

Home Maid

By Abe E Seedy, illustration by Angrboda

It was basically a dream job. A live-in house maid for almost the exact period of the break, all with no real experience required. Plus, the owner wasn't even going to be there - they were away for the summer, and were looking to pay for someone to live in the place and keep it tidy. What more could she ask?

Cara had seen the advertisement in the want ads at the back of the local newspaper. Perhaps that was the reason they hadn't appeared to have been swamped by applicants - because who even checks those anymore anyway? If it wasn't for the habit she'd picked up from her father of casting about for essentially anything to read at the table over breakfast she'd probably have missed it too, but fortunately it seemed like she'd lucked out. A brief phone call later, and the job was hers for the taking.

The house itself was an old-style two storey building just a little over a block away from where she'd grown up, so Cara knew it well. It was one of those places that was always just sort of... there; old, vaguely classy looking, and never seeming to ever change, no matter what else went on for the rest of the area. It avoided the 'spooky old mansion feel' - if nothing else, it certainly wasn't a mansion - so at worst it only really ever appeared to be dangerously ancient, like bits of it could fall off if you stared at them too hard. Still, it was a nice street, in a neighborhood she was comfortable with. Plus, she was a big girl, so she was pretty sure she could handle staying in an empty house for a few months. She went in.

It was... nice, she thought as she set her bags down inside the door. Certainly not as run down as she'd been worried it might be. There was a bit of dust and a few cobwebs in the corners, but on the whole things seemed well maintained. It looked like there had been a gap of a week or two between when the owner left and she was hired - long enough for the spiders to regroup, but not so long for them to swaddle whole corners in their webs. In fact, the place seemed considerably better maintained on the inside than the outside. That tracked - Cara couldn't remember seeing anyone come outside from here. Apparently whoever they were, they were an indoor person.

The furniture was elegant and tastefully arranged, giving the house a rather classic sensibility. On closer inspection, the place didn't even seem to have a living room. There were couches, sure, but they weren't all arranged around a TV, and there was nothing that looked like a shared space to hang out. She sighed, disappointed but not surprised. Looks like she'd be catching up on her reading. Books, at least, this place had in abundance. Practically one whole wall of the main room on the ground floor was taken up by a bookcase, holding what must have been hundreds of books in total. She flicked through a few of the titles without recognition, but at least they weren't in French or anything, so they'd serve when the time came. For now though, there was cleaning to do.

She dusted first. It seemed the most pressing task, and gave her good reason to explore all the other rooms of the house. For the most part it was unremarkable, more old furnishings and simple yet tasteful decorations, right up until she got to what appeared to be the master bedroom. There, on the large, 4-poster bed that dominated the room, was laid out a set of clothes. It was a maid's outfit - one of those stereotypical, slutty ones, all frills and lace that managed to conceal approximately nothing. It was deliberately set out at the foot of the bed, standing next to which was a full length mirror. The intention was obvious.

Cara spent the next two and a half hours scouting for hidden cameras. She didn't find any, which didn't help things as much as she'd hoped. Either they were so well hidden she was never going to find them, or there really was nothing to find. But if that was the case, why bother with the outfit? It made no sense. In the end, Cara simply hung the outfit up in the closet and tried to pay it no mind. Still, she did make a mental note to be particularly discrete when getting changed. She slept in the guest bedroom too, figuring that if cameras WERE going to be somewhere, they'd be in the room that the outfit had been in.

Time passed. Nagging creepiness aside (and really, wasn't it POSSIBLE that the outfit had been left out innocently, like it was supposed to be packed with the rest of the luggage, but had somehow been missed? Surely no one could be THAT brazen about it, without any other follow-up?), it was a nice place to live in. Peaceful and quiet inside, but still within walking distance of her friends and old haunts for when Cara grew sick of simply reading to pass the time (Tuesday nights, in particular, had resulted in a standing appointment at her friends' place to ensure she kept up with the TV as necessary). For the most part though, Cara kept to herself. She'd never really had her own place before, having gone straight from her family home to the dorms. It was nice to have a whole house to herself where she could do whatever she wanted. On top of that, the place was surprisingly easy to keep clean, especially with just herself and a few spiders to tidy up after. It really did seem to be the perfect job.

It was about two weeks before Cara saw the maid outfit again. She'd forgotten it was there - she hadn't noticed anything else unusual since then, and it was only when she opened the closet to check for moths that she was confronted by it. Here, just hanging up amongst all the other regular coats and outfits, it seemed much less threatening. It simply was. There was a short, poofy skirt, a tight, almost-corset top, and a little white apron for the front, all of it decked out with frills and lace. It was undeniably a fetish outfit - it couldn't possibly have been designed for practical use, but the mere concept of it didn't freak her out any more. She had the whole house to herself after all, and she'd still never found any evidence to suggest she was being watched. And besides, Cara thought, wasn't one of the whole points of living alone that you could do stupid things and there was no one around to care? Where was the harm in having a little silly fun? She'd never really done that, and somehow she found that she was talking herself into it. She took it out of the closet, and got changed.

It fit well, or about as well as Cara imagined a corset ever fit. Putting it on made her feel surprisingly sexy too. She inspected herself in the full-length mirror seemingly provided for that

purpose. The black outfit contrasted well with her pale white skin (faux-goth, her friends had called her in the past, even if the look wasn't an intentional one), and synced nicely with her long, straight black hair. The corset made her C-cup breasts look almost like D's, which was something she enjoyed trying out in a few poses at the mirror. She almost wished she had some sharp black lipstick to complete the effect, even if the idea of wearing makeup just for herself seemed a little ridiculous, especially considering she'd have to go out and buy that color specifically. Still, it looked good.

She wore the outfit for the rest of her cleaning rounds. As she went, she found herself bending conspicuously to show off her behind to an invisible watcher, and occasionally even adding things like, "oh no, what are we ever going to do about this all being so DIRTY", then giggling quietly to herself at the sheer inanity of it all. Here she was, no doubt fulfilling someone's fantasy, but with no way for them to ever know. Cara was forced to admit it was a little exciting, and a little empowering in a way she hadn't quite expected. It was a way to let herself be sexy, and *feel* sexy too. If nothing else, it certainly made cleaning the house more enjoyable.

The next time she cleaned, she started with the master bedroom. It wasn't long before she opened the closet again, and found herself eyeing up the maid's outfit. It DID make cleaning fun, after all. She put it on with a laugh. Why not? Whatever made her happy, right? There was no one around to judge. From then on, all her cleaning sessions started the same way - straight to the master bedroom to get changed, a few poses in front of the mirror, then off to clean the rest of the house while idly playing the sexy maid fantasy to herself. She bought some black lipstick too, after a few days. It seemed appropriate.

A couple of days after that Cara was making the master bed, bending herself over it to strike a pose and waggle her butt at no-one when a sudden shift in the weight of the apron caught her attention. There was something in the front pocket, she'd just somehow never noticed it before now. Multiple somethings, she realised after she upended the apron onto the bed. The first to fall out was an obscenely large dildo, and an oddly shaped one at that - it looked like a penis, certainly, but not like any Cara had ever seen before. It had some great bulge near the base, and on the whole it just seemed to have an inhuman shape - pointier, somehow. It was also jet-black, and the surface of it felt like latex. Aside from all of this it was truly massive, easily far too large for her to ever be able to handle, even assuming she wanted to use such a weird thing for her private time. It seemed like what you'd use to pleasure a horse. She picked it up with the aid of a tissue, and put it delicately in the back of the closet, almost afraid that if she touched it the wrong way it might somehow explode.

The rest of the pocket's contents were at least less outrageously bizarre. There was a small pocket vibrator, which felt almost normal after the previous monster, although it was also coated with jet black latex, as was the little remote that went with it. Finally there was what looked to be the final parts of the outfit; a headband with a set of bunny ears on it, and a little belt-type-thing with a tail. All jet black, all seemingly latex. Cara detected there was something of a theme going on here.

Oddly enough, Cara wasn't as bothered by this as she would have thought she'd be. Yes, it did rather blow the "maybe it was left out by accident" theory out of the water, but she HAD found herself having quite a bit of fun with it, especially seeing as the choice of how far to go was left up to her. She definitely drew the line at the Horse-Pleasurer, but the ears and tail she put on right away, posing in the mirror for a few minutes to see how they looked.

It looked... good. She liked how the ears curled over in a mix between cute and sultry, and the tail, being an actual little tail rather than just a cotton-ball poof, accentuated her butt nicely whenever she thrust herself up over the bed. She felt like a naughty version of a Playboy bunny. Well, more naughty, she supposed. Fetishy, somehow. The black latex nature of it really worked for that. God, she thought, she really was getting surprisingly turned on. She turned to look at the last of the items, the vibrator and remote, and bit her lip.

It was, without a doubt, the best time she'd ever had cleaning. She kept the vibrator in the whole time, mostly on a very low setting, or occasionally off when she needed a break, but she kept the remote in her hand and used it to give herself periodic jolts. At first they were just random, but soon she began keying them into certain triggers - whenever she finished a certain cleaning task she'd flick it up several notches, causing her knees to buckle under the sensations. She also started doing it whenever she saw her reflection, the sight of her looking so sexy combined with a direct blast of stimulation left her in a moaning heap more than once. She started imagining that there was someone approving of what she was doing, that the point behind the blasts of intense stimulation was to reward her for her actions, and for embracing this look. She came when she first thought of that, on her knees in front of a hallway mirror, the lustful expression on her own face somehow turning her on even more. In that moment Cara hoped there WERE cameras, recording how utterly wet she was getting fulfilling someone's fantasy and, hell, seemingly her own too. She wished rabbits made a distinctive noise so she could have made it to herself in the mirror to signal her submission to this, but eventually settled for simply saying "Yes master" to the mirror, and rewarding herself with another jolt and another powerful orgasm.

It took her some time to get to sleep that evening. She was plagued by regrets - she was sure now that there were cameras, there must be, and she'd been filmed being an absolute slut all over the house. But despite feeling guilty and foolish, why did thinking back on it in detail keep turning her on? When she next cleaned, Cara simply wore her normal clothes and acted completely normally. It felt like a waste.

She didn't make that mistake again. The next time she cleaned it was in the full outfit, vibrator included. It was wonderful again - more so, if anything. At the end of it, when she'd picked herself up off her knees after the reward for finishing the last room, she went to take off the ears and... stopped. 'Why?', she found herself thinking. Couldn't she keep wearing it? There wasn't anyone else here to see her. Couldn't she feel like this all the time? The thought turned her on so much that she practically dived for the remote to give herself another reward, pressing her rear against the ground both to heighten the sensations and so she could feel her little latex tail tickling the small of her back.

It was a long time indeed before she managed to pick herself back up off the floor again. From then on Cara kept the whole outfit on all the time, even still wearing the ears while she showered (they were rubber, they could handle the wetness). The vibrator stayed in too, as much as she could stand, which turned out to be far more than she would have thought. It just felt right to have something filling her, something periodically rewarding her by driving her to her knees with blasts of stimulation, something to keep her wet, horny and fuckable, like a perfect private fucktoy. She realised while lying in bed one evening that she was really going to miss all this once the summer break ended.

A few evenings later, Cara found herself sitting in the living room without much of an idea of what to do. It was Tuesday, so theoretically she should be going to her friend's house to watch TV, but that would involve changing out of everything and that thought didn't exactly appeal. She got out of it with a vague but apologetic phone call, and then sat back down on the couch to consider her options. Flicking through the bookshelf for lack of any better ideas - she never had gotten around to doing as much reading as she'd originally planned - one title in particular caught her eye. It looked like a classic edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, leather-bound and impressively old, and it stood out from the contemporary cheap paperback fiction it shared the shelf with. As she grabbed it Cara felt it resist slightly, and then heard a quiet click from somewhere behind the bookshelf. A section of wall swung quietly inwards, opening up an honest-to-goodness secret room.

The room itself was very small, little more than an alcove, and contained nothing aside from a trapdoor in the floor. On opening that, Cara could see a ladder extending down into darkness. She couldn't see down more than a few feet, leaving both the size of the room down there and whatever was in it a complete mystery. Oddly enough, Cara realised she didn't feel scared. Curious, absolutely, but more than anything she was surprisingly annoyed at the thought that there was all this extra area she'd so far been failing to clean. And that, somehow, was that. Without much more in the way of conscious thought she resolved to correct this, and started climbing down.

The ladder turned out not to be as long as Cara had feared - only about 10 feet in total, which even so was enough to put her comfortably underground. Mercifully there was a light switch at the foot of the ladder, visible in the light from above now that she was right next to it, and flicking it caused rows of fluorescent lights above her to stutter into life, revealing the whole room as they did.

It was... very large. It must have taken up most of the underground footprint of the house (which, Cara realised in retrospect, explained why such an old-fashioned house had appeared to completely lack a cellar). And despite the size, the room was full. It looked like a lab - there was elaborate equipment everywhere; test tubes and beakers and complicated glassware abounded. It was organised, arranged in an orderly fashion amongst a selection of countertops that ran in 4 long rows along almost the length of the room - one against each wall, and two spaced out in the middle, creating 3 even aisles between the equipment. There were

whiteboards dotted about too, all crowded with equations and complicated diagrams that looked more or less incomprehensible to Cara at first glance. Finally, the entire back wall was taken up by a selection of large vats, from within which there was clearly a large mass of something bubbling quietly, although the opaque sides of the vats prevented Cara from being able to tell exactly what it was.

Cara went to start cleaning, but quickly found that to be unnecessary - the whole place was somehow already spotless. As much as she was pleased that her lack of attention to this room hadn't been missed, she did find herself quietly disappointed at being cheated of her reward for finishing. It didn't seem right to just give it to herself regardless, somehow.

With cleaning off the agenda, she started having a closer look at just what exactly all this stuff was. Inspecting the equipment told her little other than what was going on here was clearly science-y, which had never been her strongest subject. The beakers and such suggested it was chemistry-related, and what Cara could make out on the whiteboards seemed to be talking about reactions and transformations, so that seemed to fit too. It didn't seem like it was just drugs - it all seemed too experimental for that, given the amount of things crossed off and re-written - although it occurred to Cara that it could simply be *experimental* drugs, and that would certainly explain why this room was so hidden.

In trying to make sense of all this she'd wandered down one of the aisles to the end of the room, in front of one of the large vats. The side of it came up to about her midriff, and peering cautiously inside she could see that it was filled with a viscous black... something, bubbling thickly, almost like a hot mud pool if it was somehow jet black and shiny. Strangely there didn't seem to be any heat rising from it, despite the slow yet constant bubbling.

Before she could consider that too much, her attention was drawn to a whiteboard set up on a workbench sitting next to the vat. Unlike all the other boards she'd seen, this one just had one simple picture on it. It was a fairly rough impression of a woman in a maid's outfit - except this outfit included a pair of long bunny ears and a tail, as hers did. However, in this picture, the woman was rendered in the same color as the outfit; her face and body all deliberately colored in with the same shiny black color as was used for the outfit. The table in front of this board was entirely clear, which made it stand out from the organised clutter of the rest of the room, save for a single small beaker containing what looked like a portion of the black liquid from the vat, although this at least wasn't bubbling. Attached to the front of the beaker was a post-it note, which said simply:

"Drink Me"

Cara came. She'd triggered the remote for the vibrator seemingly automatically as soon as she saw the written command. Merely the fact of there being a command - an actual, direct command that she hadn't had to infer herself, that alone had been enough to get her wet, and the additional sudden shock from the vibrator had pushed her over the edge. She sank to one knee, eyes level with the beaker and its note. Her right hand reached out, her left hand

thumbing up the dial on the remote for every inch she got closer. There was no question. She was incapable of it. She took the beaker, and drank.

It was cool, slick, viscous, heavy - it was so many things as the mass of it swept down her throat and into her core. Her tongue was coated, the taste of it indescribable - whatever rational notes Cara might have been able to detect were thoroughly overwhelmed by the orgasm that powered through her as soon as she drank it. As she descended from the thrill she felt the weight settle into her stomach, leaving her with a surprisingly pleasant warm feeling inside. When she smacked her lips she could feel it stuck to her tongue, but it didn't taste of anything anymore. Instead her tongue felt numb, stopping her from feeling it properly as she pushed it to the roof of her mouth. Or the sides of her mouth, or her teeth, or - her tongue was moving around an awful lot, Cara suddenly realised, and the motion was not altogether voluntary.

At that moment her tongue slipped out of her mouth, and as it did Cara was able to see what was going on. The liquid had changed it, added to it, because now her tongue was jet black, but more importantly it was long and sinuous, somehow pushing out further and further from her lips until the tip was waving delicately almost a foot from her face, a coating of still-viscous fluid forming thin connecting strands across the bends. She could feel the link of it all the way down her throat, joining up with the reservoir in her stomach, drawing from it or withdrawing into it as needed. Throughout all of this the vibrator inside her buzzed soothingly, allowing excitement to outweigh any fear. This was good, wasn't it? She knew it had to be, had to be - it felt good, it was right. She wouldn't be being rewarded if it wasn't right.

Suddenly Cara felt her tongue snap to the side, pointing back towards the vat beside the workbench she was kneeling next to. She felt it lift her up; it was as though she was pulled tongue-first, not painfully, but as insistently and undeniably as if she had been wearing a leash. She stepped to the edge of the vat, barely even registering her movement, just knowing that it was where she had to go. She looked down, staring into the pool of bubbling blackness, and felt herself relax, her left hand even switching the remote to zero. She was ready. She still had no idea what for, but whatever it was that she had to do, she was ready.

Her tongue snaked out, distending impossibly long until it dipped into the liquid below. She felt nothing beyond a slight tingling sensation surprisingly, but before Cara could register much more than that her tongue re-emerged, now trailing a thick glob of liquid from the vat. It retracted quickly and, before she could even flinch, the liquid had whipped up and hit her full in the face. It was- alive, the stuff in the beaker had been powerful, but this, on touching her skin Cara could feel it reach out and grab her, grab hold of her very essence and sink itself into it. She could feel it push itself out across her skin, sweeping across her nose and mouth with a sensation halfway between burning and pleasure.

She reached up with her right hand to try to pull it away from herself, but unbeknownst to her her tongue had swept up another batch from the vat and this too was plastered onto her, this time hitting her raised hand and coating it completely. Her tongue lingered this time, wrapping itself around her wrist to ensure complete coverage, then pushing her hand back until it was in

view in front of Cara's face. She watched as it changed, her hand shifting as the latex flowed over and seemingly through it, reconfiguring it into a different shape. Her fingers shortened slightly, her nails became more pointed, leaving her with what could only be called a paw. She still had all her digits and they remained dexterous enough to hold things, but there was no denying the animal nature of what her hand had become. And once it had finished changing from something she would recognise as her own it began to move of its own volition, as if to reinforce the point, slipping back down to take the remote from her other hand, and turned the dial back up to full.

Cara fell to her knees, only narrowly avoiding slamming her chin into the rim of the vat as her balance failed completely. She came, there was nothing she could do but grip the vat with her free hand and orgasm, even as her face felt heavy from the weight of the latex liquid that was still dripping from it. She opened her mouth to moan but even as she did her tongue returned with another batch, this time smearing it across what small parts of her face had yet to be coated. She felt - she didn't know what to feel, what to think - every time she even came close to forming a coherent thought another orgasm ripped through her, leaving her unable to focus on anything beyond her now-dripping pussy. Mercifully her paw dropped the remote and began pleasuring her clitoris directly, combining with the stimulation of the vibrator to provide her with a feeling of near-constant orgasm.

It was in that state that she finally saw exactly what she needed to do. With a desperate, frenzied eagerness she reached over the edge of the vat with her free arm, and hauled herself bodily into the liquid.

There was no splash, almost no displacement of any kind. She was in, and instantly it was coating every part of her. She stood quickly, even on her unsteady feet, so eager was she to enjoy the feeling of the thick ropes of latex clinging wetly to her, weighing downwards as the excess fell away. There was so much, absolutely all of her was dripping with it, but her eyes shot wide as she discovered that it was not just her outside that the living liquid intended to coat. Her knees buckled again as twin tendrils of fluid swept inside her, the vibrator pushed aside by the mass surging around it. The feeling was intense; she was being filled, not just by the mere presence of these tendrils, but each one was actively pumping more of the fluid directly inside her, pressing it into her core as she felt it change her body from within.

Kneeling in insensate bliss, bent over with her head almost level to the liquid at her breast, it was the matter of a second for Cara's tongue to push back out and reconnect with the rest of the latex mass. This time her tongue did not bring it back manually, but somehow formed itself into a tube and began pumping the latex up to her mouth, spurting it out just behind her lips so she could feel it travel all the way down her throat. There was so much, her cheeks bulged and drool slid down her chin as she worked to swallow as much as she could so it could join the rest of it changing her from within.

She felt a pressure above her ass and at the top of her head, and at both places she felt something push out and connect with her costume tail and ears, leaving them unquestionably a

part of herself. At the same time her head pushed forward, reshaping itself into a bunny-like snout, just as her feet and remaining hand also changed into their correct, paw-like forms. Finally, she felt the flow of liquid coming through her mouth redirect, pushing her breasts outwards, leaving them not just larger but filled with a reservoir of this liquid latex. Then, at last, when she was utterly finished, the tendrils withdrew with aching slowness, and as they slipped away Cara threw her head back with a wordless cry and came, her whole body clenching in orgasm and release, the excess latex fluid and her own juices now completely indistinguishable.

Seemingly hours later, Cara emerged from the vat. There was no mirror here, but even without one she knew what she looked like, what she was. There was, after all, a reference diagram for her to compare to. She was the perfect living latex bunny maid, freshly slick from her making - although she was pleasantly surprised to find that her outfit had wiped clean, so as not to spoil its crisp white lace with her slutty black latex. As she was looking herself over she discovered there was a small indent on the outside of her upper right thigh, about the size and depth as-

oh. Bending down, she picked up the discarded vibrator remote, and pushed it neatly into place in the slot on her thigh that was clearly made for it. It was her now, and she was it - she was a maid, but she was also a sex toy, a living sex toy that was to be owned and controlled as desired. She was curious though - she couldn't feel the vibrator inside herself anymore, so what exactly did it control? She set it to the lowest level to find out, and instantly she felt her slit moisten. There was no stimulation - although that's not to say it didn't feel good - but it simply happened directly. She turned up the setting and felt her arousal increase at the same speed - at the halfway setting she was dripping a visible trail down the inside of her legs while her tongue panted out of her mouth in heat. When she clicked it to full it was like the whole world became blurry, her eyes unfocussed and her tongue lolled from her gaping mouth, while not only was her pussy gushing with enough of the liquid latex to form a puddle at her feet, but her breasts had begun to give of their own supply and were sending eager rivulets down her chest as her whole body heaved with lust.

She couldn't simply turn it back down - she needed release, not a decrease - and one of her flailing paws dug inside the pouch of her apron and pulled out the massive, monster dildo. Not questioning its presence for a moment she moved to use it on herself, and while it was still so, so large, she found with delight that her rubbery slit could stretch to accommodate it with ease. When she pushed it all the way through to the base, so that even the thick bulge at the bottom was inside herself, Cara was rewarded by another great, shuddering orgasm that finally let her push the remote back down to a manageable level. She considered simply turning it off, but once she found that the bulge of the dildo had plugged her completely she realised there was now no need to be concerned about her ability to clean while simultaneously making a mess, and so it would clearly be better to leave it on simply a low setting so she could stay properly wet and horny. That was correct, surely, how could it not be correct for a sextoy to be always ready for sex, even when cleaning?

There was just one last thing to do though, Cara thought. Bending down again by the vat, she picked up the empty beaker she must have unthinkingly discarded onto the floor, peeled the

"Drink Me" note off the front of it, and attached it delicately just above her own breasts. She hoped her Master would allow her just this one suggestion. If she managed to be good, of course.