

# Maid to Serve (Man to Sexy French Maid TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for AI**

*In order to pay off a debt he owes, Jared allows himself to be transformed into Joy, the gorgeous maid to Master Elijah, owner of an illustrious mansion. Struggling at first with her new body and clumsiness, she soon comes to befriend her fellow maids and learns their stories. But what starts out as a temporary venture may become much longer as she starts to fall for her master.*

## **Maid to Serve**

Jared sighed as he glanced up at the mansion. The evening sun was setting against its immense rooftop, the magnificent gardens bathed in the last orange-red light of day. The place was resplendent, borderline magical. Of course, that's why he was here.

*I wish there was another way, but I just don't see it.*

He had clutched in his hand the advertisement in the paper. He unfolded it and read it again in his mind.

*Wanted: Servant to work for Master Elijah of the Thompkinson Estate. Need not be female to apply. Magic will be applied to give necessary appearance and knowledge. Job length negotiable: minimum of three months, however. Payment to be 30,000 dollars USD. Half upon completion of magic ceremony, other half upon completion of service. See this address for in-person audition.*

It was a ridiculous advertisement, of course. Completely absurd. And yet, whereas many others no doubt looked at it and scoffed, Jared knew different. He knew that magic was real in this world. He had seen it. It had only been once, and when he'd been a boy as well, but it had been at this very location. He must have been only eight years old, and the now-Master of the estate Elijah Thompkinson looked to be only slightly older. Jared had loved to explore and run about as a youth, so when he'd bicycled up to the strange estate at the edge of town where the reclusive Thompkinsons lived, he'd only wanted to see what the fuss had been about. Instead, he'd seen a young black-haired boy singing and waving his hands about in the gardens beyond the heavy iron gates. The boy hadn't seen him, at least at first. Jared was grateful for that, because as a result he had witnessed something magical. Literally. Young Elijah has swept his arms out and sung a stream of what sounded like made-up words, and the dead-looking vines and plants of the garden had actually *come to life and grown*. Yes, the rose bushes bloomed with flowers, the trees grew in strength and stature. Even the water feeder for the bird gained a number of vines and plants around it,

looking both natural and romanticist. Jared had gasped, the boy had looked his way in surprise, but by that point he had pedalled away.

He had never forgotten it. Magic was real, and Elijah Thompkinson had wielded it. And now, for whatever crazy reason, the man wanted a new servant who could be magically conditioned for the job, and was willing to turn anyone into such temporarily, in exchange for quite the dollar amount. As someone deep in medical debt, Jared needed the cash, bad.

*Stupid busted kidney. Stupid damn bad reaction to the painkillers. Stupid freakin' US healthcare crisis crushing me on top of my college debt.*

It was absurd. Couple that with the fact that his car was breaking down and he'd been let go from his work at a local furniture retail store, and soon even rented living might be impossible.

*So here I am, he thought, willing to take a chance on magic, and become a butler or something, so long as I get my cash and back on my feet.*

Though, of course, he had to admit that the chance to see magic again was intriguing, even if the circumstances were more than a little embarrassing.

*Can't wait here forever though. Have to bite the bullet.*

He reached out and hit the buzzer.

A voice came through on the other end not long after.

"Elijah Thompkinson speaking, are you here for the interview?"

Jared gulped. "I am," he said, voice slightly shaky. "My name is Jared Jones."

"What a wonderfully alliterative name." The iron door opened. "Come on in," the voice said. "I look forward to meeting you."

*But we've already met. It's why I'm here. It's why I believe this is real.*

He stepped forward into the garden. The water feeder still looked beautiful.

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The interior of the mansion was even more impressive than its exterior. It had a wide double staircase that rose up from the foyer to the second floor, and then a second set that Jared could just see that extended up to the third and final floor. An enormous chandelier dangled from the ceiling, and great vaulting portraits of family members in regal outfits and poses, presumably all deceased, clung to the walls, looking down upon Jared with judgement. All this, combined with the rich royal red carpet and numerous wealthy ornaments and well-tended plants in expensive vases made for a very intimidating sight.

Thankfully, there was at least *one* thing to see that was nice on the eyes, without being too overwhelming: a gorgeous woman in a French maid outfit was descending the left stairway, moving with practised efficiency despite her high heels. Her skin was the colour of

dark chocolate, her lips full, her gaze almost sensual. Her generous hips swayed as she moved, her bun of hair shifting just slightly behind her little maid cap. To say she was one of the most beautiful women Jared had ever seen would have done her a disservice, particularly as he took in her legs. She smirked at him, making him self-conscious about the way he was looking at her. She reached the bottom of the stairs and extended a hand, which he shook.

"I am Maid Delilah," she said, her voice accented, though he couldn't quite place where in Europe it was from. Not France, that was for certain, despite the outfit. "You are Jared Jones, yes?"

"I am," he said. "I'm, uh, here about the job. The, well, the servant job. Becoming one, I mean. Magically so."

He dropped that deliberately to see her reaction, and it was indeed genuine: her eyebrows raised, and she cocked her head to one side with interest.

"So you know about the Master's talent? You've heard of this, and you believe it?"

"I do," he said. He decided to keep the early childhood incident to himself, however.

"Fascinating," she said. "Most of us took on this job with, let's say, quite believing what would happen next."

*Wait a moment, does she mean?*

As he followed her to the guest room to the left, he felt a burning need to inquire.

"Were you not always a maid? I mean, did the magic give you the skills and uniform and such?"

Delilah gave a light giggle. "In a manner of speaking, yes indeed it did. Along with other, ha, *magical enhancements*." At that, she wiggled her hips slightly, as if to suggest they had received an arcane boost to their dimensions. It was all that she *could* mean, right? "But there are others here also, and they too were affected by his magic - some on short-term contracts, some on long. You'll meet them in time, if you are to the Master's liking and take on the job."

"Is it a hard job?"

"All good jobs are hard, but this one has its, shall we say, benefits? Besides, we are required to live on-site, so all costs of living are covered, and the pay is good. The Master is a gentleman also, as you will soon see."

"And about his magic-

She paused at a door and held up a hand. "I am sorry, we cannot continue that conversation. I do not know a great deal and what little I do know is up to the Master to reveal. You will find him in this room. It is his open study, not to be confused with his more private study on the second floor. Here he will evaluate you and make a decision, and you can make yours."

Jared swallowed. "Thanks. I'm a bit nervous, to be honest."

He was surprised when Delilah winked at him and brushed his cheek. "Trust me, you'll do fine."

And with that she turned and left him, and he in turn took a breath, calmed himself, and opened the door. The room he stepped into was gently curved around the exterior wall, which had large windows that looked directly out onto the magically-augmented gardens. All other wall sections were lined with books, books, and more books, all carefully taken care of, with not a mote of dust in sight. A lavish desk resided further back in the room, topped with papers and other books, but there were also lounge chairs and even a leather sofa further to the centre, clearly for reading and conversation. It was on one of the chairs, his feet upon a royal red ottoman, that Master Elijah Thompkinson sat, his face deep in a book. He lowered it slowly, taking seemingly forever to get his face off the page, and something about the moment made Jared almost impatient and nervous to see his face.

"Sorry," he said, his voice crisp and baritone as he set the book aside. "I was right at the end of the chapter. You know how it is."

He jumped to his feet and approached Jared, extending his hand for a firm handshake - quite firm, the man was strong. He was also surprisingly gentle-looking, despite his low voice. His stature was shorter than Jared's own, perhaps only five-foot-seven or so, and his light blue eyes were nestled behind a pair of smart yet student-like spectacles: rounded and old-fashioned. His hair was slightly tousled, its darkness not seeming quite to behave. This was despite his smart green suit vest and grey slacks, all of which added to his 'serious student' look.

"Anyway, I assume you're here about the advertisement, yes? I'm Elijah Thompkinson, owner of this estate."

"Good to meet you, Elijah," Jared said. "I'm Jared. Jared Jones."

Elijah suddenly smacked his head. "How foolish of me! We've already had a sort of introduction over the gate caller. Sorry, that chapter was *really* good. Are you much of a reading man, Jared?"

"Actually, yeah, I am."

The man's face brightened considerably. "Well, this is a good start! Have a seat! Are you much of one for the classics? Tolstoy? Hugo? Voltaire?"

"Um, not exactly, though I did like *Moby Dick* a lot when I was younger. I've read it three times. I haven't had much time for reading lately, though I try to keep up with some of the good crime stuff that comes out."

"Ah, I'm not much of a thriller or crime fan."

"A shame," Jared said, before he could catch himself. "Raymond Chandler is a classic. You're missing out."

The man appeared briefly puzzled. Jared could definitely tell he wasn't used to being talked to like that in an interview, or perhaps at all.

*Idiot!* He thought to himself. *Now you've stepped in it.*

But then Elijah surprised him by indicating he should take a seat and relaxing himself, a smile back on his features. "Well, with that kind of recommendation, I suppose I'll *have* to check it out! But shall we get down to brass tax, as they say? What drew you to this job? What did you think of the ad placement?"

Jared tried to keep his face calm. He was indeed nervous. *Was this a mistake? But God, I need to pay off my debts, and this might be the only way to do so.*

"Well, I guess I thought it would be interesting. And I haven't really seen a job offer like it. And to be perfectly frank, I have big debts I really need to pay off."

"Debts?"

"Nothing horrible! Just some medical stuff and college and the like. My work life hasn't been secure lately. Because of the medical stuff, I mean. Nothing else. You can check my record."

"Oh, I don't think that will be necessary," Elijah said, regarding him seriously. It was a surprisingly withering stare, as if his very soul was being penetrated. Jared wasn't sure if it was magical or not, but there was a wisdom in it, like his very character was being witnessed.

"Well, I think it's worth a trial start!" the man declared. "Do you have much experience cleaning? Dusting? Cooking and the like? Preparing a dinner table for guests? Being on the side of a party to fill a particular need? Anything that a maid or butler would do?"

"Again, I must be honest, very little. But I keep my apartment in good shape, and I'm very, very good at adapting and learning. I'm a hard worker."

Elijah nodded, thinking. Then he pressed the digits of his fingers together and leaned forward almost conspiratorially. "Indeed, I can believe that. But are you willing to receive a bit of magical aid for this job? Appearance-wise, of course, as well as skills. I like my servants to be . . . appropriate. To look nice. To, how can I put it? To accommodate my sensibilities."

Jared gulped. He knew that part of the job going in. He knew the magic was real. He assumed that many who took the job as maids or butlers here just assumed it was a joke. Not him.

*Somehow, that makes it worse. I don't like to subject myself to stuff I don't understand. But still, a job is a job, and money is money.*

"If that's what's required, I can."

"You don't believe I have the power."

"I do," Jared said firmly, and it got a look of real surprise from Elijah, who frowned just for a moment.

“You really do, don’t you? Why is that?”

“I guess . . . I believe in magic.”

“And so if you really, truly believe, why take on this possible change?”

Jared shrugged, and decided on honesty. “Because I’m desperate, I suppose. Because I need the job. And because I figure it’s only temporary.”

“Okay, but you realise that once you take it on, you’re here for the full three months. No turning back. You’ll be forced to be my servant, me as the Master, for at least that entire time. No taking it back.”

“I thought . . . the ad said . . .”

But Elijah just gave a dismissive hand gesture. It was the kind of gesture a man who was used to being in control all his life would easily adopt.

“The ad is just to filter out people, get those who have a certain . . . curiosity, to involve themselves. But if you truly believe in magic then I can cut straight to the chase: it is contract magic, and that can be extended certainly, but never cut short. You would be, in effect, under my control in this mansion, as my servant, for the entirety of that period. Fortunately, magic requires consent when applied to humans, so you have the chance to walk away. But if you choose to take the money - and it is a well-paying position indeed - then you agree to be my servant for that *entire* duration.”

*Oh God. Oh shit. Okay. This is . . . I mean, this is still doable, right? Think rationally Jared, you don’t have another choice. Besides, it’s fucking magic. There was always going to be a twist, or something. You just need to get your head in the game. It’s that or be homeless, and you not going to be homeless. It’s only some mental changes and maybe a refit. You might even end up more handsome for a bit!*

But he couldn’t escape one cold, hard truth. If he agreed to Elijah’s job offer and took it, then he would be stuck. He would be *owned*. Delilah had seemed happy but not exactly forthcoming, and there were apparently all kinds of other servants in the building.

Elijah extended a hand. His expression was kind, but his eyes seemed calculating. Calm and professional and cool, as if he’d done this many times before and knew exactly how it would all play out.

“Do we have a contract?” he asked.

Jared inhaled a little extra. *I really, really hope I’m not making a massive fuck up of my life right here. This better be worth it.*

He took Elijah’s hand. “Deal,” he said. “I accept your offer.”

“Excellent!” said his new employer, suitably gratified. “Then let’s get upstairs right now to the Arcanum, and get you appropriately, hm, *changed*.”

*Oh God, maybe this was a mistake.*

But it was too late, his legs were already taking him out of the room, following his new employer up the stairs in search of the apparently mystic room.

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The Arcanum was much more spartan than he'd expected, but the build up to it had been anything but. As they had ascended not just to the second but the third floor, a nervousness had continued to build in Jared's mind. Delilah was present, standing tall at the top of the second flight of stairs, a feather duster in one hand and her maid uniform neatly pressed.

"Good morning, Master," she said, bowing appropriately, her cleavage surprisingly displayed by such a gesture.

*God, she's hot. At least I might be able to end up working alongside her - whoa!*  
**WHOA!**

His gaze was suddenly fixed not on Delilah, but on a whole row of maids. There were five more of them, lined up so that they were each on either side of the hall in a zigzag pattern as the two men passed: a girl on the left, the one on the right, then the left again, etc, starting with Delilah and ending on a woman with bright red hair that went down to her back. Each was in a delightful maid uniform, though each uniform seemed to be uniquely styled (for instance, an Asian maid's uniform seemed to have some eastern influence into its design, like a Vietnamese ao dai, whereas the woman with strong Slavic features had a flatter cap and longer dress, but her arms were totally bare). Each of them were astoundingly beautiful in different ways: some lithe, some more curvaceous, some more mature in her womanliness, another only about twenty years old. They each bowed to their Master and addressed him as such.

"Good morning, dear Master!"

"Good morning Delilah! Good morning Jessica! Bian, you look resplendent today. Anastasia, your lipstick is wonderful, and your work at dinner last night just excellent. Mia, can you straighten out your dress? Thank you. You're doing well in your training, I hear. Kai and Kree, can I ask that you sort the library for me today? I know you'll work well together as always. This is Jared, by the way, our newest member!"

"Hi, Jared!" they all said at once, bowing. Some had smirks on their faces, others looked more serious. The Slavic woman named Anastasia kept her arms folded and one eyebrow cocked, like she knew something.

"Hope you know what you're getting into," she whispered with her accented voice in his ear as he passed.

*Maybe I don't, he thought to himself. But maybe this job won't be so bad after all!*

"I see you appreciate my tastes as well," Elijah noted, amusement on his features.

“Oh, uh, sure. They’re very beautiful,” Jared said as they moved to the door of the Arcanum. “That’s certainly a lot of maids.”

“It’s a big house.”

“I imagine you’ve got more than a few butlers too, then.”

At that, Elijah smirked slightly. “Not exactly. None, in fact.”

“Well, I guess I’ll be your first.”

“Don’t count on it,” Elijah said, but he strode into the empty room, beckoning Jared to join him.

*Okay, that was slightly ominous. I guess he still thinks I might not be up for the job. Unless ‘servant’ just means like, window wiper or dishwasher or something menial. There are worse jobs, I suppose.*

The room was entirely bare, but for a chalk circle on the ground, which itself was without anything fanciful. Elijah pointed to the centre of it.

“Pretty simple,” he said. “Now that you’ve consented to join my staff, just stand in the circle and stay there, and say aloud the following words: ‘I commit myself to three months’ work for Master Elijah, taking on the form he desires.’”

It was a strange request, but Jared had seen magic in action before. His nervousness was not about the proceedings being strange, but just about the magic in general. On some level, it might have been easier if he just thought this guy was crazy or something.

“Okay,” he said, stepping into the circle. There was a small vibration in the air, he realised. A thrumming of power that was invisible but certainly present. It made his short blonde hair stand on end for a moment before settling. He ran his hands over his button-shirt. Somehow, it felt like he was being pushed down upon. Jared had always been a bigger, broader individual. Not huge, but enough that back in high school no one really tried to pick a fight with him. Somehow, being in the circle made him feel smaller, despite his six-foot-one height. “Yeah, wow. Okay.” He coughed, then said the words: *“I commit myself to three months’ work for Master Elijah, taking on the form he desires.”*

Elijah extended his hands as the thrumming increased. A glow appeared, a near-transparent wall of energy around the circumference of the circle, blocking Jared in. His heart skipped a beat, but he remained standing there as his soon-to-be master began chanting words in some arcane language. It was just like when he’d been a kid and seen it, and it inspired a bit of wonder in him.

That was, until Elijah’s eyes glowed a brilliant blue, and crackling energy cascading out from his hands to feed into the energy of the chalk circle’s magical wall. The effect was immediate. Strange things began to happen. Hands that were only *slightly* opaque began to birth from the interior side of the wall, into the space that Jared was standing. There were



dozens of them, and they descended upon him in a flurry, pressing against his legs, his stomach, his arms, even his head.

*Jesus! JESUS! What in the hell is this!?*

“Be calm!” Elijah called, his voice warbled through the wall of magic. “The magic will do the rest. It can’t be stopped now, even by me, but let me focus and I can direct it properly to your new form.”

“Ohhh!” Jared moaned, feeling the hands massage deep into him, literally pushing his flesh inwards in places. “Fine, I’ll t-try. It just f-feels weird!”

“Trust me, this is only the start. Just keep breathing and it’ll all be over soon. And soon, you’ll be *beautiful!*”

*Beautiful? What does he mean by - Enough! NGHH!!*

The hands pressed harder down upon his form. It wasn’t painful, but it was discomforting. Alien. Strange. Something gave way: his wide shoulders were covered in hands, and the impossible occurred: his shoulders *were pushed inwards* by their oppression. Literally, they *shrank*. The same was true of his height as numerous half-transparent magical hands compressed his spine down, and again as others pulled his limbs inwards, forcing his calves and thighs and arms to reduce in length. It was the strangest set of sensations that Jared had ever experienced, and it set off alarm bells in his head.

*Holy shit, I’m shorter. I just lost inches in height! Maybe even a whole foot! He’s taller than me now! Shit, how is he taller than me?*

The answer was, of course, obvious: magic. The magical hands were altering his height and forcing him to shrink until he was a diminutive five-foot-four or even five-foot-three, several inches shorter than the other man. That would have been humiliation enough, of course, but the hands didn’t stop there. No, they began to redirect themselves to other places.

“Nnggh! What are th-they d-doing!?”

“Hush, I’m trying to concentrate. Just let it happen, Jared. The magic is sealed. I don’t want to accidentally grow you a third leg or something. Especially since, ha, I’m taking a third ‘leg’ away, in a sense.”

Whatever that meant was beyond Jared’s ability to figure out in the moment, because he was far more concerned with how the hands were pressing against his waist. They pushed it inwards, and in doing so literally caused it to shrink in width, leaving him with a figure that almost suggested womanliness. It was preview of things to come, because groups of hands gripped his waists like the hands of a passionate love, and they *pulled*. Like taffy, he was stretched out, his very bones changing shape to give him a surprisingly wide set of hips. Now he *truly* had an hourglass figure.

“Ohhhhhhh,” he moaned, the hands continued to feel his chest, his ass, even his crotch. He tried to stop them, but his own hands just waved straight through, as if they were nothing more than air. “It’s f-feeling - mmhmmm!!”

It was feeling *good*, was what he’d tried to say. Shamefully so. His own member, which was a not unimpressively sized one, was starting to go erect. The hands groped it, sliding their fingers up and down his pole, and yet as the pleasure increased so did the size of his cock diminish.

“What the -!? What are you doing to my - Ohhhh! Ahhh!!”

He squirmed, unable to stop writhing on the spot, but unable to leave the circle either. The hands held him in place as his buttocks were targeted next. The hands dove in, and the only way he could describe their effect was as if they were actively *filling* his rear with contents, literally plumping it up. His cheeks expanded, becoming round and bubbly, bouncy yet surprisingly firm at the same time.

*Oh God, what is happening? What the actual f-fuck is happening? NNghhhh!!”*

He gritted his teeth as his face began to rearrange, the ghostly hands padding and pawing his features and shifting them like putty in new directions. His eyelashes were plucked further out, his nose rounded into a cuter button shape, and his lips pursed and pulled until they were full and luscious, caught in an almost permanent pout. He could see his own reflection in the arcane wall of magic, and it terrified the young man.

*I look like a woman, he thought. Even my eyes are way more blue! And my jaw!*

It had rounded out, the bone changing shape until it gave him a heart-shaped face. As if to emphasise the thought he’d just had, his short blonde hair began to spiral out from his head, tugged by the hands in long motions so that it cascaded over his face. He had to shift it out of the way, by which point he’d developed gorgeously long, wavy blonde hair that reached past his shoulders, a veritable curtain of hair that would have looked perfect in a TV commercial for shampoo and conditioning.

“Oh my God! I *am* becoming a woman!” he cried, voice already rising in pitch. His cheekbones become more prominent, and his ears flatter against his head - they had always been a bit too elephantine, but now they were small and cute.

“A maid, to be precise,” Elijah said casually. “Now let me keep focusing. You’re already so marvellous but I don’t want to spoil the important bits.”

“The important b-UUGHH!!!”

The hands became positively vigorous, descending in greater masses to tease and caress his form. Jared grunted loudly, trying to protest, but the feelings of horror were being equally met by the sensations of pleasure as his manhood was administered to. His face continued to develop, looking like that of an absolute smokeshow of a woman, the kind of lady he’d be lucky to even see in ordinary life, let alone woo. His frame shrunk further,

ribcage pulling in, and the bulk in his thighs and arms slimmed considerably, leaving him with a much slimmer figure and shape, appropriate for what he was clearly becoming.

Then two palms landed on his pectorals, and his eyes went wide.

“No! Don’t! Don’t even th-ahhhhh! Ohhhhh! Mmhmmmm!!”

The pleasure *bloomed*, becoming ever greater, even while his member shrank further down. His nipples *pulsed*, the magic power swelling through them as the hands teased and flicked and pinched his nipples, willing them to grow further. It was terrible. It was wonderful. It was purest ecstasy, but the bliss only magnified as his nipples gained large pink areolas. He could see them pushing against the fabric of his increasingly loose shirt, and then again as his chest finally began to grow. It came in response to the hands squeezing his chest, groping it as if the breasts were already there. His body filled the gap, tissue and fat and even milk ducts forming behind them, getting larger and larger and larger.

*Ohhhhhh s-so big! So damn big! Why won’t he stop this? I’m growing a pair of f-fucking tits and they’re only g-getting heavier! Holy sh-shit!*

They expanded, surging forth until they were literally pushing against the fabric of the shirt and making it tight again. Diamonds of skin showed between the buttons, a line of cleavage forming. His new boobs pushed upwards, and to his astonishment several buttons began to ping off the shirt, starting at the collar. He arched his back, moaning in a voice that was undeniably that of a woman’s.

“Ohhh, yes! I mean, n-no! You can’t d-do this to m-meeeeee!”

“I can, per the contract. And what a lovely pair you are growing. It seems your body matches the magic even more than I’d hoped! Keep it up!”

*Keep what up? I’m not in c-control of anything!*

He couldn’t even vocalise it, because the sensation of his huge new boobs being touched and massaged was too great to resist. His cock was still shrinking, and he forced a hand down to feel it, to try and grip it and stop the change. All he succeeded in was feeling it shrink yet further, dimming in size until it was pulling back into his body. A burrowing sensation opened up within him, signalling another massive change.

“Shit! Shit! Shhhhh . . .”

All breath left the man - or former man, now - as a new tunnel opened up within him. It was accompanied by the alien sensation of a new organ growing into existence below his stomach, shifting organs aside and unfurling outwards to produce two connecting sacs - what seemed to be his testes, which were now inverted and serving as ovaries. The remnants of his penis became a clitoris, while his labia and other parts of his new hood and vulva formed around it, leaving him with a functioning vagina.

Other changes followed in the wake of that massive change. Jared’s new breasts bloomed yet further, becoming full and ripe, some of the largest he’d ever seen even online.

They looked to be half the size of his own head, veritable cantaloupes that stuck out proudly from his chest, jiggling and wobbling with every movement and badly in need of support. His body hair shrivelled back inside him or otherwise dissipated, and in doing so it left him with a devastatingly attractive pair of legs and nice, slim arms. His feet and hands daintified, losing all of their years of hard callus.

But Jared could barely focus on any of that. All that circled in his mind was the loss between his legs, the one that had left him without his manhood, quite literally.

*I have a pussy. I've got a goddamned pussy. I knew there would be magic - I didn't expect this much change! What the hell have I agreed to!? I'm a goddamned woman!*

To emphasise just how much of a woman the former male now was, the hands proceeded to adjust other elements within the chalk circle. They drew away from his body and played with the features of his clothing, tugging and pulling and connecting and scrubbing. As they did so, the next impossible thing happened: they slowly transformed the new woman's ill-fitting clothing into a cute and quite revealing French maid's dress, right down to the black and white colouring. An expensive and oddly comfortable dark lingerie bra formed to cup up Jared's large new breasts, while smooth panties formed below to hug his ass and cover his womanhood. The hem of the French maid's dress was short, but long, dark, mostly transparent stockings covered his legs all the way to the mid-thigh, revealing a line of delectable bareskin between them and the dress. Dark high heels formed beneath his feet, and a cute headband pulled back his gorgeous blonde hair, which styled itself so that his hair had a flowing part at the front. Lipstick adorned his face, ruby red upon the lips with a light tint of dark eyeshadow around the eyes. Combined with some foundation on the cheeks and the man had become a real beauty. No, a damn *knockout*.

*Holy fuck, I'm a blonde bombshell. A busty blonde bombshell. These things are huge! Seriously huge! And heavy!*

The magic faded, and the chanting ended. The hands withdrew, leaving Jared in shock. Elijah's eyes stopped glowing, and his face reset into a deeply, deeply, satisfied smile.

"Well done, Jared. Or should I say Joy?"

*Joy. That's not my name. My name is Joy. I mean, I'm Joy. Shit! It's done something to my mind and taken my female name. I mean my female name. No, I'm not a woman, I'm a woman! UGH!*

"What have you done to me?" Joy said, for her name truly was Joy, just like her mind kept switching automatically to the female pronoun without meaning to.

"Isn't it obvious?" Elijah said, almost nonchalantly. "I've made you my beautiful maid, and you have turned out utterly splendid, by the way. I haven't had a blonde before, and your figure - I hope you don't mind me pointing out how deeply attractive you are?"

Jared spluttered. "Attractive? You think I care about being attractive, *Master?*"

It was bad enough that her voice was now a sexily sweet soprano, but to hear it say *that?*

"Why did I just call you Master, Master?" she asked, beautiful blue eyes wide.

"Um, because I am?" he said, looking a little awkward. "Like I said, you would be my servant for three months. If you don't feel like remaining after that, you get your old life back. Either way, you will be paid, my dear. But in the meantime, it's time we get you adjusted to living here and working away."

"Why a woman?" she insisted.

Judging from his expression, this looked to be the most ridiculous question in the world. "Wouldn't you make all your staff beautiful women, if you could?"

Joy had no idea what to say. She was completely exasperated.

*The worst part is, he's probably right. I would have done that. Except - shit! - I'm not even attracted to the thought of a hot woman anymore! He's really done a number on me!*

He had indeed, because as he gestured and smiled for her to exit the room and follow him for her 'instructions', part of her mind leapt to something else unsettling.

*Did he always look that cute, with the glasses and kind eyes?*

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Joy's instruction began immediately, with Delilah serving as her chief educator. It turned out that magic actually *couldn't* give new skills entirely out of wholecloth, and that Elijah was just more interested in people curious enough to agree to a transformative contract instead. As such, not only did the hot new blonde maid have to get used to being devastatingly female, but also learn how to actually serve her role properly at the same time!

"Don't worry too much about it," Delilah said. "Most of us used to be men: turns out regular women don't like responding to strange ads from strange men, even with the promise of money. I've been here four years, for instance."

"Four years?" Joy asked, shocked.

"Yep, four years. I started on a three month contract."

It was the next day, and Delilah had helped her not only get up and dress herself, but also begun teaching her how to apply makeup and style her hair properly. She had compulsions to do so, of course: magical 'directions' of a sort that gently nudged at her to be appropriate for her 'Master', as she now thought of him, but they didn't give her any actual experience or skill. At least she hadn't been expected to work straight away: Elijah had let Delilah fill her in on the expectations that first night, as well as let her get used to exploring her new body.

Naturally, Joy had refused. She had accepted the job to pay off her debt *and*, perhaps just a little bit, to see the wonders of magic in person again. But now that the wonders of magic had taken away her damn penis, she was adamantly refusing to touch herself down there, or even acknowledge her pussy. She did play with her boobs a bit though. She was only human, of course, though she had no idea how Delilah had stayed like that for so long.

“Does the Master have something on you? Does he blackmail you?”

Delilah chuckled. “No, nothing like that! I just came to enjoy this. I was pretty ugly before. Real square-faced. Now I get to be beautiful, well-paid, live in a mansion, and enjoy some side benefits. We all do.”

“Side benefits?”

Delilah raised an eyebrow as they moved to the upper floors where apparently some dusting and cleaning was required.

“No!” Joy said, her voice making her sound shockingly demure.

“It’s a nice side benefit.”

“He takes advantage of you!”

“Actually, I rather think we take advantage of him. Our minds are all for boys now, or haven’t you noticed? Some of the other girls date outside the pool, of course. Kai goes steady with a man on the side, so she plans to stay a maid forever. Anastasia likes to pick up men at the club on her off days. Me? I fly solo, so when I feel a bit randy I’ll usually get a bit flirty with the Master. He’s always in the mood, I find, though I have to be the one to start things.”

“Why is that?”

*I’d start things constantly*, she thought to herself. *If I were in his position, that is.*

“No idea. I guess he’s just waiting for the right woman. He seems to keep it purely physical. It’s his fetish, but he doesn’t let it dominate him or anything. He just enjoys the life of it, but with the amount of romance books he reads you’d think he’d put himself out there more often. I think, on some level, outside the control of the mansion, he’s pretty shy. That smart, sexy academic type.”

“He’s not sexy.”

Again, Delilah raised an eyebrow. “Yes, he is. He’s a cute nerd. Pretty well packing down there too. Don’t tell me you don’t find him a little bit cute?”

Joy swallowed, and her pale cheeks burned red. Her stupid brain betrayed her.

*He does have a nice smile. And this dumb mental change has made me so damn submissive! If he ordered me around it would be so fucking hot and-*

“No!” she declared. “Not at all!”

Delilah laughed. "Sure, strawberry face, and your tits aren't big creamy melons, too. Also, I have a bridge to sell ya. Seriously nice tits though, I'm pretty jealous. I'm a double-D myself but you are well into the F-cup territory, lady. No wonder Elijah nearly ran into that bookcase this morning when we passed him."

Joy didn't want to be reminded of that, or her big tits. She'd tried to ignore the Master, but instead she'd curtsied, smiled, and replied to his greeting with an emotion equal to her new name. Her embarrassment must have been clear, because Delilah giggled - she could be a bit of a troll, Joy was learning - and then gestured to the rooms.

"C'mon now, newbie. Time to get to work. Also, when you bend over to clean the bookshelves, don't be surprised to find him peeking. It feels good once you're used to it, and you've got the kind of ass that deserves to be peeked at."

*Great, just great.*

The day's work was fairly simple, with Delilah proving herself to be a level-headed - if a bit cheeky - coach to Joy. The new woman found herself to be shockingly clumsy, however. She simply wasn't used to having a female body. Being female, she had a lower centre of gravity, but it didn't help that she did have some seriously wide hips and a damn bubblebut: at one point Delilah had to catch an expensive Ming vase she nearly knocked over with her sashaying hips. And that was another thing: not only was her gait now totally different and very alluring, but the 'one foot in front of the other' routine was even more difficult to pull off due to the fact that she was compelled to wear her shiny black high heels. They were a nightmare to master, but they forced her posture to be extra showy, her chest especially thrust out. And yes, she had indeed struggled to clean the sink and some of the desks when her large bosom brushed against the surface, requiring her to clean her own uniform and then start again.

"They're too damn big!" she whined. "I'll never put up with this for three months!"

"Hell, I'd take them from you," Jessica said as she passed. She was a red-headed maid who'd been there for over a year, and wasn't exactly the biggest fan of having a new person around, judging from how snippy she was already. "Don't complain about blessings, new girl."

"Ignore her," Delilah said. "She occasionally tries to seduce the Master for his money, but it never works out. She blames her 'meagre' C-cups instead of her 'winning' personality."

"Great, a coworker already hates me."

"Naw, she's alright. Get some drink in her and she's a total partygirl. And she'll back you in a fight even *if* she hates you. She's just our regular Eeyore. She'll come around. The rest of the girls will be easier to get along with, though, especially the twins."

The twins, as Joy came to learn in coming days, were Kai and Kree, two identically gorgeous women with vaguely Eurasian ethnic makeup. They were never not together, often

finishing each other's sentences, and apparently living their best lives playing video games and watching arthouse films together when they were off the clock, but the weirdest part was learning that they had once been best friends and not related at all.

Kree laughed upon revealing this. "I know it's strange, but even back then we finished each others-"

"Sandwiches!" Kai declared, snatching her twin's lunch and devouring it. "And besides, guys love twins, so it helps us score. And we've both done the Master at the same time, haven't we, sis?"

"Oh yeah."

They'd been like that for two years, and evidently loved it enough not to go back, which Joy found supremely disturbing. It was also disturbing to know that all the maid's had slept with Elijah.

*I won't be doing that. No matter how freaking cute he is. I just need to focus on my job and get through it. Pay off my debt and put this craziness behind me. It was soooooo not worth revisiting the 'allure' of magic again. Allure my perfect female ass!*

That ass got a few look-ins, however, though when she turned around (usually while dusting or scrubbing), Elijah would always move away, leaving her be without so much as a stare or a grope or a crude comment.. Master Elijah largely kept clear in the first week and a half, preferring to just check up on Joy with brief passing conversation, or even just getting the update from Delilah. Joy had expected him to salivate over her everyday and try to proposition her, so it was a relief that he was being a sort-of gentleman about it. It gave her time to get used to her new body before she got used to the whole 'submissive to a master' thing, and it gave her time to process that the magic she had seen as a child no longer held the whimsy it once did. It was a sad thing to realise, but a necessary one.

*The man's a weirdo with a French maid fetish and some magic power to make it happen. Nothing more. The garden was just one beautiful thing, but now it's tarnished by this.*

At that, she could only look down at her huge boobs and sigh.

*At least give me a uniform that doesn't show quite so much cleavage. And I swear if I bend over he can see my panties. Who am I kidding? Of course he can. It'd be just like him.*

But that thought didn't seem right. For all that Joy was frustrated at having the magic of, well, *magic* ruined for her, on top of the whole 'trapped as a sexy French maid' deal, she couldn't deny a powerful and growing curiosity. Who was Elijah, really? How did the man she now thought of as 'Master' get his powers? Why did he make women like this but then largely avoid them until they approached him? What did he truly want?

The need to know rose as the days passed and Joy slowly became used to her workload, even if she was still embarrassingly clumsy with her voluptuous body. The other



women gave no answers, not even Bian, the Vietnamese immigrant who'd changed just seven months before and had agreed to a year's contract. She was lovely, all kind smiles and open words and politeness, but she couldn't say much about the Master.

So, Joy decided one morning after just barely managing to resist touching her womanhood once again. *I'll have to be the one to find out.*

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Elijah was often in his study. What *exactly* he was studying was anyone's guess, though Jessica stated that it was "always magic, or some old book." She seemed a bit dismissive of it, despite her current state being evidence of its power. Joy made the choice after nearly two weeks of service to finally confront him. She had gotten a bit more used to her routine and her new body (though she was still resisting any further 'exploration', despite the other maids exalting how wonderfully freeing such a sensation was), and had even stopped waking herself in the night by rolling onto her chest: her boobs were too big to allow that as an option, and it was a painful reminder each time. She had also encountered Elijah enough times to get a feel for her newly submissive nature to him. She would curtsy or bow automatically in his presence, and dutifully follow his requests each morning when he gave out special assignments. Such 'assignments' would occasionally be a new outfit or hairstyle to match his tastes for the day, but usually it was just literally that: an assignment. Clean the faucets and sinks on the third floor, go over the library again, take care of my appointments for the day, scrub the floor where there was a spill from a guest last night, etc. The last bit was an important one: Joy was now partaking in the occasional banquets Elijah held with other wealthy friends of his, and it was clear said friends enjoyed the sight of the gorgeous and attractive maids. It gave Elijah status, it seemed, and he clearly enjoyed having them be the sexy servers, though he had informed them all that there was a 'no touching' rule for guests, and to inform him if that was the case. It had given Joy a further insight into his character, but also further questions, and so she approached his study with these in mind. The more private study, where he supposedly was studying magic.

She knocked gently three times upon the door, which was protocol.

"Come in," came a muffled voice.

Joy opened the door and entered. This study was much less resplendent than the one downstairs. This one was practical, with books everywhere and notations scribbled all over the papers on his desk. His hair was tousled as always, and he looked slightly frustrated as he gazed over various symbols in an old tome that was unlocked upon the desk.

“Joy,” he said, frown turning to a half-smile. “How can I help you? The gardens aren’t giving you too much trouble, I hope?”

She gave a professional curtsy, aware that her magnificent cleavage was prominently displayed as he did so.

*This is humiliating. I feel like a piece of meat. And this stupid female brain can’t stop thinking about how weirdly hot he is, in a cute, nerdy kind of way. Ugh.*

“No, gardening was one talent I was pretty good at before, well, I became *this*.”

Elijah chuckled. “Well, it is a nice *this*. Have you enjoyed your new form a bit?”

She blushed. Her cherubic cheeks showed it off rather nicely, at least according to Anastasia, whose own cheekbones were sharp as ice picks and all the better looking for it.

“Not exactly, Master,” she said demurely, remaining standing.

“What? Really? You haven’t . . . you know . . .”

The blush turned a deep crimson. “God, no! I wouldn’t! I’m a woman. I mean, I’m a woman. Um, you know what I mean, Master.”

*Stupid submissive mind. Why is this so difficult?*

Elijah nodded thoughtfully. “I see. There’s usually an adjustment period. In fact, I’m surprised it took you this long to come and see me. My own policy with my girls is to let them relax into themselves and let them approach when they’re ready to talk about how they’re going. Vent the air, so to speak. I must be honest, I was starting to get impatient. I’ve been finding it very difficult not to want to practically grab you aside and have a chat about books.”

“About books?”

*It thought he was going to say ‘boobs.’ I mean, he did give me some big stonking ones. He makes me a blonde bombshell and he wants to talk about books?*

Elijah must have caught the look on her face, because he blushed in turn. “You must think me a pretty strange person, Joy.”

“Can I be candid, Master?”

“Of course.”

The permission was necessary; the magic really did compel her to be submissive and polite. “Then yes, Master, I do. I don’t understand a lot of what is going on here.”

“Is it so hard to believe that I just like having a team of beautiful maids around, and that I use my magic to make them to my specifications?”

She shook her head, summoning all her defiance. “To be honest, Master, it isn’t.”

He cocked an eyebrow. He shut his tomb and regarded her for a few moments, once again seeming to stare into her soul.

“I knew I made the right choice with you,” he said. “You believed in magic straight away, and you were willing to talk to me back and forth about books so easily. And now you have questions, I sense.”

She smiled sheepishly, trying to stem the fluttering of nervousness in her heart. It didn't help that he was wearing a nice vest and pair of glasses that matched his style. He was taller than her now, and that seemed significant somehow.

"I do," she said, taking a deep breath. "I suppose on the face of it I could believe that you change these men - mostly men, at least - into women just for entertainment, Master. Especially since they've all told me that they sometimes . . . well, have 'fun' with you."

"Sex, you mean. It's not a dirty word, Joy."

She blushed again. "Of course. And that would explain it: beautiful women in your house, all in French maid outfits, all keeping it clean and also providing you with pleasure. But *they* approach *you*, from what I'm told. And more than that, sometimes *you* turn *them* down. Or let them go - I was told about Piper the other day."

"I did so like Piper, and she liked being Piper. She still had her body, but she wasn't a good fit for me."

"Because you're looking for something," she blurted out. "You're looking for something - or someone - specific."

He paused, frozen. She continued to fill the silence.

"You like looking in on us, and for two weeks I thought you were just, I don't know, enjoying the look of me. I mean, you *were*. At least, I'm pretty sure you were."

He chuckled, standing up and doing up the button of his vest. It was a smooth move. "Oh, I definitely was, make no mistake."

"I knew it! I mean, when I was bending over the bookshelf that one time, and also on my knees scrubbing the floor, you were definitely . . . it's hard to say because of the magic making me so demure. But you were definitely 'appreciating' my chest."

"There's a lot to appreciate there."

The comment actually made her giggle, and he seemed to lose some stiffness as well, laughing a bit more freely and informally as he wandered across the room and closer to her.

"Well, that's *your* fault, Master."

"But you sense there's more to my actions."

"Definitely. I, well, I've always been a good judge of character."

"A talent I wish I had."

"Thank you, Master," she said, and meant it sincerely. "It's just that . . . I can't quite explain it. I can just sense that you're looking for something more. You don't really interact with us much. And that *should* make sense: we're just the hired help, I suppose. But after putting so much effort into using your magic to change us . . ."

"It seems like I'm ignoring the fruits of my labor, is what I'm saying?"

*Well, you obviously enjoy partaking of the fruit occasionally,* Joy thought. Again her mind went to the notion that a bunch of former men were willing to sleep with the Master, and do so willingly multiple times. And enjoy it. *What would that feel like? Would it be . . . enjoyable? God, why am I thinking about this? And damn these stupid big sensitive nipples for getting hard over it. I swear, they're enormous!*

"Yes, Master," she said plainly, trying to hide her distraction. "I think you want someone to be more than just a maid. I think you like the aesthetic, but what you're really looking for is . . ."

She realised it at the same time as the implication hung in the air. She'd overstepped, once again.

*A partner. He wants a partner. He likes the maid thing, likes the submissive thing, but he wants someone who understands him and can talk to him and again his interest.*

Elijah dropped his pen, his mouth agape. How did you -? What did you -? Have we met before? I swear . . . something about you is so familiar, Joy. The former you, I mean. I - I feel like for once I'm missing something."

But by this point Joy was feeling the compulsion not only of the magic, but her own failure to do her job. She'd come here to get a bit more understanding of her role and Elijah's place within it as Master, and instead she'd barged into his personal life in a way that directly threatened her ability to pay off her debts. And besides, being in the same room was awkward, given how her body reacted to him. *Epecially* now that she'd managed to surprise him. There was something humanising about that.

"I - I have to go," she said. "I'm sorry, Master. I overstepped."

"Joy," he said. "Have we met before?"

She reached the door. He hadn't asked her to stop, otherwise she would. She lingered at the frame, barely able to look at him. Again, the slight fragility, that humanising element, was written all over his face. It was soft, gentle. Hopeful.

"No," she answered. "But I have seen you before."

She left before he could ask another question. Something in her just wasn't ready to tell him how important that moment of wonder had been as a child, or how far magic had fallen in her consideration.

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From that day on, Elijah showed her much more interest. Surprisingly, he didn't inquire into what she had meant with her vague statement, but the Master of the house did request to speak to her. Submissively and dutifully, she followed his requests as if they were orders, but in truth she would have accepted them anyway. Sure, his eye wandered like any

red-blooded male's would have to her perfect feminine form, and he often found it difficult to look her in the eyes given the sheer abundance of cleavage on display in her low cut maid outfit, but on some level the former male really couldn't blame him. She would have been the same were she still male, and in fact she in turn found it hard not to admire his thoughtful gaze, or appreciate his forearms when he rolled up his sleeves (*how is that so sexy?* she often wondered. *And I guess ladies have a thing for shoulders and backs too, judging from my stupid horny imagination late at night*). But his appreciation of her female form was as much as any of the other girls. Well, she did have *some* weird-feeling pride about being the bustiest and shapeliest, but that was beside the point. What mattered was that he immediately passed her a copy of *Pygmalion*, the play by Bernard Shaw, when he requested she sit down in his private study. She had expected some kind of sexual overture, but instead there was an almost schoolboy glee on his face.

"Now, I know you said you aren't a big fan of reading plays or watching them, but this one is just . . . brilliant. If you don't know, I'll spoil nothing. Suffice to say it is a true masterwork and one I often lie awake at night thinking about. This is not me speaking as your Master, this isn't a demand or an order. Please, only read it if you wish. But I'm sure certain parallels won't escape you, though I hope you'll see me not quite the same as our Higgins, ha."

Joy found herself oddly touched. She had not been offered his kind of passion in books before, nor a recommendation like this. She took the hardcover and held it thoughtfully.

"I'll start it tonight," she said, trying to hide her sheepish smile. The book smelled wonderful; she'd always loved that new book smell, and as a maid her sense of smell had only gotten sharper. She hugged it against her full chest, accidentally making them rise up in view. It entertained her just a little to see Elijah straining not to stare. "If you start a book of mine."

"Any!" he declared. "I love discussing literature. It's my truest passion outside of practicing magic. In fact, the creativity of it is what inspires my magic."

*Interesting.*

"I would like you to read *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* by Carson McCullers. It's a powerful study of isolation and loneliness, and how we project what we want on others without understanding who they truly are."

You could have heard a pin drop. Elijah's smile faded, puzzling over her comment. He actually gulped slightly. "I see. And is there a reason for this particular recommendation?"

She gave her best smile. "You'll have to read it to find out. Are there any jobs you'd like me to do, Master?"

“Uh, yes, I suppose. Tomorrow could you . . .oh, take the day off. You deserve one. Enjoy the company of the twins. I’m sure they’d love to have someone out on the town. They do pick up some groceries and the like for me, so you can learn from them. I’ll . . . read this book.”

“And I’ll read mine, master.”

She bid him farewell, feeling oddly terrible about the jab she’d given him with the description.

*Why do I keep overstepping? I just need to be a damn maid and put up with it! Big, jiggling boobs and amazing figure aside, it’s not totally different from being a man. I can deal with it. Just learn to walk in heels a bit better, stop snagging my hair on things, and most of all stop having a reading club with Mr Handsome Master.*

But she couldn’t stop. Despite his initial caution at her comments, Elijah devoured the book, just as she devoured the play. It seemed so appropriate; the story of a man remoulding a woman in the image he wanted, only for her to gain her own independence. They talked as if they were their own private book club, to the point where Delilah joked about her having “ambitions Jessica could only dream about, girl!” But in truth, Elijah was highly educated and his thoughts on both texts were fascinating, and she loved the back and forth, even the little stares and compliments she dutifully gave and he offered more freely. There was a growing tension in the air between them, but it wasn’t all bad. Certainly better than the trip to town with Kai and Kree, which had seen many men hit on her far more lecherously than Elijah’s own gentlemanly manner. It had been worthwhile to experience being a woman in public, even to wear a proper dress and find it surprisingly appealing (she couldn’t deny it made her body look fucking *fantastic*, especially her hips and wrack, all thanks to the twins’ costuming advice). But really, she wanted to get back to the mansion and talk books with the Master, something she did every evening now.

Once she had finished the play several days later, she learned that there were in fact *two* endings: Shaw’s original and the revised ‘happy’ one. Eliza pulls herself free from Higgins, escaping his clutches happily in the original ending. But in the revised, far more sweet - if shallow - one, he changes too, and they both end up happily together.

*Why do I get the sense that means something?* she thought to herself.

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It was a month into Joy’s time as a maid, and she couldn’t sleep. She had worked all day with Bian, who was always flowery and kind, but apparently sensing something between the blonde maid and Elijah.

“I just think you spend a lot of time together. It’s wonderful to see. You may not realise it fully, but he really is quite nervous and anxious. He has to maintain relationships under his terms, hence us as maids, or else he totally flounders! It’s kind of adorable.”

“Yeah, I think I flounder him a lot,” Joy said, smirking as she scrubbed the floors on her hands and knees. “I can’t shut my mouth, even when I’m being all dutiful and loyal and stuff.”

“No, it’s a good thing! He struggles to get out of the mansion, and buries his face in books. He lost his parents at a young age, and he has no family left, not even siblings. I’m not saying the maid thing is normal, but I see why it happened, Joy. But you seem different to him. He’s . . .”

“Opening up,” Joy said. “He opens up to me.”

Bian grinned broadly. It was the kind of smile that made *you* smile.

“He just needed a bit of joy, I guess.”

“Oh, that’s bad!” Joy said, giggling.

But it wasn’t false, either. Elijah was seemingly only flustered by their interactions, but he was truly opening up, not just having occasional sex with the maids and otherwise appreciating their looks from time to time. Joy felt less like a sexy employee than an actual friend sometimes, even if her body insisted on finding him increasingly attractive. They continued their book club, but he also started taking her on walks around the gardens, which were very expansive, and the two talked about their shared dreams; amusingly, neither quite knew what they wanted. Elijah wanted to master magic, though for what end he had yet to decide. Joy wanted to be clear of debt and have her own home and family one day, but how that would occur was anyone’s guess. They actually laughed over their shared lack of understanding of themselves, but in those moments it was almost like they understood each other more. Enough so, in fact, that they could be a bit flirty in their comments.

“Master?”

“Yes, Joy.”

“I believe my eyes are up here, not on my legs.”

“Ah, my apologies. Mine are on my face too, not on my forearms. Just in case you were also looking.”

“I was just inspecting in case you needed cleaning, Master.”

“Up close and personal?”

“From a distance, with a duster, of course.”

“Ah!”

It left them both grinning and giggling, and in those moments Joy didn’t even care that she was female. In fact, having a pretty nice bod in a cute, frivolous outfit was oddly freeing, especially since it made Elijah happy.

It did have one major consequence though, because that very night she simply couldn't take it anymore. Sleep was impossible with images of Elijah in her mind, his form topless, his smile gentle, his hands caressing her body in her imagination. It left her powerless. She had resisted for so damn long, but her resistance was crumbling. She had been a sexy blonde French maid for a month now, and during that time she had ached and *yearned* to touch herself, to feel the pleasure that her needy body craved. She had pushed it down each time.

Now, there was no way to hold back.

*Can't stop thinking about him. Him and his magic. And not just the literal magic, but the everything magic. The way he looks at me. The way he laughs. His passion for books and how cute it is. And Delilah said he's packing . . .*

She would never sleep with him. She was adamant. But she could masturbate to him. *Surely not a bridge too far, right?*

She lowered her hand down and began to tease her womanly folds, and gasped at the bliss that followed.

*Ohhhhhh, how did I resist this long? Mhmmmm . . . that's . . . so much better than as a man. It really is, holy shit. Ohhhh - ahhh!*

Soon she was rubbing her feminine tunnel, even slipping her fingers inside. She groped and squeezed her breasts with her other hand, savouring the sweet sensations of her pink nipples producing pulses of ecstasy through her form.

*S-so much better than the useless nipples I had before. These big boobs are almost fun to play with. Hell, they are fun to play with.*

But even better was her warm and wet slit. She began rubbing it more firmly, tracing her fingers around the outside, teasing and tracing over her clitoris so that it stiffened further. It was all that was left of her penis, but in that moment she didn't care about her ruined male ego. She just wanted pleasure. She wanted to imagine *Elijah* pleasuring her, and his own pleasure in turn. She gasped and groaned, making a mess on the bed. Her legs kicked out and squirmed involuntarily, and her blonde hair cascaded all about, draping over her vision. It made it all the easier to imagine her Master ravishing her body, making it *his*.

"Yesssss," she moaned. "Take me. M-make me yours, Master. I want to *be* yours. Mhmmmm!!!"

She had expected to cry out, but instead she whimpered as the orgasm hit. Her voice disappeared entirely. Her eyes bulged, her mouth gaped. For a stunned moment it was like she'd been hit by a freight train. Her entire body seized up. And then finally it washed through her. Her hand continued to massage her pussy, and she gripped her prodigious chest with her other forearm as her big boobs trembled from her shaking movement.



Orgasm after orgasm hit her. It was better than any male equivalent, and longer lasting too. It had taken longer to reach, but it was all the more worth it.

“M-Master,” she finally croaked, collapsing back. Her mind felt like mush, with just the image of Elijah Thompkinson squarely in its focus, his gentle smile and thoughtful manner making her smile broadly like a silly schoolgirl. She hugged herself, unwilling to push away those thoughts.

“How did I not do that sooner?” she asked herself.

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Delilah found it rather amusing how much time Elijah and Joy were spending together, and made it known. The maids of the mansion would often gather in the morning to ready their costumes together and divvy out any work that the Master had not decided upon. It was also an appropriate time to gossip.

“Maybe the Master has finally found someone!” she joked.

“Please,” Jessica said, adjusting her own maid outfit and fixing up her flame-red hair. “If I couldn’t seduce him after trying, I hardly see how our clumsy blonde bimbo could.”

Joy stuck out her tongue at Jessica, who returned it with a giggle. Things could occasionally be tense between them, but Jessica wasn’t all bad. She’d been the one to fix up her terrible toilet scrub job the other day, and had quietly helped her adjust her makeup after a failed attempt.

“Are you interested in him, Joy?” asked Anastian. The Slavic woman was adjusting her nails and her uniform. More than any of the others, she seemed like making sure her French maid uniform was uniquely hers in style, and always professional.

Joy blushed, not quite knowing what to say. “Umm, I like spending time with him. He’s a good man, if a bit awkward at times. And we both love books. I can’t stop reading his recommendations, and I think he really enjoys mine. And the there’s history, and -”

“Nerd alert!” Delilah laughed.

“She’s so into him,” Kree exclaimed from the couch, arms outstretched in revelation. Her twin agreed, mimicking her sister’s gesture. “Sooooo into him.”

“We can sense it,” they said together, before giggling. Kai finished up: “We were working the garden when we caught them almost kiss.”

“I did not *almost* kiss him,” Joy exclaimed.

“So you *did* kiss him,” Delilah noted, amusement on her features. “Catch that, Jessica?”

The other woman rolled her eyes. “She didn’t.”

"I didn't! I just stumbled because of these damn high heels. I thought I was used to them, and then suddenly I'm walking on dirt and grass and little hills and I trip right over."

"And he caaaaaauuught yoooouuuuu," Kree teased.

"It sounds very romantic," Bian said, adjusting her lipstick.

"Don't listen to her," Jessica said. "She always fixates on romance."

"There is nothing wrong with that. I am always happy for romance to flourish. And I do think the Master quite likes our Joy. An appropriate name for her, I think!"

Joy disliked how easily her face turned red these days: *God, it was just one catch. Our faces were close. We stared into each other's eyes and his arms were surprisingly strong and I lost my breath and my heart skipped a beat and then he let me go and we kept on walking and talking about anything other than how good looking he is.*

The talk moved to other places, like the twins' own love lives, the annoying leaky faucet that just couldn't be fixed near the garden maze, and what they were all getting up to on the weekend. At some point, binge TV became the topic of discussion, but Joy had largely phased out of the circle by then. She had her maid uniform ready, revealing and tight and cute, showing off her gorgeous busty body, and somehow that made her excited. Nothing had changed, not really. She was still herself - the 'herself' that Elijah had made her, at least. But there was no shame in being so utterly female now. Not since she had started pleasuring herself nightly. Not since she had reached the two month mark of her employment. Now . . . now she just looked forward to seeing the Master.

*But not because I'm interested in him. Attracted, yes. But he's just an employer I'm close to. A friend, maybe.*

A friend she couldn't stop thinking about.

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Joy was polishing some of the steps on the spiral staircase when she sensed a familiar presence in the room. Rather than alert him to her awareness, she decided to put on a bit of a show. It was silly, really, but since revelling in her body she felt a lot more free in it, and entrancing Elijah it was actually very fun. Almost . . . rewarding. So she exaggerated the wiggle of her hips as she polished the steps, and bowed lower and allowed her hanging breasts to sway gently but continuously. Finally, he coughed. She looked up with a beaming smile.

"Oh, Master!" she said with more excitement than perhaps intended. "I didn't even see you there!"

His expression showed doubt, but not disappointment. "I was just admiring your . . . work," he said. "It was hypnotising."

She stood, doing so quickly so that her breasts wobbled noticeably in the straining cups of her top. Elijah had to blink for a moment.

"I know your day is nearly done, but would you fancy a walk through the maze? We could discuss Hemingway? Or Chambers? I don't normally do genre fiction but I found that recommendation delightful, and if you wanted-"

"I do!" she said. "I mean, I'd love to."

*Calm yourself, girl. Just because he's hot as hell. Ugh. I'm even thinking like a total woman now.*

But in fact she was excited. She put away her things - still moving seductively as if by instinct - and actually took his offered arm. He admired her form as he took her outside, and for once she didn't sway on her heels. They passed Bian who gave a hidden thumbs up.

*Oh, nothing to see here, Bian. Please don't tell anyone!*

They passed into the gardens, then into the maze. She knew it by heart now. Part of it had been grown from the magic she had seen as a child.

"This is my favourite place here," she admitted, cutting short their talk of books.

"It is?" he asked. "I never like to come here alone. I always found it a bit oppressive. I was never happy with how it turned out."

"You should appreciate things that turn out differently than how you expect," she said quickly. *Stop putting your foot in it!*

But once again, her comment seemed to capture him. "You're right, aren't you? You've shown me that more than once. When I learned magic from the tomes in my library, I thought I could control things. It was after I lost my parents, so you can imagine how it opened up worlds of transformation for me. Perhaps it has also . . . limited me, in some regards. I was trying to make something - someone - I wanted, when really I should have had a more open mind to the kind of person that could surprise me."

She held him a little closer as they walked. "You were the first person to really surprise me, you know."

He chuckled. "Turning someone into a woman will do that, I expect."

She shook her head. "Not that. That *was* surprising. But honestly, it made me *less* amazed, at least at first."

"Really?"

She shrugged. "No offence, at the time I thought you were rather shallow, Master."

He raised his eyebrows. "Well, you probably weren't wrong."

"I don't think that anymore. Far from it! But . . . at the time, the magic disappointed me compared to when I first saw you use it."

He stopped walking and turned to face her. He was curious.

*Don't mess this up. Why am I so nervous? Just tell him!*

“It was when I was very young,” she said. “I was just a young girl. Well, you know what I mean, Master. There were rumours from other boys about the ‘creepy mansion’ at the edge of town, and I came and visited, peering through the gate. And I saw a young boy with dark hair chanting something. He was growing a garden. It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen.”

“The first time I used magic,” he said, shocked.

“I had no idea, Master, but it amazed me. I have never forgotten it. So when I saw the ad, no matter how strange . . .”

“You wanted to come here and see that magic again. That’s why you believed in it from the start. And instead I ruined that perfect memory by turning you into a woman all for my own aesthetic. All because I’m too damn cloistered and shy and socially lacking to go out and find a woman that I just rotate through maids in the hopes that maybe one will turn out as I planned. A true Pygmalion’s pride. You were right to throw my approach back in my face. I’m a damned fool.”

At that point, she could resist no more. She raised a hand and cupped his smooth face, turning it away from its shameful lowering and back towards her.

“No, you’re not, Elijah,” she said, and the word ‘Master’ somehow escaped her in that moment. “You’re not a fool. You’re just . . . a person. A person who has come to mean a great deal to me.”

“Because of our book exchanges?”

She giggled. “That, and so much more. I feel comfortable with you, and while it took me time, I actually feel comfortable in this body, even this outfit! I may not have changed into what you planned - plans rarely work out, I should know from the sheer amount of debt I’m stuck in! - but I *have* changed. I’ve changed a lot. And I think you have too.”

She stepped closer to him. Her heart beat behind her generous breast, going a mile a minute.

*Am I about to do this? Am I seriously about to do this?*

She was, and in her heart she knew it. She stood on the toes of her heels, and he in turn slowly encircled his arms around her. Their lips drew near, closer even than the other day when she fell and he caught her.

“Are you sure about this, Joy?” he asked, his breath upon hers. “I feel as I’ve been a total Higgins.”

“Shh, Master,” she said. Her full chest was against his. The feeling was wondrous. *He* was wondrous. “Maybe this is the ending where Eliza *does* choose him.”

He smiled. She smiled. And then they kissed. She even raised her leg, she felt so feminine.

*Maybe that’s not a bad thing.*

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Sex with the real deal was far better than any imagining. Joy hadn't intended to give herself over so easily, but then again, she still had her submissive maid instincts that left her so wonderfully vulnerable to such an occurrence. She and Elijah had kissed with great passion, feeling one another's bodies in the middle of the maze, moaning in one another's mouths as they finally gave into the lust and attraction they felt. But it was more than *just* lust. There had to be, for what followed. Joy found him magnetic, and he was clearly entranced by her personality, and so after they finally parted following minutes of kissing and touching, they each knew what the other wanted.

"Come to my room," Elijah had said. It should have felt like an order, but it wasn't. It was a gentle request, almost a plea.

"Of course, Master," was her response.

She had no doubt the other maids would soon know what was happening. It made her nervous. But the excitement was more powerful, and she took her Master's arm and allowed him to lead her up the staircases and to his private quarters. Other girls had been here, she knew. Delilah had described it, and Jessica had relished teasing her about all the acts she got up to while trying to seduce Elijah.

*But this time is different, she thought to herself. I don't know how I know it, but I do. It's different. He doesn't want sex. He wants me. And - holy shit - I want him. I want this magical man more than anything.*

The Maid and the Master. It could have been a book of its own. And the genre would have quite saucy, because as soon as he had shut the door they were all over each other. The resplendent expanse of the room and its enormous, plush bed were only so important as they were for fucking in and on, respectively.

"You're so beautiful, Joy," Elijah breathed into her ear even as he nibbled on it. "I hope you don't mind me complimenting the looks I gave you."

"Not at all, Master," she sighed, beginning to undo his buttons. She pressed herself against him, allowing her cleavage to rise dramatically from the compression. "I love the form you gave me. I love being your cute French maid. I love my blonde hair. I love how you look at *these*."

She pulled back and gestured at her breasts, before raising her skirt a little. "And how you look at my legs. You've done good work, Pygmalion."

He chuckled, but it was obvious his arousal was only growing. She eyed the tent in his pants and couldn't help but lick her lips.

“Would you like to take your French maid now, Master? She wants you to take her. She wants you so badly, *Master.*”

She emphasised that last word, knowing how much it would turn him on.

*It's actually really fun to play this role. The submissive little Maid, desperate for her Master. Mhmmm, and really fucking hot too.*

It made her warm and wet between her lovely thighs, especially Elijah began to help her slide out of the French maid outfit. Not entirely, of course: she kept the heels on, as well as the thigh-high stockings. And while her outfit was opened at the front and her bra slung expertly off (she'd practiced in secret while masturbating to a moment like this), she still kept it on at the back, as well as her headband on, all to give her the impression of still being a maid.

“God, I want you,” Elijah said, kissing her again, running his fingers over her supple form. He cupped her pert ass, fingers sinking into the flesh there, and it made her whimper in, well, *joy.*

“Inside me, then. Please, Master.”

*I want him inside me so bad. I want him.*

She'd never wanted anything so much before. This man of magic had changed her, she'd changed him, and now they were coming together. They moved to the bed, and he forced her down upon it, taking on a dominant role. It was, she discovered, her new and powerful kink, because she moaned in desire.

“Yesssss, take me. Take me, Master.”

He crawled on top of her, having unbuckled and removed his pants. His cock was indeed large as Delilah had teased, but he did not enter her straight away. He licked and groped her large, jiggling breasts. It was ecstasy.

“Mhmmm! Oh, they're s-so big!”

“But you like them, right?”

“I I-love them! I'm glad the garden wasn't the only th-thing you could make g-grow!”

He chuckled at that, but then placed his lips upon her lift nipple, and sucked hard.

“Ohhhhhhh, M-Master! OHHHHHH!!!”

Only then, once she was absolutely submissive putty in his hands, did he enter her. It was the most alien, most strange and foreign, and most wonderful feeling in the world. There was a brief pain, but then the pleasure began as his girth parted her vaginal walls, slick and ready for entrance. Slowly, he began pumping into her. She in turn widened her legs, gripped him around his waist, holding on for dear life as he fucked her. He slid in and out, in and out, his thrusts getting more powerful, penetrating ever deeper. Her mind reeled as she cried out, louder by the second.

*I want him to cum. I want his cum inside me. I want - I want you Elijah!*

She said as much, her words broken up by his thrusts: “I - want - you - Master - Elijah!”

“I want you, Joy! I - ohhhh - I love you! I know it sounds crazy, but I love you, I really do! You’re the first I’ve ever - ahh - loved!”

There was no thought. Only confirmation. She knew instantly her answer.

“I - I love you too, Elijah! I want to stay like this! I want to be yours! Please!”

“I can make it p-possible!”

“But first Master, please finish inside me!”

“I w-will. I’m so close Joy! I’ve never felt like this about a woman!”

He did climax, just three thrusts later. His dick throbbed within her, pulsing, and then moments later she could feel his hot seed spreading inside her. Her lips pulled back in a wide grin, and what followed was her own set of orgasms. As before, she could not speak or make a sound: she was all expression and no voice until the tidal wave of ecstasy had passed, at which point she gasped, moaning long and ecstatically as she clutched him.

*That was the best feeling I’ve ever had,* she thought. She held him still as he collapsed upon her, his face buried in the warm expanse of her perfect breasts. She played with his hair idly, her breathing slowing, the post-coital haze of pleasure slowly wafting away.

“I’m yours too,” Elijah whispered, raising his head.

*Now that’s magic,* she thought.

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Joy was no longer a maid. She hadn’t been one for nearly a year, in fact. After their mutual confession of love that night, the couple had been unable to contain their excitement over their romance. Delilah was first on the case spreading the news to the rest of the maids, all of whom were excited for Joy (well, not so much Jessica, but she did have a begrudging respect for “the winner”). Obviously, Joy was a bit embarrassed about this, but for the most part she was simply as happy as her namesake: she not only had wonderful friends and a place to stay and work, but also a man who had come to be someone she trusted intimately. That trust went both ways: Elijah extended her form indefinitely, but he also removed the compulsions that were part of her maid service. From that point on, she was simply his girlfriend, not that it stopped her from wearing the outfit quite frequently and teasing him with it.

*After all, my awesome boobs looks fucking fantastic in it,* she thought to herself. *And I like to work alongside my new friends too.*

It was also a surefire way to entice him to sex, not that she needed to persuade him too hard. Elijah was positively enamoured with her, and when they weren’t having

passionate, addictive sex, they were going on walks, having dinners, watching classic cinema, and, of course, endlessly discussing and reading books together. Joy got to experience the fun of dressing up even more, serving as the beautiful woman on Elijah's arm during events, and even persuading him to leave his ground more often. And with her convincing, he focused his magic more on matters beyond his little army of maids, growing the garden once more so that it became their special place together. In this way, Joy got to feel like a child again, seeing something wondrous as, with her guidance and his power, the gardens began to bloom.

Of course, it didn't take long for their love to result in an engagement, and the engagement to result in a wedding. Her maid sisters were her bridesmaids of course, with Delilah taking a place of honour and Bian giving the most emotional speech. Joy wore a wonderful wedding dress that was most definitely French maid themed, something she knew would make Elijah excited to see her in, and even more on their wedding night. She wasn't let down in that regard: it turns out that magic could also be used to give its wielder a short refractory period, in order to satisfy his new bride endlessly.

*God, that was a good night, she thought. He was so dominant. It made me all submissive again even without the compulsions.*

Yes, Joy had changed. She was a new person, and thanks to Elijah's own considerable wealth, her debts were easily a thing of the past. She only had her future ahead of her, and it was one with her nerdy, cute, thoughtful husband. As Mistress of the house, she had a leisurely existence she never would have imagined, and while she technically could order the maids about, she preferred to leave that to Elijah, knowing that they were her friends and former equals. They were glad for it, and she for their continued friendship. In some ways, she often missed being a maid. There was something enticing about the Master/Maid relationship, and now that she was out of it, the allure was all the more overpowering.

Which was why, months after the wedding, and a certain piece of exciting (if surprising to the former male) news, Joy was excited to hear her husband return home. He had been out to visit his accountant, and to talk about investment in bookstores and libraries in the state. He had been influenced by his wife in this matter, and now the pair were keen philanthropists for all kinds of reading and learning programs. It also meant she had time to secretly change and prepare herself for when he walked in the door. Delilah was most helpless with the alterations to her French Maid outfit, which were very necessary these days.

The door opened, and a relieved Elijah walked in.

"Honey, I'm home. Things went well if a little exhausting with the - oh. *Hello.*"

"Hello indeed, *Master.*"



She rose from the bed as languidly as she could, cradling her round belly bump and smiling. She was six months along and bigger than expected, but that was alright by Elijah; he loved her pregnant form. But to make it even more attractive, she was wearing an altered French Maid outfit - her original one - but let out to pull tight against her big, beautiful belly. The evidence of their lovemaking was right before them, and she knew he loved it.

*And you also love seeing me be your submissive maid again, from time to time.*

“Joy, my God. You look . . . holy hells.”

“I’ve been doing as much cleaning as I can, Master. I hope you’re satisfied. But there’s still one area I need to . . . service.”

*Ohhhhh, that’s got him. He’s already straining against his pants.*

She took out her feather duster and lightly brushed against his manhood with it. He groaned, and she giggled, biting her lip to look all demure and innocent . . . and needy.

“Would you like your dutiful maid to fix that, Master?”

He did. He very much did. He cradles her pregnant form and pressed his lips against hers, and moved her back towards the bed.

*At your service,* she thought, ready to receive him.

**The End**