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# Winter Maid

## Chapter 2 - A Rubbery Maid

"NO! You show me how to use it... I don't trust you!"

"Haha! Mia, I'm just trying to help you."

My little experience with the SusceptGear yesterday left both Brian and me excited about the prospects. This morning, while I was sitting on his laps, he was showing me the software I needed to program the hypno-device. From what I saw so far, the possibilities were endless.

What we agreed on right off the bat, was that we should continue with the maid character. Not only, as he told me earlier, the maid base program he had found was the most complete one, but on top of that, it was probably the role that would suit me best.

First off, I was a certified lazy person and wanted to improve that aspect of my life. I turned this house into a battlefield by leaving trash and things everywhere; my case was desperate. It was so bad that I even threw my winter coat on the floor instead of hanging it on the hook at arm's distance. If I were to rate my tidying and cleaning skills, I would probably give myself minus five out of ten.

When the SusceptGear had turned me into a slutty maid, it had forced me to clean the kitchen, and it had felt amazing! I was so proud of myself when I completed that task, so happy. If the device could teach me to be more aware of my dirty environment and act on it, it would be wonderful. I wished to correct that aspect of my personality, so Brian wouldn't have to do everything around the house anymore.

Another reason why the maid character would be good for me was that it turned me on to please Brian; that was how I enjoyed my sexual life. I was not a mindless slave to whom someone could do everything without consent, but I had this deep desire to please him sexually; to reach this goal, I needed to be open-minded. If Brian wanted to try something I was not sure of, I would give it a shot, and him liking it would increase my chances to enjoy it too. I could be a bit influenceable in bed, but it was a good thing, in my opinion.

"Show me how it works. Show me the setting that made me clean the kitchen last night."

"Just go under skills, cleaning, kitchen... then you'll see all the different cleaning tasks that pertain to that category."

"I see... WOAHA! There are so many."

"Yes, as I said, it's the most advanced base program I've found."

I scrolled down the list of tasks; there were probably a hundred items just for the kitchen. Some didn't apply to us, though. As an example, we didn't have a smoothie maker. There were too many tasks, but it was better to have more than not enough. I kept scrolling until I reached the dishes item. I clicked it, and Brian explained to me what I was looking at.

"So, the title means nothing, but if you look at the condition list, that is what triggered your desire to do the dishes. Yesterday when you saw the dirty plates in the sink, it activated that task."

"Oh, neat... but what is the instruction box under it? It's empty."

"I told you this device could do so many things, right. The dishes task currently is set to Personal Knowledge. It means you will rely on your knowledge to perform the task. If you know how to wash dishes, there is no need for the program to tell you how to do it."

"What if I don't know how to do a task? I would describe how to do it in the instruction box?"

"Yes, you could provide precise instructions to help you complete the task... Let me show you an example. Give me the mouse for a sec."

Brian, who had played with the software more than I did, quickly went back and selected the microwave cleaning task, this one had a set of instructions.

"So, I've never seen you clean a microwave before..."

"Heeey!"

"Hehe, it's true... You probably don't know how to clean it... In the instruction, it says to place a mug of water in the microwave and make it boil for 10 minutes before wiping the inside. It will help soften all the small food particles to make it easier to clean... did you know that?"

"Of course not."

"But look, there is more to it. An instruction could also call another task. Let's say you see dirty dishes. We could force you to undress before doing that task. We can set priorities. There are timers, too, for recurring tasks, like an alarm to trigger jobs."

"Okay... That's opening the door to so many hot things."

The program was awesome. The more Brian showed me what it could do; the more my imagination was running wild. I now understood why I had felt compelled to go give him a blowjob at a specific time; there had been a timer programmed for that.

"What about the kinky stuff. Can it make me like things?"

"Why am I not surprised by your question?"

"Stop it. You like kinky stuff more than I do. Don't even try to pretend you don't like my sexy nurse uniform."

"Alright, alright. The programmer added a whole section for the sexual lifestyle. If I go in it, there is an infinite list of kinks to enable or disable."

When the kink list appeared on the screen, my stomach twisted into a knot. There were so many of them. I didn't even know what most were. The vast majority were disabled; trying everything would take a lifetime.

"There are tons of settings for each of them, and I'm not sure what they all do. We will have to experiment gradually and learn."

"That's so cool. Hey, Brian. I want to try a task that I don't know how to do with Personal Knowledge, and then I want to compare how it feels if we provide instructions. I want to see what it's going to do to me."

"Sure, let's try it on an empty program. That way, you won't turn into a slutty maid while we are testing. Do you have a task in mind that you are not sure how to do?"

"Mmm... Making the bed? I mean, I can do it roughly, but I don't think I ever learned a proper technique."

"Okay, let's try and compare."

Brian went online and found a very detailed how-to. He then created a new task in a new program, added the bed-making job, set it to Personal Knowledge, and saved it.

"Oh, I wanted to try this one too," Brian said.

"What is it?"

"A setting that prevents you from stopping or removing the device yourself."

"Brian, that's nasty!"

"I'm just curious to see if it works. Hehe."

"Alright, upload it to the device and let go try it."

After saving the program and syncing it with the SusceptGear, we went to the bedroom. Our king bed was a mess, and I never made it by myself; this would be a good test. I placed the device on my head, and Brian activated it for me. Immediately, the good relaxing feeling was back.

It didn't take long. I got to work as soon as I looked at the bed. As per my knowledge of how to make a bed, I simply straightened the sheets and piled up the pillows until it looked pretty decent, as per Mia-standard. I was very proud of myself for accomplishing this, though.

I looked at Brian with a smile.

"Tada! Not bad, uh?"

"Hehe, good job, Mia. Here is the remote, you can turn off your device."

"Okay..."

He handed me the remote, and I just stared at it. I had a bizarre feeling, the same one which prevented me from stabbing my arm with a fork. I just didn't want to press the button. The more I tried, the less I could do it.

"Hehe, Brian... it's so weird... I can't press the button."

"Try taking off the SusceptGear then."

I placed the remote on the bed and reached the headband with my hands... and that was the extent of what I could do. I tried hard to pull it off my head, but I couldn't get myself to do it. I was truly stuck and confused until Brian switched it off for me.

"Haha, you should have seen your face. You tried hard."

"I know! What the... this thing is strong."

"It was cute to see you stuck like this. Alright, let me modify the bed-making job to rely on the detailed instructions."

"Now that I look at the bed, I kind of sucked at it..."

"I didn't want to say it, but... yeah..."

"Hey! I can say it, but you can't! Alright, just change the setting so we can check the difference."

After a quick round trip to the computer, we were back in the bedroom, ready to verify if this could improve my bed-making abilities. I wasn't too confident it would work; this hypno-device surely had its limits.

Brian pressed the button to activate my program, and I went back to my happy place, instantaneously. Of course, he had destroyed my previous work by pulling the sheets around to make it look as if we had a hot sex session. When my hypnotized eyes landed on this mess, I felt the urge to fix it.

I got to work and pulled off all the sheets; that was a surprise. Then, very methodically, I followed the procedure that was unconsciously fed to me by the SusceptGear. It was so strange; the instructions didn't come to me as a voice but as knowledge. When I fitted the contour sheet, I just knew what to do, and it felt right.

It took me a while to do the task, but I was very focused and was doing it perfectly. Honestly, this felt much better than my first attempt. A little voice in my head was saying, "Ah! This is amazing!" I didn't think that reaction was forced on me by the device; I really was happy to accomplish something so well. I guess my inability to do anything right around the house was weighing on my morale more than I thought.

"Wow... That is incredible!" Brian said.

"Hehe, turn it off now."

"Sure... Done."

"Did I really do this all by myself?"

"It appears so. I didn't expect this."

It took much more time than my first attempt, but the bed was pristine. There was not a single wrinkle; it was picture perfect. I couldn't help but imagine the positive changes it could have on me. I had the potential to become so useful around the house and unload all that hard work off Brian's shoulders. The thought made me so happy.

"Okay, I really want to be your sexy maid now!"

"Really? Well, that sounds like a winning scenario to me."

"I guess you are a lucky man, yes, but I want to do it for myself too. I always felt guilty about my laziness, and knowing I can change and be helpful is thrilling."

"Aaah! You are always too hard on yourself. I didn't mind doing the work around the house. But yes, if you start helping a bit more, we would be able to spend more time together. So, it's all good. I will program the base software for you with a few tasks."

"NO! I told you! I don't trust you! You'll make me do all kinds of funny things if I let you. That software goes on my laptop, and I'm changing my password."

I was kidding, of course; I didn't think Brian was going to do anything nasty to me; he was not like that. Still, it was my brain, and I just wanted to make sure the control was in my hands. His help would be precious on an as-needed basis. On top of that, keeping him in the dark about how I programmed myself would provide him with many surprises; the list of kinks was extensive, I could enable some of them when I felt like exploring.

I took the device off my head, switched it off and looked at it with a bit of guilt. Two days ago, I had given Brian a hard time for spending so much money on the Suscept Gear, and now I was the one who was getting to play with it. It was time for a proper apology for my strong negative reaction.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Hey... I'm sorry for giving you a hard time about the device."

"Aaah, Mia, it's all good. Don't worry about that. You were not wrong to react that way. Even I didn't know it was going to be this amazing."

"I know, but still... It was not okay to treat you like a child just because you wanted to try something new. So, I want to give you a gift as an apology."

"A gift? I like gifts!"

"If I'm going to play maid, I need to wear a proper uniform. So, I'll let you choose one for me."

"Really? Even if I pick a sexy maid uniform?"

"Yup. You are the one that is going to look at me all the time, so I want to wear something that you will like."

"Mmm... Latex!"

"What? Latex?"

"Yes, I want you to wear a black and white latex maid outfit?"

"Can we go with satin instead?"

"Nope, you asked me to choose, and that is my choice."

"Fine, but only if you make love to me right now, on top of this magnificent bed, which I made with passion."

"Deal!"

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The following two weeks had been a lot of fun. We ordered my uniform together the same day I proposed it, and it was supposed to be delivered today. I was lucky enough to have a very generic, sexy body; I didn't need to order something custom-made; otherwise, I would have had to wait much longer.

We also agreed that I wouldn't use the SusceptGear until I received my uniform. I wanted my first experience to be an amazing one. Anyway, I needed a lot of time to review the whole maid program to ensure there was nothing nasty hidden anywhere in it. I made some awesome discoveries during that process.

One of them being a full clothing inventory system. It allowed me to create sets to associate with different tasks. In the morning, I could prepare a pile of clothes for Brian to wear at work, as an example. I couldn't believe how granular it was.

For myself, I entered all the latex items I was about to receive in the mail, and every time I would be a maid, they would be the only clothes I would be allowed to wear. That was pretty exciting to me, and it was the kind of secret I kept away from Brian; I was doing this for us, not just for me.

Unfortunately, another thing I didn't tell him was that latex wasn't my thing at all. I knew it was something a lot of people found sexy, but for me, it was not doing it. When I asked Brian to pick my uniform, and he chose the most rubbery maid outfit he could find, my heart sank a bit. At the time, I planned on wearing what he wanted for a short time, then maybe ask him for something else I liked more later. But I had regrets; I should have been honest and told him right away that I didn't want to wear latex. After making him spend all that money on my new uniform, it was too late to change my mind.

I felt bad until, while browsing the list of kinks included in the program, I found one labeled "latex/rubber." It was exactly what I needed. If this device could convince me that washing dishes was fun, it could perhaps convince me that latex was my thing. While I would be a maid, enabling this kink would maybe make it more tolerable.

The other thing I found was that each kink had a sub-menu called "conditioning." That sounded scary, but there was a short description that explained what it was for. The SusceptGear was supposed to take me into a deeper trance for a determined amount of time to enforce the kink into my subconscious. I thought about it, and it was probably a good idea to use it to get over my dislike of latex, at least it was worth a try.

That aside, I was not the only one who was preparing for this little maid game. Now that Brian knew I was going to do some of the house cleaning, if not all of it, he decided to go extreme and stop doing anything around the house to show me how bad it would get without attention.

Dishes piled up, dust accumulated, clothes took over the place, and I wouldn't even mention the bathrooms. Brian thought it was funny only because he knew I was the one generating this uncontrollable chaos.

The thought that I would have to clean everything by myself and maintain it made me quite nervous. What was I doing to myself? I also had an opposite emotion; I was seriously looking forward to how fun this was going to be.

The only thing that was missing to get started was my uniform.

A few hours later, the box finally arrived, but they had left the package in front of the door. Because it was too cold, I forced Brian to bring it inside the house for me. He didn't argue since he was way more excited than me about this; he didn't have my latex reluctance. He grabbed a knife and walked up to the box, but I stopped him in his tracks.

"Hey! What do you think you are doing?"

"Well, I want to see your new uniform."

"No! That is not the plan!"

"Is there a plan?"

"Yes... I worked hard to configure the SusceptGear the way I wanted. Tomorrow you are going to work, and you will think about me wearing this latex suit all day. I will welcome you as a maid when you come back home. Only then you can play with me."

"Really? You don't even want to try it tonight?"

"No! And on top of that, you can't touch me anymore until you come back from work tomorrow."

"What? Ha, come on, Mia! That's just cruel."

I knew it would drive him nuts. This little curveball of mine was direct retaliation for his decision to stop cleaning the house for two weeks in a row. This was a nice excuse to hide my desire to try the device by myself first, if everything went well, only then I would be ready to "serve" Brian.

It was a lot of fun to turn into a real bitch for the rest of the day. I sexually teased him so much by giving a blowjob to my banana while moaning, walked around naked, I even masturbated next to him while we were watching a movie. Tomorrow night, when he would come back from work, I was going to get it hard.

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"See you tonight, little maid."

"Nooo! You can't kiss me!"

"Haha. Have a great day."

It was not fair; I was not fully awake, and he took the opportunity to kiss me on the cheek before leaving for work. Ah, well, I would overlook this minor infraction this time around. The clock indicated 7 am, time to prepare a fun day.

I took a shower, had a small breakfast, and then brought the box containing my latex uniform upstairs to empty the content on our bed. A strong smell of latex reached my nose, which made me cringe.

"Aaah, I remember now, I don't like this smell at all, it stinks. Anyway, I said I was going to do it, so I will. It won't kill me."

Even if I didn't like the material, the uniform he picked for me was pretty cute. The bra, panties, and long stockings were black with white latex frills, and the dress itself was beautiful. It had long sleeves, a high neck, and a skirt that was just long enough to hide my butt cheeks. The white frills at the edge of the dress, around the cuffs and the neck, would match the small white latex apron and headband.

"Alright, let's do this, Brian is so going to love it."

I undressed completely, tossing my clothes on the floor out of habit, and grabbed the latex panties. I climbed into them and pulled them up; they were snug and warm, but it felt odd. Same with the bra, which fitted me perfectly, but I sure wasn't loving the way latex was gripping me.

Next to go on were the latex stockings. I wasn't used to wearing things like this, so it took a while to put them on. I guess I didn't have a proper technique. I pinched my skin more than once during the process.

What I saw in the full-length mirror was not unpleasant at all, though. There was not a chance in the world Brian could resist me, and I would undoubtedly get fucked hard.

Then I turned to the rubber dress.

"Ah! It smells like a car tire. Ah, well, not much I can do about that now. It's my fault for not telling Brian in the first place."

I unzipped the back and climbed in it. As I was trying to pull it up, it kept sticking to my stocking, panties, and bra, creepily crackling like latex do. My hairless arms slid inside the long loose sleeves until my hands popped out at the ends.



I pulled my collar up and wriggled a bit to settle the uniform correctly. I reached the back zipper and...

"This is hard ... The torso is so tight..."

It was quite a challenge to bring the two edges of the zipper together and slide the tab up. When it finally reached my upper back, it smoothly went all the way up to the neck. My fingers felt a little something around the neck area.

"Oh, yeah. I forgot about that. Brian wanted the dress to be lockable. Maybe it could be fun to program the SusceptGear to make me forget where the key is if I were to padlock it. Hehe."

I looked at myself in the mirror while wrapping the latex apron around my thin waist and placing the cute headband on top of my head. Even though I had an aversion to the texture and the smell, I always loved dressing up in sexy costumes. I had this playful side that I enjoyed very much.

"Ah, yes, the shoes... Can't forget the shoes."

Curiously, and thankfully, Brian had chosen a pair of shiny black Mary Jane flats, which was surprising because he usually loved it when I wore high heels. He said those would be much more comfortable if I were to work around the house. That was a good point, but he still could have chosen something more slutty since I had permitted him.

Now fully dressed up, I went to my laptop and connected the SusceptGear to it.

"Alright, I think all is good... The timer will turn the gear off at noon so I can grab a bite to eat and correct things as necessary before starting my afternoon. My latex kink is enabled, and the deep conditioning is scheduled, set for 11 am. Since I have no clue how it works, so a 30 minutes run should be enough. Everything else is pretty generic maid duty stuff. Brian is set as my Master, and he has top priority on everything else. He is going to have a lot of fun with me later, I guess."

It was pointless to review the rest. I have been over everything multiple times already in the past few days. Most features were disabled; I didn't want any bad surprises from this powerful device. If everything worked well, I would just wander around and randomly find things to do as a Maid.

I disconnected the SusceptGear, turned it on, and placed it on my head before going back to my bedroom. My excitement was a bit hard to contain.

"It's all going to be fine and fun... I'm sure of it."

I put the remote on the nightstand and pressed the button with my finger. The SusceptGear beeped, and the good relaxing feeling I loved so much flooded my mind. All my anxiety and stress faded as if I were getting in a nice and warm relaxing bath.

Considering the dirty state of our house, I expected to start working right away, but I was more concerned about my clothing. I inspected myself and made sure I was wearing my rubber uniform as I was supposed to. Once I confirmed it was the case, I felt relieved and happy. I noticed the latex kink selection was doing its job; the uniform felt better on my skin.

My eyes then turned to the bed, and as expected, I got a strong urge to make it. All my concerns and thoughts were gone, and I focused on my task to accomplish it correctly. It went even better than last time, I was apparently learning.

After this, I picked my clothes from the floor and was curiously good at telling which ones needed to go to the laundry basket or go back to the closet.

What I liked so far was that I didn't feel rushed. I was doing things slowly and very well. I was not keeping track of time. Without the gear, I would never have spent that much time on folding clothes. My mind was calm, and I just wanted to do my job well.

A few more tasks later, I headed to the guest bedroom, and unhappy with what I was seeing, I stripped the bed and made it again from scratch; bed making was a serious business to me today.

My next stop of the morning was the bathroom. There were an innumerable amount of things I had to do in there. Earlier, when I reviewed the job list for that room in the software, I granularly went through each and made sure I provided detailed instructions on how to perform them well.

I worked in the bathroom until I felt compelled to stop everything I was doing. For some reason, I was getting very tired, and I didn't know why. I walked around, looking left and right, trying to find an appropriate place to rest; I was a bit in a hurry. My closing eyes landed on the chair in the office, and I quickly sat in it.

"Why... am... I... so tired?"

Everything went dark; I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer and fell deep asleep.

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A moment later, I emerged from slumber, still sitting on the office chair. The first thing I wanted to do was rub my hands on my latex body. As I did so, a powerful sexual wave traveled through my body.

"Mmmm..."

I loved latex so much all of a sudden, and I didn't know why. Still half-asleep, I couldn't think straight, but I knew I had been a good girl and did something right. A feeling of pride and happiness was pulsing in my chest.

"Oh... I have to finish cleaning the bathroom."

Even though I could have stayed in the office, caressing my body all day, I had to resume my maid duty. Since the last thing I was working on was the bathroom, I trotted back there and kept working for a while longer.

At noon, my SusceptGear beeped and turned off automatically as planned. Standing in front of the toilet with a brush in my hand, I was very confused. Slowly, all the memories since I had activated the SusceptGear came back to me. As the seconds passed, I remembered more... everything.

"Oh, my God! What a rush... I'm so in trouble now. It was so ridiculously amazing."

Before even assessing the experience, I gave it a rating of fifteen out of ten. I needed more of the same and soon.

I looked around the bathroom, and it was so clean. The shower was spotless; there was no facial hair in the sink; the mirror looked brand new. I walked through the guest and master bedrooms to find them in perfect condition. I was so damn proud of myself for doing such a great job. Brian wouldn't believe it.

Now that I was myself again, I understood that the latex conditioning session I had scheduled was what had caused me to pass out. It didn't happen the way I expected, but it totally worked for me. The fact I felt tired and looked for a place to rest was such a natural thing to do. I was such a perfect way to initiate it.

My interest in latex was now fading, but after the conditioning, it had felt so incredible, so sexual. I knew I had to explore the conditioning feature again soon.

"Alright, time to eat something. I must play maid again this afternoon. It was so darn fun."

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I made myself a sandwich and was eating it in front of my laptop while preparing for my next session.

The first thing I did was to remove my ability to stop the device. I was very confident that it was safe, and Brian could just end my session when he would want the real me back after having his fun.

Then there was the conditioning. My experience had been so mind-blowing that I had to try it again right away. I scheduled an hour-long latex conditioning at 3 pm to kill some time and rest.

I also created a trigger that would push me to give Brian a blowjob as soon he would set foot in the house around 5 pm. I loved to give him blowjobs at any time of the day or night, so I didn't need blowjob conditioning for that.

As I was quickly finishing my sandwich, I decided to experiment with one last thing today; a minor one, really. I would make the device auto-activate at 1 pm. It was more a test than anything because I was going to activate it around that time anyway; perhaps it could be useful for future scenarios.

I uploaded the changes and put the SusceptGear back on my head. I had a few more minutes to wait before the auto-activation, so I kept digging through the software to learn more.

"This software is so cool... It gives me so many twisted ideas. Brian got the best girlfriend in the whole universe!"

Yes, I was cute, smart, sexually open-minded, and creative. Maybe Brian would end up regretting having purchased this device. I didn't even want to imagine what would have happened if it had worked on him first. Perhaps he would have turned into my sex slave or something. In the end, I was very glad it had worked on me and not on him.

I browsed the software some more; the list of kink was indeed infinite. There were feet fetish, bondage, pain, asphyxia, nipple torture... Name it, and it was there, some more extreme than the other.

One thing I wasn't sure about was how it would impact me in the long run. I had loved the short latex conditioning, but when my maid session ended, it had just faded away. I was a bit bugged by this because I had hoped the good cleaning habits would stick even when I was no longer a maid, but it may not work that way; it was too early to tell.

I kept browsing a bit more, daydreaming about what I would like to try next, but it was kind of driving me nuts, so I went back to my overview tab listing my current settings and scheduled tasks.

"Okay, I'll just go wait on my bed instead of fantasizing like an idiot... Hey... Wait... That's not right... Oh, Shoot!"

Good thing I noticed this. I had made a mistake, and my latex conditioning session was set to run for three hours instead of one, and the start time was 1 pm instead of 3 pm; I had inadvertently inverted the values. The 30 minutes this morning was intense enough, three hours would probably turn me into a rubber slut or something.

I should have removed the device from my head right away instead of analyzing my mistakes. I heard beeping, and my SusceptGear automatically engaged, sending me straight back to my peaceful maid world. I just had time to look at the time on my screen; it was indicating 1 pm.

"Oh noooo! I have to... stop... I..."

My hands rushed to my head to pull the device off, or at least switch it off... but my hands froze when I tried to do so. I was maybe in a light trance, but I knew exactly why it was doing that. It was the setting preventing me from turning it off; there was no getting out of this.

Then the conditioning started...

"So tired ... mmmm... I... I can't..."

I couldn't keep my eyes open, so I naturally sank into my chair and fell into a deep sleep.

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Three hours later, I emerged from my forced nap slowly, very confused, and unsure where I was.

"Aaaaan! Mmmm! So... So good... Mmmmm!"

The only thing I was not confused about was that I LOVED latex ... it was brutal... The sound, the smell, the texture of it... I wanted more. I lifted my skirt and rubbed it on my face like a maniac.

I was so sexually turned on, yet, it never occurred to me that I could have masturbated to let the steam out. I was in absolute sexual agony, drooly tongue out, rubbing and squeezing my latex uniform. This rubber bliss lasted for a good fifteen minutes.

After that, despite my uncontrollable latex arousal, my maid programming took priority, and I returned to work. It was already 4 pm, and I had not even done a fraction of what I expected to do in terms of cleaning. I spent the rest of the time in the bathroom; apparently, there were a few more tasks the program wanted me to perform in that small room. I worked even slower than usual, distracted by my continuous rubber bliss.

When I finally finished everything I had to do in the bathroom. I fell on my knees and got turned on by latex again. I just couldn't stop caressing my body.

And that is when Brian decided to show up out of nowhere, discovering my little rubber show with a puzzled look on his face.

"Mia? Oh, my God! What are you doing?"

"Aaaah! I... I love it so much... The latex uniform!"

"Haha. I see that... you look so turned on and..."

Brian didn't have a chance to finish his sentence when I got hit by another strong desire; I needed to give my Master a blowjob right away. I pounced on him like a wildcat, and it took me half a second to undo his belt and pull his pants down. Before he could even get hard, I started sucking on his cock with passion.

"AAAh! Mia! Holy crap! You are so into it..."

"Mmm... Master! Mmmm!"

At this moment, giving a blowjob and wearing latex was my entire world, and I didn't care about the why. I had never enjoyed something that much in my life, and hearing Brian moaning made me so happy.

After a bit more sucking, he carried me to the bedroom and laid down on the bed. It was a more comfy place for me to perform my duty.

"I love it so much! It's so good!"

"I don't know how you programmed your headgear, Mia, but it works for me. You are amazing."

"Mmmm!"

It didn't take much longer before he came inside my throat. Even though I finished him, I didn't want to stop sucking.

"Hey, Mia! Stop! Stop! I came!"

"Mmm! But I want more!"

"No, no! Stop. Haha. Come here, you little nymphomaniac."

"Yes, master."

I reluctantly abandoned the cock, giving it a few more licks, and went to rest my head on Brian's shoulder.

"That was insane. Is it something you added to the SusceptGear?"

"I don't know. I just love giving blowjobs. It's so good!"

"I can tell... and this uniform looks amazing on you."

"I LOVE latex... I... I love it."

"That much? I thought you weren't too sure if you liked it or not, you didn't seem thrilled at all."

"AaaanH! It turns me on so much..."

I kept running my hands on my rubber covered body, not paying too much attention to what Brian was talking about; I just needed more of this feeling.

"Geez, if you feel that way, we will have to get you more."

"Yes, please. Mmm..."

"So, the cleaning didn't work well. It's still a landfill downstairs. You didn't do any cleaning?"

"I did the bedrooms and upstairs bathroom."

"It took you all day to do that."

"Mmmm... I don't know... I worked hard..."

"Okay, hehe. I'll ask you again when you are yourself."

"I'm Mia, your maid."

"Hehe... I don't know if you'll remember this, but you are so cute when you are all confused."

"Can I give you another blowjob, Master? I would love it."

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I sounded like a broken record for the next 30 minutes until Brian had enough and decided to switch off my SusceptGear. As usual, it took a moment, but all the memories returned to me, and everything I had done was now crystal clear in my mind. My face turned beet red when I recalled how cock hungry I was an instant ago.

I also remembered what had happened to me, mainly the fantastic conditioning sessions. I didn't want to tell Brian about those, at least not yet. He would probably take my laptop away from me.

My crazy love for latex slowly died down, but not entirely. After three hours of conditioning, it would probably take a while before the residual effects faded.

After dinner, he turned my SusceptGear back on, and I was his cute latex maid again. Seeing me in my cute uniform turned him on so much, I could tell by the way he made love to me three times in a row. As a maid, I felt so happy that my Master was getting so much pleasure out of me. We had such a fantastic playful evening.

Around bedtime, he released me and helped remove my latex outfit; I was a bit exhausted. We took a sexy shower together and ended up cuddling each other to sleep. That was pretty much how my first day as a maid went.

It had been unarguably better than watching cat videos all day.

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When I woke up the next morning, I was feeling a bit strange; a bit too naked perhaps.

"Mmmm... What's going on with me... Why am I so anxious?"

Brian would have loved to skip work today, but it was not something he could afford to do. As a teacher for big enterprises, too many people relied on him. He had left a moment ago, and I was not sure what I would do today. I would probably play with the SusceptGear some more, or maybe take a break from it? Yesterday was rather intense. Perhaps that was why I felt a bit jittery this morning.

I went to fetch my laptop and the high tech tiara and brought them back to my bed.

"I spent a lot of time looking at this software, and I always find new things. It's nuts how complete and customizable it is."

Yesterday I had a lot of fun despite my little mishap with the conditioning schedule. It put me asleep for a full three hours, but I didn't get harmed or anything. I just felt super horny because I loved latex so much. This morning, I still remembered this pleasant moment; I would not mind getting back in my latex uniform right now.

And I did just that. I went to get my bundle of latex and turned myself back into this cute erotic maid. As soon as the rubber covered my skin, my anxiety vanished, confirming that the conditioning hadn't all faded away overnight.

"It seems like the conditioning is slowly working its way in. Hehe. Just yesterday, I remember the smell was bugging me, but now I love it. It would be awesome if I were to develop a permanent love for latex. Brian would be thrilled that I adopted his little interest. That is a good goal."

I decided it would be a much better use of my time to have fun with the device instead of spending my day watching cat videos. There was no way I would take a break from it today, not after such a positive experience. I went back to my laptop and started programming my day.

"Now that I know conditioning is harmless, I feel less scared to use it. My extended session didn't cause any ill effects."

In the task scheduler, I added an hour-long latex conditioning session at 10 am and another of the same length at 3 pm.

"This time, it is only ONE hour... HA!"



I looked at the list of kinks and searched for another one I would like to try while I was a maid. Choosing was not an easy task. There were tons I was interested in, but it was a different thing to commit to trying them. Latex was a straightforward one; it was just clothing. But if I were to select something like breast torture... I feared it would change something deeper inside me.

After 10 minutes of aimless browsing, I opened a subcategory named "SusceptGear behaviors."

"Aaah! That's cool. Those are conditionings that affect my behaviors toward the device."

Those were not kinks but more like general add-ons. They wouldn't run on a schedule like the kinks conditioning. Instead, they would be lightly ongoing as long as the SusceptGear was activated. I guess they wouldn't put me to sleep either.

The first one I liked was "Activation desire." It was self-explanatory. After being conditioned with this one, I would feel the urge to put SusceptGear on if I were not wearing it. That was kind of hot, and I was wondering how hard it would be to resist. I enabled it because I liked the little challenge. Brian would be around to rescue me, so it was low risk.

"Oh! This one too is hot!"

My eyes landed on "Conditioning desire." Apparently, this one would give me a desire to be conditioned more often and longer. I became more turned on when I thought about myself trying to resist adding various kinks conditioning that I was not too sure about. I giggled and enabled it.

"Okay, I should probably stop adding more. This is still new to me, and I shouldn't overdo it... Oh! What's this one?"

I cocked my head as I was reading it...

"Orgasm Denial? What the hell? I don't want less orgasms... I want more. I like cumming! Oh... wait... While not wearing the SusceptGear, the subject will become more and more aroused but will be unable to cum. For some reason, that is very appealing. I need to add it to my list. Man, this section is so awesome!"

I was slowly discovering that my interests were probably more mental than physical. Yes, I was curious about kinks in general, but those controlling suggestions were doing it much more to me. Activation desire and Orgasm denial were working hand in hand. I just wanted to know how it felt to have an urge to wear the device. I could always stop them if they were too annoying.

I got out of the menu and reviewed my overview before uploading the routine to my SusceptGear. I would not make the same mistake twice.

"Removal of the device, disabled."

"One hour of latex conditioning at 10 am."  
"One hour of latex conditioning at 3 pm."  
"Activation desire, ongoing conditioning."  
"Conditioning desire, ongoing conditioning."  
"Orgasm denial, ongoing conditioning."

"That sounds about right. At the end of the day, I would like latex just a bit more and would have tested a few minor features. I will have plenty of time for my maid duty, which is the whole point of being a maid. If I can do a bit more cleaning, Brian will be happy."

I placed the device on my head and looked at the clock. There was still 45 minutes to go before 10 am, I would be able to do a bit of work prior to the first conditioning session. I pressed the remote button... There was a fun day ahead of me.

It always felt so good when the SusceptGear activated. If I were to get addicted to something, it would be to the relaxing feeling it was providing me with. It was as if all my worries evaporated and I could be myself for a little while, without a care in the world.

The first thing I did, of course, was to make the bed. Once more, I would have given myself a perfect score so much I did a good job. Then, my deep desire to get started with the cleanup downstairs led me to the house's dirtiest floor.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs, my mind went to overdrive; I could only see chaos. Brian was right, it was mostly my things everywhere, and now, as a maid, I would pay the price for my legendary laziness.

The gear took care of the thinking for me. I was happy just to follow along. I learned from my short experience that everything was easier if I allowed the device to guide me without resisting. Since I trusted the SusceptGear was not harmful, I was comfortable letting it control me; it wouldn't force me to drink detergent or anything like that.

One thing I noticed was that I operated very granularly. I was putting a pair of socks in the laundry basket, then dusted the console table, then washed a few dishes. It was inefficient, and I did everything very slowly, but it was a step forward. Perhaps if the environment had not been as messy, my priorities wouldn't have been this confused.

Then I let out a long yawn.

"Aaaah! Conditioning time..."

Oddly enough, I recognized it this time around and was looking forward to it. I went to the couch, curled on it like a kitten, and drifted away.

\*\*\*

"Aaaanh! I love latex so much..."

This small session turned me on again. The crackling latex made me so aroused that it took me a good 15 minutes to get off my butt and return to work, as inefficiently as before, with the high arousal not helping. But I didn't care because I was happy to be a good maid.

Around lunchtime, the SusceptGear changed my priorities. I went to the fridge and prepared myself a snack. For that task, I was relying almost solely on my knowledge. I would say it went reasonably well, but as I was eating, I couldn't stop thinking about my next scheduled conditioning session. The next couple of hours would feel very long.

After I finished my food, I resumed work. If I continued like this, Brian would maybe notice a difference. That would be a first since we were living together. It was thrilling to think I would finally contribute. This hypno-device was a lifesaver.

The wait for the next conditioning session wasn't as painful as I expected. I kept thinking about it, but since the dirty state of the place occupied me, the anticipation didn't bug me that much.

When 3 pm rolled by, my eyelids got very heavy, which made me smile. I sat at the kitchen table and laid my head on my arm and traveled to dreamland once more.

\*\*\*

"Mmmm So good... aanh!"

It was groundhog day every time I woke up from conditioning. I loved my latex uniform more than anything else in the world. After a bit of self-adoration, I returned to work. Those long breaks energized me. I briefly thought that I should do more conditioning sessions, or perhaps make them a bit longer.

Around 5 pm, as expected, Brian came back from work. Today, I had not programmed myself to jump on him for a blowjob, so I just continued to wash my dishes as if everything was normal.

"Hi Mia! Oooh, look at you doing the dishes."

"Yes, Master!"

"Did you have a good day, playing with your SusceptGear?"

"I love it, Master."

"Hehe, good! I see that you made a bit of progress here. Good job!"

"Thank you, Master!"

"Hey, I want to talk to you normally, where is the remote?"

"I'm not sure..."

"Hehe, you always forget where it is. I'll go take a shower, and I'll be back."

Thirty minutes later, Brian came back, shirtless, and deactivated my SusceptGear. He gave me a minute or two to get my bearings together as all the memories from my session flowed back. Then I jumped in his arms.

"Brian! It was such a great day! Did you see all the work I did?"

"It's not bad, still a lot to do, though."

"Aaah, just be happy for me! It was hard work."

"I am! I'm very proud of you. So, how is it going with the device? You are not losing your mind yet?"

"Nope, it's entertaining, and there are no ill effects as far I can tell."

"I'm glad to hear. I like your brain a lot. I don't want you to damage it. And what about your maid uniform? You are not sick of it?"

"I LOVE IT! You have no idea. Wearing it turns me on so much."

"Hehe, I still find this fishy, I remember you told me in the past that latex wasn't your thing, that's why I never insisted."

"I guess I was wrong. I love it now! A lot. And I'm not faking to make you happy. Want proof?"

"Not sure how you can prove it to me, but sure."

His last comment made me smile. I grabbed his hand and guided it to my rubber panties. Maybe I shouldn't have done that because my arousal spiked like crazy when his fingers rubbed against my pussy.

"Mia, you are burning hot down there."

"I know... don't you want to enjoy me a bit."

"You leave me no choice, hehe. Come on upstairs, right now!"

"Wait... I... I would like you to activate my device."

"Later, maybe, you are excited enough as it is right now. Come on."

"O... Okay..."

I would have loved him to activate my SusceptGear, but he was right. His touch and my love for latex had already started my engine. Extra stimulation would have been unnecessary. I wasn't too sure why I even asked.

We went to the bedroom, and before I knew it, I was on my back, with no panties, and Brian was fucking me. It felt so good. Better and better. His love for the latex maid I was pushed him to the edge pretty quickly. He was about to cum, but I was nowhere close, so he changed tactics. He went down to my pussy and started eating it. I couldn't complain one bit; he was doing a great job, and I was in heaven.

"Aaaaaanh! Aaaan! Just like that! It's so good."

"You are such a tasty maid. Are you getting close?"

"Mmmm!"

I didn't want to answer that. I started to understand what was happening to me, and I had difficulties believing it. Could the orgasm denial conditioning have worked that quick? I was not sure what my expectations were, but I thought it would be a gradual thing, and maybe after a few weeks I would have started to get a bit more aroused and have difficulty to cum, not after one day only.

"Aaaanh! Brian... Please fuck me again... you can cum as much as you want, but I'm not sure it's going to happen for me today."

"Oh? Are you okay?"

"Oh, yes. I love what you are doing. Don't worry. It's just one of those days. But if you don't cum inside me, I'll be super mad at you."

"Hehe, okay. I won't say no to that offer."

Brian restarted to fuck me, a bit harder this time. We kissed a lot while he was building his climax. It felt fantastic, and I genuinely moaned like a nymphomaniac, I just couldn't cum at all even if I tried to relax and let the climax build.

My reward for being so much into it was a nice load of warm cum, filling my womb. I loved every minute of our lovemaking, even if I hadn't managed to cum. Hypno-device or not, it was not the first time this happened. It was okay not to be able to cum every time, and I knew it was better not to try to fake it or force it. Perhaps it didn't even have anything to do with conditioning.

While Brian cooked our dinner, I later stayed in the bedroom and tried to make myself cum with my most powerful vibrator. For thirty minutes, I worked hard at it, but it only got me more aroused.

"Crap... I'll try again tomorrow. It can't be the hypnosis device, hehe. That's almost impossible."

I reluctantly traded my uniform for a cute little nightgown. It didn't feel as good as it used to be. To be honest with myself, I wanted to wear my latex uniform again, but it was enough for the day. That urge was simply the aftereffect of the conditioning, and it was not dangerous. I put the rubber outfit away in the closet and went downstairs to eat with Brian.

I sat my sexy butt on the comfy dining chair, and Brian brought our steamy plates. He gave me a little kiss on the head and joined me.

"Hehe. Your SusceptGear is very cute, Mia, but you can take it off, you know."

"Oops... I forgot... it's so light. I didn't even feel it."

"It's okay, I guess you are just very excited about your new toy."

"I am. It helped me accomplish many tasks during the past two days."

"That's very good. But to me, it feels a bit strange to see you do work around the house."

"Yeah, I was thinking that too. I feel a bit ashamed now that I'm the one cleaning up my mess. You did all that work because of me for so long."

Brian wrapped his hand around the back of my neck and pulled me in a kiss.

"Don't worry about it. I didn't mind. I'm just glad you found a way to help, that's all."

"Hey, Brian. I wanted to ask you something."

"Sure? What is it?"

"I know you love latex, but do you have other kinks you'd like to try with me?"

"Mmm, maybe. But I don't want you to think that you have to try them because of me. I like you as is."

"I know you do. I just feel like trying new things. So, tell me..."

"Well, I wouldn't mind a bit of bondage. I think it would be hot to give you a good spanking too, but I know if I did, you would rip my heart out and eat it."

"Hehe, maybe. Nah, I'll think about it a bit and let you know if I want to try. I just want to discover more about what I like. Like, the latex uniform, I didn't think I would love it that much."

"Sure thing, but don't feel pressured, okay? What I love is Mia, not her kinks. Those are extras."

The rest of the evening was uneventful. We watched a movie, but I couldn't focus on it at all. My horniness just wouldn't go down, and to make it worse, I kept thinking a lot about wearing my SusceptGear again and programming my next conditioning sessions with Brian's suggestions.

We went to bed not too late, and we made love again. Same as earlier, I was dying of pleasure, but I just couldn't cum. Brian, on his side, was delighted with my performance and unusual moans. My attempt to cum resulted in me asking him for more sex. Apparently, my desperate "bitch in heat" behavior turned him on very much. Despite my frustration, it was a great deal of fun for both of us. Perhaps this was the first concrete sign that our sex life leveled up due to the SusceptGear.

As we were cuddling quietly, Brian decided to tell me what he wanted to discuss earlier when he got back from work.

"Mia, I'm leaving on Saturday for a full week. I'm going to Montreal to give training. Our guy who was supposed to give it just quit. I have to replace him."

"Aww, really? Tomorrow is Friday. It is such a short notice. Can't you at least take tomorrow off then?"

"Sorry I can't. But I'll make sure to do the groceries for you. It's freezing outside. You probably won't survive the cold temperature."

"Well, thanks. At least I won't die of starvation."

"You'll be fine. You have your new toy to keep you company, I expect to see a perfectly clean house when I come back."

"Is that a challenge?"

"I guess it is. Hehe. And you better send me selfies of you wearing that latex suit."

I nuzzled Brian's neck. I didn't want him to go, but I knew it was part of his job. One week wasn't very long anyway; he had made some longer trips in the past.

As I was trying to fall asleep despite my increasing arousal, in my head, I started planning my week alone as a maid. Wearing the SusceptGear and experiencing some pleasant conditioning would be much more fun than being bored for a whole week.

"I want to cum so badly... Can you fuck me one more time before we sleep?"

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