

MAID TO ORDER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The nekomata, Hisa, was incredibly bored.

Well, in all honesty? That was nothing new. But in this case she had gone to all of the trouble of not only redesigning her personal realm into a Victorian-style manor, but she was even sitting pretty in a brand-new form. While she typically fancied herself into the body of a child, she sat upon a tacky throne within that manor with the body of an attractive, young woman just barely eighteen years of age. Why not play the part of a spoiled heiress for a bit? Or so had been the intention there. There was just one problem with that plan.

“I HAVE NO ONE TO BOSS AROUND!”

What was the point of pretending to be rich and important, then? A rich ojou-sama needed company of sorts! But that was when she developed a *great* idea. If her realm lacked the individuals necessary to play to the live action roleplaying opportunity she so desired, then she could simply bring those individuals in, could she not?

An exhausted sigh escaped the lips of Kay, a young man that had promptly found himself in a strange room. There were no doors that he could perceive, and instead all four walls of the tiny space was made up of what appeared to be *mirrors*. He didn't know how he had suddenly ended up there *exactly*, particularly since he was still dressed in a loose outfit he'd worn to bed, but he could fathom a guess. ***“Hisa?”***

If there was any force capable of such a feat, then it was certainly Axel's young creation. This meant that she had some sort of scheme in the works, and depending on what that implied for *him* he could either love it or hate it. The girl did not respond, but on the other hand? Something strange clicked in the young man's brain, and it was so strange that he felt prompted to even say it aloud.

“No, *Mistress* doesn't like it when I call her by her name.”

...*Mistress*? Since when had he begun to think of Hisa with a title that suggested he was in service to her? Yet the very idea *did* bring his heart to pitter-patter a little. It almost made him curious about what was to come, since considering Hisa's nature... she seldom changed targets into men, and if it meant embracing his feminine side entirely literally, then he wasn't exactly the sort to protest.

Well, seeing as he was completely surrounded with mirrors, it wasn't all that difficult for him to notice when the very first physical change took shape. Or took *color* and *size*, in this case. While typically short and dark brown, the tippy tops of his miniature locks seemed to lighten in color dramatically – not simply to a lighter brown, but to a *red* that bordered pastel in lightness. **“Oh!”**, he shouted with some surprise once he'd caught sight of it, but its length was blowing out as well. Not just subtly, but it became incredibly shaggy on top while cascading down his back in waves from behind. It fell and fell, until it rested just above his butt.

Only to fall so that it *covered* that butt, and not because the hair itself had grown longer. **“Wait... Did I just...?”** Seeing as the only notable points of interest in the room were the mirrors, he didn't have a place to gauge this assumption properly, but he was fairly sure he'd shrunk? His clothes were the greatest tell, what with his sky-blue boxers hanging to his knees loose, white v-neck hanging even farther down than normal. Although that shirt was even lopsided in how it rested upon his shoulders, in turn suggesting that the width between them had narrowed just as his body had collapsed.

Admittedly, Kay felt that if he moved his body even slightly, that something would fall off. **“I guess from *zis*, I can definitely determine that *Mistress* is likely... *Zis*? Why did I say it like *zat*?”** It certainly wasn't constant, but why had he slurred those two words in that way? Although while he had done so, the colors of his eyes changed to a much paler brown than they typically were – decorated with lashes that were far longer... because they *had* to be to match just how big and wide those eyes had grown.

In fact, the young man's face was beginning to look increasing less like, well, a young man's face. Kay immediately took notice of what had happened to his eyes and moved closer to the nearest mirror, before beginning to make a number of expressions with his face. **“Oh... I'm looking pretty cute, aren't I?”** There was no frustration about this fact, not as his lips grew plump and glossy, or his cheeks grew both fuller and rounder to give him the complexion of an attractive, fair maiden. Rather, he found himself embracing the idea – not because of the transformation, but due to a desire he'd always carried deep down.

This was why he didn't exactly mind Hisa fucking around with him in such a way.

“I do appear quite cute, zat is undeniable! Even my voice iz like a woman's now!” A younger woman, to boot. With his height and facial change, he appeared to be closer to the twenty mark than he had been before, even if it wasn't *that* dramatic of an age change. He'd continued to slur his S's strangely with certain words, but it had begun to sound more like an accent than anything.

Without a single warning sign, the *woman* squeaked with a combination of both shock and delight. The snake between her legs had buried within the breadth of her loins, burrowing deep to present her with a new orifice and altered inner organs to better match those of a woman that could, perhaps one day, give birth. Yet those loins ached strangely, and for a brief moment Kay could think of nothing but *fucking*. It was brief, but the silhouettes of bat-like wings, a forked tail, and curled horns flashed against her visage, only to disappear.

“Oh! It really happened. Oui! I 'ave become une femme! A woman!” With her accent even thicker than before, there was some gratuitous French sprinkled in. **“Why do I feel zo... Oh la la, though? Almost like a demon!”** Speaking of thicker, however...

Kay's hips suddenly spring to life, stretching the loose waistband of his shorts and the authentic boxers beneath to their maximum stretchiness. With ample space procured, the young woman began to rapidly *fill out*. Whether it was her thighs or her ass, they ballooned similarly with periodic jiggles that stretched both her skin and the fabric of the clothes around them. Before long, her thick ass was peeking out over the hem of her shorts, while the legs of them were grappling thighs that nearly met in the middle with an extraordinary tightness.

Still rather aroused, fingers delicately ran themselves across the curves of her new bottom – those same fingers exemplifying a newfound femininity and lengthened nails that was similarly demonstrated by the softened heels and narrowed tootsies of her feet below. Those fingers

eventually wrapped around to the front, where they dove beneath her boxers and past her small bush of crimson pubes to probe her new loins for just a moment. Something stopped her. *I am not allowed to do zis without Mademoiselle's permission!*

If thinking of Hisa as her Master was the key to retaining this cuteness and beauty, then Kay had no regrets about it. In fact, her reactions had been slowly becoming more serious and more mature the more she had accepted it. But there was one area that had yet to truly flourish... *briefly.*

Her chest soon exploded in size in a way that was so suddenly that the V-neck of her shirt was quickly stretched, and torn, into a *triple* V-neck with how the front was lowered. This was no surprise, for in a matter of seconds her flat chest had erupted into a pair of humongous tits that were bigger than her head *each*, bounding freely and fuller with a size that surely were meant to appeal to someone's very specific tastes.

“Non! I cannot be caught dressed like zis!” was the last remark she made before her ill-fitted clothes disappeared, only to be replaced with a maid uniform sporting wholly open cleavage, white tights, black pennyloafers, a black collar, and a frilly headdress. She wasn't wearing panties beneath those tights either – another taste of her employer's preferences.

Kay had embraced her new role in its entirety, and *Claudine* was the existence as which she presented now. A busty, twenty-year-old, red-headed French maid that was of the succubus persuasion, although her mistress requested that she keep her more monstrous features hidden at all times. **“Sacré bleu! How is it zat I ended up in zis room? Non! Mademoiselle with be quite angry with me if she findz out about zis!”** As far as she could recall, this room and the one adjoined was entirely off limits!

She knew deep down that this serious personality of hers was *wrong*, and that this loyalty of hers to Hisa was *wrong*, and that this sexual appetite she could



feel roiling about within thanks to her succubi nature was *wrong*. But there was little she wanted to do about it. She'd prefer to stay this way forever if she could. Every nook, cranny, and rule about this manor? She now knew it. And she knew one of her responsibilities was to clean it.

But before she could shuffle out, she noticed it. Had one of the mirrored walls turned into a window? She could see a man on the other side.

Axel squinted at one of the 'mirror' walls in the tiny room of mirrors he'd suddenly found himself dropped into. This was all Hisa's doing, in all likelihood, but he was uncertain about his 'reflection' in this mirror. Instead of reflecting his own appearance like the other ones did, there was a young woman with red hair and an impressively sized bust done up in a maid uniform. He would have simply assumed she was just another victim, but she was mirroring his every gesture.

...Because Hisa had asked Claudine to do this until his transformation was complete.

“That’s just one of her tricks, then? Hisa!? What are you doing now!?” No reply, naturally. Instead there was some mental feedback that Axel hadn't expected. *Oopsie! I shouldn't call mistress so casually or she'll punish me!*

Mistress? Since when did he...? Actually, wait. He'd gone to scratch his chin while dwelling upon this, but the girl in the 'mirror' had copied him. It made him take notice of her long, delicate fingers – and he was left unaware of the fact that his own fingers had changed to mimic them, lengthened nails and all. This was going to be an ongoing trend, as Hisa had seen it fit to spice up her creator's assimilation since she hardly got much of a reaction out of him typically.

In fact, his clothes were already a mirror match to the ones that the redhead was wearing. Well, for the most part. Rather than tights, he was wearing thigh high leggings – and he did in fact have white panties on underneath. **“...Wait.”** It didn't take him long to notice, either. After all, he could feel how tight the dress was around his chubby gut, as well as the cool air against his bare chest and the disturbance of a headdress in his short, brown hair.

“Why did *Mademoiselle* put me into a maid uniform? I can only imagine, but...” *To serve her, of course! I love serving Mademoiselle!* No... *That* wasn't right. She was trying to turn him into her maid, or something? That was a relationship with Hisa he absolutely *didn't* want to have, yet as thoughts began to influence his personality, it was something he slowly became keener on.

In the meantime, physical changes had already begun to pick up in their pacing. The weight that made the dress feel so tight lessened gradually, tummy growing thinner and thinner until it was flat as a washboard, and was just the slightest bit toned as well. The weight of his legs though? It didn't diminish at *all*.

It was mostly in relation to Axel's thighs where this was the case, for after all of the hair that had decorated them was seemingly shaved away by a mysterious force, they actually began to look *fuller*. So much so that his hips were parted wider, and in the middle those thighs began to touch one another while properly filling out his thigh highs. "**Mon dieu!**" With a strange amount of enthusiasm he cried out his *surprise* in French, even though Hisa's transformations hardly surprised him anymore.

It was more like his nature had been altered by the transformation to make it so that he *would* be surprised. Not only was he growing increasingly more expressive, but more energetic to match.

"**Ah! Zit is crushing my little guy!**" He attempted to adjust his posture several times to accommodate for the thickness of his legs, but with his hips so wide now he couldn't prevent them from pressing down on his dick – which was already being suffocated by the white panties. This certainly wasn't helped by the fact that his ass had swollen to rival that of Claudine's in the 'mirror', pulling his undergarments even tighter in the front to make up for the weight in the back.

She then sighed a breath of relief once all of that tightness subsided, if only because... "**Ah! Zit is gone! And my voice zis so adorable!**" Axel fondled her loins through her panties a moment, having reached up her skirt to do so. There was a flicker of something demonic against her features around the same time as well, but she didn't grow nearly as aroused as her other half had as a result.

Axel's facial features had garnered no shortage of femininity once her sex had been changed, and slowly it came to mirror the woman in her 'reflection'. From the light brown eyes to the plump lips, to her tiny nose and big cheeks. The primary difference between the two was that her resting expression was far less serious, bordering coy instead. It didn't take much longer, then, for her locks to spill out in a manner that matched the other party, red curling in at the sides and being styled into two girlish tails on either side of her headdress.

"**Heehee! What waz I zo worried about? Mademoizelle treats me right, after all!**" While a part of the young maid attempted to resist even now, she found herself far too caught up in it all thanks to

her new demeanor. Being carefree about it just seemed *right*, and so she hardly even made a peep as the empty chest area of her maid uniform began to fill out. Unlike Claudine, who had her breasts smothered by a shirt, it was easier to see just how her flat chest came to inflate like a pair of balloons. Nipples engorged, sizes greater than quarters and color almost as red as her hair, they led the charge while a light blush permanently tickled the color of her cheeks above. Her match G-cups ultimately reached fruition, and once they had, and her transformation was complete, she came to a sudden reaction.

That was no reflection! That was her *twin sister* on the other side!

Swaying from side to side, *Colette* finally noticed that her 'reflection' was no longer mirroring her movements. But on the other hand, it was silly for her to think that, wasn't it? After all that was no reflection! That was her *twin sister*, Claudine! **“Ah! My zister! What are we doing in here!? Will our Mademoizelle not be mad with uz?”** It was evident that Colette's French accent was much thicker than Claudine's, but considering their new dynamic that wasn't all that surprising.

Claudine was the serious, perfectionist type, whereas Colette was high energy and much sillier, contrasting her original personality to a much greater degree. Claudine was the one who worked harder at speaking English, even though the two of them could theoretically speak any language fluently. Hisa just had a weird thing for accents.

The bouncier of the succubus maid twins went to press up against the glass pane between them, only to topple forward because there was no glass there at all! She was lucky that Claudine had managed to catch her. **“Do you ever look before you leap? Non! You always do zis, Colette! Zis is why so many vases break around the manor!”** Or so she could recall, even though she had only just arrived here ten minutes ago. The reality bending abilities of their mistress were quite astounding.



Case in point? The two of them suddenly found themselves standing in the main foyer of the manor, before the elder Hisa sitting upon her throne. **“You two are so noisy! But twin, French, succubi maids, hm? Yup, you two are super cute!”**

“Do you think zo!?! Oui! Aren’t I ze cutest!?” Colette was quick to blurt out, true to her new character as her huge milkers bounced about with a tiny hop on her part. The part of her that was Axel deep down didn’t even resist embracing this new personality. Going with the flow like this felt nice. At least until Claudine thwacked her over the back of the head. **“Ow!?! Zizter, zo mean!”**

“Colette, behave in front of ‘er, would you? Besides, we are identical ziblings, non? ‘owever, I ‘ave the charms of a zerious young beauty, far more refined than you.” It was clear that the two would begin bickering, so Hisa sought to end it before it began. She had intentionally made their dynamic like this. Claudine was only a few minutes older and was meant to be the mature, responsible one. Colette was slightly younger, and meant to be the bubbly *little* sister.

“Ahaha... Well! Your mistress is feeling a little lonely today, ladies! So put aside the cleaning for now! Your abilities as a succubus, I want to put them to the test in my bedchambers!” Both succubi perked up at the implication, the pair of them perpetually feeling an ache in their loins thanks to their demonhood.

“Oh la la, Mademoizelle! You mean, taking ze turnz?”

“Nah, the same time is fine!”

“Sacré bleu!”