

Mini-Story: Clean Up Your Act! (Sexy Maid GF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Tidy roommate Connor is frustrated by the constant mess of his counterpart Brett. But after the latter finds a wish voucher, Connor finds himself turned into exactly the kind of cleaning maid that Brett needed all along, not to mention a very sexy and lusty one.

Clean Up Your Act!

Those were the words I used to say all the time to my roommate Brett: "Clean up your act!" He was always making a mess everywhere he went, always failing to clean up, trash piled everywhere. The sinks were dirty, the shower never cleaned, and he put his bag and his things anywhere and left them where they were. The man even left socks and shoes in the middle of the living room floor! Naturally, as a neat freak myself (they used to call me 'Clean Connor' for a reason), I was put out by this. I even started to look for other places to rent, but the market was so damn competitive.

"It'll be fine," Brett said.

"Please, the only way it'll be fine is if you get a personal maid!"

"I hope she's a sexy French maid if I do," he said with a smirk, before returning his attention to whatever he was cooking in the kitchen, which would no doubt lead to another apocalyptic mess.

Unfortunately, just several days later, Brett returned to our place holding a weird golden ticket. I made the usual movie joke, but he seemed oddly excited.

"It was glowing! Seriously! I found it during my jog in the park, and it seriously looked magical, like someone had dropped it by accident instead of thrown it away. Look!"

It said 'Wish Voucher - Free for One Wish' on the side, plus a heap of small stipulations about being unable to create life or cause death etcetera.

"Sure man," I said. "Why don't you wish to become better at cleaning up?"

Brett chuckled, clutching the voucher. "I'd much rather wish for a sexy redhead French maid who's totally into me to do all my cleaning for me."

Instantly, the wish voucher poofed out of existence in his hand, emitting a bright flash of light. I yelled in shock, but even as I did, something happened to my voice; it went *up*. Brett watched in shock - as did I *on top* of feeling it - as my body suddenly warped and changed, the magic of the voucher not only real but affecting me. My shoulders slimmed, my waist contracted, my hips flared out dramatically. My body hair fell away, and to my utter horror I grew a pair of *very* ripe female melons upon my chest, large enough that they ripped

my shirt, exposing an impressive amount of cleavage. I groaned in my new feminine voice as my hair turned a fiery red and spilled down my shoulders, while my face reconfigured into the very image of feminine beauty. My lips became pert and pouty and full, my eyes an emerald green with perfectly contoured eyebrows, and a light touch of dark eyeshadow framed them well, just as the red lipstick on my new lips made me all the more enticing. I moaned in discomfort and reluctant pleasure as my penis snaked back up inside my body, a new tunnel forming which led straight to the new uterus I had also just developed. Even my backside rounded out, becoming full and pert and beautiful. Lastly, even my clothes changed, altering to become a sexy French maid uniform with a low cut to expose my cleavage and a short hem so that my spectacular thighs were on display between my skirt and my stockings.

“Ohhhhhhh,” I moaned. “What have you done to me? *Zis* is sooooo weird!”

It was then that I realised that I didn’t even *sound* like an American anymore; I was speaking in a sexy French-accented soprano.

“Holy shit, the magic was real!” Brett declared. “Oh crap, it turned *you* into my maid!”

It did. My eyes were wide, my gorgeous face expressing shock, but at the moment he said *maid* the next words just came from me: “*Of course, monsieur. I am your maid, and zis mess will take care of itself!*”

I couldn’t resist the compulsions, the instinct to clean for him. I got to work instantly, cleaning up his mess, gathering the trash, and already planning how to deal with the kitchen and the sink. I complained to Brett as I did so, but I couldn’t stop calling him ‘master’ or ‘monsieur’ in my sultry new voice. Worse, I was starting to feel another need growing; a wetness between my thighs every time I looked at him. I could tell he was just as aroused by the sight of me too; his hard on wasn’t subtle, nor was his gaze upon my breasts and behind.

In the end, it all proved too much. I realised that part of his wish would be that I was super into him, and I almost couldn’t blame him for being super into me; I was a goddamn bombshell, and in a sexy uniform to boot. I succumbed first, pushed forward by the magic; my brain was now one hundred percent straight for dudes and totally loyal to Brett above all else. Once I had done a big round of cleaning, putting on a show for him, I came right up to him, pressed my big chest against him (what a strange feeling that was), and placed my hands over his neck.

“Well, monsieur, shall I get to work polishing something else as well?”

I lowered my hand to rub his enormous erection, and he was putty in my hands, just like I was putty in his. I got a very female education in sex that day, and then again, and then again and again and again,.

All of this was months ago. As far as I can tell, I’m stuck like this for good, and there’s no going back. We can’t find anything about the wish voucher, but then again I don’t think

Brett tries too hard, especially when he enjoys my addiction to 'polishing his knob' with my mouth each morning. He also liked to fuck me from behind in the kitchen; something about doing me in the space I most complained about his mess is not just a massive turn on to him, but me as well.

I'll just have to get used to it, I suppose. I'll be his live-in maid girlfriend forever - probably his wife one day, who knows. Maybe the mother of his children too, if we keep not being careful about protection. But one thing's for sure, above all else: I'll be cleaning up his act for good now, and in more ways than one.

The End