
The Maid is Way Too Overprotective
Written by Brazzel
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A Vore Novella

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Book 1

“I have seen the way that you look at me, Master,” Paulina said. Her hands were on his belt. She dismantled it in seconds, dropping it to the floor. “I have seen the way that you look at me when I swallow others. Your eyes followed them down my throat. You get aroused when my stomach gets big.”

1: The Jealous Maid



Francis was elbow-deep in Paulina's gullet, fishing through the twitching mass of his maid's throat for the grasping hand of his dear friend Billy.

"Hold on," Francis shouted, thrusting until he felt Billy's fingertips. "Just hold on."

Paulina stared up at him. Her long, beautiful eyelashes belied the stubbornness of her gaze; her hazel eyes locked and narrowed on her master's questing elbow. She had opened her mouth obediently, having no recourse but to follow her master's orders, but she made her displeasure known in shallow gulps and small murmurs. The fabric of

her uniform strained against the protrusion of her full stomach. Francis felt it bounce against his knee as he dug deeper.

"You are fighting me," Francis said.

Paulina blinked at him.

No, I am not, her gaze seemed to say. *Even if I want to.*

They were in his father's study. The plush, burgundy carpet was indented beneath Paulina's knees; her stomach a jiggling mass pressed against the expensive desk that had been a gift from some important someone. She would not have been the first maid to have knelt beneath his father's desk, but perhaps she was the first to kneel for this specific purpose. Still, as she clamped her lips around Francis's arm, he couldn't help but think of the *other* reason.

Paulina smiled as he blushed. Francis pulled out of her with a grunt of disgust.

"Release him," he ordered.

"You know that I cannot."

"You can and you will, Paulina. I've seen you do it."

"I am afraid your friend is girthier than the previous vagrants that I have detained. His bulk makes it impossible for me to regurgitate him without outside assistance."

A pool of saliva darkened the front of Paulina's corset. It was the only stain on her uniform, which she kept immaculate down to the white trim of her skirt. Everything about Paulina was immaculate, from her posture to her service.

All except for one little detail.

"Why do you keep swallowing my friends?" Francis asked.

The question was so well-trodden that it might as well have been paved over. Francis could recite the entire exchange from memory, but it didn't stop him from asking.

"I did not know they were your friend," Paulina said, burping gently into her fist. "I was tasked with keeping you safe, Master."

"But you could have asked me," Francis said. He hated the whine that crept into his voice. He could imagine his father sneering

down his nose at him, his fingers steepled in his lap. “When Billy showed up at the front door, you could have called me. I would have told you that he was a friend.”

“I could not risk that.”

“Why?!”

“Because I needed to question him.”

“But why swallow him? Why do you swallow them?”

“It is the most efficient method of containment at my disposal and I am your maid. I am meant to be efficient.”

Francis slapped his palm to his forehead. It wasn’t even a good lie. Paulina was literally trembling, her hands gripping the bottom of her stomach as they strayed closer to her skirt. He knew from experience that if he were to lift that skirt, he would find that she had soaked through her silk panties.

In fact, Paulina was waiting for him to do just that.

“I am not going to fuck you,” Francis said. “Let him out the *normal* way.”

“*Mmmrph!”* came Billy’s protest.

“Silence,” Paulina said, expressionless. She slapped her stomach and got a resounding yelp in response. Francis grabbed her wrist before she could slap it again. She tilted her head at him, questioning.

“Don’t hit him, either,” Francis said. “Please, Paulina.”

She lowered her hand, but the other stayed crossed over her stomach which she had cinched tight, preventing any further disturbances. Billy’s wet squirming could be heard beneath the regular, bubbling churn.

There was no threat that she would digest him. Digestion took many days. But Francis couldn’t imagine that Billy would ever visit again once he was freed from the sloppy confines of his maid’s innards—a fact which he was sure Paulina had taken into account before she swallowed him. The maid, for some reason, was trying to isolate her master.

“It is for your protection,” Paulina insisted.

She was still kneeling. Francis had to look away as she readjusted herself on her calves, her breasts swaying atop the mound of her stomach. She had a mole that sat right in the middle of her cleavage. Francis's eyes were drawn to it every time he looked at her, hence his reticence to look at all.

"Listen," Francis said, forcing himself to crouch in front of Paulina. "We will discuss *alternative* methods of security once you free my friend. You are doing a good job, Paulina, and I—"

"Mmmm…"

Paulina's moan shot through Francis like an arrow. She grabbed her breasts and shuddered with her eyes closed, tilting her head back slightly.

"Could you say that again, Master?" she asked.

Francis, knowing that his friend was listening inside of Paulina, wanted to slam his head into the expensive mahogany desk.

"You're doing a good job—"

"Mmmph!"

"Stop that."

Paulina opened one eye.

"I am expressing myself," she said. "You told me to express myself. It pleases me when you compliment me, Master."

"Yes, but you don't need to moan," Francis insisted, his face going red. "It's… sexual."

Paulina stroked the top of her stomach as if to say "and…?" Her long, gray hair was pulled back in a ponytail. There were only two reasons why her hair was ever in a ponytail. One of them was currently squirming in her stomach and the other was growing in Francis's pants. She looked at his crotch and licked her lips.

"Stop!" Francis insisted, covering himself. "Please, Paulina, I am begging you. Just let him out."

"I have already told you that I cannot, Master. Not without assistance. Would you like to try grabbing him again? That was pleasant for me, as well."

“Argh!”

Francis couldn’t do it anymore. He wanted to run from the room, to flee to his library where he could curl up in the corner next to the fireplace and disappear into a book, but his friend was currently embroiled in his maid’s gut and Paulina was anything but a liar. If she said that she couldn’t let him out without help, then she meant it.

It was *how* she meant it that was the problem.

“Okay,” Francis said. “Alright. On your back.”

Paulina smiled faintly at him. Francis’s blush deepened.

“Because I am going to rub your stomach,” he clarified. “I am going to push from the bottom while you work on relaxing your throat. And I forbid you to moan.”

“Yes, Master.”

The ancient grandfather clock in the corner chimed ten as Paulina fell back on her elbows and spread her legs. In another part of the manor, tea was being served on the lawn, and several servants would be standing by, waiting for Francis until the clock chimed eleven. There were precious few servants left after Paulina’s initial purge, the results of which jiggled on her thighs as she lifted them high in the air and spread her legs.

“I am ready.”

Francis took a deep breath. She was baiting him and he knew it. All he had to do was push from the bottom and ignore the deepening stain in her panties.

He put his hands on Paulina’s stomach and waited. When no moan was forthcoming, he pushed.

SLORSH!

“Mmmph!”

“Sorry,” Francis said as Billy pounded on Paulina’s innards. His fist bulged through the fabric of the maid’s dress, pitifully weak considering Billy’s size. “I have to push, Billy.”

Paulina watched him over her stomach. There was just a hint of a smirk on her broad, sexy lips.

“Throat open,” Francis demanded.
“Oh, Master,” Paulina said, batting her eyelashes. “If you insist.”



It was unnerving to watch the progression of a human body traveling beneath the skin. Every limb, muffled by flesh; a constant pressure being applied through resistance. Francis had to guess what was going on; which bulge was the head, and which a knee. Billy's face briefly appeared between Paulina's breasts—a phantom phasing through her cleavage—but a sigh and a clench sent him back beneath her ribs as Paulina shook her hips, suppressing the moan she so obviously wanted to release.

Francis pushed with all of his might. He had to dig his feet into the carpet, his shoulder digging into Paulina's soft underbelly. Sweat dripped from his nose onto Paulina's thighs where the tops of her stockings squeezed the supple skin, further aggravating him. His cock twitched and his mind was flooded with possibility.

She wanted him to fuck her. She wanted him to pound her until she released Billy.

It was only with the greatest application of will that he resisted, closing his eyes to avoid Paulina's lewd expression as Billy's legs shot into her throat. In doing so, her stomach flattened, and Francis fell forward onto it.

Two things happened at once:

Billy shot out of Paulina's throat and slid onto the carpet. He was covered from head to toe in goo, gasping and shivering from the trauma his body had just been put through. He lay a foot away from Paulina and Francis, too weak to even run.

Paulina leg-locked Francis, using the moment's distraction to yank his pants down around his thighs. His cock sprang free and, with a grunt of triumph, Paulina pulled him into her where he immediately came from the warmth and pressure. Which made Paulina cum, releasing the moan that she'd built up just for that moment.

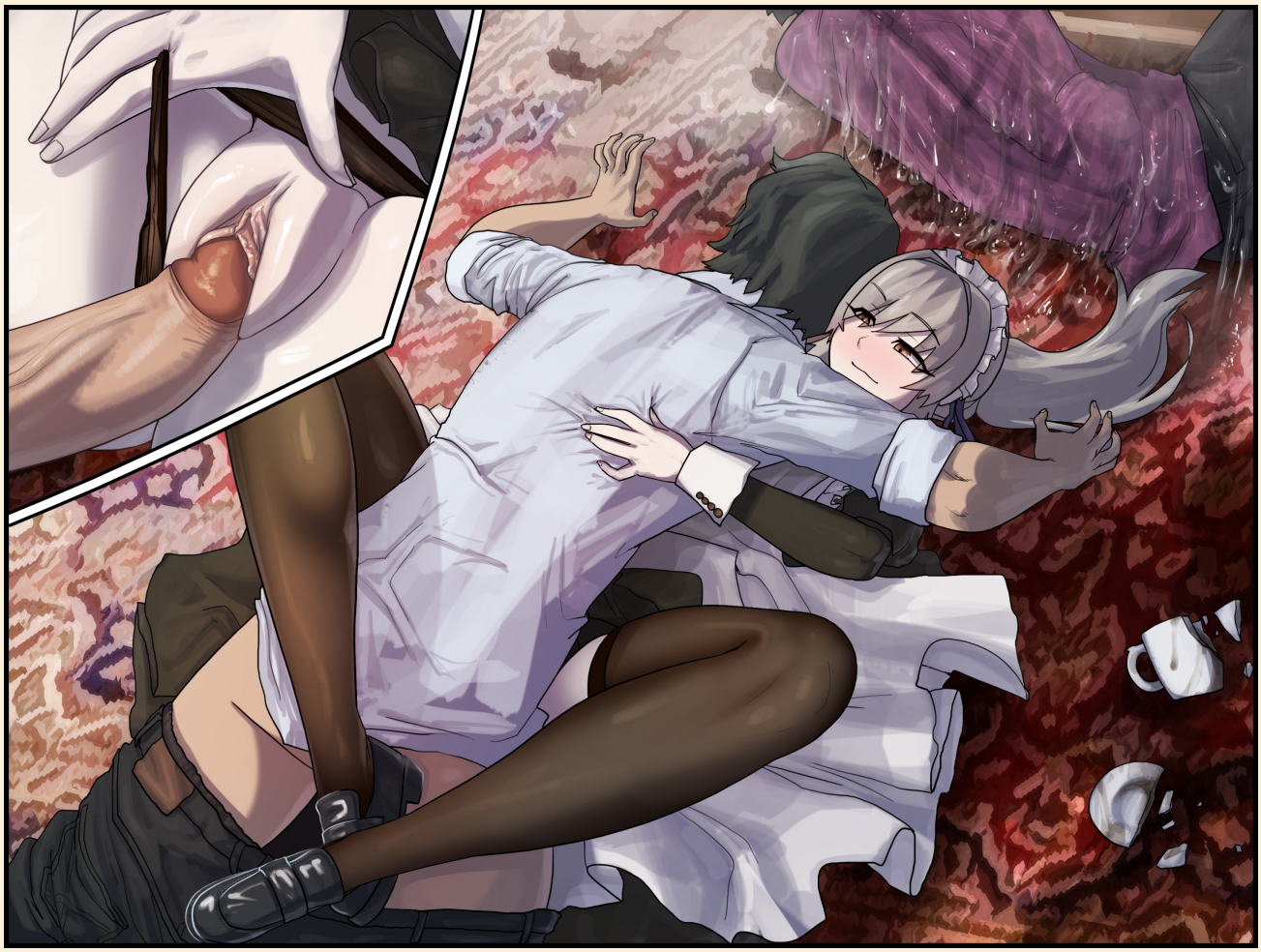
"Ahhhhh!"

There was a beat as three bodies collapsed backwards. Paulina in twitching satisfaction; Francis in shame; and Billy in an attempt to roll over and flee from whatever mad proceedings he had found himself

in. He slipped on a wet spot, his feet gliding over the carpet. He nearly fell, but caught himself, managing to gain enough traction to make it to the door which he threw open, yelping. Francis didn't even have time to call after him. Billy ran his way out of the manor, never to be seen again.

"That was excellent, Master," Paulina said.

"God damn it," Francis sighed.



2: If That Will Be All, Master

The library was Francis's sanctuary. When the rest of the family lived in the manor, it was where he would go to escape from his father's sneer and his mother's obsessive doting. The tall, wooden shelves formed a labyrinth that cut him off from the world; its plush armchairs warm and ready to be sunken into at any given time.

Francis sat in front of the fireplace with a mug of coffee in one hand and a book in the other. Today it was *The Wind-up Bird Chronicle*.

"I can hear you," he said.

He perked his ears, trying to catch any guilty rumblings or heavy sighs. When none were forthcoming, he relaxed a little, allowing himself to soak in the warmth and the solitude.

Paulina had Fridays off, after all, and while that didn't stop her from using her personal time to check in on him, it did stop the constant hovering that he'd grown used to during the week.

Paulina.

Francis blushed.

He had been meaning to talk to his father about the maid. She was there when he woke up in the morning with a silver tray of tea and toast, and she was there in the evenings to offer 'special services' to help him go to sleep quicker. Her clever eyes followed him as he ghosted through the manor; the only medium that could see the spectre that haunted the grounds. The rest of the staff ignored Francis and that was fine by him. It was Paulina's constant attention that disturbed the man.

That, and her eating habits.

Francis knew what his father would say if he called him. He would tell Francis, in a way that subtly implied that his son was at fault, that Paulina was there for his protection and on what grounds

was he asking for her removal? Then he would imply that Francis might be less than straight, which was *completely* fine, *dot, dot, dot.*

His mother might understand, but she was on vacation in Peru—some kind of spiritual healing trip that would somehow overwrite the last ten spiritual healing trips. Francis did not know why his mother needed so much healing, nor what had damaged her spirit so, but he did know that a call from him would send his mother into a tizzy, which would be reported to his father, which would earn him another lecture.

So, for now, he was to put up with the maid.

"Was I being loud?"

Francis screamed. His coffee went flying, as well as his book; both caught in midair by the capable hands of Paulina. Even on her day off, she was wearing her uniform. She placed the items on the table beside Francis and sat back down in her armchair where she had evidently been idling quietly until Francis had spoken up.

He'd been too preoccupied to notice her.

"Jeeze, Paulina," Francis said, gripping his chest. "Why did it take you so long to respond? What are you doing here?"

Paulina raised a book.

Die Leiden des jungen Werthers. *The Sorrows of Young Werther.*

"Goethe," Francis murmured. "I haven't read that one yet."

"It is decent," Paulina said. "My German is not that good, but I have managed to push through."

"So you… read?"

It was a dumb question and Francis knew it. Paulina raised a mocking eyebrow, puckering her lips in a way that managed to convey both disappointment and condescension.

"On occasion."

That shouldn't have surprised Francis, but it did. He had always figured that Paulina used her off days to track down potential intruders

or something, but here she was, tucked away in the library, her own cup of coffee steaming on the table next to her.

"I'm sorry," Francis said. "I didn't see you when I came in. You startled me."

"That was apparent, Master."

"I should go."

Francis stood up and Paulina made no move to follow him. For some reason, that made him want to stay. He idled in front of his chair and yawned, pretending to be checking out the surrounding shelves. Paulina closed her book.

"Do you need something, Master?"

"No," he said quickly. "It's your day off to do with as you will."

"Is that so?"

"Um… yes?"

Paulina stood. It was amazing how, even being a head shorter than he was, she was able to intimidate him with just her stare. He'd seen what she could do with her tiny body; the way that it contorted around her prey. If she wanted to, she could swallow him right there in front of the fireplace, gulping him down where nobody could see only to settle back in her armchair with her cup of coffee.

As if it could read his mind, Paulina's stomach growled.

She winced.

"What's wrong?" Francis asked.

Paulina hesitated, gripping her stomach with both hands. For the first time since she'd appeared at the manor, she looked away first.

"A minor discomfort, Master," she said. "No need to trouble yourself."

Now Francis was truly curious. Paulina never complained. She never got so much as a cold. He couldn't imagine anything that could possibly phase her, but here she was, fidgeting in front of him. On instinct, he put a hand to her forehead. Maybe it was just the fire, but she was warmer than usual.

"I think you might have a fever," he said.

“It is nothing.”

“You should lie down—”

“*Master.*”

Francis jumped. It wasn’t like Paulina to snap at him, either. Her cheeks were flushed; whether with fever or embarrassment, he couldn’t tell.

“I just want to help,” he said. “Please tell me what’s wrong.”

Paulina pursed her lips. Francis thought that she might disobey the order, as soft as it was, but then she sighed and spread her hands over her skirt.

“My ability,” she said. “It comes from intensive training. Sometimes, when I do not use my skills for an extended period of time, there is a… biological backlash.”

It took Francis a moment to catch up.

“So when you don’t eat people for a while, your stomach hurts,” he said. “Is that correct, Paulina?”

“Something like that,” Paulina said.

Her brow was furrowed. She didn’t want to be having this conversation. Everything in her posture was asking him to drop it, but Francis was too stunned. Paulina had a weakness? This was new!

“That would explain why you’re so eager to eat my guests,” Francis said.

“No, Master. That is a regular part of my job.”

“But it certainly doesn’t hurt your willingness to swallow my guests.”

“... one could say that is correct.”

Francis laughed. Paulina glared at him, clenching her fists at her sides.

“Is that all, Master?” she asked. “It is my day off.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Francis said. He was just too tickled by her pissed expression. Normally she was so placid! “Can I help you in any way? If we were to stuff you with, say, the contents of the pantry, would your stomachache stop?”

“I have tried that, but it seems that to simulate the contractions for containing live prey, my food must be similarly mobile.”

“So it has to be a person?”

“It would appear so.”

“Well, I mean—”

A log cracked in the fireplace, causing Francis to jolt. What had he been about to suggest? Paulina was watching him, her dour expression replaced with curiosity, her hands no longer clenched at her sides.

“Master?” she asked.

“Forget it,” Francis said hastily. “It’s a terrible idea.”

“Master…”

Uh oh.

Paulina took a step forward and Francis took a step back. His legs hit the library table where his coffee was growing cold. The mug rattled, threatening to fall, but before it could, Paulina reached past him and settled it. Despite her miniscule size, she had managed to pin Francis to the table.

“It would not be the worst idea,” she said, “to practice extreme protective measures.”

If Francis wanted to, he could push her away, but all of the blood that wasn’t already in his cheeks had rushed to his crotch; something that he was sure that Paulina could feel, as close as she was.

“I don’t… I wasn’t…” Francis babbled. “Isn’t it your day off?”

Paulina licked her lips.

“We could do it for fun,” she said.

An involuntary groan escaped from Francis’s lips. He wanted to cover his face, but to do so, he’d have to wrap his arms around Paulina. How had he gotten himself into this situation? Had he been angling for this from the start?

“You’re, um, very enthusiastic about this,” Francis said.

“Of course.”

“Um… why?”

“Because I like having Master inside of me.”

Francis let out a squeak as Paulina squeezed his crotch. Her stomach was pressed to his and it was *rumbling*.

“T- this is inappropriate,” Francis said.

“You could order me not to, Master.”

“I…”

Too many thoughts were racing through his head. The idea, the mere *notion* that she was about to swallow him sent chills down his spine. Was he taking advantage of her weakness or was she taking advantage of his?

“I have seen the way that you look at me, Master,” Paulina said. Her hands were on his belt. She dismantled it in seconds, dropping it to the floor. “I have seen the way that you look at me when I swallow others. Your eyes followed them down my throat. You get aroused when my stomach gets big.”

Francis could stop this with a word. Paulina listened to his orders. She was unbuttoning his shirt, her nimble hand flying over the fabric. This too, she sent fluttering to the floor.

When she put a hand on his bare chest, Francis nearly passed out.

“W- what are you doing?” he asked.

“I do not want to ruin your clothes.”

“Okay, but—”

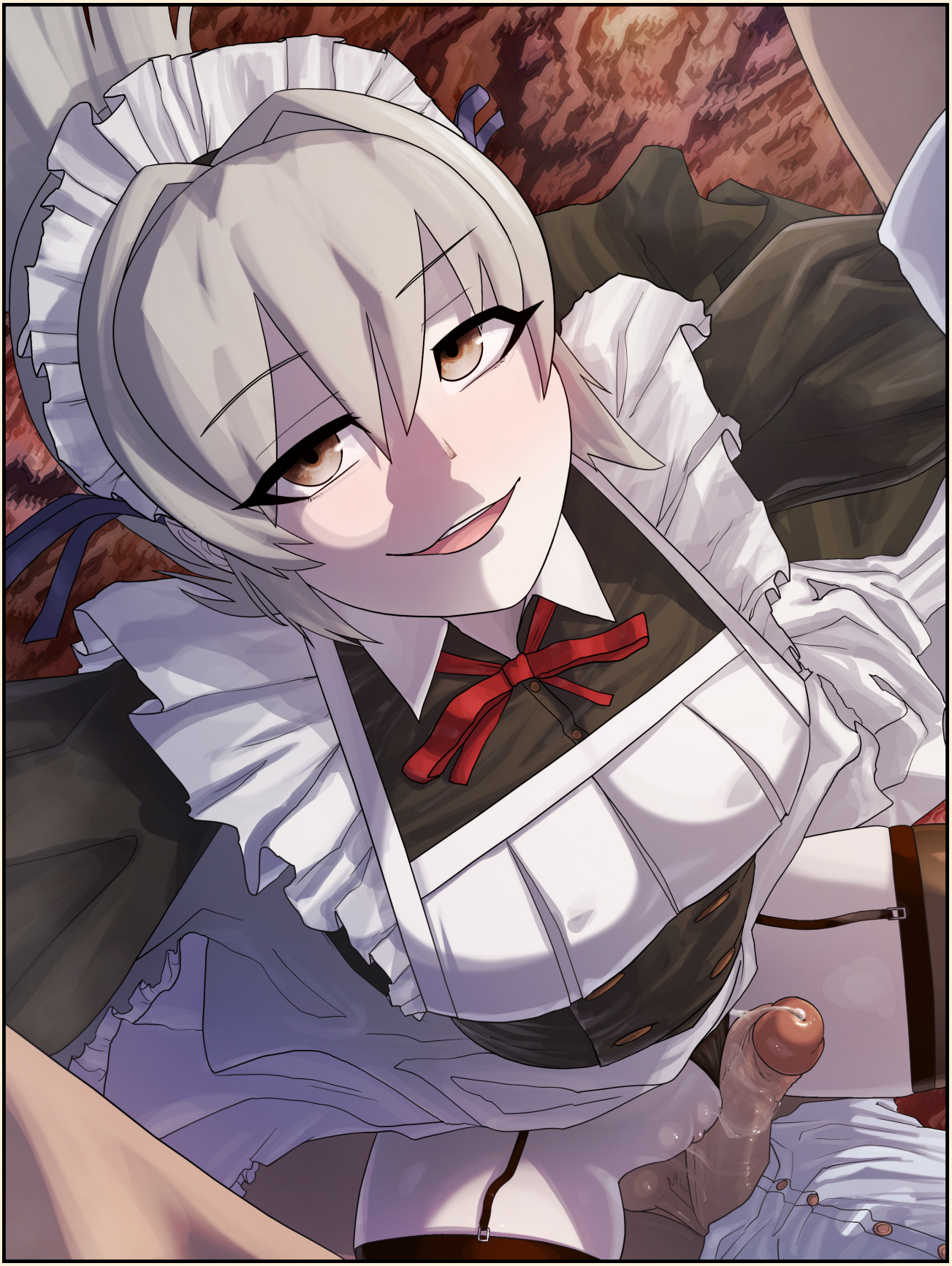
“You said you would help me. You are very kind, Master. It is one of many things that I like about you.”

It was funny: Francis had just been thinking about how *unkind* it was to be sleeping with his maid. He was in a position of power over her for chrissakes! Then again, had he ever been the one to engage physical contact? He couldn’t remember. It seemed like they just repeatedly got in situations where the only solution was to explore each other’s bodies.

Now he was about to go deeper than he ever had before.

His pants were the next to go, leaving him in his boxers. Paulina cupped her hand under his bulge.

“This,” she said. “Is going to feel good on my tongue.”
“Okay,” Francis whimpered.



Paulina looked up at him.

“It jumped,” she said.

Francis groaned and covered his face with his hands. He was trembling from head to toe and Paulina, in her element, was taking full advantage. With a strength that made no sense for her size, she lifted him up onto the library table. The coffee spilled, soaking his book, but Francis was in no position to care.

Paulina was opening her mouth.

There were certain boundaries that Francis and Paulina had not yet crossed. That might be a strange thing to elaborate upon when they had engaged in intercourse several times a week for the last month, but it was important.

They had not kissed.

They had not slept together in the same bed.

And despite eating several of his friends and digesting a few spies, Paulina had never swallowed Francis.

Thus there was a strange sense of anticipation crowding Francis’s chest as he watched Paulina’s jaws widen. There was the physical intimacy of having her breath brush over his toes; the knowledge that he would soon be inside of her, filling her, wearing her scent like perfume. There would be all manner of fluids and noises; little sounds and movements that nobody else would be privy to.

And there would be the privacy of her stomach as it slurped around his cock, which Paulina was sure to take advantage of.

“W- wait,” Francis said.

Paulina waited.

Francis was unsure of what he’d been about to say. This felt like a new step; like if they continued, they’d be something more than maid and master. Did… did he want that? Paulina was nice and all, but she was also ruthless and he was slightly scared of her. More than slightly, if he was to be honest. What did he know about the maid other than that she was there to ‘protect him’?



What would his father say if he found out
that he had feelings for her?

“I’m sorry,” Francis said. “I don’t think I can do this.”

Paulina’s expression betrayed nothing as she closed her mouth. Still, Francis’s heart sank at the icy way she smoothed her skirt, clearing her throat with a small cough.

“If that will be all, Master,” she said.

With that, she turned on her heel, and for the first time since he had met her, she didn’t clear the dishes on the way out of the room.

3: A Warm Welcome

The next few days were awkward.

Paulina still woke Francis up with breakfast and coffee, but there were no snide remarks, nor allusions to lewd activities as he ate. In fact, she rarely spoke while shadowing him around the manor, answering his requests with curt affirmations before bustling off to her tasks.

Francis hated the ambiguous feelings that her frigid silence stirred within him. On one hand, he wanted to apologize to her, though for what he wasn't sure. Because he wouldn't let her eat him? Because he had, in some way, failed to act upon his promise to alleviate her discomfort?

On the other hand, he was almost glad to return to his usual routine of solitude, even if Paulina was still there to watch. There was comfort to be found in the stillness of the library; in eating toast and jam in the gardens and lounging by the pool. But eventually, like some creeping disease, loneliness began to worm its way into his psyche and with Paulina unengaged, Francis wondered if he should call upon a friend.

"She's coming over at 2pm tomorrow," he told Paulina on Wednesday.

She stood with her arms folded over her chest, looking all the more obstinate for his warning.

"You are not to swallow her. She is a long-time family friend and a close companion. She has been vetted. Do you understand?"

Paulina answered with a swift nod.

Why, upon making such a simple request, did Francis feel like a complete asshole?

He stood there for a moment, waiting to see if Paulina would protest. He almost looked forward to her 'I need to protect you' speech, but it was not forthcoming and after a few seconds of

awkward silence, Francis nodded and let her continue her work. Even his book couldn't drown out the loud thoughts that thumped against the insides of his skull.

That night he dreamed of Paulina's stomach and when he awoke, he had an erection, and an overwhelming desire to hide it before Paulina came into the room.

***

"Francis, it's been too long!"

"It's good to see you too, Odette."

They'd met at the gates. Francis hadn't trusted Paulina to keep her promise upon seeing Odette, and he was wise to arrive early. Paulina stood upon the grounds with her hands clenched in front of her, her eyes burning holes into the dirt as she glared at the ground. Odette, seeing nothing but a grumpy maid, kissed Francis's cheeks and laughed.

"Too long," she repeated. "But you always were a recluse, even at school. I would have to drag you out of your dormitory to dance. Do you remember?"

Francis blushed. Even without looking at Paulina, he could feel her head shoot up.

"I remember," he said. "You look well."

Odette beamed. She was wearing a dress that would have looked ridiculous on anyone else—a monstrous mass of red and black lace, umbrellaing out in a massive, flouncing skirt. A white ribbon was tied above her breasts which, despite the abundance of fabric, bulged against her corset. Today, her hair was in black and white pigtails. Francis wondered if she changed it every week like she did in college.

"Come in," Francis said, gesturing to the garden. "There's coffee and biscuits. Do you still take it black?"

"That's the only way to drink it, Francis," Odette said. She bounced as she walked. Paulina's frigid glare followed them across

the lawn. “Oh, Francis, it really has been too long! I have so much to tell you. Did you know I was recently in France? I spent a week in Giverny. You would have loved it!”

Some of the tension in Francis’s stomach dropped away as Odette chattered. In college, this was often how they would spend their time: Odette would talk and Francis would listen, nodding occasionally and interjecting when he could. She knew that it sometimes took him a while to become social. It was one of the things he appreciated about her, which is why, when he noticed that Paulina had disappeared, he began to get nervous.

“What’s eating you?” Odette asked.

Francis jumped in his seat. They were cozied up on a bench near the south lawn being served cucumber sandwiches. Francis, who had been scanning the grounds, shook his head.

“Sorry,” he said. “I, um… my father has hired some new staff.”

Odette, with her keen nose for gossip, grabbed his arm.

“Really?” she asked. “Tell me, tell me.”

Francis gulped.

“It’s nothing, really,” he said. “There was an incident about a month ago and he overreacted.”

“An incident?” Odette purred.

She could smell juicy gossip indeed.

Francis wasn’t sure if he wanted to tell her about the assassin. He barely remembered the event himself, or if he did, it was only in his nightmares. One moment, he was sitting by the pool and the next he was being tackled onto the lawn, a bullet hole steaming in the brick of the pool house. If he hadn’t been so annoyingly allergic to pollen, he would have been dead. Only a sneeze had saved him from taking a bullet to the brain.

It was after that that his father had hired Paulina.

Paulina, who was diligent in her duty to protect him…

“An incident,” Francis repeated. “I’m not sure if—”

He stopped and stared. Odette, who had been watching him, enraptured, turned to see what he was looking at.



“Oh dear,” she said.

It was Paulina, of course. She was standing at the edge of the lawn, looking non-chalant, her efficient hands folded in front of her dress.

And the squirming bulge it now contained.

“Paulina,” Francis said, forgetting his company for a moment. “What the hell?”

Paulina blinked as if she’d just noticed him. Her hands flattened over the bulge, shoving it down into her skirt where it wriggled incessantly.

“What are you talking about, Master?” she asked.

“What do you think I’m talking about?!”

“Ah.”

A muffled groan raised the hairs on the back of Francis’s neck. He glanced over at Odette who was staring in fascination at the ripples forming in the white and black fabric of Paulina’s uniform.

“Paulina Lebedev,” Odette whispered. “Your father hired Paulina Lebedev as a *maid?*”

Several staff members were running across the lawn. Ivan, one of the butlers, whispered something in harsh tones to Paulina who cocked her head, smirking.

“She was at the gates,” Paulina said. “I had no way of knowing.”

More harsh whispering followed, culminating in Ivan taking Paulina’s arm. She did not allow herself to be pulled away, however. Her stomach squelched as whoever was inside turned, their bulk tearing through the seams of Paulina’s dress to allow her stomach to spill out onto her apron.

Francis, his ears on fire, muttered a quick apology to Odette and marched toward Paulina.

“She was an intruder,” Paulina said as he took her by the elbow. Ivan looked like he was about to follow, but Francis shook his head at him as he led Paulina toward the house. “She was peering through the bars of the gate and was carrying a suspicious black bag.”

“Oh, was she now,” Francis said.

He was too angry to even get into their normal back and forth. It didn’t matter that she could have demanded to see what was inside of the bag, or call the butler, or ask the ‘intruder’ for any identifying information. She had done this to spite Francis, just when he had started to feel back to his old self.

The doors of the music room were thrown open at his approach. Mildred, the head maid, came forward with a bony finger raised, but when she saw Francis leading Paulina, she pursed her thin lips and stood aside.

“What,” Francis asked as Mildred slammed the doors to give them some privacy, “the fuck were you thinking?”

His voice carried throughout the long chamber. A large, Steinway piano dominated the center of the room, resting upon a faded Persian rug. There was a glass cabinet displaying sheet music and photographs. One showed his mother playing violin. Another, Francis as a teenager; a flute held in front of his awkward, pimply face.

Paulina’s stomach gurgled defensively. She kneaded it with manic energy, digging her fingers into broken seams of her dress.

“I was—”

“Don’t say you were protecting me,” Francis said. “I want a proper explanation.”

A small crowd had gathered outside of the music room. Francis could see their faces through the bubbled glass of the doors. Grabbing Paulina’s arm, he led her further into the room toward a spiral staircase. Her stomach caught on the iron railing, but she wrenched it free. At the top of the steps there was an unobtrusive, wooden door. It led into a cramped practice room with a small, upright piano.

Once the door was closed, Francis’s shoulders lowered.

“Why?” he asked.

Paulina’s lips pursed.

“I was hungry,” she said.

“Hungry?” Francis asked. “Paulina, we live in—”

“I explained this!” she snapped.

Right, the other day in the library. The training required to swallow people whole made it uncomfortable to be left empty for too long. Francis must have underestimated *how* uncomfortable it was, because Paulina looked like she was on the verge of tears.

I did this, Francis thought. *When I stopped her from eating me.*

“I’m sorry,” Francis said softly. “The way I conducted myself the other day… I’m sorry. But you can’t swallow every guest that peers through the gate, Paulina. Important people come to visit from time to time.”

“She did not look important,” Paulina said.

There was a petulant edge to her voice that Francis found attractive. He shook his head to clear it. Now was not the time for clouded judgement.

“Let her go,” he said.

“You know that I can not.”

Francis had been afraid of that. In the cramped confines of the practice room, he could truly appreciate how huge the person in Paulina’s stomach was. The faint impression of an outline on Paulina’s apron showed a large, bulbous belly, topped with a pair of almost comically large breasts. The woman inside of Paulina was built like a bowling ball. There was no way that Paulina could regurgitate her without help.

“Fuck,” Francis muttered, rolling up his sleeves. “Fine.”

He had Paulina lay on the musty, blue carpet and knelt over her. Every time her stomach moved, more seams popped in her dress, exposing the creamy skin beneath. Her belly was pouring out of the holes like biscuit dough. Irrationally, Francis found himself wanting to kiss the exposed bulges.

“This is just a massage,” Francis said. He leaned to the left to see Paulina’s face beyond her stomach. She was biting her lip, fingers

folded under her skirt like she was preparing to lift it. “I want you to focus on releasing whoever is inside of you and nothing else, okay?”

Paulina groaned in response. Francis’s hands pressed against the underside of her belly, lifting it away from her hips.

After twenty minutes, his arms burned and they were no closer to releasing the poor, fat woman trapped inside of Paulina’s stomach. Her abdomen remained clenched possessively around the struggling figure, refusing to ease its hold, even under Francis’s careful prodding. His face grew hotter as he ran his knuckles along the pulsing curves, working them deep into his maid’s gut. Even the woman inside of Paulina eventually began to moan, but it was no use. She was well and truly stuck.



“You knew this would happen,” Francis said.

His hair was plastered to his forehead with sweat. He wiped it away with a handkerchief, unbuttoning the top button on his shirt.

Paulina refused to look at him.

"You *knew* this would happen," Francis repeated. "And you knew that I'd have to take care of it. Darn it, Paulina, I just wanted one afternoon with my friend."

An angry grunt. A gurgle.

"What are we supposed to do now?"

He stood, stretching. Twenty minutes of rubbing Paulina's stomach had done a number on him. Outside of the music room, the staff would already be spreading rumors. What was Odette doing? Had she left yet?

"Lube."

"What?"

Francis turned back to Paulina. She had her knees rolled up to her stomach, exposing the lower crescents of her pure, white panties.

"In my bedroom," Paulina said.

At first, Francis didn't understand.

But then he did.

"No way," he said.

"And medicine," Paulina said. "In the drawer of my nightstand. Little blue leaves. *Blue* leaves. The red ones speed up digestion."

"Come on, Paulina, that's too gross."

There *had* to be a better way for Paulina to purge the contents of her stomach, but Francis was too flustered to think straight. He stood between Paulina and the door, indecisive, when a knock startled him. He jumped a foot in the air as the door opened. Odette's head peeked around the corner, her pigtails bobbing as she took in the scene.

"The butler told me you were in here," Odette said, slipping into the room. Now that there were three people in there (technically four), it was getting seriously cramped. "I came to see the woman who ate my driver."

"She's your driver," Francis said, pointing at Paulina's stomach.

"Uh huh!"

Paulina glared as Odette came to kneel beside her, putting her hands on Paulina's distended gut. Contrary to what Francis might have expected, Odette didn't look at all put out by the development that her driver had been eaten by a crazy maid. In fact, she looked kind of… excited.

"Wow," Odette said. "I heard that some bodyguards could do this, but I've never seen it for myself. My mother said that it was too risky to hire one. They often eat the people they're supposed to protect, you know."

"Um, please don't talk about Paulina like she's a robot," Francis said. "We kind of have a situation, anyway. Your driver is, uh, a bit too large for Paulina to… let go."

"Right, right."

"Master," Paulina said with an icy frown.

Odette had slipped her hand through the broken seam of Paulina's dress and was fondling Paulina's bare stomach, pressing down on her driver from the outside. The bulge wriggled under her palm as more furious grunts resonated from inside.

"Odette," Francis said, carefully tugging on her wrist, "This is serious. Your driver probably isn't happy about this situation. I'm sure she would like to be released soon and she really doesn't need you, um, kneading her."

Paulina's stomach gave a muffled grunt of confirmation. Odette bobbed her head, giggling.

"That makes sense," she said. "So who's going in?"

"What?"

Both Francis and Paulina asked the question, then stared at each other as Odette clapped her hands together.

"Who's going in?" she asked. "You or me, Francis? Obviously, one of us needs to go down her throat to grab Winnifred—that's the driver's name, by the way—while the other holds them by the legs so that they don't get gobbled up!"

Paulina's face went white, her eyes conveying a silent plea for Francis *not* to allow this gothic pervert anywhere near her stomach.

"I guess I'll do it," Francis said.

"Aww."

A perverse sense of deja vu settled over Francis as he pulled off his shirt. He was going to allow Paulina to swallow him, but instead of the intimate privacy that they'd shared in the library, this was a scuffed rescue mission with a spectator who was clearly aroused by the endeavor. Why did his chest still get hot when he stared into Paulina's mouth? Why did his eyes slide to the mountain of her stomach as his imagination raced?

Paulina was lying on her back with her head tilted toward the door. Francis knelt behind her and Odette stood behind him.

"Well?" Odette asked.

Francis wiped his palms on his pants.

"Don't rush me," he said. "This is…"

What was it exactly? Humiliating? Hot?

Paulina wasn't much help, either. Her gaze had softened as it became clear that she was finally getting her chance to swallow him. She kept rubbing her knees together, hips arching like they did when they made love. Her stomach squelched around its prey in horny anticipation. She was making room for him in her throat.

She wanted him inside of her.

"Okay," Francis said, taking a deep breath. "Okay."

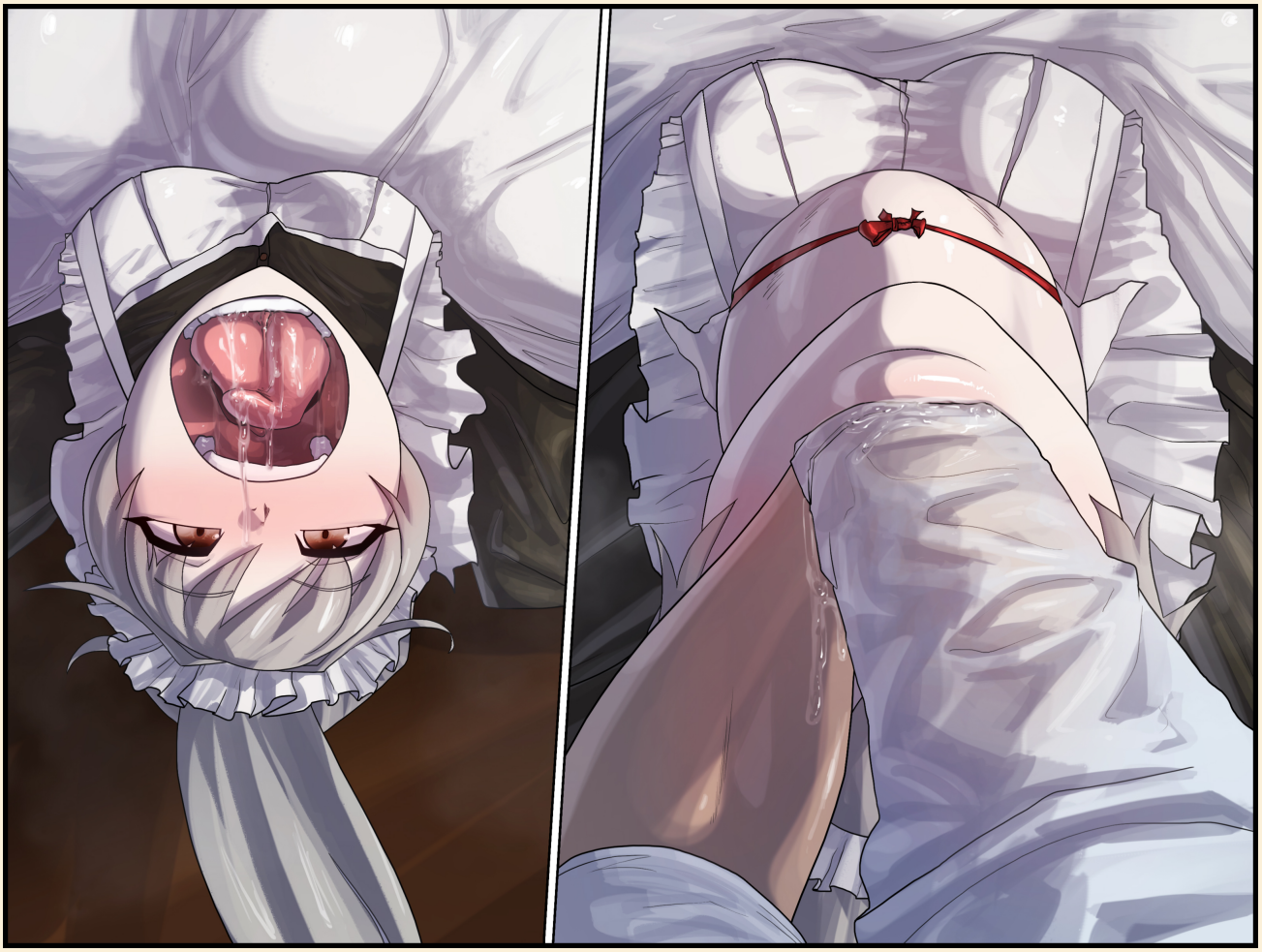
He set his fingers on Paulina's lips. Obediently, they parted.

Francis felt the sharp tips of her incisors press into his wrists, her tongue draping across his knuckles as he pushed deeper inside of her. Warmth and wetness spread across his palms; her cheeks cupped his hands, drawing them together as if in prayer. He was a diver about to submerge. He was a supplicant at an altar, asking forgiveness.

Paulina's throat gripped his wrists and held him there. He could feel the subtle muscular impulses racing through her; every tiny contraction designed to pull him deeper into the heaving mass of her

stomach. Her teeth dug sharply into his forearms as she suppressed a moan, but Francis could *feel* the noise, even if he couldn't hear it, and even Odette noticed her squirming.

"Wow," Odette said. "She's really into this!"



Unhelpfully, she pushed on Francis's spine, forcing him into a forward position with his biceps clenched between Paulina's jaws. His face was before her lips now, upside-down, yet no less erotic, their kiss widening across his nose and chin until he was staring into Paulina's mouth. His vision narrowed in a tunnel of pink and red. His heart was beating so loud that he was sure that she could feel it. And when her tongue lapped across her neck, she hummed, her excitement mirrored and reflected back at him as his head pressed into her throat to listen to the drumming in her chest.

From there, it was a cramped, agonizing journey.

"Can you hear me in there? Hello?"

Francis could barely hear anything aside from the blood rushing in his ears, the glug of Paulina's throat, and the combined thudding of their heartbeats as she packed him into her body. A simple journey of only twelve inches through the esophagus was a lifetime when it had to be taken an inch at a time. And all the while he was aware. Aware that he was in Paulina's gullet, aware that she was *eating him*, aware of the implications as her incisors tore through one of the buttons of his shirt, only to unceremoniously wriggle it down with the rest of him.

He could feel Paulina's breathing. She was breathing through her nose, head back, throat relaxed. Her breath rippled across his abdomen, then his crotch. There, her heartbeat quickened.

"Oooh, Francis!"

Odette's exclamation was met with mortification. Had she discovered, somehow, the source of the friction rubbing against his zipper? But a moment later he felt hands cup his face through Paulina's throat, followed by a strangled grunt from Paulina as she tried to push Odette away from her.

"This looks so weird," Odette said. Her thumbs traveled across the ridge of Francis's brow, then down to his cheeks. Where she pressed, muscle resisted. "Like a snake eating a mongoose!"

Ahead, Francis became aware of a mad slurping sound. He couldn't see in the tunnel of Paulina's throat, but he could guess by the increased volume of the driver's struggles, that it was the knot leading into her stomach. The air grew hotter and hotter, soggier and soggier, until it felt like he was drinking it rather than breathing, huffing the fetid odor of her digestive system.

His hands had already broken through the knot and were traveling over the driver. He felt wet fabric, buttons; the bulge of her belly pressed against the inside of Paulina's. With a blush, his hands pushed further under the fabric and into the woman's bosom. She squirmed against him, enraged.

"Miss Odette! Miss Odette!"

“Relax,” Francis said, or tried to say. His jaw was hindered by the squeeze of her throat and by Odette’s hands, still kneading him. He kneed her in the side, earning a yelp, and the hands receded. “Relax… Winnifred?”

The cursing and begging stopped, but that didn’t mean that Paulina’s stomach fell silent. Now that he was closer, a new sound replaced the sliding squelch of her throat. It was louder, heavier, like a bundle of rags being rung all at once. It was the sound of churning, of flesh on flesh; the body tenderizing its meal in preparation for digestion.

“I’m coming to get you,” Francis said, attempting to remain placid. “Odette is going to pull us out.”

But how?

Now that he was actually *in* Paulina, he could truly appreciate how large the driver was… and how small the stomach by comparison. It wrapped around them, enveloping every square inch of exposed flesh, and it was so taut that Francis could finally see why Paulina had trouble expelling her prey. Unless she was fantastically lucky, there was no way to get them back into her throat.

How she’d even swallowed Winnifred was a mystery.

“Get your hands off me,” the driver snapped. Her accent was vaguely British, but Francis couldn’t pick up the dialect.

Her breasts were fully in Francis’s palms now, pressed there by the influx of muscles that made up Paulina’s tight abdomen. Francis tried to pull away, but only succeeded in fondling her further.

“Odette,” Francis yelled. “Pull us out, please!”

Odette was cooing over him from the outside. His stomach and hips were still in Paulina’s mouth, so she could offer no protests as Odette explored the twin bulges of Francis and Winnifred, commenting all the while.

“Amazing,” Odette said. “It looks like she’s about to pop! You’re going to have to tell me who made your dress, Paulina dear, because this fabric should have—”

RiiiiiiiP!

"Oops! That might have been by bad. I was jiggling you around."

The stomach shook from the outside, further smothering Francis's face in Winnifred's beltline.

"Sorry, sorry," he mumbled as Winnifred grabbed him by the shoulders. "I'll try to…"

His voice trailed off. Something weird was happening to his hands. His knuckles were rubbing up against a hard surface, despite the rubbery texture of Paulina's stomach. He thought that he might have accidentally punched Winnifred in the chin, but when he tried to move, to pull away, her grip on his shoulders tightened.

"Where do you think you're going?"

It was when she spoke that he realized where his hands were.

"What are you doing?" Francis asked.

His fingers tickled the now familiar cusp of a throat. Winnifred's lips were locked around his wrists and she was pulling him, using the slime of Paulina's stomach to slide him over her own.

She was eating him.

Francis was baffled. They were already in a stomach. They were about to be rescued from said stomach. It didn't occur to him until his elbows had already joined his wrists in Winnifred's gullet that Paulina might have been right all along.

"Odette! Paulina! Winnifred is eating—"

SMUSH!

One of the benefits of Winnifred's bulbous belly was that it was pliant. Francis's whole face disappeared in her navel, held there by Paulina's stomach walls. The heat of their combined bodies was starting to make him dizzy and the lack of oxygen certainly didn't help.

"What was that?" Odette asked. "I'm gonna try to grab you now!"

She wrapped her arms around his waist which was still hanging outside of Paulina's mouth. Just as she went to pull, Winnifred heaved on Francis, tugging his hips into Paulina's gullet. His face came free of her belly for only a moment. Before he could scream, it was stuffed between Winnifred's lips.

ULP!

"Hey!"

Odette's voice was now double muffled. Winnifred shoved her tongue into Francis's mouth to stop him from speaking. It tasted like peppermint and jammed against his throat, smothering him. He tried to bite down to no avail. His jaws were being pried apart.

"Francis! Francis, stop moving."

Paulina's throat clenched around his thighs to prevent him from sliding further, but her throat muscles weren't as strong as Winnifred's bear-like grip. He was fed straight from Paulina's gullet into Winnifred's. The heat and pressure of being crushed beneath two bodies was both horrible and arousing. Odette's voice came to him from underwater.

"Paulina… moving… can't…"

The winch of Winnifred's gullet was efficient. It pulled his head straight through her in a series of gulps, depositing him into a cramped fetal position in the center of her stomach. Smothered beneath her fat, Francis could hardly raise his head, but his mouth was finally free. He took a deep breath of fetid stomach air and yelled.

"Help!"

Immediately, Paulina's stomach clenched around them both. She was shouting, her voice vibrating through Winnifred, but with all of the vast, internal sounds, Francis could only hear bits and pieces.

And whatever Winnifred yelled back.

"I told you… let him out… kill you."

"Not if you want your Master back in one piece," Winnifred said. "If you do anything, *anything* to prevent me from leaving, I'll crush him."



Her abdomen squeezed and Francis cried out in pain.

More frantic words from Paulina, then Odette.

So Winnifred really was an assassin. Francis would almost have laughed if it didn't feel like his heart was about to jump out of his throat. He knew it. He knew that after all of this time, someone would finally get to him. And for what? Because of his father? He had almost been shot in the head once. He had daily nightmares.

Paulina was right.

She was screaming at Winnifred now, her voice hysterical. Odette said something and Paulina screamed back at her.

There was a gulp.

Francis closed his eyes and tried to take small breaths. Winnifred was being pulled, but from what direction, he could only guess. The only thing that kept him from devolving into a full blown panic was that Paulina knew where she was. Even if Winnifred managed to make



it away from the manor, he knew that Paulina would track her to the ends of the earth to get him back.

To the ends of the earth…

The pulling stopped as a massive, wet *pop* shook Winnifred. Her arms uncurled from her chest and her feet came down on solid ground. Gravity was shifting as well. Winnifred was standing up, which meant that she was free from Paulina's stomach.

Voices came to him like someone had just turned the volume up on the universe.

"Let him go," Paulina croaked. Forcing such an enormous load through her throat had taken its toll. "Let. Him. Go."

"Not without assurances," Winnifred said. "There is a car waiting for me outside of the gates. Once I am sure that we haven't been followed—"

"Like HELL I'm letting you off of the property!"

"Who hired you?" Odette asked. "Winnifred, please, if you let Francis go, then I can make sure that you—"

"Enough!"

Winnifred's stomach clamped down on Francis once more.

"Take one more step and I kill him. You know that I can."

Even through Winnifred, Francis could hear Paulina's hissing breath. He placed his palms on the walls, hoping that she could see it.

"I'll be okay!" he said. "Paulina, it's okay."

"See?" Winnifred said. "He's fine. Now I am going to leave."

"Winnifred, darling?"

That was Odette's voice. He'd never heard her sound so ominous in his entire life.

"You're fired."

WHUMPH!

Something hit Winnifred in the base of the stomach, right beneath Francis. She doubled over, gagging, only for another blow to come from beneath. Winnifred quaked. The stomach was squeezing around Francis now, heaving him up toward her esophagus. A third, thunderous blow put Winnifred on her knees.

The world went topsy-turvy.

"BLARGH!"

Francis slid out into the light. Odette still had her leg raised, ready to administer a fourth kick. Paulina dove forward and snatched Francis away before Winnifred could recover.

Paulina held Francis close to her. So close that he could feel her heart hammering in her chest.

"I'm sorry," she babbled. "I'm so sorry, I didn't even think—"

Francis shook his head. His body felt both light and heavy at the same time.

"I'm sorry," he said. "For not listening to my bodyguard."

Paulina set Francis down gently against the piano seat. Then she turned to Winnifred with a murderous look in her eyes.

"You…"

She started to march forward, but Odette stood in her way. When Paulina tried to push Odette aside, Odette resisted.

"Hold on," she said. "This is still my employee, Paulina. We have no idea who hired her to eat Francis. She's going to answer to my mother and then? Then we'll decide what to do with her, hmm?"

"Unacceptable," Paulina said. Her dress was torn down the middle. She was practically naked and still she stood tall. "I will deal with her."

"No."

"For all we know, your mother hired her."

Odette slapped Paulina. Not hard, but hard enough to make her gasp.

"Francis is a dear family friend," Odette said. "I love him like a brother and if I ever hear you suggest that my family would wish him harm, then I'm sorry Paulina, but that is one insult that I will not abide by."

When Paulina made no more moves to get past Odette, Odette turned and grabbed Winnifred by the collar. With a strength she should not possess, she dragged her to the door, flinging it open with one hand.

“We’ll talk soon, Francis dear,” Odette called over her shoulder. “Thank you for having me over. Don’t be a stranger, hmm?”

The door closed behind them, leaving Paulina and Francis alone in stunned silence as cries rang out through the manor. Francis wiped a glob of goo from his face and scraped it off on the piano seat. The whole room was going to need to be deep cleaned.

“Master,” Paulina said.

“Hmm?”

“You have some…”

She plucked what looked like the remains of a breakfast scone off of his ruined shirt. Francis raised his arms helplessly.

“I think I need a shower,” he said.

“I will assist you.”

Francis opened his mouth automatically to chasten her, but she wasn’t being coy. In fact, she was shaking.

“That would be nice,” Francis said. “Thank you, Paulina.”

“Of course.”

“Paulina?”

She blinked at him.

“Yes, Master?”

“Was it… as good as you imagined?” Francis asked.

Paulina surprised him by laughing so loud that she snorted. Her laughter devolved into chuckles, then heavy breathing as she wiped tears from her eyes.

“Maybe not, Master,” she said. “*But now I have a taste for you.*”

4: Lullaby

That night, Francis avoided his bedroom. After the ordeal with Winnifred, he was afraid of the nightmares that waited behind closed eyes.

He sat in the library with a cup of coffee in hand, pretending to read as Paulina waited patiently in the shadows. Every so often, she would hum a bar of a song—something she only did when she was exceptionally happy. Otherwise, the only sound was that of the logs shifting in the fireplace.

And the growl of her stomach.

"Have you eaten yet?" Francis asked.

"Master?"

"Dinner? Have you eaten yet?"

Paulina came to take the empty cup from him. She did not replace it with a fresh one.

"No, Master," she said. "After our earlier ordeal, I did not feel the need."

"You should eat."

"Yes, Master."

There was no move from either of them to leave the library. Paulina stood behind his chair, close enough that Francis could hear her breathing and feel the electric field between them. There was a magnetism to the maid that he had always felt, but tonight the pull was so strong that Francis was surprised that it did not lift him from his chair.

"Odette recognized you."

"Hmm."

For the first time that evening, Paulina's cheerful cadence faltered. It was Francis's fault for bringing up Odette. Paulina, in the politest terms possible, had expressed her distaste for being

“thoroughly molested” by the erratic socialite. Francis had promised to keep them apart the next time Odette came to visit.

Which made Paulina pout.

The maid was being much more open with her emotions in general, actually. Gone was her dead-eyed glare, replaced with a curious look that Francis wanted to be devoured by. Her proximity was enough to make his skin prickle.

“Paulina Lebedev. She said your name like it was important. Like I should know it. So I looked you up.”

Paulina remained silent, but the air in the library grew much chillier. Francis pressed forward.

“Your family is rich,” he said. “Your parents… honestly, they make my parents look like pig farmers. Your mother’s some kind of oil magnate and your father is the heir to an international grocery chain.”

“That’s surprising?” Paulina asked. “That my family is rich?”

“Why are you a maid?”

There was no point in delaying the question any further. Francis turned in his chair to look up at Paulina. She’d turned her face to the side and was fiddling with her bow. Her uniform was fresh; she had dozens of them in her closet.

“You’ve worked for five families, but all of them let you go when they found out who your parents were,” Francis continued when Paulina didn’t speak. “They were afraid of offending them, or afraid that you were a spy.”

“Is that what you think?” Paulina snapped. “That I was sent here to spy on you?”

Francis shook his head. His father, the diligent man that he was, must have done his homework. He would have known about Paulina’s family and her reputation and yet he hired her anyway. If there was any chance that she was a spy, he wouldn’t have.

“You’re my maid,” Francis said. “I have nothing to do with the family business. I’m a bit of a disappointment, actually, though I think

my father hopes that I'll take an interest if I'm bored enough. I don't have any information to steal, nor do my parents visit so often that you'd be able to glean anything from them. So you do this… for fun?"

Paulina folded her arms.

"Okay, so maybe not for fun, but nobody puts themselves through the training that you put yourself through just to earn a paycheck."

"Maybe I did," Paulina sniffed. "Maybe I was disinherited and needed to make a living."

"As a maid-slash-bodyguard?"

"...yes."

"Why won't you tell me the truth?"

Paulina flared up, ready to tear him a new one, but Francis beat her to it. He rose from his seat and put a finger to her lips. For a moment, he was afraid that he'd kiss her.

"I'm not going to judge you," he said. "I'm not going to recommend that you be let go. Hell, I'm not even sure if I *could* recommend that, given how much my father cares about my opinion. I just want to know. And because I want to know, maybe instead of ordering you to tell me, we could just trade."

Seconds ticked by. Paulina made no move to pull away from his finger. It was starting to get embarrassing. Francis dropped his hand.

"A trade?" Paulina asked.

"A trade," Francis said. "If you tell me why you want to be a maid… I'll let you finish what we started earlier."

Paulina's eyes widened.

Her stomach growled.

"Here?" she said, a little too eagerly. "Exactly how it was before?"

"Yes, yes," Francis said, pulling on his collar. Paulina was suddenly very close to him. "On the table, feet first, the whole shebang."

"And you will not…?"

“Bitch out?” Francis supplied.

“Bitch out,” Paulina agreed.

“I shan’t ‘bitch out’.”

Paulina seemed to consider this. She leaned back, playing with the braid in her hair. For a moment, she looked less like the calm and collected maid that Francis knew and more like… a normal girl. After a minute, Paulina nodded.

“Fine,” she said. “A trade. Sit.”

Francis sat. He had to wait while Paulina went to the kitchen and came back with two more steaming cups of coffee. Though she was technically on duty, she pulled up an armchair and sat across from him, the fire reflecting strangely in her silver hair.

“Once upon a time, there was a princess.”

***

Once upon a time, there was a princess. She lived in a castle along with her five sisters, and all of her needs were cared for since the day that she was born. She had two maids and two butlers and a stable full of ponies. She had clothes and jewels and every doll on the market.

And she was very, very unhappy.

It was an old cliche that money didn’t buy happiness. By 13, the princess was old enough to have heard it a dozen times in a dozen ways; in books and movies and in the jealous mutterings of the men that left her mother’s office after being thoroughly bested in business dealings. And the princess agreed with the cliche in principle. She was rich and she was unhappy—quod erat demonstrandum.

But it wasn’t just that she was unhappy. It was the *way* in which she was unhappy. Her sisters, airheads all, were content to fill their schedules with dances and boating and horses and men, but the princess felt above it all… or perhaps beneath it.

She enjoyed talking to her maids. One was quiet and respectable and the other was young and liked to gossip. She liked to talk to them while they cleaned and while they served coffee; as they bustled around with bedsheets and informed the driver to bring around the car. Despite their busy lives and their meager paychecks (at least in comparison to the princess's allowance), her maids seemed happy.

Maybe that was the trick.

So the princess started to serve. It was playacting, of course. She had to force her maids to sit while she made them coffee, after which she had to explain to the head maid that *yes*, it had been her idea, and *no*, she did not want them fired. Her parents thought it was an amusing fad and put up with it, but as the year went by and their daughter started to fetch bedsheets and tidy her maid's rooms, they began to fear some kind of elaborate extortion.

"It's not what princesses do," they explained as their daughter served them tea. "It's… not your job."

But the princess would very much have liked for it to be her job, because there was something simple about serving that stopped her overactive brain, so she continued until her parents got tired of it and fired the two maids, replacing them with older, sterner maids who wouldn't put up with such nonsense.

Promptly, the princess went right back to being unhappy.

She wasn't sure why she liked to serve. Maybe it was the warmth of a 'thank you', or seeing a smile when she handed someone what they were looking for. Maybe it was having a place and a job and any profession would do, but by then the princess already liked the uniforms and the starch and the pleasure of seeing dirty things cleansed.

So, upon her 18th birthday, and against her parents wishes, she signed up for a very exclusive maid education indeed.

***

"... so the reason that you're a maid is because… you wanted to be a maid," Francis summarized.

"I enjoy it, yes."

"And the eating people?"

"All elite maids are capable of swallowing a human whole. As I have tried to convey to you on multiple occasions, it is for the purpose of protecting our Master."

"And because you like it."

Paulina patted her mouth with a handkerchief. She really did look regal, sitting at the edge of her chair, her cup perfectly balanced on her dainty knee. Francis could imagine her going through the same poise lessons that he'd suffered through as a child. None of them had stuck. Apparently, he had a natural slouch.

"Yes," Paulina answered. "I like it."

"You could even say you have a fetish for it."

"Are you certain *you* want to press me on this, Master?"

Francis blushed. No, he didn't… or maybe he did. It was confusing, all the more so because he was contending with the fact that he'd had *ravenous, kinky sex with a billionaire heiress*. It made their relationship complicated.

Or maybe it didn't.

"I wish that I knew what I wanted," Francis said. "The way that you knew you wanted to be a maid. I've taken hundreds of classes, but nothing's really stuck as far as 'compulsive vocations' go."

"Maybe," Paulina said with a small smile, "all you need to do is to find out what makes you happy. Do you know what makes you happy, Master?"

You.

The answer was on the tip of Francis's tongue, but he swallowed it down. It was too bold a statement by far, and he wasn't even sure if he felt that way. Or rather, he *knew* that he felt that way, but what did *feeling that way* mean? What was he supposed to do with this

information, this feeling, this tingling in his chest? Was was he supposed to do with this frustrating, compelling, impulsive desire—

Soft lips pressed against his own.

Paulina leaned back, head cocked to the side.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, what?" Francis rasped.

"Did that make you happy?"

And then they were on each other and hands were fumbling and clothes were being tossed aside. And then it was bodies and grunting and kissing and holding; pushing and biting and whispered exclamations.

When they were finished, they lay by the fire, comfortably intertwined. Francis held Paulina's side as she kissed the stubble of his chin, still smiling.

"The woods are lovely, dark, and deep," she recited.

"But I have promises to keep," Francis sighed. "And miles to go before I sleep."

"Not miles."

She traced a finger from her lips to her stomach.

"Maybe… twenty inches?"

He kissed her neck, amazed at how natural the motion felt.

It was improper. Technically, she was still on duty, and being the thorough maid that she was, Paulina would do anything that he ordered. For a nauseating flash, Francis imagined his father's pride at his son finally manning up enough to sleep with the maid. Was this some kind of lecherous affair? But, *of course* it wasn't. Paulina was richer than he was. She was doing all of this because she wanted to.

She was doing all of this because she wanted to…

Francis shivered as Paulina returned the favor, kissing his neck with an exaggerated moan. Her arm was draped over his chest, her soft hair tickling the cusp of his throat. At that moment, she seemed very much like a big cat, a lioness tasting her prey.

"Um… you won't digest me, will you?" Francis asked.

Paulina narrowed her eyes and snapped her teeth playfully. Francis laughed, but he had to stop himself from jumping.

"There would be no fun in that," she said, then thought for a moment. Her stomach gurgled. "Alright, there might be some fun in that. But my job is to protect you, and I do not think that I can say that liquifying my master into a delightful slurry of nutrients is conducive to that job. Besides, you are fun out here too… sometimes."

"Sometimes?" Francis complained.

"Sometimes."

There was an underlying energy to Paulina's teasing; a tautness to her body that had nothing to do with the lovemaking that they'd just engaged in. Francis knew that if he moved from his spot in front of the fire, Paulina would guide him to the table. It was late and she was hungry. In their trade, Francis had not negotiated a release time and, given Paulina's propensity for holding grudges, he could expect a long evening in her stomach.

She was waiting for him.

"Do you want to wear your uniform while you…?"

"Do you *want* me to wear my uniform?"

"Um…"

"Oh, Master," Paulina sighed, kissing his cheek. "You are such a pervert."

Watching her dress was almost as erotic as watching her undress. She wore her uniform like a second skin, cloaking her body in cotton and lace. When she was finished, she gave Francis a little bow, offering him her hand. He took it, self-conscious of the fact that he was totally nude.

"Food doesn't need clothing," Paulina said, guiding him to the table.

Francis's cheeks turned bright red. How did she always know what he was thinking?

As before, she lifted him onto the table, and as before, she knelt at his feet, waiting expectantly for him to order her to continue. His

toes dangled above her lips. He could feel her hot breath. Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed midnight and the whole world seemed to slow on its axis.

"Okay, so, um, ground rules," Francis said. "You're sure that you can let me out… the normal way?"

Paulina smirked.

"You are not that large, Master. More of a snack than a meal."

"You'll stay in the library?"

"Unless I have duties elsewhere."

Francis paled at the thought of Paulina walking around with him inside of her, the rest of the staff learning of their master's perversion.

"That implies you're keeping me until the morning," he said suspiciously. "How long do you intend to keep me, Paulina?"

Her smile grew even more mischievous.

"Until the lesson sinks in, I suppose."

"And if I order you to let me out at, say, the break of dawn?"

"I will always do as I am ordered when on duty, but as of about a minute ago, I was released from my service. It is Friday, Master."

"So it is," Francis murmured as her mouth opened wide beneath him.

The warmth of her throat felt different with no spectators present. She enveloped his legs hungrily, accepting more and more of his body as he fed himself to her along the edge of the table. Hard wood and cool air slipped by as her lips rounded his calves and hooked his knees, drawing him deeper into the spongy wetness of her insides. His feet broke into her stomach and the fabric of her dress bulged. Paulina watched him with careful eyes, wary of signs of retreat.

"I'm not going to run," Francis assured her.

Paulina raised an eyebrow. He was sitting on the corner of the table, hovering precariously over the edge. His muscles strained to keep him upright against the gravity that sought to slide him into Paulina.

“Are you waiting for me?”



A gulp of confirmation tickled his thighs. His cock stood upright and unapologetic, blocking his view of Paulina’s face.

“Even though I deserve this?”

Another gulp, sassier this time, though Francis didn’t know how Paulina managed it.

“I know you’re off duty, but would it help if I made it an order?”

A full-bodied shudder and a grunt of bliss.

“This really is a fetish for you,” Francis pondered as he lifted himself up and over the edge of the table. “Being a maid.”

An impatient swallow.

Duh!

“Alright,” Francis said, feeling very naked and very foolish. “Then, as your Master, I order you to swall—.”

GUuuuUUUuuLLP!

Paulina didn't wait for him to finish his sentence. Upon hearing 'I order', she stood, and in doing so broke the last, tenuous thread of gravity holding him aloft. Francis had just enough time to yelp as he rushed downward and Paulina rushed up, her lips folding over his hips, his cock, his stomach, and his hands; his wrists and elbows and chest and shoulders. He gasped for air as his head disappeared into Paulina's maw, but, with great care and no mercy whatsoever, she engulfed him totally, swallowing with relish.

UUuuuLP!

"Thank you, Master, for the meal."

SLORCH!

Paulina shuddered at the same time that Francis slipped into her stomach. He could feel her desire in every clench, every eager contraction of the surrounding flesh. He was finally inside of her, safe from the world, tucked away from all which might harm him.

The world shook as Paulina stumbled to a chair. Having only been halfway inside of her before, and while she was motionless at that, Francis was not prepared for the sloshing. Her stomach was surprisingly *loud*, and though she had not eaten since that morning, a pool of hot liquid had already formed around Francis's thighs.

Uuurrrp…

"Not very lady-like," Francis said with a blush.

"You have complaints, Master?"

Paulina stroked him from the outside, the rustle of her dress faint through layers of muscle and fat. Her legs were up on the chair—not very lady-like, indeed—and she was humming to herself, literally shaking with excitement. As a man, it was bracing to be desired so thoroughly, but Francis couldn't tell whether the excitement was sexual or that of total satiation.

He tried to move and found it to be taxing. Everything was too squishy, too *pliable*. Pressing against the walls only encouraged them to press back harder; invisible contractions kneading him back into the center of Paulina *where he belonged*.

“I have wanted to do that since the day I took this assignment,” Paulina said. Now that he was inside of her, she was positively chatty. “Since the day that I saw you in this very library. You would not look me in the eye. Do you remember? You asked for my name and after I told you, you ignored me for the rest of the day.”

“I’d never had a personal maid before,” Francis said. “And you are… quite a bit prettier than most of the staff my father hired.”

“Most of?”

The walls tightened.

“All of!” Francis corrected.

The walls relaxed. Francis slipped down into a more comfortable position, listening to Paulina’s heart beat softly overhead.

“You were shy. Reclusive, even. You had been through something traumatic and it had left you shaken. Oh, how I wished to swallow you then. To comfort you. To show you that you were safe.”

Her palms rubbed small circles into the skin of her belly. Francis leaned into her, seeking her hands. Her touch *was* comforting, as were the small gurgles that rose from beneath him. He found that he was starting to relax, his body slumping within Paulina’s. His eyelids started to flutter as her voice droned on.

“There were spies amongst your staff that wished to harm you. I culled them, and I took great delight in doing so. To see your expression when I returned to you, day after day, my stomach a little smaller, a little softer… I am sorry, Master, but it made me want to tease you.”

“You don’t have to call me Master,” Francis said, but Paulina ignored him, or perhaps she didn’t even hear.

“You were, or, if I might be candid, *are* extremely repressed for your age. It is easy to make you blush. It is easy to guess your thoughts. You stare, and when you are caught, you look away like a schoolchild. It is adorable. I wanted to make you stare more.

“I noticed that you stared the most after I swallowed a guest. You would talk, too. Chasten me. Touch me, even, though not in a

lascivious way at first. Little by little, you were opening up to me, even if it was under the guise of reprimand. Oh, how I craved it, Master.

"I began to grow bolder. I knew that I would have to take the first steps, to show you how to dance. When you first pressed your hands into my stomach… forgive me, Master, but I still pleasure myself to the memory. I have never felt the way that I did when you groped me so. After, I became determined to have you."

Her heart was thudding faster now. Francis could feel her arms squeezing him from both sides, thrust between her stomach and her thighs, her fingers shamelessly employed. Without thinking, his hand went to his cock. When his knuckles rubbed against the wall, Paulina groaned. When he pressed the tip of his cock into her, she gasped.

"Now Master is acting more like one might expect of a scion!"

"Oh, hush."

The walls clamped shut. Francis was left breathless and squirming, his cock trapped against the encroaching flesh as it kneaded him closer, closer…

Then Paulina released him with a giggle.

"Are you happy, Master?"

For once, Francis didn't have to think about his answer.

"Yes," he said.

"Have I been a good maid, Master?"

"You are petulant, impulsive, and rude to the guests. You constantly make sexual advances. You eat my friends and then insist that I must fuck you to release them. You are, without a doubt, the most overprotective maid in existence.

"But yes, Paulina. You have been a good maid."

Paulina came with a groan, knees twitching as she squeezed her stomach in spasmodic exclamations of bliss. Francis, freed from the shackles of guilt, completed himself in silence.

It was not the first load of his to have coated the walls of the maid's stomach.

He was getting tired now. His eyes refused to stay open. His body was exhausted, having spent much of its energy fending off Paulina. Now, he gave into her, letting her wrap around him like a blanket. She held him tight, leaning her head against his from the outside. She hummed a song in a foreign tongue, running her hands gently over his chest.

"Goodnight, Master," Paulina eventually whispered.

But Francis had already slipped into a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

The End

(One More Picture Below)

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