

The Thief and the New Maid

By: Firingwall

CRACK! Part of a backdoor's window is cracked open in the middle of the night. An arm reached through after the remaining glass is cleared away, unlocking the deadbolt and the lock on the handle. With them undone, the door slowly opened and a man dressed in all black with a ski mask quietly stepped into the building.

It was midnight in a very quiet, ancient neighborhood. The whole area was a small gated community, surrounded by forest as far as the eye could see, with nothing here but mansions within it. The thief, a man named Jack, had chosen this particular house to burglarize after learning from a friend of a friend of a friend that the owners would be gone for an entire week.

With the house also apparently lacking a staff, Jack was confident that there would be no one in the building to stop him. As such, he took his time walking through the mansion and taking note of everything he'd see. Silver candlesticks, expensive paintings, rare treasures, pricy jewelry, and fancy electronics were all the things he kept his eye out for.

After about ten minutes of taking note of all the treasures he saw, he made his way over into the left wing from the main portion of the building. There were several different rooms to go through, making it hard for him to choose. He let out a small, exhausted sigh and entered a room several doors down from the end of the hall.

It was a very large room with several different beds, night stands, and dressers. It was quite the interesting sight, but to him, it made him nervous. *Dammit*, he thought, glancing around, *this is like a servant's room or something. My intel was wrong... but I haven't seen anyone else around... maybe they are all out for the night?*

Jack wasn't so sure about that as he thought about that, *okay... new plan! Even though I haven't seen or heard anyone else around, but I'll just leave. I'll grab two of the candlesticks and just get back to base just in case someone returns soon.*

However, he never got a chance to enact his plan. From right behind him, a very cheerful voice hissed, "Nyaaa!! What's this?! A thief nya in mistresses' home?!"

The lights in the room turned off and the door slammed shut. Jack spun around and saw two maids standing behind him, their hands on their hips and a strong glare in their eyes. Their gaze and fierce stares aren't what caught his attention though.

It was the fact that they didn't look like any maid had ever seen before. Both maids were covered in fur, one in white and the other in black. They had large, furry ears that were bent backwards on the top of their skull, furry tails that were raised and sticking out of their dresses, and soft, short muzzles with whiskers to them.

They were catgirls and maids at that as well. Jack flinched, looking at the inhuman creatures that laid before him. He looked around the area quickly, trying to weight his options

and figure out what to do. His eyes shown laid on the large window at the back of the room. It was his only chance to escape!

However, less than a second after he stepped forwards, the black catgirl hissed, “Nya-ah! You’re going nyawhere!”

She snapped her fingers and the man was lifted into the area by a glowing, light-green aura of green that encircled him. He could move his legs and arms, but getting anywhere? That was simply out of the question now.

“Put me down!” yelled Jack, “You can’t do this to me!”

“Nya we can!” white catgirl growled, “You’re a nya man, breaking in our home and doing who nyaows what!”

“Wait til we nyall the police meow!” huffed the black catgirl, “Then we’ll how you’ll nya deal with that.” It felt like the whole world froze right there and then for Jack. Only thirty and he was on his second strike with the criminal justice system. One more and he would go away for a very long, LONG time.

“No please!” Jack stated, “Don’t call the police! I promise I won’t ever do this again!”

The catgirls did not seem amused or partially swayed by his pleas. In fact, the white catgirl reached into a pocket of her maid’s uniform and pulled out a cellphone. She smirked and waved the phone at him, hitting the 9 button on it.

“No!” Jack yelled again, even more frantic and desperate, “I’ll... I’ll... I’ll do whatever you want! Anything you want and I promise to make a single noise about it, just don’t call the police on me!”

As the catgirl moved to press “1”, she stopped and glanced at him curiously. Her head cocking to the side and an eyebrow arching, she asked, “Really? You will do anything we want? No exceptions and no complaints?”

Jack knew the woman had something in mind, something particularly nasty and probably embarrassing given the sly smile and whisking of her tail. However, he had no other option and he was in no position to bargain otherwise. He sighed and stated, “Yes... I will do whatever you want. Just... just no police!”

“Well,” the black catgirl, smirking herself now, replied innocently, “I suppose if nya insist and are being THAT generous.” With another snap of her fingers, the aura around Jack dissipated and he fell onto the ground before them. Part of him screamed at him to try and attack them, but he knew that wasn’t wise. They were not women to be trifled with.

“Nya!” declared the white catgirl, “Let’s start with introductions nya~ I am Elizabeth and nya best friend is Lizzie! Meow, we’re the maids of this nyavely establishment!”

see what had happened when he saw his reflection from a distance. He now had cat ears just like the maids.

However, the second he got really close to the mirror, he saw something else within it. It was his hands. They were hairy just like his ears. Bringing them closer to his face, they were definitely covered in a light-blond shade just like his own ears. The fur went completely around the entirety of his hands, which had light-pink pads on each of his fingertips and his palms.

“C-c-cat paws?!” Jack gasped, wiggling his fingers, “That’s, like, not cool at all!”

“But it totally is nya!” said Lizzie, “Being a cat is nyasome!”

“But wh-why?!” he stated nervously, “This is... is... ah... not very cool! I thought it was gonna be like washing the floors and moving things around! Why am I turning into a cat?!” The words were having trouble coming to his lips, his voice sounding awfully lighter and perkier as well.

“Because to work here nya, you gotta be catgirl!” Elizabeth exclaimed, “It makes total sense nya!” Fur began spreading up Jack’s arms from his hands, quickly climbing up and reaching his shoulders. As the fur spread though, his body began to shrink. Muscle mass began decreasing like mad and body fat simply melted away almost as quickly. He soon had a body type just like the other maids.

“That doesn’t... doesn’t make sense!” Jack firmly stated, “It’s... like... ah... it’s not... right! I think?” It was slowly becoming harder for Jack to explain things. He knew what was going on had to be illegal, but the words weren’t forming correctly in his brain.

“Nya say that but I don’t know,” Lizzie said, “you’re not making a convincing argument honey. Are you kinda dumb nya?”

Jack huffed, whiskers popping out of his cheeks, as the blond fur covered his shoulders and neck. He firmly stated, “Nya I’m not! I am a total smart cookie I’ll have you... know!”

“Then you’ll have nya trouble at doing chores and helping us around the meowsion!” giggled Elizabeth.

The growing pelt soon spread to Jack’s face and covered it barely ten seconds. As fur moved over his mouth and nose, his face stretched out and nose turned bright pink. His nose turned upwards and reshaped into a wet cat nose, being pushed out all with his developing muzzle. Soon, his face looked completely feline.

“But I, like, don’t wanna work here as a catgirl!” Jack stated, turning from the mirror to face the girls, “I’m... I’m ah... I just wanna work here as a guy and stuff...”

“But you said you would do anything to avoid being in trouble nya!” Elizabeth pointed out, placing her hands and her hips, “You’re not a big liar, are ya?” Jack’s hair began changing as well,

the shade and style of it shifting to match his more girlish-look. The color went from black to a lovely honey-brown shade as it grew several inches longer, just past his shoulders. The hair turned wavy and developed a lovely shine to it as it was out of a shampoo commercial.

“Do we meow need to call the police?” asked Lizzie, reaching in her pocket to pull out her cellphone.

“No nya!!” Jack pleaded, “I’m good! NYA! I’ll be good!” With those words, fur spread down over his legs and two his feet. Hidden from sight, his feet converted into cute, furry cat paws with pads and claws of their own. To wrap up, a slim tail slithered out between the top of his pants and bottom of his shirt, whisking from side to side.

However, that would be the last changes. After several seconds had past, Lizzie and Elizabeth looked at each other strangely. They hurried up to Jack and looked him all over curiously, even grabbing and feeling at several parts of his body. “Nya!” he whimpered, blushing heavily, “that’s, not like, cool! What’s the matter?”

“You’re cute and all nya,” Elizabeth huffed, placing her paws on her hips, “but you are just a feminnie catboy! NYA!”

“Mistresses only want catgirls!” Lizzie explained, snapping her fingers, “but we got the power to nya fix that~” Jack disappeared in a big cloud of smoke. His voice could be heard coughing within it, his entire form nearly covered by the cloud. The smoke did dissipate, revealing him again... and his new cute, and matching, maid outfit.

“What did nya do?!” Jack gasped, looking down at himself, “Why do I have to wear... OOOHHH!!!” Suddenly, he felt a rush of heat zooming through his body, his body undergoing on final transformation. His waist pushed inwards as his hips grew wider and his rear end turned plump and round, giving him a big old bubble butt. Lastly, in his chest, a heavy set of C-cups burst forth, stretching her soft maid dress around them.

“Because you’re a catgirl meow!” Lizzie giggled, “And, meow, the official uniform of all catgirls in this meowsion is a maid outfit! Welcome to the family! You’ll nya fit right in here!”

“NYYYYYAAAAAAA!!!!” cried Lizzie as she came rushing to Elizabeth, busying washing the windows on the inside of the mansion, “She doesn’t fit in NYA!!”

It was over a week now and things have been... difficult with Jack, now going by Jackie. “Oh great,” grumbled Elizabeth grumbled, “Nya! What did she break now?”

“Just come and see meow!” Lizzie hurried, grabbing her friend’s arm and pulling her towards the kitchen. When they arrived, the white catgirl saw the problem right away. Several plates and glasses had been broken, the dishwasher was leaking water all over, and the oven was partially on fire. The blonde catgirl maid could be see frantically spraying down the oven with

the fire extinguisher, partially putting out the flame and partially covering everything else in the room with the gooey substance.

“Give me that!” hissed Elizabeth, yanking the extinguisher from Jackie’s hand and finally putting the blaze out herself, “How did nya this happen?!”

“I-I-I was, like, trying to cook yummy fish for us when...” Jackie whimpered, “Nya... when I... when...” Her eyes start watering and she looks like she’ll break out into tears at any second.

However, Elizabeth sighed and said, “Just... just go get a shower and clean up. I’ll make dinner for us, okay?” Jackie nodded and hurried towards the door. However, she slid on the water and went sailing into the opened pantry. Soon, the sounds of crashing cans and bottles could be heard from within.

“Oh nya!!!” cried Lizzie, hurrying for the pantry to check on the damage.

She’s caused more problems than either me-ow and Lizzie do in two years! Grumbled Elizabeth within her mind, ...so many broken and dirty things all over! Mistresses will not approve of any of this! Maybe... nya, maybe I should have just called the police.

THE END