

From Mangaka to Maid - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Mark was not sure what to expect as Hiromi led him and Aya through to the dressing room; where the employees of The Rose Bow got ready each day and took their breaks. Part of him was surprised by the utilitarian nature of it; there was a row of benches with mirrors but they were quite plain and practical compared to the over the top decor of the building's front. He had been expecting heart shaped mirrors lined with lights and pink walls; not a beige room that looked like the backstage of a highschool theatre. Well, except for one detail. The racks.

All along one wall were racks and racks of uniforms ranging from regular maid outfits in various colours to special holiday affairs patterned with everything from Easter eggs to candy canes. Every possible configuration of Maid costume, complete with a bag of accessories, was ready and waiting for them. Mark's eyes scanned all the ribbons and bows with nervousness; buying the pencil skirt and blouse had felt strange enough...this was something else. There was dressing in a feminine manner and then there was maid cosplay; he really had jumped in the deep end. A small part of him, likely his masculine pride, told him to thank Hiromi for the opportunity and walk out the door but then he remembered his empty wallet and all those other disappointed women. This job was so sought after, it had to pay well, his dignity could survive this, it was only temporary after all.

"Okay, so as trial maids you will be wearing our most junior uniforms." Hiromi smiled, taking two hangers off the nearest rack and handing them over. "If you impress Miss Sayaka she will upgrade you to full time maids and give you a uniform like mine!"

Hiromi was dressed in a simple pink and white dress with a short, puffy skirt, thigh high socks and a lacy headband, all of which had ribbons and bows attached far more than was necessary. Compared to her, their outfits seemed rather plain. They were the same in build, but black and white in colour, with the only other highlights being the lace and ribbons which were baby blush pink.

"Go get dressed, let's see who wears it better!" Hiromi gave them a playful wink but Mark got the real impression that she was somewhat serious.

Miss Sayaka seemed like a perfectionist who demanded the same of all her girls. Looks were important in a maid cafe, so whichever one of them was the cutest would likely make a difference in who made it through this trial. Aya gave him a look from the corner of her eye; she had come to the same conclusion no doubt. He knew it was rude but Mark let his eyes dip up and down her body to take in the competition. She was already in full make up, nothing gaudy, just enough to accentuate her already lovely features. She had bright, dark eyes, the sort that could switch from sweet and innocent to sultry and seductive with just a lowering of the lids.

Her build was more slight than his own and he couldn't help but let his lips twitch up in a slight smile; it was obvious he had the bigger cup size. Whether that counted for anything though, he would have to wait and see.

They took their uniforms and slipped into separate bathrooms; Mark was glad. He had mostly been changing in the dark the last few days to avoid really looking at his new body. Changing in front of two other women was daunting to say the least and seeing as he was actually a man a little taboo. At least in this form he didn't run the risk of getting a boner in front of them. He stripped off his pencil skirt and blouse and immediately was met with a problem. He was still wearing boxers, his pencil skirt had been tight enough to press the sides down to be invisible while being long enough there was no chance anybody could see. But one glance at his new, crinoline laden skirt told him that was not an option. The dress was only going to reach his mid thigh at best and of course there was no underwear included with his accessories. No, there was no other choice.

He had to go commando.

As he pulled the dress up his legs he shivered as the stuff, starched lace tickled at his inner thighs, tugging slightly at the unruly hair between his legs. He was going to have to look into getting some underwear of course but he could manage a single shift this way, he was sure. The layers of white and pink fluff all around his legs hid his little secret. He would just need to take small steps, just to be safe. The white apron covered his chest enough to cover his nipples easily enough just like the thick fabric of his blouse so there was no issue there either. Still, as he turned and the cool air wafted through the much thinner material he felt them stiffen. If they got too hard they might poke through; not a good look for a girly girl maid.

Next he uncurled the long socks, sliding them up his smooth legs and finding them oddly comfortable. The elastic around the ends held them tight at his thigh and he smiled, twisting and turning to admire his adorned feet. It was amazing how a thin layer of white with a little bow could make his legs look so much more alluring. Somehow, the lack of skin made them even more sexy, perhaps strippers back home could learn a thing or two from the Japanese when it came to teasing outfits.

He slid the lacy headband into his hair and smiled at the mirror, he looked quite cute! If he were still a man, he would certainly want to come in and have this face call him master. He giggled a little at the thought; flirting with himself, even he wasn't that conceited. The final touch, the black, polished mary janes, were a perfect fit and he took a deep breath. All he had to do was act cutesy and submissive right, how hard could that be? Especially when he already looked amazing. He laid a hand on the wrinkled, half soaked pages of his manga with reverence; he was doing this for art.

His confidence and drive evaporated in an instant as he exited the bathroom though; Aya was already waiting for him and if he thought his outfit worked, she was something else. How she had managed to make the uniform work so much better for her, he had no idea. Perhaps it was all those small details, like her perfect make up, adding up. Her hair was up in two pigtails, tied with thin bows. Suddenly his straight, half brushed hair started to itch as the water in it dried. What had seemed simple and classy in the mirror now felt boring to his eyes. Nobody would want to be served by him while Aya was a viable option. How was he screwing this up already?

Like a shark smelling blood in the water, Aya gave him a sly smile, her teeth glinting brilliant white. She knew she was winning in the looks department. She walked toward him, a gentle yet not noticeable sway shifting her skirt back and forth as her hips swayed. She took both his hands in hers.

“Good luck, may the best maid win!” She said it so brightly, anybody overhearing would assume they were old friends and her words were genuine, but he knew better.

He could hear the sharp edge to her tone; this was no slice of life story, this was Battle Royal. And if only one of them could win, Mark was going to make damn sure it was him. He gave her a soft smile.

“Oh yes, let’s work hard together Aya, I just know we’ll be the best of friends!”

Aya’s smile turned to a grin wide and wild enough to make the Cheshire cat envious. They were on the same wavelength. Mark liked that. At that moment Hiromi and Miss Sayaka returned, the latter looking over them both with an appraising eye, her lips twitched in a slight smile at Aya, Mark swallowed.

“Lovely.” She nodded to the other woman before turning to Mark, “Adequate. I expect you to do your hair and make up properly tomorrow. I will tolerate its lack today but not again, understand?”

“Yes Miss!”

Mark did his best to look confident; where was he going to get make up? More importantly, how was he going to learn to apply it properly and style his hair to a high enough standard by tomorrow?

“Now, we shall give you a full tour of our cafe, listen carefully. I do not like repeating myself.”

He and Aya nodded.

“Once we are finished you will go with Hiromi and she will introduce you to some clients. I expect you to make a good first impression.”

They were going to be thrown in the deep end. Despite their animosity Aya and Mark shared worried looks, perhaps they were in this together, at least partially. The juxtaposition between their dressing room and the cafe was intense. The bright, pastel colour scheme was easy on the eyes while not being overdone, half the room was taken up by a large white marble bar filled with all manner of concoctions, all decanted into cute or stylish glass bottles.

Each of the small round tables had a girl sitting with her clients, joking and laughing as they served drinks and even cut up their food. Mark started to feel queasy watching them, this might be a bit harder than he’d first thought.

‘Do it for your manga, Mark.’

Miss Sayaka explained that the building had three floors; Daisy, Sakura and Rose. Judging by the small vases of daisies on the table, it was easy to tell which the ground floor was. Above them were the Sakura and Rose levels, the latter being the most expensive; where

the highest quality, drinks, food and maids were. As beginners, they of course would not be permitted anywhere near there.

“You will work the Daisy Cafe until I see fit.” Miss Sayaka explained, “Moving up to the other floors is of course rewarded with higher pay, but there are other duties attached.”

“What sort of other duties?” Mark asked, only to be silenced with a sharp look.

“I shall explain those *if* you ever make it there.” She said coolly, “Worry about being accepted as a full time Daisy girl first.”

Clearly that had been the wrong question to ask.

“Alright, Hiromi, take them through the ropes with your next client. Test them out.”

“Yes miss! Come on girls.” She grabbed the pair of them by the wrist and dragged them to the door. “Don’t worry about her hard ass attitude, she’s always like that. I am sure if you work hard you’ll earn yourself a daisy in no time!”

She pointed to the intricate made flower attached to her headband.

“Now, when the door opens, smile really wide, bow and welcome the customers. Men are masters, women, princesses, got it?”

Aya nodded firmly, there was a fire in her eyes, Mark bit his lip. Next to the bubbly Hiromi and cute Aya he felt so plain and forgettable. If he didn't make a good impression on the clients there was no way Miss Sayaka would keep him on. Repeat clients who come back and request a specific girl were how most maid's made their big money right? If he could get just one person to request him, Miss Sayaka would be sure to hire him on a full time basis. The doorbell jingled as it opened and Mark put on his biggest, most welcoming smile.

“Welcome home, Master! Won’t you come in?” He greeted quickly before either of the other two could say anything, bowing low to the older Japanese gentleman and adding a little cutesy in for good measure.

His cheeks burned with humiliation but hopefully that just made the look rosy. The man chuckled.

“You said that so fast I could barely hear it all.”

Mark fumbled mentally, trying to think of a good comeback that wasn't insulting.

“So sorry about that master,” Hiromi said, “This is Makiko, she’s brand new.”

“And very eager!” Mark added, “I was simply too excited to meet you...master.”

The word left a funny taste on his tongue, one that was surprisingly not unpleasant. He watched as the man looked him up and down, a cocky smile told him he found Makiko’s

apparent desperation pleasing, that was good at least. His cheeks flushed in humiliation; he was happy this man desired him, how messed up was that? Was he truly so desperate for cash? He caught his reflection in one of the many mirrors decorating the entryway and swallowed. A pretty, young, Japanese maid looked back at him. Yes, he was that desperate, if he was ever going to earn enough to support another trip to that Kitsune's pool he needed to do this.

Hiromi took the lead, looping her arm through the gentleman's and leading him to a table at the back with extra chairs to accommodate them. The man in question was positively glowing; with three maids all to himself he was the envy of every other customer. Aya pulled back a chair and seated the man before they all joined him. After being beaten to the punch at the doorway she was not giving an inch.

"So what is your name, Master?" She asked, "Or would you prefer we simply use your title?"

"Takuto," He loosened his tie, "But either is fine."

"Oh, I shall call you by your first name then." Aya giggled, "It's so...intimate."

Hiromi gave her a pleased smile; Mark glanced around but there was no sign of Miss Sayaka. She had to be watching though, there was no way she would let two trial maids work their first client without her observing. Hiromi was helping Takuto sort through the menu while Aya asked his favourite flavours to assist in making a choice. Her voice was light and sweet and he could see Takuto relaxing under her gaze. She was running circles around him! It was one thing to answer Miss Sayaka's questions but actually flirting with a guy was not as easy as he assumed it would be.

"Don't mind Makiko." Aya waved her hand at their guest, "She's just shy."

"A shy maid?" Takuto scoffed, "That's...new."

Japanese maids were known for their bubbly, welcoming persona's and here he was sitting stiff as a board! Panic flooded his system, what would he want to hear in Takuto's position? Think, THINK! He remembered the Kitsune, how she'd made him feel guilty about her loneliness, how she'd drawn him in with a single look.

"I'm sorry." He sighed, trying his best to copy the kitsune's pout. "I just get so nervous around new...masters sometimes. I want to make a good impression and be friends but I worry I might say something silly and then everybody will laugh."

She shuffled his shoulders slightly, so that he 'accidentally' pushed up his breasts with his arms, biting down on his lip in what he hoped was a cute manner. It seemed to work, Takuto's eyes softening slightly as he shifted his chair closer to his.

"Just be yourself, I come here to make new friends, I can't do that if you hide away."

He said it so smoothly that Mark's heart gave a genuine flutter and his cheeks tinged pink with flattery. It was the kindest thing anybody had said to him in quite some time; before he

could stop himself, a girlish giggle escaped his lips and he blushed even deeper. Takuto turned back to the menu, ordering a cake plate to share with them, all the while his hand sat on Mark's thigh. It was subtle, probably not even noticeable for the others but it was as though there was an electrical current flowing from those fingers into his leg, pinning him in place. While he continued to talk and laugh with Aya, he never stopped touching Mark, his thumb rubbing circles on the skin until it was so oversensitive he almost had to move away. But he didn't, he wanted-no needed, Takuto to like him.

For the job.

Obviously.

By the time his hour was up Mark could hardly stand it. He felt a strange heat building between his legs and to his horror, he finally realised what it was; arousal. The realisation was followed quickly by shame but he had no time to dwell on it. They had just stood, ready to show Takuto out when he felt it, a pressure near just above his rear. He had only seconds to react when all of a sudden, the pressure exploded outwards and he gasped, feeling his spine all of a sudden lengthen and the back of his skirt lift slightly. He glanced down and over his shoulder, mouth agape.

A tail.

A red, bushy fox tail. He wiggled it experimentally; a mixture of horror and shock turning his mind blank as the new limb wafted air against his bare pussy.

“Makiko?”

He turned, doing his best to hide his tail beneath his skirt and the table. Hiromi was looking at him expectantly.

“We need to see Master out.”

“Of course.”

What was he going to do? He couldn't just walk out with a fox tail! Now everybody was staring; Hiromi with a furrowed brow, Aya with a victorious look on her face and Takuto who seemed irritated; he may have shared kind words but clearly he came here from the proper maid experience, none of which was coming from him. He had no choice. He stepped forward; guts roiling with shame and humiliation and-

The tail was gone. Vanishing into thin air as he took a step. For what reason he could not say but he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Sorry Master, I was just so sad to see you go.” He tried, Takuto's face softened.

Time for a bold move.

“If...if you wouldn't mind I would love for you to request me next time you come.” He gave a demure smile, “You make me so much more comfortable. I am sure I could become a much better maid if we practise together.”

He put special emphasis on the word together, nobody knew Takuto's hand had been on him all afternoon. He would get the hint and hopefully, take the bait.

“Perhaps I will.” He said smoothly, “I'll be back next week, I hope to see you then.”

Mark beamed, Aya glowered. Even if his performance had not been the best, he basically had a request after only one client. There was no way he would be kicked out of the trial now. But along with his money trouble he now had a new issue; why did he grow that fox tail? And how was he going to stop it happening again?