

Live-In Maid (Submissive Maid TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Mason is a young man living alone who is too lazy to clean his house. But when he acquires a magical servant bell, he gains the power to transform an individual into his sexy, submissive, and deeply horny live-in maid, who is compelled to serve him. His friend Eli is fascinated by this, but unfortunately for him, he soon realises that Mason intends for him to become that sexy maid . . . permanently. Warning, a dark and unfair story.

Live-In Maid

Mason sighed as he looked upon his works and despaired. The place was a mess, again. He wasn't a dirty person by nature. Hell, his own looks attested to that: the twenty three year old man had neat blonde hair that he always kept styled nicely, and his face was always clean-shaven. He always wore fresh shirts and pants and made himself look professional, but the act of ironing the clothes themselves was an absolute pain in the ass. The same could be said of the other house duties: the vacuuming, the toilet cleaning, the dusting, the wiping, and the window cleaning. Oh God, the window cleaning was the worst. Mason had not yet met a window he could clean well: there always ended up being wipe marks from his attempts that somehow overshadowed the original dirt stains!

No, something had to give, especially with the clothing on the floor, the cobwebs in the corners, the dust and grit that had accumulated on the carpets. Something absolutely had to give.

"That's it," he declared. "I don't care how much it costs, I'm getting a maid. Even one that just works weekends or something."

He spent the whole Saturday, which was a free day from his job as a software engineer, looking up cleaning services and maid services in the city. Technically, it seemed the former was what he was looking for, but he couldn't deny the appeal of the latter. Maids, especially live-in maids in that sexy French style, had always appealed to Mason. It was a bit of a personal fetish, and so his Googling slowly trended in that direction, looking at rates and availability and looks. Unfortunately, he kept running into a set of similar problems.

"Too expensive," he said as he flicked past a service on his computer. "Okay, that's literally just a call girl service. Hot, but I doubt they actually clean. And still too expensive! Okay, that's a cleaner . . . and she's a sixty three year old man who refuses to do windows. Goddamnit."

He sighed, continuing to search, his internet forays becoming increasingly niche. He even visited some online boards dedicated to the French maid fetish, and asked around for what services could be available. After all, if he really was getting a cleaner, why not try for a sexy one? Even if he just paid a couple of times for the enjoyment and the cleanliness of the house. Anything to get the house clean while still enjoying himself. Unfortunately, no one had too much to offer. That was, until he received a strange personal message.

He almost missed it, as he had left to make himself lunch - another damn chore he hated doing, and wished someone would do it for him so he could focus on important matters. When he returned he was about to close the tab on the forum, when he saw he had a private message entitled *Free Personal Maid Service - Interested?*

He clicked it and read the message, not sure what to think. It read:

Hey there. I saw your msg re: a personal maid service, preferably French maid. I'm not either of those things (I'm a 36 year old man lol) but I do have an item that WILL help you.

It's an old metal servant's bell that still has good polish. It can be used only 1 time by whoever get it and can turn someone in the user's presence into their perfect ideal servant - u just have to think on what you want the person to look like and act like and they become it when you ring the bell. Interested?

Mason raised an eyebrow. It all sounded completely made up.

Hey there. No offence but this sounds like some scam.

No scam. Can sent 4 free if u want. Just passing on the vibes since I was sent it 4 free too haha. Ended up with a hot Slavic cleaner who I married. Used to be my old bully lol. Don't think he's too happy bout that but too bad, right? If u want, can deliver it 4 free, or otherwise just leave it in a random place or meet up to pass it over. Figure you might have someone you want to make ur perfect servant 4 no cost. Just be aware it can't be undone and change is permanent for life.

It was obviously a scam, and yet he couldn't deny he was intrigued. A magic bell that could turn someone into a perfect servant? For life? One that would cook and clean and keep the house orderly and do all the chores he wanted, while also looking good?

"Fuck it," he said to himself. "What's the harm? Worst case, I have a silly story to chuckle about. And best case . . ."

He began typing his response.

Two weeks later his work friend Eli was set to come over. Mason had been looking forward to this meeting ever since the bell had indeed arrived. In the end, he'd asked the online guy to deliver it to a local post office who could then contact him, just in case it was a weird creepo fetish thing.

Except it wasn't. In the package had been an old, only slightly weathered silver bell that still had a good shine to it, and made a delightfully melodic *ting* when it rang. Even just aesthetically, it was a nice thing to have for free. It also came with a set of instructions and recommendations from his anonymous friend, which he had memorised for this meeting.

The doorbell rang, and he moved excitedly to open the door. On the other side was Eli, a work acquaintance he got along with as a fellow software engineer, one who shared similar tastes in movies and shows and games to him. He was twenty six years old with brown hair, and with traditionally handsome features that Mason was secretly jealous of.

"Eli! Come on in!"

"Mason! It's great to see you. Thanks for the invite over - I had a free weekend so it's great to have friends to catch up with."

"I know, right? I've been meaning to invite you over for sometime. We keep talking about catching up outside of work and actually hanging out and yada yada, but it never seems to happen."

"As I recall," Eli said with a smirk, "the reason you haven't invited me around is because you said the place is a mess. Finally get around to doing all those chores you hate?"

"Not exactly," Mason said with a smirk.

He brought Eli out of the corridor and into the living room, and for a moment Eli paused. There was indeed a mess, and it was clearly one his friend was not used to. There were socks on the coffee table, cobwebs on the ceiling fan, books discarded along the ground, a heavy layer of dust on the bookshelves, and discarded clothing over the backs of chairs that were heavily in need of an ironing job.

"Jesus buddy, you weren't kidding," Eli said with an awkward chuckle. "I'd offer to help, but I have to keep on top of my own cleaning."

"You're pretty on top of that, are you?" Mason said behind him, secretly drawing out the bell.

"Much as a man can be. To be honest, my girlfriend does a lot of it. But I try to do my part. She's great a helper."

"Like a live-in maid, huh?"

Eli chuckled awkwardly. "Not exactly, but sure. I guess."

"I always wanted one of those."

"What? A live-in maid."

"Yeah, a sexy one who would keep the house clean, do all the chores, and look damn hot while doing it."

Eli chuckled again. "Yeah, that would be nice. Not sure what my girlfriend would think about it - doubt she'd be up for it either!"

"She'd have a set of huge sensitive tits and a real nice, bottom-heavy ass for me to stare at when she leaned over to dust and clean. She'd always wear a slutty French maid outfit, and she'd have a French accent too. She'd have nice lips for sucking my dick, always with red lipstick on, and she'd have dark hair to contrast her fair skin. I reckon that cute French bob look would be perfect. She'd be extremely submissive to me. And she'd always be horny for me: I'd pay her in sex instead of money. And she'd never age a day so long as I had her to fuck."

Eli gave him an awkward look. "Oh-kaay," he said, clearly a bit weirded out. "That's . . . well, that's very specific, dude. Can we change the subject? No offence, but maybe just chat about work or something. Actually, I think I just got a text from Hannah. I might have to leave in order to -"

"I wasn't talking to you, Eli," Mason said with a grin, revealing the magical bell. "I was just getting a clear image in my head. I'm testing to see whether this actually works."

"Um, what is it?"

"Let's find out, shall we?"

He rang the bell, and it made a light *ting*. For a moment nothing happened.

"Uh, look Mason. This was a mistake. I think I have to . . . have to . . ."

He seemed to lose his train of thought as he looked about the room. He shook with nervousness.

"Have to . . . have to . . ."

"Have to what?" Mason asked, filled with a desperate hope. Could it be working? Was something happening?

"Have to *clean*," Eli said, astonished. "I - I need to clean. Why do I need to clean?"

"Hmmm, not sure," Mason said with a grin. "But maybe you should. I'd like you to clean."

Eli struggled a moment, a little drop of perspiration appearing on his forehead. "But I d-don't - no, I do want to. Why do I want to clean? The hell?"

But already he was moving to take the clothing.

"I'll just - I'll just deal with these clothes. Help a friend out. But then I really need to go, okay?"

Mason chuckled softly, nervous but increasingly excited.

“That works for me! But if you could do the dishes in the sink?”

Eli paused. “S-sure, Mason. I’ll do the dishes too. Just to help out a friend.”

“Of course.”

Eli got to work, and Mason did his best to follow without getting in his way. He was excited, but this was only one part of his request, he hoped that he’d kept a strong mental image enough to ensure a physical change like the anonymous mailer had specified.

He got his answer when Eli put his clothes away.

“Okay, I’ve done that now, so - mmmpphhh!!”

Eli became briefly speechless as suddenly his lips puffed up to an unnatural size, like a woman’s. No, a woman who had the kind of lips that would suck a cock to perfection. They had a natural, sexy pout to them, which was totally alien to his new looks.

“What the hell!? My lips! What’s h-happened to my lips?”

“That *is* weird,” Mason said. “Maybe a reaction? You should stay here and do the vacuuming before leaving, so it has time to go down.”

“I’m not doing your - your - oh God, I need to do it! The place is filthy! These carpets are covered!”

His voice jumped up an octave as he spoke, as if it were breaking. He dashed to the sink to start the dishes, and it was then that Mason saw to his delight that Eli’s hair was getting longer. It stayed the same dark brown, but was rapidly growing into the same French bob style he’d envisioned. Eli clearly knew, but was unable to touch it, as he had the gloves on and was already working to clean a pot.

“Oh God, what’s happening to me, Mason? Call an ambulance. My hair is growing? Is it falling out?”

“No, no. Just becoming a cute bob. Very cute, in fact.”

Eli looked with pouted lips at him. Mason was pleased to see he was developing some cute cheekbones, and his jaw was looking more rounded and small.

“What the hell are you talking about? Something weird is happening. Why am I cleaning all your dirty dishes?”

“Because you want to.”

“I don’t *want to!* I *have to* because it’s so dirty! Ohhhhh God, what’s happened to my voice?”

Eli’s voice rose several octaves until it was a gorgeously sweet soprano, high and honey-like. It sounded ridiculous coming from his mostly manly body, but that problem was correcting itself: as he cleaned the dishes, his arms were becoming thinner and daintier, the hair flaking off, and ironically making Eli even more feverish in his devotion to clean.

“Oh God, oh God, why do I sound like a fucking chick? Why can't I stop doing the dishes? Mason, you've to help me, man. I'm sorry I insulted your house, but this is crazy. Can't you see all my body hair is coming off? It's making a dreadful mess!”

Mason laughed, making Eli pout again. The transforming man pulled his now dainty hands out of the sink, having cleaned in record time. He whipped the gloves off and saw with astonishment that his hands were slender and womanly.

“What. The. Fuck. Help me, dude! Before I start vacuuming!”

“Once you've done the vacuuming, the toilets need cleaning too.”

It was like he was being reprogrammed in real time, because he froze for a moment, the command sinking in even as his face softened, his eyebrows become thick and perfectly contoured, his eyes developing cute extended eyelashes that fluttered.

“Of course! Of course. That first. Wait, no! Why am I doing this? Why can't I stop? Tell me the fucking truth, please!!”

He retrieved the vacuum. Mason realised he'd never explained where it was: he'd wished for the perfect maid for the bell, and now Eli had all the subconscious knowledge of where the cleaning supplies were. As he returned, he groaned.

“OOOOHhhhhhhh . . . m-my shoulders. M-my waist!”

He was wearing a simple t-shirt and shorts, and so it was easy to see the changes that followed. Eli was a tall man, but not longer as he shrank several inches at a time, grunting with each reduction in height. Even as that occurred, his shoulders pressed in, becoming slight and feminine. His legs altered, all remaining hair disappearing as they became lovely in their shapeliness. Soon he had gone from a 6'1 manly figure to a 5'7 androgynous one.

“This is i-impossible,” he gasped in his womanly voice, which was rapidly developing an accent. “You did something! *Zat* bell! It has changed me, *no?*”

His face was becoming more and more feminine as he began to vacuum, moving with incredible alacrity and speed and yet never missing any speck of dust.

“I'LL WAIT TILL YOU'RE FINISHED TO TELL YOU!” Mason called over the vacuum.

Eli shot him a dark look in response, but there was something else there too, something that made him concerned. Mason followed his friend about, drinking in the changes to his body. He was muttering still, occasionally a stream of French escaping, but the physical changes were the most exciting. His shoes altered, becoming black maid's shoes that fitted around his feet, which changed at the same time to become small and slender. His hair became lush and vibrant, and eyeshadow settled around his eyes as his nose took on a cute button shape. Eli's figure became increasingly womanly: his waist pulled in, his hips flared, stretching the fabric of his shorts and causing the transformee to grunt in pain. His shoulders receded further as well, matching his slim arms.

By the time the vacuum was packed away he had a short, cute 5'2 figure. He looked more like an attractive chick, albeit one that was flat chested and flat-bottomed. Before Eli could run out the door she was moving to the toilet.

"You said you would explain, *monsieur!* Please explain. Why am I changing so?"

Even his speech pattern was changing: despite Eli's panic, his voice was that of a sultry yet wide-eyed maid, dependent on her master's word for explanation. He got to work on the toilet, bending over and sticking his ass up.

"Well Eli, I must be honest with you then. The bell I rang was a magical gift. It gives me the power to turn someone - just one person - into my hot, submissive maid. Well, that's the form I chose. Those things I said before? I was getting a mental image to change you into what I wanted."

Eli groaned, clearly overwhelmed by this information, but also a new change. He clutched his ass as it trembled in his shorts, and then he was panicking, removing them as fast as he could and dropping them to the ground. It was just in time too: his ass swelled out immensely, becoming bottom-heavy yet perfectly rounded, the kind of ass Mason would like to pound when the transformation was complete.

"OOohohhhhh . . . m-my ass! It iz zo very big, yes! Why did you do zis to me? Why me, *monsieur!?*"

She continued to scrub the toilet, and he continued to check her ass while he replied.

"Because we get along. We like the same shows and games, we're both software engineers, we're hockey fans. I thought it would be cool to have a sexy submissive maid that still liked the things I liked."

"NNghh! *Oui! Zat* is good! Wait, not! It isn't! Turn me back!"

"The change is permanent, I'm afraid. It literally can't change you back. You'll be like this for life. But don't worry, I'll treat you real well. Soon, you'll be lusting after me."

She scrubbed the toilet quickly, then shifted past him in a panic.

"*Non!* I won't do it! I'll find a way. I'm not going to lust - to lust - *oh mon dieu!*"

She ran a hand to her underwear, which was stretched very tightly around her incredible derriere. Mason gasped as her - he realised he'd already begun thinking about her as a 'her' - genitals retreated back, no longer tenting out the fabric. She squealed, voice going higher again.

"*Non! Non!* I have a pussy! I have a woman's pussy!"

Mason's cock became harder at the thought of it, especially as Eli was now officially a woman. She had stripped off her gloves again, washed her hands, but she'd already picked up the duster, and was beginning to clean. She thrust out her chest as she worked in a brazenly sexy way, sashaying her wide hips and letting her ass bounce. As she did, her clothing bubbled and shifted, altering to become a sexy black and white French maid's

costume that showed off her legs, the skirt covering her ass but showing her white feminine panties every time she bent over. The neckline showed a flat chest however, though a large lacy white bra developed out of nowhere while she worked against her will.

“*Non!* Not big tits! Please *monsieur!* I do not want *zis!*”

“Too late, I’m afraid. The change is permanent. I’m sorry, Eli, but I really need a maid.”

She squealed again as she grabbed her chest. She looked gorgeous and cute as she struggled, her pouty red lips forming a perfect ‘O’ as she gasped and groaned. Slowly at first, but then gaining speed, an enormous pair of tits pushed out from her chest, straining against the bodice and filling out the material. She almost overflowed her cups, giving that sexy look Mason liked of a woman who looked ready to ‘spill’ out of her top. They were huge jugs, nearly the size of her own head each. They must have been F cups at least.

“*Oh mon dieu!* Zo big! Zo big! They are spilling out, *no?* And - Oohhhhhhh - z-zo sensitive!”

She bit her lips as she touched them, and it seemed the final parts of the spell locked in, because she looked at Mason in a new way: a way that was clearly on fire with lust. She dusted a few more moments, but in a more overtly sexy way that caused her chest to jiggle.

“M-Mason. I am feeling such lust for you now. I do not want *zis*, but I cannot stop thinking about you big c-cock. *Merde*, this is all wrong, *oui?* But - oohhhhh - I need your hands on my b-big titties! I need you to m-make me a woman, Mason.”

He ogled her gorgeous form as she looked at him with desperation. She had turned out perfect. There was just one final step to confirm her new role, and the one he was most looking forward to.

“Well, what are you waiting for *Valerie*. Come over here and receive your payment. First in your pussy, then in your *mouth*.”

“*Oui monsieur!* I don’t want this, but *oui!* I h-have to!”

“You do. I’m sure you’ll get used to it, Eli. I know it’s still you in there, but from now on you’ll be *Valerie*. And I want you to call me Master while you fuck me.”

She looked furious, angry, hesitant, terrified. But far above these, she looked horny as all hell, her eyes staring lustfully at his hardened cock as he removed his trousers.

“You can clean that later,” Mason said, amused. “For now, let’s make a mess of the bedroom.”

“*Oh monsieur. Zo dirty to talk zis way!*”

He could see the brief terror in his eyes, and while he certainly felt sorry that it would be a harsh transition for his friend, Mason felt it was all worth it. Besides, she might as well get thrown in the deep end, and find out just how pleasurable it could be to have sex as a woman.

By the time they reached the bedroom she was already shoving her big, heavy, bouncing bosom right in his face. He sucked and licked her nipples, causing her to squeal and cry in streams of unintelligible French.

“OOhhhhhh . . . *zis* is all wrong! I should not be enjoying it *zis* much! I mean at all! Why are they *zo* sensitive, these big boobies!”

He squeezed one even as he grinded his hard penis against her thigh. She hiked up her short maid skirt, and pulled away her panties.

“Mason - Master! Please Master, you must stop *zis* because - *mon dieu!* - I cannot! I am too, how you say, aroused! I can't stop even speaking like *zis!*”

Mason simply kissed her on her big, full lips, sticking his tongue right into her mouth so that his danced with hers. She cooed as he did so, holding him, placing a perfect soft leg around him as they fell to the bed together. What better way to train his French maid, after all, than to give her a French kiss? It seemed to set her body on fire, because soon she was playing with her own huge tits while he squeezed her huge, magnificent ass. It was soft and round yet perfectly pert, and it made his dick throb with anticipation. If Valerie really was stuck like this for life as the messenger had said, then he was going to enjoy fucking her in the ass as well as her pussy, and making his former friend wail with reluctant pleasure. But for now, he wanted her in the most womanly, submissive position.

“Get on your back, Valerie. I want to fuck your brains out.”

Her eyes widened, even as she bit her lip in response to him running his thumb over her nipples. It was clear that Eli was in there. She still had a male mind, but she was helpless before her combined arousal and new submissive nature.

“*Oui,*” she finally said. “*Oui, monsieur. Master.*”

Together they stripped her sexy maid costume bare, allowing her huge breasts to wobble freely. Her pink nipples were large and beautiful, and she sucked in a breath as he licked and caressed them. By then she was powerless to stop herself from spreading her legs. Mason gazed at her perfect pussy, and grinned.

“Don't worry, Valerie. I know you still don't really want this, but trust me. You're going to love it.”

“I don't care if I don't want it, master!” she pleaded, “I need *zis!* Please, stick your big cock inside me, *s'il vous plaît!*”

He did exactly as she asked, the tip of his penis parting her womanly folds before entering her wet pussy. And God, was it wet. Mason was turned on by how turned on she must have been to be so moist already, and yet she was so perfectly *tight* as well. She groaned loudly, clearly overcome with the alien sensation of being fucked as a woman. Mason savoured the feeling, drawing it out, watching her perfect full lips widen into a perfect 'O' as he slid his cock deep within her.

“*Oui! Oui! Oui!* More, Master! I can’t take it! I need more! I hate you for doing *zis* but I need more!”

He enjoyed watching her grapple with her new needs, and so he began to thrust. He sucked her huge left nipple as he did so, pressing his face into her massive mammaries even as he fondled her ass with his space hand. He bucked, pushing his sizeable cock as deep within her as he could, his balls slapping wetly against her crotch, and with each pounding that she took, she gasped in that sweet soprano.

“!*I! Don’t! Want! Zis!* But! Please! Don’t Stop! MAASSSTERRRR!!!”

He thrust one final time, her giant tits flopped against, her legs wrapped around him. It was all too much: she had become everything he had wanted in a sexy submissive French maid. He came, harder than he’d ever cum before. His dick throbbled, shooting stream after stream of his semen into her. She shook, her voice rising to an incoherent wail.

“AAAAIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!!!”

She continued to buck, sliding his cock within her, even as it fired again and again. He grunted, and she held on for dear life as the two orgasmed together as they never had before, especially Eli/Valerie.

After several minutes, she spoke against him.

“Turn me back, Master. I don’t deserve *zis*.”

He continued to fondle her ass, before rising his hand up her sensual back to play with her hair.

“I can’t. I told you, there’s no way to turn you back. You’re my submissive, sexy live-in maid for life now Valerie. It wouldn’t surprise me if your old identity doesn’t even exist anymore and you’ve always been Valerie.”

She choked back a sob. “But - but how will I live?”

He pulled her closer, and she didn’t resist. No doubt she was still compelled to find pleasure in his touch. In fact, she shivered in response to it, moaning slightly as her heavy chest squished against his.

“I told you,” Mason said, “you’re going to live with me now. I’ll pay our bills, but I won’t pay you in anything but sex. That’s part of what I imagined when I rang the bell, so it’s true.”

“*Oh mon dieu*, it’s all wrong, but my body . . . it’s telling me *zat* it is all *zo* very right!”

“Exactly. You don’t have a choice now, Valerie. I’ll pay you in sex, and you’ll *crave* it. Just like you’ll *crave* keeping this place clean for me. And *crave* following my orders.”

She gasped, but didn’t pull away.

“But my life! I-I am meant to be a man, Master.”

“Don’t worry Valerie, I’ll show you how to be a good sexy maid instead. For instance, I’m feeling pretty aroused again already. Why don’t you test those big sexy lips of yours out,

and your big tits, and give me an amazing blow job while you rub my shaft with your cleavage?”

“*Non, non . . . ohhhhh. I want it again. Is zis my life now? Oh mon deiu. Merde! Merde!* But I want it *zo* bad. Just - just the once.”

“And then you can cook and clean.”

She nodded, eyes horrified but her expression already one of arousal at his hardening cock.

“*Oui.* Cook and clean, like a good maid. Master.”

Mason grunted in approval as she took his member in her delightful mouth, and began to suck his cock as if she'd been doing it all her life. Once she began rubbing her soft tits against his dick, he was in nirvana. It wasn't long before he came again, and with just as much issue. She moaned in orgasm as she swallowed every drop, and then licked the head of his cock clean. As she lapped it away, still obviously shocked at her own arousal, and the fact that she'd cummed just from blowing him, Mason caressed her hair and whispered encouragement.

“That's a good maid,” he said. “Keeping me clean, and polishing my knob. I know the house will soon look as spectacular as you've just made me feel. I think I'll even fuck you again when we're done.”

Valerie whimpered in unwanted arousal.

It was ten years later, and a now thirty-three year old Mason woke in his immaculate bed to the wonderful sensation of a full set of lips licking his cock into a full-on erection. He smiled at the wakeup: he always woke in this way now. She pulled herself forward and began sucking him off in full. He was so aroused that he only lasted thirty seconds before he blew his load down her throat, and she swallowed his seed happily.

“Master,” she said in a demure way, “did *zat* please you?”

“Mmmhm, like always,” he said, squeezing her tits for the fun of it. “Finally accepting this life now, Eli?”

She blushed a deep red. “You know *zat* I would be a man again in a second if I could. I did not want to be *zis* silly sexy French maid, or to have you fuck me every day, sometimes while I clean!”

He knew she hated it when he used her old name, but it was sometimes fun to tease her. She had been living in the role for ten full years now, and had never been able to escape it, no matter how much she tried. Mason had done his best to make her comfortable, particularly as his career took off, but in truth he couldn't resist fucking her in all manner of

ways, particularly since she was so constantly horny, and compelled to show off her body in that sexy maid's outfit. It had come to the point where she had obviously resigned herself to this life: she still spoke out about it, complained about her compulsions, her endless need to clean and cook and provide for him, and in her sexy French accent she was sometimes able to curse him out for making her so sexually needy for him, before she submitted back to him completely.

But the truth was, she was going to be Valerie forever now. Eli was forgotten, and all everyone that knew Mason knew that he had an incredibly busty live-in maid with a huge, perfect ass that was totally dependent on him, and greatly lusty each day for him. He was happy to show her off, much to Valerie's internal chagrin. In fact, now that the house was always clean thanks to her ministrations, he invited more work buddies around often, and each of them ate and drank and cracked jokes, all while Valerie served them in her sexy maid costume. She was forced to endure their sight and even worse - she confessed to Mason later - to be aroused by the fact that she belonged to Mason in the presence of other men. To be the object of their desire, but for only he to have the privilege to fuck her.

"You're just too good as my sexy, slutty maid, Valerie," he said in the present, as she pulled away to put on her maid costume for the day. She'd worn it every day of her life since, changing it only occasionally for public occasions or for festivals: like her sexy Santa maid costume. "I know you are still humiliated and embarrassed by so much of this life, even ten years on, but I know for a fact that I make you orgasm like crazy."

She gave a sexy whimpering sound as she put on the costume she was compelled to wear for him. Her ass was wonderfully showed off with her tight panties every time she bent over, and her cleavage was pushed up to form two massive mounds that threatened to spill out.

"Zis is not fair!" she complained. "I never wanted any of *zis!* I never deserved any of *zis*, Master! But my body, it cannot stop wanting to make you happy, *oui?*"

Mason simply smiled, appreciating the gorgeous nympho who kept his place clean, especially after they had made a mess with their constant sex. He got up and squeezed her ass, causing her to moan. She had a face that was utterly sultry: true to the bell's magic and his desires, she hadn't aged a day in the last ten years. When he was sixty years old, he'd still have her as a hot young thing to suck him off each morning and beg him to thrust into her each night.

"Well, Valerie, there's no going back. But hey, it's been ten years now, so why don't we celebrate a decade of you being my maid?"

She licked her lips, her mind clearly aroused again already. "What did you have in mind, Master?"

Mason grinned. “How about you make us up a wonderful breakfast? Then give the house a good clean. And then, when you’re done, I’ll fuck you without a condom and you can enjoy being a sexy, *knocked-up* maid for the next nine months. After all, you may stay young, but I’m getting older and in the mood to have a family. I’m sure you’ll still be plenty active in cleaning even when heavily pregnant, and I’m sure you’ll be deeply alluring in a very . . . gravid way. And you know the stereotype about sexy live-in maids getting impregnated by their masters . . .”

She shivered in anticipation. He could see it: the internal war between Eli’s humiliation and shame over ‘his’ endless subservient role, and the arousal and compulsion of Valerie overriding it.

“Mmhm, Master,” she finally said, wiggling her amazing butt as she stepped through the door. “*Zat* sounds perfect. I’ll clean extra well just to celebrate.”

Mason lifted the magic bell, which forever sat on his bedside table.

“And don’t worry Valerie. I’ll call you as soon as I want you to cum.”

She sighed, a little of her male mind breaking through. “I know *ziz*, Master. Don’t I know *zis* well . . .”

The End