



# LISA CHANGE

# Maid for Her

(the man who became a  
fembot maid - a TG sci-fi  
tale)

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### **Author's Note**

This tale started life as a short story I published a while ago, known as *The Bodysuit Revenge*. At 3,000 words long, it was more just a snippet than an actual story, a little glimpse of an alternative world, and a punishment a naughty man deserved very much.

Originally I was going to leave it with its tantalizing ending, coming straight after the sci-fi transformation scene. For a long time, I did. The very first part of this tale – corresponding roughly to the original short story – I wrote back in early 2016. Yet it kept preying on my mind. Making me wonder. Now Cillian was trapped as an artificial bimbo maid, *what would happen next?*

Well, now we finally know the answer. I sat down to write this one on a stormy morning during a humid summer in 2019. By the time I'd finished, it wasn't just the air outside that was hot and wet. In my hands, the original tale more than tripled in length, going from a fun, 3k word romp to an 11k word kinky sci-fi TG tale.

If the first few pages of this book seem familiar to you, please do keep going. The back 70% is all new material, featuring plenty of servitude, frilly maid costumes and the kinky games I know you sissies love.

Some authors say you should never bathe in the same river twice, by which they mean never go back to your old work. In returning to bathe in this gloriously twisted stream – filled with sci-fi gender swaps, taboo sex, and all the dark little things we hide in the kinkiest corners of our brains – I've had more fun splashing around than I ever thought possible.

*Lisa Change, watching the storm over the lake, wishing she had a maid of her own, 30 June, 2019.*

## Maid for Her

It was a little after nine when the box arrived that would change Cillian's life forever.

It was a small, silver thing, light and compact with retro-future lettering on the side. As the drone that dropped it sped away back into the pale blue sky, Cillian examined the package.

BODYSUIT INC. Read the brightly-colored words. PROTOTYPE SAMPLE.

A feeling of unease prickled its way across Cillian's skin.

*I didn't order this...* he thought. *Surely it's a mistake...*

But when had the corporation ever made a mistake?

He was still thinking these thoughts as he stepped back into the kitchen from their yard. His gorgeous, dark-haired wife Rochelle was at the sink, doing the washing up.

"Hon," Cillian started, holding up the package, "did you...?"

That was as far as he got.

The moment she saw the silver foil, Rochelle's face lit up.

"Oh my God, it's actually here!"

Then she was suddenly running over to him, her DD boobs bouncing in her low cut top, throwing her yellow-gloved hands round Cillian's shoulders and smothering him in kisses.

"I thought it'd take six weeks at least," she managed to get out between pressing her lips against his, "but they just... wow! Geoff sure works fast, huh?"

*Ah. That explains it...*

Geoff was Rochelle's brother, a muscular, broad-shoulder guy with wavy dark hair and a square jaw who worked for the corporation, designing new products. Cillian vaguely remembered Rochelle saying he was working on something new, but he hadn't given the matter much thought.

"Geoff, huh?" Cillian returned his wife's smile, but deep down he was still feeling slightly confused. "So, what? He's doing market research on family members now?"

Rochelle rolled her dark eyes. Her face all lit-up like this, Cillian couldn't help but see her as she had been five years ago, when they first met.

Back when her dark glasses, oval face, pale skin and button nose had still seemed beautiful to him. Back when one look at her curved hips, large breasts and insanely tight waist had been enough to send shivers down his spine.

Back when her long, black hair had still intoxicated him.

Back when he'd still wanted to be her husband.

"I asked him to send me a test-model, dummy. For our anniversary." Rochelle paused. "You do remember it's our anniversary next week, right?"

Cillian tried to hide his surprise by quickly nodding.

“Well, I remembered you saying, what, like three years ago, that you might try one of those bodysuits, remember that? But then you decided...”

“That we couldn’t afford it.”

The words came out sounding neutral, but behind his calm façade, Cillian was suddenly experiencing a rush of guilt.

*Sure we could afford it, he thought, bitterly, I just didn’t want to tell you that...*

He swallowed.

*I wanted to keep it all to myself.*

He and Rochelle had been together two years when Geoff and his team at the corporation made their breakthrough. At first it had been super hush-hush, but word had quickly got out.

After all, you couldn’t keep something like the bodysuit under wraps for long.

The bodysuit was a miracle of nano and smart-technology; a second skin that clung like Lycra to your first, and could be programmed to take on any form you wanted.

The best part was, it connected to your neural pathways. That meant any new addition worked with your nerve endings to give you the ability to *feel* it.

If you were a smart girl who secretly wanted to be a bimbo, you could discover what it was really like to be a dumb Valley Girl with big boobs, a ditzzy smile and long blond hair.

If you were a teenager who wanted to buy booze, you could change your appearance to look like a college jock.

And if you were a husband who no longer thought his wife was beautiful, you could turn yourself into the sort of musclebound stud all the housewives on your street lusted after...

Unbidden, memories began to rise in Cillian’s mind. How he’d surreptitiously bought the bodysuit stowed away upstairs using his private credit card. The first time he’d tried it on, and watched in the mirror, his mind reeling, as he became a muscular black hunk with bulging biceps and a 9-inch dick.

The dozens of women he’d seduced in his new body, screwing away in seedy motels while Rochelle cooked his dinner at home, oblivious to his infidelities.

With a jerk of his head, Cillian quickly shook the thoughts away. He forced up a smile.

“Wow. I mean, hey, this is great, honey, really, *really* great. But...” He hesitated. “We still can’t afford it, can we?”

“We don’t have to afford anything,” Rochelle’s dark eyes were fixed on Cillian’s, twinkling with laughter. “Geoff got us a copy for free. All you’ve gotta is put it on.”

She winked at him.

“I know you’ve been *dying* to try a bodysuit for years, baby.”

There was something about his wife’s voice that made Cillian feel suddenly nervous. Something about the way she was looking at him. It wasn’t the simple, open look of a wife giving her husband an early present.

It was the look of a woman with something to hide.

Then Rochelle kissed him again and the feeling passed.

“Go on, then!” She laughed, stepping back. “Let’s see how it works!”

And Cillian had no choice but to unwrap the package, climb into the tight suit, and pull the silvery hood over his head.

It was even harder to get into than his bodysuit upstairs, and that took ages. For a good ten minutes, Cillian was grunting and stretching away while Rochelle helpfully pulled bits here and tried to jam stuff in there.

But the moment it was on, Cillian could already sense the difference.

Whereas his old bodysuit was like wearing an extremely thin layer of Lycra, the new prototype was like wearing nothing at all.

The fabric – really an ultra-thin layer of nanobots all working together in harmony – seemed like a second skin. He could still feel the cool air of the kitchen through it. Even with the hood down, he could still breathe perfectly.

Experimentally, Cillian ran one hand over one of his arms, and was amazed to discover he could still feel the friction as clearly as if he was wearing nothing at all.

He turned to his wife, who was looking at him with barely disguised eagerness.

“Good fit?”

“Perfect.” Cillian hesitated. “Should I...?”

“Not yet.” Rochelle bent down and picked up the instruction leaflet from the floor, glanced at it. “It says here that the new suits aren’t voice-controlled.”

Cillian blinked.

“Then how do they...?”

“Telepathy.” Rochelle showed him the leaflet. “Nanobots, directly in your brain, I guess. It sounds gross but they say its only temporary and you shouldn’t feel a thing.”

“In my brain? That sounds a little...”

“Oh, stop being such a fucking pussy!” Rochelle suddenly snapped, her dark eyes alive with fire. “Just get on with it, will you?”

*That wasn’t like Rochelle...*

Suddenly, Cillian didn’t want to be there. Didn’t want to be wearing this weird, second skin.

He should take it off now, take it off and tell Rochelle to tell Geoff thanks but no...

“What’s wrong? Anyone would think,” Rochelle said with a deadly calm voice, “that you were used to the *old* style of bodysuit.”

*Oh, shit...*

That was enough. There was no way Cillian was going to let Rochelle cotton onto his little purchase upstairs.

“I was only saying it sounds weird,” he said hastily. “I’m OK with this. No, really, I am. How do I...?”

“Just give the nanos permission to wire you up,” Rochelle was no longer smiling now. “You should be fine.”

There was something about the way she was watching him that made Cillian’s skin crawl – even beneath the bodysuit – but what choice did he have?

If he stepped out the suit now, he had a horrible feeling they’d end up arguing about what, exactly, he got up to on his nights away from home.

And, if that argument started, then it wasn’t going to end until their marriage was in ruins.

*OK... OK, let’s just do this quickly and get it over with...*

Cillian took a deep breath, steadying his nerves.

“Suit.” He said, trying to keep the tremble out his voice. “Nanobots. I, uh, I *give you permission* to wire me up.”

Immediately, there was a strange, tickling feeling in his scalp as nanobots tunneled hair-thin electrodes into his brain. Cold, but not exactly unpleasant.

Deep inside his head, Cillian felt a tingle of electric that made him shudder. He tried to smile, aware Rochelle could see his expression easily through the ultra-thin hood.

“OK...” muttered Cillian, outwardly trying to act calm, “well then, I guess I’ll...”

Then he happened to glance back at his wife and felt his blood freeze up like ice.

Rochelle was watching him with a shark-like grin, her dark eyes flashing with menace. The moment she saw Cillian glance at her, she let out a low, evil chuckle.

“Oh *Cillian*,” she crooned. “Oh Cillian, Cillian, Cillian. You *are* a foolish boy. Think those electrodes in your brain are so you can control the suit?”

She pressed a hand to her lips, stifling a giggle.

“Wrong. They’re so I can control *you*.”

Cillian’s heart was starting to hammer in his chest. He forced up a puzzled smile.

“R-Rochelle? I-I don’t understand. What-?”

“You thought I didn’t know about the suit upstairs,” his wife whispered. “About your little... *adventures*. Well, guess what?”

She leaned back on the kitchen counter, a dark grin on her gorgeous lips.

“I’ve known for years. I even told Geoff. I told Geoff I’d had enough and was going to divorce you. And you know what Geoff said to me?”

Her smile grew wider. Crueler.

“He said ‘keep him around a little longer’. He said if I managed to keep quiet for a year or so, he could organize the *perfect revenge*.”

*Geoff? Oh, fuck. The suit! I have to get out of the-!*

Cillian quickly grabbed at the hood, trying to tear his way out of the suit. He fingers brushed the release clasp at the back...

“Don’t move.”

And then electric tingled deep in his brain, and he felt his hands freeze solid at Rochelle’s command. In horror, Cillian realized he was incapable of disobeying an order from his wife.

“Mmm... I think he’s beginning to realize what’s happening,” Rochelle purred.

Her eyes became hard.

“Those electrodes in your brain give me total control over you now, understand? *Total control*. At the same time, I control the suit. It responds to my voice. Any shape I want you to become, and you’re stuck with it.”

She pushed off from the counter, took a step towards him, obviously enjoying his helplessness.

“You were a shit to me, Cillian, a real shit. Leaving me at home, cooking and cleaning up after you, while you were out in that stupid suit, screwing those stupid girls.”

“Rochelle,” Cillian began to beg, his hands still frozen in the air, “baby, please, it wasn’t-”

“Oh *do shut up*, there’s a good boy.”

There was another tingling in the electrodes reaching into Cillian’s brain. His words instantly died in his throat. He frantically opened and closed his mouth, trying to speak, trying to plead with Rochelle, but it was useless.

He was no longer anything but his seductive, dark-haired wife’s puppet.

“Now, where was I? Oh yes.” Rochelle’s sneer returned. “You were a bad husband, Cillian. You treated me like crap, and you cheated on me. So guess what?”

Her smile widened.

“I’m going to fix it so you have no choice but to treat me like a goddess for the rest of my life. To worship me completely. And I’ll make sure you can never cheat on me again.”

Then her eyes narrowed. She crossed her arms over her DD breasts.

“Suit?” She snapped. “Preset one. Turn this pathetic little bitch into *something more fitting*.”

*No!* Cillian tried to scream. *No, Rochelle, you can’t!*

But already he could feel the bodysuit starting to shift. Feel his second skin starting to change.

And he knew it was already far, far too late.

In helpless horror, Cillian watched as the nanobots across his body began to ripple and twitch, transforming his outward appearance.

They shimmered over his hands, causing his fingers to become long and slender and dainty, topped with long nails painted a deep, slutty red.

At the same time, he felt a tingling around his wrists and watched in horror as they shrank down, becoming narrow and dainty.

Across the room, Rochelle nodded her head approvingly.

“The old bodysuits could just change your appearance outwardly,” she murmured. “Geoff says these new ones can alter you at a *molecular* level, make you bigger, smaller, rewrite your bone structure, whatever.”

A nasty glint shone in her eye.

“In other words, make you *truly become* whatever I desire.”

Geoff barely heard her speaking.

He was too busy trying not to scream.

He watched as the suit shimmered around his midriff, and his waist suddenly grew tight, while his hips simultaneously pushed out, nanobots altering and building up his flesh until he had two rounded, swollen hips.

He felt his shoulders fall inwards, becoming narrow and feminine. Watched in horror as his arms and legs shed muscle, becoming long and willowy and smooth.

Long, blond hair erupted from his crown, nanobots weaving it furiously into existence, falling in cute little ringlets over his shoulders.

His jawline softened, and his nose shimmered and then shrank down into a cute little button.

*What’s happening to me...?* Cillian thought, helplessly.

“Oh, Cillian,” Rochelle purred as she watched him change, “I think we’re both going to be so much happier with your new form.”

With a helpless moan, Cillian felt his lips artificially plump up. Felt his Adam’s apple vanish. Felt a pressure in his chest and watched in misery as two big, beautiful breasts suddenly swelled up, growing until they stuck out from his frame, a ripe, plump pair of Double-Gs that bounced and wobbled in the bottom of his vision.

It was all too obvious where this was going now.

Rochelle was turning him into a *girl*.

No sooner had the thought occurred to him than Cillian felt a pain in his cock. Looking down, he watched in horror as the nanobots deconstructed it, tearing it apart atom by atom at a furious speed, wiping it from existence.

*No... please. Stop...*

But the suit was moving so fast that barely had the thought formed than the nanobots were swarming again, shimmering away, and a hole was opening between his legs. A tight little hole guarded by two moist lips...

Cillian felt his stomach drop out.

He was now the proud owner of a *pussy*.

Finally, the suit began to create a layer of clothes to encase Cillian’s new, female body in.

First a lacy white push-up bra formed over his curvy new form, scooping his big new titties up and mashing them together, so they stuck right out in front of him.

(With a gasp, Cillian realized the new suit technology meant he could *feel* his boobs squashed

against one another, almost as if... almost as if...

...Almost as if they were *real*.)

A pair of lacy see-thru panties wove themselves into existence over his new pussy. Then satin white petticoats bloomed up around his crotch, nylon stockings unfurled up his legs, and a simple black dress pulled tight around his curvy body.

Big shoulder puffs appeared, a black choker pulled tight around his neck; lacy, satiny ruffles attached themselves to his wrists and a dainty little white cap perched itself on his head.

Finally, a pair of killer high heels popped into existence on Cillian's feet, a white apron unfurled around his midriff, and a pink feather duster formed in his hand.

Without even looking in a mirror, Cillian could tell what had happened.

Rochelle had decided to make him into her *maid*.

At last, the bodysuit stopped twitching. The last changes took place, and then it was over.

In obedient silence, Cillian looked helplessly at his wife. A distant part of his mind noted that in his heels he now towered over her, taller than ever, the suit unable to physically shrink him, but this wasn't the dominant, *male* tallness he was used to.

This was the lithe, willowy tallness of a piece of arm candy. Of a bimbo supermodel.

Judging by the cruel way Rochelle was sneering up at him, Cillian was doomed to be the submissive one from now on.

His wife calmly gestured the hallway mirror.

"Look," she whispered.

*No... no, she can't make me...*

But Cillian was powerless to disobey his mistress. The moment Rochelle uttered her command, the electrodes tingled in his brain, and he found himself involuntarily walking into the hallway, rolling his new hips, trying not to topple over on his stupid new heels.

His female body stopped before the mirror. Cillian took a deep breath...

...and *looked*.

Staring back at him from the mirror's silvery depths was the hottest woman he'd ever seen.

She was just a girl, really, 19 at most, with sky blue eyes, a supermodel face, pink, pouty lips and long, luscious blonde hair that tumbled over her shoulders in a seductive waterfall.

*Oh God... please God, no...*

She had cream white skin, a long, elegant neck leading down to a gigantic cleavage, long legs encased in pristine white stockings, and a tight little waist like a living Barbie doll.

*No... no, it can't be...!*

Her hands and feet were tiny, dainty. Her expression one of sultry obedience. She was dressed in a lacy, skimpy maid's uniform that was more lingerie than clothes, her skirt barely covering her ass and pussy, her enormous tits threatening to come spilling out her low cut top at any moment.

*That can't be me!*

In shock, Cillian stared at the girl staring back at him. He blinked, and she blinked with him, her long, dark eyelashes fluttering.

He opened his mouth, and watched in horror as her pretty, plump lips opened in time with his, her pink lipstick shiny in the morning sunlight.

He shook his head, and she shook hers, her long, blonde hair trailing out around her as she did so, forcing him to sweep his golden locks back out his eyes with a feminine gesture.

There was no doubt about it. She was him. He was her.

Cillian was now trapped as his wife's *French maid*.

"Isn't she adorable?" Purred Rochelle, stepping up behind him. "And she'll be you forever, Cillian..."

As Cillian frantically shook his head, shooting his wife pleading looks, Rochelle smiled to herself. Delicately, she placed a hand onto Cillian's pert new ass, caressing his smooth cheeks through the thin fabric of his stupid dress.

"Cillian... silly-Anne... yes, that'll do. From now on, maid, your name will be Annette."

Rochelle's smile grew wider.

"Silly little Annette. You'll be utterly obedient to me. You'll cook and clean for me. You'll worship the ground I walk on like the pathetic *slut* you are. Oh, and that suit will make sure you always act like the perfect little French maid, for as long as you live."

As she spoke, she gave Cillian's girly ass a vicious little pinch. The suit's neurotechnology translated the pain directly into Cillian's brain, sharper than such a pinch would have felt in his boy-body.

Cillian tried to cry out, to swat Rochelle's hand away, but the electrodes tingled in his brain again, stopping him from standing up to his mistress, from doing anything but simply stand there, an obedient smile on his bimbo features.

Beside him in the mirror, Rochelle smirked. She stood up on tiptoes, pressed her lips against his ear.

"How does that sound," he hissed, "*Annette?*"

Another nasty little pinch of Cillian's poor, pert bottom.

"You may speak."

The moment she gave the command, there was a tingling in Christian's brain. He opened his mouth to yell at Rochelle, to ask her *how could you do this to your own husband???*

...and listened in horror as something very different came out.

"*Oui, madam,*" he heard himself say in an lusty, breathless French accent, "*Zat sounds merveilleux!*"

With a feeling of nausea, he felt himself give a giggle, watched as the naughty maid in the mirror raised a dainty hand to her lips.

“*You are moi mizzteris, and I am your slave.*”

In horror, the maid who used to be Cillian realized that Rochelle hadn’t just taken his free will away.

She’d completely rewritten the wiring in his brain, turning him into a mere passenger trapped inside the body of a busty maid.

“Perfect.” Rochelle stifled a laugh. “In that case…”

She gave Cillian’s ass a ringing slap, making him squeak with a mixture of pain and forced delight. Then she handed her former husband her pair of yellow washing gloves.

“Get to work, *maid*. There are plenty of dishes for you to scrub.”

Cillian tried to fight it. He really did. But it was hopeless.

No sooner had Rochelle finished speaking than the electrodes tingled again.

“*Immediatement, madam!*” Cillian breathed in his soft, maid’s voice.

Then he dipped down, gave his new mistress a deep curtsy, turned and scuttled into the kitchen and started washing the dishes.

“Excellent,” Rochelle laughed from the hallway. “After that, you can scrub this house from top to bottom, *maid*. Then you can pour me a nice, hot bath, light some candles and give me a massage. After that, I’ll expect dinner at 9.”

A dark note entered her voice.

“I’m going to make your life hell, Silly-Anne. That suit will stay on your for the rest of your life. I’m gonna have you cooking, cleaning and debasing yourself for my pleasure for years.”

A harsh laugh.

“You are my toy now, *maid*, my own personal slut. I’ll have you slobbering over men’s dicks, licking my asshole clean, and *begging* me to punish you. And you want to know the best part?”

A note of steel entered her voice.

“You deserve *everything* that’s happening to you.”

Stood helplessly at the sink, scrubbing away while his big boobies jiggled in his tight top, Cillian was powerless to do anything but shout back *oui, madam*, in his cute little accent. Powerless to tear the suit off. Powerless to beg Rochelle for forgiveness, or even scream.

He was his wife’s French maid now. Unable to alter his appearance. Unable to do anything but mindlessly obey her commands, no matter how evil or perverted, or just plain filthy they were.

He would live like this for the next 7 decades, scrubbing away, mopping and cleaning and sucking off random men whenever Rochelle wanted him to.

And there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

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The rest of that dark day was the strangest of Cillian’s life.

After washing the dishes – frequently splashing water down his top so his big boobies got all wet

and soapy, making him squeal each time – he’d done exactly as Rochelle ordered, scrubbing their house from top to bottom like a woman possessed.

It had been *horrible!* Humiliating!

As he knelt at the foot of their stairs, frantically trying to get an old stain out the wood beam flooring, he’d been forced to face just how awful his new appearance really was.

Every time he got down on all fours like this, the *extremely* short hem of his dress rode up, exposing his lacy white panties and perfect bottom to the world!

Every time he *really* put the elbow grease in – and the electrodes in his brain made sure he was incapable of slacking – his enormous new tits jiggled so furiously that Cillian became terrified they’d come bouncing out his low neckline.

Then there was the sheer effort involved in cleaning such a big house.

Usually, you could adjust a suit so it helped with your workload. When Cillian had used his old suit to give himself big biceps, the technology worked with you to really make you stronger.

In this new suit, though, it was like the opposite had happened.

As the day melted away and afternoon bled into evening, Cillian’s poor girl-muscles began to ache something rotten.

By the time he finished mopping the hallway, his arms were trembling so hard from the workout that it was all he could do to not slop water absolutely everywhere.

But the worst was still to come.

At exactly 6 pm, Rochelle had tinkled a little bell she’d gone out and brought, summoning Cillian into the living room, where his wife lounged, reading an erotic book.

After Cillian had come running in – nearly toppling over on his new high heels – Rochelle had languidly ordered him to run her a nice bath.

And so it was that, twenty minutes later, Cillian found himself perched primly on the edge of his old bathtub, gently massaging fancy oils into Rochelle’s bare back by candlelight, listening in anger as his wife sighed blissfully.

Deep down, he still couldn’t believe this was really happening, that he was being forced against his will to live as his wife’s perfect little maid.

But he just had to feel the way his artificial new breasts rested uncomfortably in his push-up bra, or the way the cool air in the house caressed his bare, hairless thighs, or the ever-present tingling of electrodes in his brain to know that this was real, all right.

“Ah... *ahh!* Oh yes, maid, *that’s* it...” Rochelle gasped. “A little harder, OK?”

“*Oui madam,*” Cillian sulked.

He pressed his elegant new fingers against his mistress’s neck, wishing he were still a man, that his body were still his, so he could squeeze tight and finish his tormentor once and for all.

Instead, he simply worked the oil into Rochelle’s skin as expertly as a maid who’d been doing this all her life.

“Mmm...” Rochelle sighed, letting one of her hands trail limply through the soapy water, “very good maid...”

She tilted her head back, her long hair now done up in a top knot to keep it dry. Her eyes crinkled at the sight of Cillian’s new form.

“More oil, maid. But first...”

A twinkle came into her eye.

“Feed me another chocolate.”

Cillian sighed to himself. But he obediently got to his feet, wobbled on his high heels across the room, his hips automatically curving as he did so.

He plucked one of the fancy chocolates from its box, came obediently back to his mistress, perching primly on the edge of the tub beside her.

Rochelle gently parted her lips. Delicately, Cillian placed the chocolate on her tongue, one of his fingers disappearing inside her mouth.

Then Rochelle closed her lips around his finger, gently sucking on the tip, before leaning back and eating the chocolate with a sigh, her eyelids fluttering as she did so.

“Oh *God*, I’ve dreamed of being pampered like this for *years*...”

She gave Cillian a cruel little smile, looking his new body up and down.

There was something in her eyes that made Cillian feel all hot and bothered. Like she was looking at him not like a fellow human being, but like a piece of meat.

It didn’t make it any easier knowing he himself had looked at plenty of women that way before.

“You know, you *do* make a wonderful maid,” Rochelle said at last. “You’re so beautiful. So obedient.”

Her eyes hungrily came to rest on the swollen outline of Cillian’s vast new breasts.

“So fucking *hot*.”

“*Merci, madam*.” It was all Cillian could think to say.

Lazily, Rochelle lifted one of her slender legs into the air, raising it out the bathtub.

Soap suds dripped from her china white skin, so shiny in the warm glow of the candlelight. She lowered her dainty foot into Cillian’s lap.

“A rub maid. *Now*.”

Electric tingled in Cillian’s brain. With an internal sigh he took Rochelle’s warm, damp foot in his hands and started gently massaging her skin.

To his surprise, the suit knew exactly what it was doing. The electrodes in his brain manipulated his body *just so*, making him give the perfect foot rub.

Rochelle watched him work with a lazy smile.

“Mmm. Oh, *very good*.” A giggle. “Remember when you used to give me foot rubs, Annette? Back when you were still that nasty, cheating man?”

Electric tingled. Cillian obediently nodded.

“Tell me,” there was a merry twinkle in Rochelle’s eyes. “Did you ever do that for your other women?”

When Cillian hesitated, his wife smirked.

“Don’t tell lies now. The suit is wired into your brain, remember? I can make it access *any* of your memories.”

The maid who had once been Cillian lowered her innocent eyes. Bit her lower lip. Nodded. Rochelle laughed.

“Of *course* you did. What a *naughty* girl... Well, there will be no more favors for other women from now on. Just you, doing whatever I want you to.”

She gave him a sly little glance.

“Suck my toes.”

Cillian immediately raised his mistress’s foot to his pretty new face, let his lower lip trail over her big toe.

He took it in his mouth, obediently sucking away, his eyelashes fluttering helplessly down at the woman who now utterly controlled him.

“*Lovely...*” Rochelle sighed.

She lay her head back on the bathtub rim with a feminine moan. Raised her hands to her DD breasts and started playing with them, tweaking her nipples, massaging the skin.

At the sight of his wife writhing like that, Cillian was surprised to feel a little shiver run through his maid’s body. To feel his synthetic nipples hardening below his flimsy dress. To feel his new, artificial vagina starting to get all puffy between his legs.

With a start, Cillian realized his new body was getting wet.

As he delicately sucked Rochelle’s toes, his mistress moaned. She slipped one free hand below the water’s surface and began playing with her pussy, lazily masturbating.

A bead of moisture rolled down the smooth inside of Cillian’s thigh.

He hated to admit it, but Rochelle *did* look hot right now.

As if on cue, his mistress opened one eye, peered up at him.

“How is my little maid enjoying herself, hmm? Does she *like* sucking?”

“Mmmm.” Cillian made a vague, affirmative sound as he wrapped his pink lips around Rochelle’s big toe, still obeying his wife’s command.

And, truth be told, he wasn’t lying.

He really *did* like seeing Rochelle get all horny like this.

There was even a dark and secret part of him that thought he kind of *liked* obeying her orders.

“Good...” Rochelle sighed. “Because she’ll be doing plenty more sucking soon. On something much bigger, too.”

*What the hell is that supposed to mean?* Cillian tried to say.

But, with Rochelle's toe in his mouth, it just came out as "mmph-hphm. Hmmpf?"

"Ah-ah," his mistress replied, seeming to read his mind. "That would be telling. We don't want any spoilers now, do we?"

Cillian gently pulled his head back, until Rochelle's toe was resting against his lower lip.

"*Non, madam,*" he whispered.

"Good girl," Rochelle plucked her flute of champagne off the bathroom tiles, had a sip. "You'll find out soon enough anyway."

An evil glint came into her eyes.

"But *first...*"

She placed her glass down, gave Cillian a commanding look.

"Come here, maid."

Cillian hesitated, a look of adorable confusion on his bimbo face.

"*Pardonne moi, madam, but, ze water... I will...*"

There was a tingle of electric in his brain. Suddenly, the words he wanted were gone. Vanished from his mind. Cillian frowned.

"*I will... 'ow you say? Get all wet.*"

*This damn suit!* He raged inside his mind. It was just like Rochelle to program this stupid thing to make him act like English was his second language!

But Rochelle was already smiling at him, her dark, predatory eyes resting on his crotch.

"I suspect it's already too late to stop my darling maid from getting all wet. But if it's the uniform you're worried about, don't worry.

Now, *maid.*" Rochelle patted the bath. "Do as your mistress tells you and *come here.*"

It looked like Cillian didn't have a choice.

With a whimper, the maid who used to be a man slowly stood up. She bent forward, removed her heels and kicked them to one side.

Then, as her mistress watched, she placed first one dainty foot in the water, then swung her other leg over and climbed in.

The bathtub was too small for two people to sit in comfortably. As a consequence, Cillian found himself lying almost across Rochelle, their big breasts squashed up against one another's, their noses almost touching.

Part of him desperately hoped the water would make the suit short out, either freeing him or killing them both.

But the nanobots were simply too small to react with the water molecules.

Instead, Cillian felt his maid uniform become wet, start to stick to his curvy body.

The fabric clung to his hips, to his swollen breasts, feeling flimsier than ever. With a feeling of sickness, Cillian realized he probably looked hot as fuck right now.

As these thoughts flashed through Cillian's mind, Rochelle gently reached up, stroked one of his hairless cheeks, looking deep into his eyes.

"You're so cute," she whispered. "Seeing you up close like this... I always thought I was straight, but the sight of you all wet and obedient..."

Her eyes drifted down to Cillian's heaving breasts, at the wet uniform clinging to their outline.

"I have a sudden urge to..."

Suddenly, Rochelle let go of Cillian's face, reached up and grabbed his heavy boobs in her hands, squeezing them so hard it hurt, her fingernails digging into their flesh.

Trapped inside his transformed body, Cillian tried to cry out, to recoil from her touch.

But instead the tingling came again, and he found himself leaning forwards, leaning into it, his pink, pouty lips dangling open in simulated desire.

"*Madam...*" He heard his treacherous body whisper. "*Zat feels délicieuse...*"

Rochelle giggled.

"Does it?" She murmured. "Does my slutty little maid *like* having her titties felt up?"

*No!* Cillian raged inside his head. *This is horrible! You're a sick woman, Rochelle! A sick, perverted...*

But then Rochelle's fingertips found his nipples, began pinching them, and all of Cillian's thoughts were washed away on a sudden wave of pleasure.

He heard himself give a little *oh!* Felt his nipples hardening as Rochelle teased them between her thumb and forefinger, not taking her eyes off his Cillian's tits, that cruel smile still on her face.

"You couldn't stop me from doing this even if you wanted to, could you, *maid?*" His ex-wife whispered. "You live to serve me, don't you?"

Her dark eyes twinkled.

"No matter *what* I want to do."

At the word *what* she tweaked one of Cillian's nipples, giving it a savage little pinch that should have hurt like hell, but which the suit made Cillian experience as a rush of pleasure.

Without even meaning to do it, the silly little maid threw back her head and *moaned*.

Inside himself, Cillian was in turmoil.

Having his tits felt up like this was the *weirdest* thing he'd ever experienced! Feeling his nipples go hard at Rochelle's touch... feeling his pussy start to become all warm and puffy...

It was wrong!

But, at the same time, there was no denying that his female body really *was* enjoying itself.

With each touch from Rochelle's fingertips, Cillian could feel himself getting more and more aroused, until it began to feel like something was building in him, something vast and wonderful.

With a start, he realized the suit could give him a female orgasm just from having his tits felt and he would be powerless to do anything but enjoy it.

*Is that her plan...?* Cillian breathlessly wondered as Rochelle worked his breasts. *To humiliate me by making me come...?*

He was ashamed at just how enticing that sounded.

Cillian wasn't the only one getting horny. As Rochelle massaged his tits, he could see his wife's mouth starting to dangle open. See her nipples starting to harden, too.

Beneath the bath's soapy water, Rochelle gently spread her legs. Looked deep into Cillian's dumb, female eyes.

"Oh, Annette, I think I'm gonna..."

"*And me...*" Cillian whispered.

Rochelle bit her lower lip, gave her maid a helpless look.

"Are you close?"

Breathlessly, Cillian nodded, his perfect hair falling across his beautiful, female face.

It was like something vast and unstoppable was building in him, something that would overwhelm him in magical, wonderful ways. He no longer cared if Rochelle knew he was enjoying this torment.

He only cared about making sure this pleasure never stopped.

"Me too..."

Rochelle leaned forward, leaned forward until her lips were almost brushing against Cillian's. A deep, passionate desire shot through Cillian, to kiss this gorgeous woman who was working his big titties so wonderfully, to let her possess him with her tongue.

To make him feel *completely female*.

"In that case..." Rochelle was whispering, her eyes inches from Cillian's, fogged with pleasure, "in that case..."

Suddenly, her hands stopped moving. She let go of Cillian's tits, leaving him blinking his doe eyes in confusion, on the very brink of orgasm.

"In that case, you can go and get my towel, *maid*, and dry me off. And don't even *think* about touching those big, slutty titties of yours or playing with your pussy."

Cillian's mouth dropped open.

"*But, madam...!*"

*I'm so close!* He wanted to wail.

He was on the brink of cumming, as a woman. All he needed was another few seconds, and he'd be there!

But already the electric was tingling in his brain, forcing him to stand back up, water dripping off his curvaceous body. Forcing him to step out the bath and totter woozily over and pick up one of

those white, fluffy towels.

In the bathtub, Rochelle grinned evilly at him.

“There’ll be no release for you, Silly-Anne. Not while *I’m* in charge.”

She gave a happy sigh, ran her hands over her own breasts.

“God, it feels *good*, tormenting you like this. In fact... Suit?”

Cillian’s entire body froze mid-step as the suit listened out for its owner’s command.

“Keep my maid right there, at the brink of orgasm for the rest of her life.” A giggle. “But don’t let her get any release. Not unless I say so.”

“*Madam!*” Cillian squeaked. “*Non...!*”

But it was too late.

No sooner had Rochelle finished speaking than the electrodes began tingling deep inside Cillian’s pretty little head again, rewiring his nervous system, twisting his entire being to follow Rochelle’s commands.

Since stepping out the bath, Cillian’s insane horniness had dropped to a painful ache, a feeling of hunger in his loins.

Now it came roaring back, bringing him right back to the very peak, the last split seconds before orgasm.

His nipples went hard as bullets. His pussy became instantly *drenched*.

As the suit released its hold on him, allowing him to move again, Cillian staggered like a baby deer on ice, barely able to stand; his blue doe eyes blinking, his eyelashes fluttering, his pouty lips dangling open.

“*Muh... OH! M-mistress...*” Cillian’s breath was ragged, his voice the lusty voice of a beautiful woman in the throes of passion. “*Sil vous plait... AH!... You cannot...*”

“I can do whatever I want to you,” Rochelle declared. “You’re *my* maid, remember? And that suit can change you in ways you wouldn’t even believe.”

She stood up, the soap running off her naked body, the sight of it making Cillian even hornier, until he felt like he might explode.

“Now come towel me off, *bitch*. And then you can dress me for the main event.” Her lip curled. “And don’t go thinking you can do a half-assed job, just because you feel like you’re about to cum in those fancy little panties.”

Cillian had no choice.

His uniform still dripping wet, his breasts heaving in front of him, Cillian staggered over to his mistress. Wrapped the towel around her, began drying her off, each brush with her skin making him go dizzy, each touch making him feel like he might faint.

It was beyond horrible! His body was so sensitive right now, so tense, so ready for release...

And yet, there was nothing he could do about it.

His vision all woozy from the waves of pleasure rolling over his maid's mind, Cillian followed Rochelle as she stepped out the bathroom and into their shared bedroom, wishing with all his body that his mistress would pinch his tits again, or strap on a dildo and fuck him.

*Anything* to make this vast craving, this overwhelming need for release – for orgasm – go away!

But instead, Rochelle simply made him pick out her outfits and help with her hair and makeup, until she was all dolled up in an elegant evening dress and Cillian was just about ready to scream.

He was just on the verge of throwing himself onto his knees and begging his mistress like the pathetic maid he was, when a distant knocking cut through the pink fog surrounding his brain.

“That was the front door,” Rochelle said, calmly, not taking her eyes off her reflection.

“Shouldn't you go *answer* it, maid?”

*But I don't want anyone seeing me like this!* Cillian wanted to wail.

Nonetheless, the suit forced him to whisper *Oui, madam*, and then he was running down the stairs in his high heels, trying not to trip over, his big boobies bouncing, his sexy body all damp, and his mind spinning.

“*Good evening*,” he breathed as he opened the door, “*I am Annette, ze maid, 'ow can I 'elp you...?*”

The words died on his lips as he saw who was standing there. An ice cold hand gripped his heart.

*No... she wouldn't. She couldn't!*

“Evening, maid,” The tall, dark haired, muscular man smiled, his eyes resting on Cillian's soaking wet bosom. “Please. No need to introduce yourself. I know *exactly* who you are.”

Wordlessly, Cillian stepped back from the door, trying to ignore the insane horniness overwhelming him. Turned and glanced miserably up the stairs, to where his mistress stood, a cruel smile on her perfect features.

“What are you waiting for, Annette? Be a good girl and invite my brother in. Then go dry yourself off, there's a good maid. Geoff will want you to be in perfect lick for him.”

“*M-mistress?*” Cillian stammered. “*But what... what do you mean...?*”

High up above him, Rochelle raised one perfect eyebrow.

“Isn't it obvious? My brother designed the suit you're trapped in. He's your co-owner, your *master*.”

The corner of her mouth twitched up into an even wider grin.

“And he's come to see exactly what you can do for him with those gorgeous lips of yours.”

\*

*This is insane...*

The thought echoed around Cillian's bimbofied brain as he walked into the living room, a pair of expertly mixed martinis clutched in his dainty hands.

*There's no way this is really happening...*

His newly-dried and ironed maid's uniform swished as he walked, each step giving the world cheeky glimpses of his satin panties. His blow dried hair bounced in expert curls either side of his demure maid's face.

*I must be dreaming...*

*...Right?*

Rochelle and Geoff were sat on a pair of armchairs, making small talk like a pair of theater goers waiting for the main event.

As Cillian primly bent over to put their drinks down, Geoff turned and leered right down the maid's cleavage, an amused little smile on his face.

"The boys at the lab really did a good job, huh? She looks almost real."

"She's *better* than real," Rochelle sighed next to him. "*Real* maids ask for time off, for money, to be treated with dignity."

She caught Cillian's eye and winked.

"*This* little bitch is nothing more than our personal maidbot. Our toy."

The drinks placed, Cillian stood back up, turned to go, desperate to get away from there, happier even to do emasculating housework than stand here before his tormentors like this.

But Rochelle reached out and gave the hem of his skirt a playful tug, indicating he should stay.

The moment she did so, the tingling started up in Cillian's brain again. With a suppressed sigh, he turned back round and stood obediently before his owners, his hands clasped over his apron, his head bowed.

Just standing there like that was torture enough alone. He was so fucking horny he felt like screaming, or jamming two fingers in his pussy, or *something*.

Instead, he simply stood as still as a statue. A demure little maid, awaiting her orders.

From his chair, Geoff was giving Cillian a proper look, drinking in every detail of his transformation, of what the suit had done to him.

The way Geoff's eyes crawled across his skin made Cillian feel less human than ever. He tried not to shudder.

"I see you stuck with a realistic model." There was a note of disappointment in Geoff's voice. "You didn't feel like using the suit to its full potential?"

Beside him, Rochelle shrugged.

"I'm happy enough keeping her as my maid. But if you want to play around with her, be my guest."

"*Madam?*" Cillian squeaked. "*Mistress, I don't-*"

That was as far as he got.

"Suit?" Geoff's voice was calm, detached. "Shut this dumb bitch up."

Instantly, there was a feeling of something moving on Cillian's face. The suit shimmered. He

threw up his hands, tried to cry out...

...and suddenly found himself feeling the smooth skin where his mouth used to be, his eyes bulging in terror as his muffled screams died in his throat.

Sat before him, Geoff smirked.

“Much better. Don’t worry, Annette, you’ll get your mouth back when you learn to be quiet.”

He turned to Rochelle.

“There. Much more fun than mind control, no?”

Cillian’s ex-wife smiled at her pretty little maid, still frantically clawing at the blank patch of skin in the middle of her face where her mouth had sealed up and vanished.

“It’s entertaining, I’ll give you that. Anything else you’d like to...?”

“You bet.” Geoff nodded. “I’m just getting started.”

He turned back to Cillian, who shrank away from him, fear in his eyes.

Despite Rochelle being the one who’d trapped him as a busty, obedient maid, he had a feeling that Geoff was going to be much, *much* worse.

Geoff seemed to read the fear in his eyes.

“Don’t be scared, Annette,” he said, reassuringly. “I’m not going to leave you trapped as a monster. I just want to try the suit out a little bit first, see what it can do. You’re a prototype, you know? My first human guinea pig.”

As Cillian quaked, his slender, hairless legs trembling, Geoff’s eyes drifted down to the maid’s heavy breasts.

“You know,” he said conversationally, “part of our reason for building this new suit was so that people could live out their fantasies. Couples, mainly, who might get a kick out of seeing the female partner with a cock, or the male partner with breasts.”

He frowned slightly.

“My wife isn’t interested in using my bodysuits, which is fair enough I suppose. But still... I have always wondered what it would be like if a woman matched the proportions I prefer in my fantasies.”

*Proportions?* Geoff thought wildly, *what does he...?*

“Well.” Geoff smiled. “Let’s find out, shall we?”

He cleared his throat.

“Suit? Breast expansion mode. *Z Cup*.”

*Z Cup?! No, please-!*

But even if Cillian had still been capable of talking, it would have been useless.

The second Geoff finished speaking, the nanobots began to swarm again, making Cillian’s already vast cleavage start to shimmer.

Before his eyes, his chest began to swell again, growing up and up and up, getting heavier and

heavier as the suit stretched and changed its form to Geoff's specifications.

With a muffled scream, Cillian grabbed hold of his expanding boobs, desperately tried to squash them back inside himself.

But there was nothing he could do.

As Cillian wailed inside his head, his breasts got bigger and bigger and heavier and heavier until they were bigger than beachballs and weighed painfully on his back.

His maid's uniform grew with them too, maintaining its revealing contours even as Cillian changed until he had a body no real woman had ever had before.

By the time his breasts finally stopped growing, they stuck right out in front of him, two huge watermelons each about the size of his torso, bunched together into a sea of cleavage.

In mute shock, Cillian looked down at his gigantic new boobs. They were so big he could no longer see his own body below them. So big he couldn't even wrap his arms around them.

Their weight was tremendous. Just standing up straight felt like trying to hoist two twenty pound dumbbells into the air.

Eyes filled with misery, Cillian looked back at his tormentors.

From her armchair, Rochelle was desperately trying to stifle giggles, watching Cillian with eyes that were alive with laughter.

But sat next to her, Geoff wasn't laughing.

He was staring greedily at Cillian's awful new boobs with a hungry look in his eyes.

"Perfect," he murmured. "She's exactly what I was hoping for."

He frowned at Cillian.

"Give them a jiggle."

With a stifled moan of humiliation, Cillian obediently wiggled his torso for Geoff, causing his huge new breasts to jiggle and bounce around in a way that felt *horrible* from inside his body.

They were simply too big! No-one needed breasts this size, least of all someone who was used to being a man!

At the same time, his enforced horniness was making him feel all wet and aroused by this latest humiliation.

Awful as it was to admit, Geoff and Rochelle's cruel games were making Cillian feel hotter than he had in *years*.

"Excellent," Geoff whispered as Cillian's boobs at last stopped jiggling. "Suit. Lock this configuration. Make it impossible to undo even if me or my sister command it."

*What?!* Cillian wanted to scream.

But he felt the suit twitch obediently. The nanobots shimmered their understanding. Cillian's shoulders slumped. That was it, then.

For the rest of his life, he'd be doomed to have these stupid, Z Cup breasts sticking out in front

of him.

*Mopping the floors is going to be a nightmare...* He thought, miserably, then quickly scolded himself for starting to *think* like a maid.

“Are you done?” Rochelle asked. “Or did you have something else in mind?”

“Nearly done, sis. Just give me a moment.”

Geoff smiled brightly at Cillian, who fixed big, pleading eyes on him.

*Please, not more...*

“This suit could do nearly anything to you,” he said. “I could make you grow boobs on your head, give you a two cocks, even make you into an animal.”

His smile twitched as Cillian shrank back, frantically shaking his pretty maid’s head.

“But I think I’ll just make you *cuter*.”

He took a slow sip of his martini.

“Suit? Cat feature, please.”

“Oh my.” Rochelle raised an eyebrow. “This will be fun.”

For the briefest second, Cillian simply stood there, wondering if he’d heard right.

But then he felt a tingling around his ears, and suddenly they were traveling further up his head, up into his hair, and transforming from human ears into pointy triangles covered in adorable blue fur.

There was a scratching above his pert bottom, and then a long, blue tail was *shooting* out, winding lazily around one of his legs, the tip twitching of its own accord.

Blue whiskers sprouted either side of his button nose. His eyes became much wider, much more blue, taking on the size and sparkle of an anime character.

And then it was over, and Cillian was suddenly trapped as a cross between a hyper-busty maid and a hot bimbo at Halloween playing dress up as a sexy cat.

The only difference was, his tail and ears were *real*.

With a start, Cillian realized he could control his new tail, at the same time that he realized his hearing was now *way* more sensitive.

“Is this really what you’re into, brother?” Rochelle asked. “Honestly, I had no idea.”

“Is it any weirder than being into having your husband as a maid?”

“I wasn’t criticizing,” Rochelle shrugged. “Silly-Anne here deserves everything she gets.”

She sneered at poor, abused Cillian.

“If it humiliates her, so much the better.”

For his part, Cillian felt like he was beyond humiliation.

He looked like he should be working in one of those maid cafés in Japan, one that specifically catered to men with big boob and sexy cat fetishes.

But the worst was yet to come.

“Are you going to give her mouth back?” Rochelle gave her brother a glance. “Because I did promise her she’d be sucking on something *very* big tonight.”

As Cillian’s newly big eyes went even wider with understanding and he started to frantically shake his head, Geoff nodded.

“Yeah, we wouldn’t want her to miss out on that. Suit? Give our maid her mouth back.”

There was a feeling like cotton wool being torn apart, and suddenly Cillian’s lips were back where they should be.

He *gasped*, opening his mouth wide, drinking in gulps of air. He gave Rochelle a wild look.

“*Madam-!*” He began to say.

And then his mistress calmly raised her fingers to her lips, the electrodes tingled, and Cillian was incapable of talking again.

“Shh, please, Annette, darling. Only speak if you’re spoken to. We didn’t give you back those lovely lips of yours to bore us with talking. No, we have something *better* in mind.”

Rochelle glanced at her brother, smiled.

“This is Geoff, my brother. Now you’re all transformed, he’s got a nice, big, hard cock that he wants to use on you.”

She turned back to Cillian.

“How does that sound, maid? Would you like to give my brother a nice suck? Preset two, please, suit.”

Cillian was just about to shake his head as furiously as he could when something strange happened.

There was the faintest tingle, he felt dizzy for a second...

...and, when the feeling passed, he found he couldn’t drag his eyes away from Geoff’s dick.

There was something about the size of it, the shape of it that was *mesmerizing*.

The bulge in his pants, the sheer power of this man’s cock was enough to make Cillian feel dizzy and his lips go dry.

He couldn’t explain it, but suddenly he wanted Geoff’s dick inside him more than he’d ever wanted anything.

As their maid stared hungrily at Geoff’s dick, Rochelle turned back to her brother.

“Preset two. I rewired her brain so she’s no longer into girls. Or the suit did, at any rate.” She gave Annette an amused glance. “She’s now 100% straight. Programmed to find any man near her irresistible and to *always* be hungry for cock.”

Rochelle sighed happily.

“Taking into account her permanent horniness, I would guess that means she’s now *desperate* to suck you off, brother.”

“Shall we check?”

Geoff snapped his fingers before his face. Cillian reluctantly looked up from Geoff’s prick.

“You have a choice now, Annette,” the man declared. “And you may answer any way you wish, yes or no. We will both respect your choice. Understand?”

“*Oui, monsieur,*” Cillian muttered.

Inside his brain, he was aware that something important was happening, that he should be paying attention. But his constant horniness was distracting, leaving him no space to think clearly.

All he knew was that he wished he could just keep on staring at his master’s cock.

“Your choice is this,” Geoff said, slowly. “You may get your life back, your old body back. We will let you out the suit, and you will stop being a maid, stop being so horny, and go back to being Cillian again. Or...”

His smile became a leer.

“*Or you can slobber all over my dick and let me come on that pretty face of yours.*”

He leaned back.

“The choice is yours, *maid*. But you will only get this choice once and never again. So, what’s it to be? Freedom? Or my cock?”

He gently unzipped his fly. Deep in Cillian’s brain, a male voice was shouting at him, shouting at him not to be stupid, to see past his horrible female body’s desires and arousal, and make the *right* choice. Screaming at him not to let Geoff trick him, to make him...

“*I choose your cock, monsieur,*” Cillian said, bowing his head primly and looking down at his own gigantic breasts. “*Because...*”

He hesitated.

“Go on, maid,” Rochelle said. “Why?”

For a moment, a titanic battle raged inside Cillian. Then there was a tingling, and the transformed man felt like a switch had been thrown in his head.

A blissful smile spread across the maid’s beautiful face. Cillian let out a happy sigh, looked right at his mistress.

“*Because I am ze slut,*” he said, loudly. “*Ze Fronch slut who loves ze penis.*”

He spread his hands wide either side of his outsize breasts.

“*I live to make you ‘appy, to serve you as ze silly little maid, and to suck az many penises as I can.*”

He hastily added, with a little curtsy:

“*Madam. Monsieur.*”

Sat in his chair, Geoff smiled at his sister. Reached into his pants and pulled out something large and thick and strong that made Cillian’s transformed heart sing. Leaned back in his chair.

“In that case...” the man whispered, “your wish is my command.”

His eyes flashed.

“Maid? *Get sucking.*”

Cillian didn't need to be told twice.

Immediately, he threw himself down on all fours. Crawled across the room, his breasts so comically large they dragged along the carpet.

He crawled over to where Geoff sat, knelt before him and took his nine inch dick in his dainty hands, his cat's tail twitching behind him in happiness.

With a happy smile on his face, Cillian looked up at his master, at his mistress, at the people he would serve for the rest of his life.

“*Thank you,*” he whispered.

Then he parted his pouty lips, leaned forward, his Z Cup breasts squashing up between his knees and torso, and took Geoff deep in his mouth.

It was the first time Cillian had ever sucked a man's dick before, yet he did it like an expert, bobbing his head back and forth, taking Geoff's cock deep into his throat.

As his brother in law groaned and gripped the arms of the chair, the pretty maid sucked and sucked like her life depended on it, slobbering all over his dick, hardly even aware of the faint, male voice screaming in the back of her head.

Cillian ran his tongue up and down Geoff's shaft, flicked it across the tip of his big cock, lapping up a delicious bead of pre-come.

He kissed Geoff's penis all over. Clutched this handsome man's balls in his palm and wished this moment would never end.

Then he took him deep inside his throat, luxuriating in the image of Geoff's big, strong dick, sliding in and out of his pouty little lips.

Luxuriating in the fact that he would now be a slutty French maid for the rest of his life.

Finally, Geoff let out a loud grunt, grabbed hold of Cillian's long, blonde hair and pulled his head back.

Cillian just had time to obediently open his mouth, smiling as he did so...

...and then Geoff was coming, white hot spunk shooting across Cillian's pretty, upturned face. Squirting in his mouth, up his nose, into his hair.

As Geoff's sperm splattered over him, Rochelle finally leaned down next to Cillian and whispered the words he'd been longing to hear ever since his aborted orgasm in the bathroom:

“You may come now, maid.”

Instantly, Cillian was writhing, gasping, wailing as his electronically delayed orgasm hit.

He gasped and moaned, rubbing Geoff's come across his young, maid's face, letting the man squirt all over him, across his big new boobies.

The orgasm lasted for twenty whole seconds. By the time it was finally over, Cillian's face was stained with sperm, streaks of come lay in pearly white tracks across his heaving, obscenely

sized breasts...

...and he'd never felt happier.

Without the suit even telling him to, Cillian hefted up his gigantic tits and eagerly licked up all of Geoff's sperm, swallowing every last drop, just like he'd seen women do in pornos.

When it was all done, he gave a contented sigh, licking his lips, savoring the salty taste.

"*Oh, mon Dieu!*" He gasped in his lusty French accent. "*I love being ze maid!*"

Above him, Geoff and Rochelle exchanged amused glances.

"Then you'll love what I'm about to do to you," Rochelle giggled.

She gave a happy sigh.

"Suit? Preset three. Wipe this little bitch's memories and make her think she's *always* been my personal maidbot."

*What?!* The fading part that was still Cillian screamed inside his mind. *No, you can't-!*

But it was too late.

There was a tingling of electric, a sensation of vertigo...

...and then gorgeous, busty Annette was blinking up at her owners, wondering what she'd just been feeling so worried about.

"Did it work?" Her master murmured.

"I hope so." Her mistress shrugged. "Let's find out."

She leaned forward, gently taking Annette's oval face in her hands.

"What's your name, maid? You may answer truthfully."

Annette frowned. What a silly question!

"*My name iz Annette Slutface, madam.*" She said in her French accent, the accent she'd been programmed to have her entire life. "*I am your obedient maid.*"

"Wonderful." Annette's mistress stifled a smirk. "And tell me, Annette, what is your earliest memory?"

The maid frowned.

"*Serving my mistress, madam.*" She said at last. "*While my beeg boobies were all 'ot, and my pussy nice and wet.*"

Annette's master let out a snort of laughter.

"Good." Mistress Rochelle smiled. "One more question. Do you ever want to *stop* being my maid, Annette? Do you ever wish you could do something else with your life?"

"*Non! Mon Dieu!*" Annette's eyes went wide. She angrily shook her head, her come-stained hair flicking out around her gorgeous 19-year old face – a face designed to be young and beautiful until the day she died. "*I would razzier die!*"

"You see?" Annette's mistress said to her master. "Isn't she perfect now? Aren't we going to

have so much *fun* with her?”

“I already did,” her master said, slipping his magnificent cock (Annette couldn’t think of it as anything else) back inside his pants. “But I take your point.”

Annette’s mistress winked at her.

“You see, Silly-Anne? We really are all happier this way, aren’t we?”

“*Oui, madam,*” Annette whispered, without being sure what her mistress really meant.

Oh well, it wasn’t a *maid’s* place to ask questions.

“Perfect.” Her mistress sat back, gave her a frown. “What are you still doing here, *maid*? Go mop up the kitchen. Then I want you in my bedroom at midnight sharp to undress me and lick my pussy!”

Pink fireworks of joy exploded in Annette’s mind. She gave an orgasmic moan, threw herself forward and kissed her mistress’s feet.

“*Thank you, madam. Thank you zo verrry much.*”

“Urgh, you’re pathetic. What are you?”

“*I am ze slut, madam,*” Annette whispered happily, “*ze pathetic slut ‘oo lives to serve you.*”

“Well,” Rochelle smiled, “get on with it then.”

With a submissive thrill, Annette pulled herself to her feet, gave her owners a curtsy.

And then the little French maid was running down the hall as fast as her heels could carry her, her enormous breasts bouncing around and her hips wiggling as she happily thought of all the cleaning she still had to do, of the life that now lay ahead of her.

A life of servitude, kinky sex, and being her mistress’s humiliated little toy.

Back in the living room, Rochelle smirked after the vanishing form of her horny bimbo maid.

“Just you wait, Cillian,” she murmured to herself, “I’m going to have you sucking off strange men every night. I’ll let them fuck you in the asshole, jizz on those big tits of yours, and make you feel every inch like the slut you are.”

Unbeknownst to Rochelle, Annette’s hyper-sensitive new cat ears picked up every single word she said, making the French maid cry tears of joy.

She could no longer remember ever being Cillian, but she could remember that she had never been so happy.

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**Free Extract:**  
**Turned into Her Maid**

“Maid? *Maid!*”

At the sound of his mistress’s voice, Bryce let out a helpless little whimper. He obediently put his mop back in its bucket, hitched up his skirts, and ran as fast as his high heels would allow him through the house, trying to ignore the way his brand new breasts bounced and jiggled in their lacy push-up bra.

“Maid?” The sound of female laughter. “Hurry up, Babydick, your mistress commands it!”

“*Oui, madam!*” Bryce heard himself cry out in his servile, high-pitched voice, with its *awful* French accent, “I will be right zere!”

His long, slender legs instantly started moving faster of their own accord. His high heels tapped out a staccato rhythm on the floor – *tata tata tat* – as he desperately tried not to slip and go falling over.

Inside, his brain was still fizzing with horror, his mind reeling as he desperately tried to process the unutterable, awful thing that had happened to him.

Just that morning, he’d been Bryce Bradley, a towering, musclebound hunk of a man, the sort of guy that other guys want to be, and girls just plain *want*.

He’d been star player on their college football team. An all-conquering wall of testosterone who could throw a ball halfway across the goddamn continent.

And now all that was gone. His firm biceps, his handsome, square-jawed face. His football career, even his very manhood, vanished on the wind.

In its place was...

“*MAID!*”

With a squeak, Bryce skidded to a halt in front of the large mirror in the hallway, desperately checking his hair, his uniform, his makeup.

From the depths of the glass, his new body stared back at him, a look of sheer misery on her face.

The face of a busty, beautiful young *French maid*.

She was petite, maybe 5ft2 even in her heels. She was barely 18, with a fresh round babyface, pink, pouty lips, and wide, innocent blue eyes.

Her long, blonde hair was demurely tied up beneath her satiny French maid’s cap. A black choker was pulled tight around her slender neck. In one white gartered hand she grasped a pink feather duster, its stick magically shaped to look like a man’s penis.

A tight, black dress with a *very* low neckline clung to her figure, a white apron tied around the waist. Frilly skirts and crinolines swished with her every movement, so short they barely hid her bum from prying eyes. Black fishnet stockings clung to her long, slender legs.

But none of this was what made Bryce want to scream and keep screaming and never stop. Sticking out before this trashy young bimbo, swelling from her chest was the biggest pair of tits Bryce had ever seen.

*Like them?* He remembered one of his mistresses purring not long after his transformation, *they're natural Double-H tits, probably the biggest pair of boobs in the state.*

And then the humiliating memory of how she'd laughed and grabbed hold of his new breasts, squeezing them as hard as she could, and poor little Bryce had been unable to do anything. Unable to even flinch, or do anything but give a terrified smile and a little squeak of *merci*.

Just as he was now incapable of doing anything but running to his mistresses as fast as his little legs would carry him.

“Belinda, I’m warning you bitch, if you don’t get in here right *now*, we’ll...”

In the corridor, Bryce gave a tiny squeal, quickly adjusted the hem of his dress, hoisted his boobs up just as he knew his owners liked, and ran into the living room, his elbows bent and his wrists limp as the magic forced him to run like a girl.

“Madams! I am ‘ere!”

The girls on the sofa grinned up at him, identical evil looks on their gorgeous young faces.

Just that morning, they’d been Bryce’s roomies, the housemates in his co-ed student home. Tanya, Janice, and Nat. He’d thought they were his friends. His own little harem.

And then he’d made his fatal mistake, and they’d become his mistresses.

“Look at this piece of trash,” Tanya sneered, her lip curling on her dark face. “What took you so long, *maid?*”

“I am sorry, madam,” Bryce breathed, hastily giving his old roomie a curtsey, “I was - ‘ow you say? – *stroking ze floors.*”

The three twenty year old girl giggled, their eyes flashing with delight at the stupid French accent they’d forced upon the boy they lived with. Bryce felt his cheeks flush pink. He bowed his head, trying not to cry.

Ever since he’d become an adorable French maid, with an adorable French accent, he’d been forgetting the English words for everything.

“It’s *scrubbing* the floors you dumb bitch,” Janice yawned, running one hand through her chestnut hair, “and, by the way, you’re doing a terrible job.”

She indicated the room around them with one flick of her wrist.

“Look at this. Only a few hours to go until our party, and this place *still* looks like a dump.”

*That’s because I haven’t had time to clean here yet!* Bryce wanted to scream, but it was pointless.

Since his transformation, the magic would no more let him contradict or answer back his owners than it would let him go back to being a man again.

Instead, he obediently clasped his dainty hands over the front of his apron, trying to ignore his

long new nails, painted their slutty shade of red.

“*Pardon*, madam, I will fix zis at once.”

He waited a moment, wondering if that was it, then turned to go.

*Party?* His bimbo mind whirred, *since when have they been having a-*

“Where do you think *you’re* going, slut?”

Nat’s voice. Bryce instantly stopped moving, his back to the girls.

“Madam?” He whimpered, uncomfortably aware of the giggles behind him, of the way he could feel three pairs of eyes crawling over his pert new ass.

“Did we dismiss you?” Nat went on in her languid, mocking voice. “No. So get back here now.”

Bryce could feel his long new nails digging into his soft palms. He wanted to scream.

Instead he turned round, clasped his hands over his frilly apron again, fixed Nat with a simpering, bimbo smile.

But inside his busty chest, his heart was fluttering away.

Whatever his mistress had in store for him next couldn’t be good...

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**Also by Lisa Change**

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**Turned into a Fembot**

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### **About the Author**

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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