bringing my hands to my head, wiping off her juices from my face.

"You're a real cheating bastard now, Troy. You just cheated on your wife with me. You might as well dive in. No point going half way. If you're gonna cheat, you ought to do it right." Gabriella said, sitting up. "Take me to your bed, rip off my clothes, fuck the shit out of me, and cum deep inside me, like a real man would."

I looked at her, and I was seeing red. I had never hated anyone as I hated Gabriella right now. I would teach this smug bitch a thing or two. I would teach her a lesson for teasing a married man. I stood on my feet, my pulse pounding, my muscles tense, my body quivering. She looked up at me, cutely, expectantly. I stood over her, looking down at this little slut, her evil face, her heaving, round breasts, just spilling from her top. Her spread legs. Her smooth thighs. Her silky skin. Her tasty pussy. I met her eyes. Hers met mine. I knew what I had to do.

I kicked the door to my bedroom open as I furiously made out with Gabriella. She had her legs wrapped around me and her hands around my neck as I carried her into my bedroom. I just kept furiously swapping spit with her, dominating this kiss, unlike the last one where she took control. I walked to the edge of the bed, but she tightened herself around me, jamming her tongue down my throat. I let my hands migrate to her ass, getting a couple handfuls of her round, perfect ass for the first time. Her silky smooth skin ran across my fingers. The sensation was addicting. I squeezed her full cheeks over and over again, admiring her perfect ass with my fingers. Finally I pushed away roughly, throwing her onto the bed.

"You're evil, you know that. You should not tease a married man like this." I growled, removing my suit coat and loosening my tie. "You're gonna pay for doing this to me." I added, tossing my tie away and beginning to unbutton my shirt.

"I bet." she said, spreading her legs lewdly, exposing her thong clad pussy to me again. The sight awakened something primal inside me. I was acting on instinct. In a blind daze, I stopped unbuttoning my shirt. With blinding

speed, I undid my belt and ripped down my zipper. I grabbed Gabriella behind her knees and pulled her violently to the edge of the bed. I flipped her around so she was on her belly, her legs hanging off the bed. I lifted her up so she was standing, arms on the bed, presenting her practically bare ass to me again. She looked back at me, lust in her eyes, as I ran my fingers under the straps of her thong, pulling it down to her thighs. I couldn't wait for her to take it off completely. I reached into my briefs and removed my now throbbing cock, fully erect, a thick, pulsing 9.5 inches, leaking pre-cum to the floor.

I looked forward, seeing her cute, tiny pussy bared to me again. Just above it, her clean, tight asshole, in between the perfect cheeks of her perfect round ass, her smooth legs standing straight, her thong stretched between her thighs, her ruffled skirt framing this vision, the sexiest sight I'd ever seen. She looked back at me, lust and anticipation in her eyes. I fisted my dick, stroking it in anticipation. I brought the head to the outside of her cunt and slapped it against the outside. Grabbing her hips and sneering at her, I began to push.

"Oh, fuck, you're so big!" Gabriella moaned out, in half-pain half-pleasure. I didn't care. I was a beast at this point. This slut was here for my pleasure. I began to push deeper, not slowing down. My head started to roll.

"Fuck, that's tight!" I groaned out, her wet, clutching softness was driving me wild, her juices lubing my cock up for its journey deep inside her. I had to push my hips into her hard, forcing my cock up her tighter than tight pussy.

"Irene's not this tight, is she?" Gabriella moaned out, smiling evilly.

"No! Only a slut like you would have a cunt this tight." I groaned roughly, my cock bottoming out, buried to the root inside her. "Holy fuck, that feels good." I exclaimed. I looked up at her back, at the white string tied up her back, holding her top on, keeping it tight. I grabbed the knot and used it as a handle as I began to drive myself in and out of her.

"Shit!" I screamed, marveling at her tight cunt. I gave her ass a firm slap, causing her to groan as I slid in and out of her.

"You're a little slut, aren't you?" I said, slapping her other cheek. "You used this tight pussy to cross the border, didn't you?" SPANK!

"You have no idea." Gabriella said with a laugh. I loosened the knot on her back as I began to release her from her top, slowly but surely, as I fucked her pussy. Her insanely tight pussy, so hot, so deep, so fucking tight. It was a new experience. It was nothing like Irene.

My mind flashed to my wife. She was so pretty, so funny. I loved her. I truly did. But I was starting to realize she was lacking a few things. Her pussy was kinda loose, especially in comparison to this. Her ass was flat, and her tits were nonexistent. But I loved her. But I had to do this. My body was on autopilot. I had to get this out of my system. I had to fuck Gabriella, this slut, this skank, and then hopefully, I could work things out with Irene.

I loosened the knot, exposing more and more of her sexy back. My dick was almost numb the pleasure was so great. I just drove in and out, again and again. With a flourish, I

loosened the knot completely, allowing Gabriella to remove her top, which she did, tossing it away. From this angle, I could not see her huge breasts. I finally pulled out of her sucking cunt, my cock soaked with her juices.

"Stand up. Turn around." I ordered, breathing deep. Teasing me, she ran her hands under her skirt, before letting it fall to the floor, along with her thong, leaving her only wearing her stockings and high heels. She spun around, her hands in her hair, posing like a model.

Holy fucking shit! Gabriella's tits were out of this world. They were huge! So large, so smooth, so perky. They stood out from her chest like a shelf. They were so round! Her nipples were standing proud, begging to be touched. I lunged forward, but she grabbed my wrists, stopping me.

"Uh, uh, lover. Take off those clothes. Let me see that gorgeous body of yours. Then you can have my girls. You can touch them. Squeeze them. Bite them. Fuck them. They will be all yours." Gabriella said.

Angrily, I ripped off my shirt, and my undershirt, I dropped off my pants removed my socks, and finally, ripped off my briefs. Now, I was fully bared to her, completely naked, totally exposed. She admired my fit body, my muscles, my cock. She stepped forward, running her fingers along my cock.

"Nice. Sooo big. So fat. Nice big balls. It's fucking perfect." Gabriella said. She removed her hand from me, stepped back, and fell back onto my marital bed.

"Take me. Make me yours for good." Gabriella said, spreading her legs lewdly, baring her sweet pussy to me. With a slight swagger, I stepped forward, climbed onto the bed, and kneeled between her legs. Her huge tits were standing proud on her chest, nipples pointing skyward, begging for my attention. She looked up at me, daring me to act. I fell forward, my bare chest pressed against hers, my lips biting at her nick, sucking and kissing her. I brought my hands between us and finally filled my hands with my maid's huge boobs. I gave them a firm squeeze, causing me to groan into her neck. They felt so fucking good! Holy shit! I had never had my hands on a pair of big breasts. Feeling their soft, smooth flesh pouring through my fingers, her

hard nipples in my palms. It was incredible. I couldn't get enough.

Gabriella reached between and grabbed my dick in her tiny hand, stroking it and pointing it at her soaked cunt. As soon as I felt her puffy, girlish lips against my dick head, I began to push.

"Uhhhhhh, damn, that's so fucking good." I groaned quietly. My hands full of giant breasts, my cock buried in a tight, wet cunt. Bliss. I began to slowly drive into her. I trailed down with my mouth, licking down her chest, down her soft breast, until her hard nipple entered my mouth. I hollowed my cheeks, sucking hard at her huge breast as I drove my fat cock in and out of her. I used both hands to cup her breast, trying to force as much of her breast into my mouth. I bit. I licked. I sucked. I licked around her smooth areola and nibbled at the nipple with my teeth. Gabriella pressed her breasts together, which allowed me to move my face between them, smothering myself in their warm softness. I pulled away and moved to her other nipple, and as I did, I glanced down at her small cunt wrapped around my large dick, stretched to the max. She

was taking all of my cock without complaint. She was a good slut.

Her legs wrapped around me, her smooth stockings rubbing against my ass. She brought her mouth to my ear and began to whisper.

"I know you still feel guilty. It's okay. Just keep fucking me hard. Just like that. Yeah. Fuck that guilt away. I want you to take all that guilt. That loyalty to your wife. The image of the man you think you are. I want you to take all of those feelings, combine them, and shoot them all deep into my cunt. I want you to cum deep inside me. I want to make you a new man. The man you truly are deep down. Okay? I want you to fuck me harder than you ever did Irene. I want to free you from your guilt. Your fear. Once you cum inside me, I want all of that shit gone. I want you to be a new man. I want you to accept the fact that you want me. You want me to be your whore, forever and ever. Okay? I want you to keep fucking me. Hard. Don't stop. Just like that. Don't ever stop! I want you to cum inside me. Make me your bitch. Empty those big balls inside me. Then I want you to fill them up, and empty them inside me again. I don't want you to give any more cum to Irene. I want it all for me. This

cock. Those balls. That cum. It all belongs to me now. Got it? You don't have to say anything. Just keep fucking me, and cum inside me. Shoot all that tasty, sticky cum deep inside me. That will tell me everything I want to know. Just keep going. Fuck me hard." Gabriella finished, whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

I was pure beast at this point. A fucking, cursing, rutting beast. Her words invaded my head, burying themselves deep in my mind, imprinting themselves in me. Changing me.

Gabriella palmed my ass, assisting me in driving into her. I smirked down at her, ripped her hands off of me, scooped her knees in the crooks of my arms, bringing her ankles to my shoulders. I bent her over, bringing her legs around her head, and I began to piledrive into her, driving the whole length of my throbbing cock into her, our skin slapping together, reverberating around the house. I drove into her as hard as I could, bouncing on the bed, and she just took it, like a cheap fucking whore.

"Oh, like that. Fuck me! Fuck me! Do me you sick fuck! Fuck your maid! Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Shit! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! CUM INSIDE ME! DO IT! I'M CUMMING. FUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKK!" Gabriella screamed. Her pussy spasmed around my cock, driving me over the edge.

"SHIT! YOU SLUT! TAKE MY CUM! TAKE IT YOU WHORE!" I yelled, burying myself all the way inside her as cum exploded from my cock, firing into her burning cunt. It felt like I was in pain the pleasure was so great. I just kept cumming. I kept driving into her, driven by some primordial need to make sure my cum was in as deep as possible. We clenched together, riding out these hard orgasms.

After what felt like hours but was probably only minutes, her legs fell to the bed, and I rolled off of her, my dick covered in our juices. We laid there for a long time, catching out breath, regaining our strength, our sweat soaking the sheets. And despite being naked in bed with Gabriella, my thoughts were of Irene.

I just had the greatest sexual experience of my life with this skank, this evil woman. Irene would never be able to give me an experience close to this. She was too prudish to be a wildcat like Gabriella. We had a good sex life, but this was a new experience. This was a whole new world. I had never fucked a slut before. Is this what fucking a slut could give you? Were all sluts this incredible in bed? I don't know if I could give this up.

I looked at Gabriella. Her long smooth legs. Her tight little pussy, now leaking my cum. Her smooth, flat belly. Her giant, mountainous breasts. Her gorgeous, model like face. I could not do much better than this. Gabriella was right. She was wasting time cleaning. Her talents truly lied in the bedroom. When someone is as talented at something as she was at fucking, she should be doing little else. She should be in sexual bliss constantly. I now understood what she was saying. Some women were built to fuck. And some were built to clean. And thanks to Gabriella, I knew where the line was drawn. I knew what side Gabriella fit on. And unfortunately, I now knew where my wife fit in.

I loved Irene. I really did. But I had experienced the other side of the equation. I saw how the other side lived. For the first time in my life, I made a choice not buffered by what society would say. I made a choice with full knowledge that it would hurt someone. Someone I loved dearly. But I still did it. I fucked another woman. I cheated on my wife. With our maid! What kind of man was I? Had Gabriella awakened something inside me? The dormant cheating asshole hidden beneath my friendly façade? Gabriella had pushed me to fuck her, and this led to one of the greatest experiences of my life. The old me would never make such a rash decision. But she had tempted me, molded me, changed me to be a new type of man.

I had been selfless all my life. I always made choices that helped others ahead of myself. I had given back, I had married a girl from a poor family as opposed to a high society slut my parents wanted me to marry. Even though they were hotter. Even though they were sexier. I was selfless and married a regular girl, a girl outside my social circle. A girl most would consider below me. I worked hard to be my own man, even though I didn't have to. I was already set for life. I tortured myself under some weird sense of guilt? Gabriella was right. What was wrong with

enjoying the gifts I was given? It would be offensive not to. Today, for the first time, I had made one selfish decision, and I came harder than I ever had before. I had earth-shattering sex. One selfish decision led to unimaginable pleasure. What if I made up for lost time? What if I made up for all those selfless decisions? What if I started making selfish choices? What if I went along with the things my body clearly wanted? It would help me, it would help Gabriella, a woman extremely talented and someone who had proved to fit right in with the women in my social circle. The only one hurt by this choice would be Irene.

I had given Irene so much already. I had shown her this life, even though she did not belong. And I still loved her, but I knew I was moving away from being saddled to her into a new life. With Gabriella. My slut. My whore. My savior. She had shown me the light.

But how do I let Irene off? How do I let her know? And then the answer came to me. I looked at Gabriella, and she looked at me, her gorgeous face blissed out and serene.

"You were right. You were so right." I told her.

"I know." she said.

"That prank you suggested before? On Irene? It's perfect." I said.

"I knew you'd come around." Gabriella said. I meant what I said. The prank was beautiful. The prank war between me and her had escalated from small pranks to the big-time. From innocent jokes to full out, kinda mean, possibly dangerous pranks. But this, this was the prank to end all pranks. A final, decisive prank. A prank that would get me out of my marriage, out of those commitments, and into an arrangement much more beneficial to me. I would be getting the awesome sex I needed, the sex I had earned. Gabriella's talents would be used where they belonged, in the bedroom... with me. And Irene's talents wouldn't be wasted. No more bothering with her in the bedroom. That woman could clean a mean dish. She could vacuum well. Why waste her talents? She would be the perfect maid. And that way, I wouldn't leave her in poverty. She can be exposed to the life she loves, but she wouldn't be truly in it. Just where she fit in the equation. Now Gabriella, she would

slide in perfectly into the high life. This prank was dark, sure. It was mean. But in a dark, twisted, cosmic way, it was fucking hilarious.

"Can you pull it off?" I asked her.

"Don't worry baby. I got it all worked out." Gabriella said, leaning over and kissing me softly. We made out softly for the next few minutes, as she pressed herself against me, her soft breasts pushing into my side. She reached down with one hand and began to stroke me, trying to get me hard again. She kissed her way down my neck, down my chest, down my abs, getting closer to my cock. She crawled down, pointed my dick at her mouth, and opened wide. In one smooth motion, she inhaled my dick.

"Oh fuck!" I groaned softly, putting my hand on top of her head, patting her head approvingly as my dick got hard again. She bobbed on my cock, soaking it with her spit, her magic tongue working wonders. "My God, Gabriella. You can suck a dick." she was inhaling my shaft, sucking hard. I could feel her drool, soaking it.

"It's gonna need to be nice and sloppy where it's going." Gabriella said. This caused my dick to throb, regaining its previous hardness. This went on for a few minutes. Finally, she pulled away from my spit soaked dick and planted a sweet kiss on the tip,

"You were right about everything. I need to be more selfish. I need to take what I want." I said.

"Are you gonna take that info I gave you." she asked.

"Yes! I'll take my chances." I told her. That info would double my wealth, like she had said. It was worth the risk.

"Are you gonna take my ass now?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes!" I said.

"See what being selfish gets you." she said with a laugh, pulling away from me and getting on all fours. I got up behind her, on my knees. I reached forward and peeled her

cheeks apart, making her asshole front and center in my vision. She looked at me, seeing what I would do. Sneering at her, I leaned forward and ran my tongue up her ass crack, showing no fear as I ran my tongue over her cute asshole.

"Uhhh, that's what I like. Right there. Lick my ass, you dirty fuck!" Gabriella moaned. I licked her ass over and over again, making sure her asshole was nice and soaked. Once I was satisfied, I leaned straight up behind her.

I slapped her ass as I got in place. I slapped my wet dick against her cute asshole, put my hands in place, and began to push. She closed her eyes as she focused on letting my dick inside her. I had to push hard, harder than I thought possible, and finally, her tight asshole opened up and wrapped around the tip of my cock, smothering it.

"AHH!" she yelled out, either in pain or pleasure. Who cares?

"Fuck!" I yelled out. I had never had my dick in a girl's ass before. I was only tip deep, but I already knew this would be an incredible experience. I reached forward, grabbed

Gabriella's long hair, and wrapped it around my hand, creating a handle as I pulled back, pulling her head so it was straight up, facing forward. With my other hand bracing myself on her firm ass, I began to push.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, OH FUCK!" Gabriella moaned, the last moan clearly one of pure pleasure. This bitch loved having a fat dick halfway up her ass. And I would go deeper. I would not be satisfied until I was balls deep inside her. I just kept forcing my dick deeper inside her. Deeper and deeper.

"Your ass feels amazing!" I said, tense from the pleasure. Her ass was so fucking tight! I exhaled as I felt my balls slap her pussy. She looked back at me, her eyes full of sexual heat. I pulled my hips back, slowly removing my cock from her ass, leaving just the tip inside, then I pulled her hair hard, slapped her ass, and drove into.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Gabriella moaned.

"You like that, bitch!" I said, slapping her ass hard, a sneer on my face.

"That fat fuck Dan couldn't handle my ass. He cried like a girl. But not you. You're a real man!" Gabriella said.

"That's right. Only a man like me could tame this ass?" I said, driving into her as she drove back at me, desiring a rough ass fuck.

"Fuck my ass! Make it yours! Make it your territory!" Gabriella groaned. I removed my hand from her ass, reached forward, ran it across her sweaty belly, and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing it roughly, pinching her nipple.

I drove into her, harder and harder, harder than I thought she could take, but she kept her ass up like a trooper. I leaned forward across her sweaty back, pulled her face roughly to mine, and kissed her, our mouths bumping off each other as I drove into her. Finally, I drove Gabriella down so her belly was on the bed, but she kept her eyes pointed upward, allowing me to piledrive her into the bed. She was screaming out in a near constant moan. I powered into her harder as I felt the end coming.

"Your ass is so fucking good! Take my cum, whore!" I moaned. I roared like a beast as I drove her into the bed and filled her ass with my spunk. I pulled my cock out of her demolished asshole and stared at it, eager to see the damage I had done. Her ass gaped before coming to a close, preventing my cum from escaping. I fell to the bed next to her, near fucked out of energy.

We gasped like we had just run a marathon. Gabriella eventually rolled over to face me. She got on her knees, a familiar position for her, and grabbed my dick in her hand, and stroked it to a semi-hardness. Smiling at me like a Cheshire cat, she began to lick my cock like a lollipop.

"Now, we have a few hours before the wife comes home." Gabriella started. "We could either rest and let her find us curled up in bed together, or... we could keep going, and let her catch us in the throes of passion. Either way, she will be catching us together. It's your choice which option sounds more... fun." Gabriella said, causing us both to laugh.

Irene

I noticed something amiss as soon as I got home. The hour was late, I was still dressed in my nice dress, eager to get in my PJ's and curl up in bed. But something was off. Stuff didn't look right. There was dust on the drawers, dirty dishes in the sink, and things seemed out of place. That stupid bitch Gabby. I thought she had come along, but just like that, she had reverted to her old ways. I might have to go up to her room and wake her up. I had to stop myself from fixing these mistakes as I walked. I set my bag down and walked past the dinner table. I noticed a strange puddle on it. I dipped my finger in it, brought it to my nose sniffed it. Not finding the smell objectionable, I put it in my mouth. It had a unique taste, but a familiar taste. I couldn't put my finger on what it was though. It made me think of college, for some reason.

I heard a noise, so I went to investigate. Gabby's room was empty, which confused me, but not enough to stop me. The source of the noise was coming from my bedroom. Troy

must still be awake. I walked towards my room, my heels clicking on the floor as I reached my door.

The scent was the first thing I noticed. The room reeked of sex. As my eyes were able to comprehend the image I was seeing on the bed, I nearly collapsed.

"What the fuck!" I screeched. There on the bed was my husband, naked, with my maid bouncing on top of him. Her huge boobs bouncing, her skin covered in sweat. Her ass was a blur as she bounced. She was like a new woman. They didn't acknowledge my presence. They just kept fucking.

"What's going on?" I screamed out, frozen in place.

"What does it look like, bitch?" Gabriella said, her accent now gone, looking at me, her face covered in cum. "I'm moving in."

This caused both of them to burst out laughing.

"How long has this been going on? Why are you doing this?" I asked, tears in my eyes.

"Oh, just today." Gabriella said. Troy was silent, just going along for the ride. He was driving upward slightly as Gabriella fucked him. But at this point, Gabriella was controlling the action. Riding him hard, rocking his cock, until he couldn't fight the sensation. He just lied there and took it, letting her take full control.

"Troy! Say something!" I begged.

"Let us finish." he said coldly, continuing to drive into our maid. "Then we'll talk."

Confused, frozen, unable to wake up from this nightmare, I backed out of the room. I was in a daze as I sat at the dinner table, waiting for an explanation. I had to listen to the chorus of moans from my bedroom.

"Fuck! I love it! I love it!" Gabriella moaned. I was in a daze. I don't know why I just sat there, but I did. I rested my elbow

on the table, until I realized I was resting in a puddle of what I now realized was Gabby's cunt juices. I don't know why it mattered, but I grabbed a napkin and wiped it up. I couldn't stop myself.

"It feels so good. I love your cunt!" Troy moaned, screaming as he came. Then, silence. The silence was deafening. Finally, I heard footsteps approaching. I was shocked to see Gabriella approaching, nude except for her stockings, carrying my favorite blouse. I watched as she took the blouse and wiped her face, cleaning it of his cum. She tossed it aside, as if it was a cheap rag. She sat across the table from me. Our eyes met, wife and mistress.

"Irene, you have no idea how long I have been waiting to do this." Gabriella said, her accent gone.

"Who the hell are you?" I asked. She smiled.

"I'm the slut who stole your man. He's mine now, you know. And you have no one to blame but yourself, you racist, elitist bitch." she responded.

"He loves me. He's my husband." I said.

"I think he still does, which makes this so much better. He loves you, for now, but his love for me is growing. And clearly, he prefers me in the bedroom. That's why I'll be taking over for you on a more permanent basis." Gabriella said.

"What?" I said, shaking my head.

"I have convinced your husband that you do not deserve these blessings. This good life. I do. I deserve it." Gabriella said proudly.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I said, not understanding her, eager for this to be all over.

"It's simple, bitch. I'm taking your place. In your bed. In your life. That ring on your finger. That will be mine soon. This house, this life... is mine now." Gabriella said with an

attitude I had never seen from her. I was frozen, listening to this stupid maid taking over my life.

"But me and Troy have come up with an idea. You see, we don't want to just kick you out and leave you in poverty. None of us want that. We have something special planned for you." Gabriella said, smirking evilly.

6 months later

I must be a masochist. That must be the reason I put myself through this. That must be the reason I am the maid in my own house. It was torture. Absolute torture. To be outwitted, outsmarted, outfoxed by a stupid Mexican immigrant! It was insanity.

They said it was out of kindness that they made this offer. To let me live here, in the guestroom that Gabriella lived in, while they carried out their affair. But in truth, it was the worst form of torture.

This was my house! I lived here with my husband. But my dreams, my life, was usurped from me by Gabriella, my former maid. That fucking whore.

She was pure evil. She loved the fact that she stole my man. She rubbed it in my face. She marched around my house, showing off her hot little body, her big tits, her perfect ass. She had my man addicted. I was confronted by my nightmare, my man fucking another woman, in front of me, with no shame. And I had to clean up after them.

The worst part was the things she said. Gabriella was filthy. She was evil. She taunted me with her words, screaming out how much better she was, how much hotter she was, how much Troy liked her more than me. The nastiest thing she said was her intentions to have babies. Lots of babies with my soul mate. She told me she couldn't wait. Gabriella demanded that I would be there to help them out. I would help her with her Lamaze classes. I would be her birthing coach. I would be there when their children were born. And part of my responsibilities as maid would be to be their nanny, taking care of the child, late-night diaper changes, late night bottle feedings, day care when they were gone. I dreaded the day when her belly would be swollen with

children, her face glowing in joy, her belly full of my man's children.

But I couldn't just leave. I had to again wonder why did I put myself through this? But it was simple: I had no choice.

They offered to let me live here. In exchange, Gabriella offered to let me keep going out, working on the board, keeping up appearances like I still belonged in high-society. Gabriella didn't care about any of that stuff, but someone had to do it. So it was on me. I couldn't just leave. All the money's was Troy's, and if I left, I would have no money, no home, no place to go. My parents were poorer than I am, and I had pushed them out of my life. This arrangement gave me food, shelter, and it allowed me to at least act like I was still a member of high-society, even if it was a lie. But in return, I had to cook and clean for my husband and his whore. Gabriella laughed at me as I agreed, saying I deserved this for looking down at her, treating her like shit. That maybe if I wasn't so elitist, this wouldn't have happened.

I had to watch them being intimate. I had to watch them in the pool, pawing at each other, her in her slutty thong bikini, my husband obviously smitten. I had to listen to their marathon fuck sessions. I had to watch as my husband doubled his wealth with some big business deal. I had to watch my husband swing a deal so he could work from home, doing for her what he never would do for me. He treated me coldly, laughing at my predicament, as if it was a hilarious joke. I had to wonder what Gabriella did to my husband. But he was not my husband anymore.

The only trump card I could have played was to get Gabriella deported. But as soon as my divorce was final, she had a ring on her finger. She was Troy's bride now.

The worst part of this whole deal was cleaning up for them after they had sex. I would have to help Gabriella clean the cum off of her.

"Bitch! Get in here!" she would scream, laying on her back in a sweaty heap on the bed, next to my ex-husband. I knew the routine. I walked into the bedroom. Troy never bothered acknowledging me. I carried a cool rag to the bed

and wiped it across Gabriella's sweaty skin, cooling her, pleasuring her. Her nipples would get hard, as if this power she had over me turned her on. I was a tool in this bitch's sex life, whether I like it or not. I had to bath this bitch, wiping down her perfect form. She would splash soap onto me uncaringly, soaking the bulky, unflattering maid outfit she made me wear.

Gabriella would yell and scream at me, and I had to just fucking take it. She bossed me around, told me what to do, planned out my day. She lorded her position over me.

She love to make my job harder. She would make me clean off the sweat and smudges off the glass table after her and Troy had sex on top of it. She made me sit under the table as Troy pounded his cock into her. I had to watch her sweaty body pressed into the glass. I had to watch the smudges and sweat from her ass and tits fall to the glass. I had to watch her hot body pressed roughly into the glass, looking unbelievably sexy.

Gabriella would walk around the house, soaked with cum, dripping off of her onto the carpets, or the sheets. And cum

stains are really hard to get out! But I never had that problem, because there were never cum stains on my sheets. Except for the times they would fuck in my bed and make me sleep there on the soaked sheets. I couldn't ever hope to land a guy like Troy again. At this point, I couldn't land a guy period. No one would rescue me like Troy had. So I was stuck in a house listening to my husband experience bliss-like pleasure, while I was miserable and frustrated.

I felt like I was losing my mind. I was cleaning all the time, because I could not get this house clean. It was never clean enough.

I had to cook their meals (Gabriella's recipes, of course). I had to clean, dust, vacuum, iron. I fucking hated cleaning. It was the seventh circle of hell for me. The cleaning spray smelled toxic to me. I can't say how many times I was on my hands and knees cleaning as their moans echoed throughout the house.

And this was my life. My nightmare. They played pranks on me, and I just had to take it. I had no choice.

I had to watch this bitch I hated live the life I always wanted. The life I loved. I watched her cling to Troy, so in love they were. I watched them holding hands in public. I watched him take her on his business trips, not wanting to be away from her. I watched her parade herself in the circles I used to occupy, people in the know knowing what had happened to me. They knew what happened, and they laughed at me. They liked Gabriella far more than she liked me. She fit right in to high society.

Gabriella was more than happy to spend money like crazy. She had already bought two new sports cars, tons of new clothes that showed off her body, and a new house close-by for her parents. She was far more free-wheeling with cash than I ever was.

Gabriella had one other requirement for our deal. Our arrangement. If anyone ever asked me about getting a maid, I would give Gabriella a glowing recommendation, and offer one of her friends as a prospective maid. Gabriella said she has a lot of cousins who were single and looking for a good man. It made me wonder if I was not the first one to

fall for this trap. It made me wonder if Agnes, the woman who recommended Gabriella, was in the same situation as I was.

The time came where I had to follow through on this promise. One of Gabriella's sister's had come to visit. She was an older, trashier version of Gabriella. Trashy, but infuriatingly gorgeous, with infuriatingly big boobs. I had to be a nanny to this bitch's kid while I helped her get work. I had to recommended her to one of my closest friends. I had to say this bitch I didn't know would be a great maid. I had to send one of my best friend's into the inevitable hell I was currently in. Cause her hubby was just as hot as Troy, and I knew Gabriella's older sister was just as nasty as Gabriella was.

I paused to think when I was out at one of these benefits I used to love. I looked around at all the wives there. They always joked that their hubby's always tried to avoid these gatherings. I had to wonder if all these women had been beaten like I had. I wondered if all their hubbies were banging their maid's like mine was. I wondered if all of us had been rendered inferior and redundant by these stupid immigrant sluts!

Had we all made the same mistake? Had we all been outsmarted and replaced by these Mexican whores? Were all our husband's fucking hot Latina girls while we wasted our time hob-nobbing? It felt like I was one of many victims of some sinister plot, as were all these women I associated with. Me and all my friends were apparently the losers when it came to locking down men, falling victim to these apparently more desirable, sexy, Latina sluts.

So this was my life. Troy and Gabriella now extremely wealthy, leaving me behind, making me clean up for them, making their lives better. Listening to the man of my dreams fucking a slut and forcing me to clean up after them. I hated cleaning, but that's all I now did. Part of me hoped that some part of Troy would come to his senses and realize what he had done to me. But he had changed. Gabriella had changed him. He was selfish. Arrogant. A sex-crazed asshole. He was not the man I married any more. In a way, in a twisted sense, he had met his match. An evil, sex-crazed bitch.

As much as I hated to admit it, Troy and Gabriella were a perfect match.

*****THE END*****

Author's Note

Sorry for the long wait. Thanks again for your patience and the awesome feedback. The wait for the next one shouldn't be too long, and trust me, it'll be worth it.