

Maid to Order

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. If you are not at least eighteen, or if you are not above the age of consent for the country where you reside, you should exit this page immediately.

The chains rattled faintly as a door opened, and Lord Marcus Anderson stirred in his confinement. He had been kept in a dark dungeon, alone, for the last... he didn't know how long. Hours? Days? From the hunger in his stomach, and the dryness of his throat it had been over twenty-four hours at least.

His golden buttoned up shirt had been ripped open, and his pants had been removed entirely. He hadn't minded either at the time, as he'd been expecting his whore of a wife to fuck him right after. Gabrielle had asked for a glass of wine before the deed, though, and he had given her a small cup before drinking a generous measure from the bottle. Then everything had gone black. He remembered nothing else, except waking up in his own dungeon, his head pounding, his arms chained above his head, and his cock exposed to the cold.

Now the door was opening. His wife stood on the other side, her sharp features lit by the orange glow of a lantern. She was holding a tray, with a small blue bottle on it, and wearing nothing but a smile. She crouched to put the tray down, the light of her lantern slowly traveling down her body, and he felt his cock start to shift upward in response. Standing again, she walked forward with her light, illuminating his body this time. Her eyes darted toward his crotch, and her smile got a little wider.

“Get me down, bitch...” his voice came out in a rasp, his throat dry and barely capable of speaking. “Get me down now,” he repeated, trying to add power to his barely audible voice, “and I’ll make your death quick.”

“My dear husband...” Gabrielle’s smile had grown even wider. “You don’t look well. Is there anything I can get you? Some water? Some light?” As she spoke, she opened the door to her lantern and pulled the small candle out. She used this to light several torches, illuminating the room and allowing him to see her entire naked form, from the waves of blonde hair on her head to the tightly trimmed strip of blonde strands above her pussy. He wished he could say it was a familiar sight, but truthfully it was only on rare occasions that he’d slept with his own wife and not some tavern whore.

“...What lord put you up to this...?” his voice came out a soft whisper, tightly controlled to try and hide the rasp of his dry throat and mouth. He would not show weakness. He would not. “Whoever it is, neither of you will get away with this. Once you’re caught, once you’re free, I’ll have both your heads on spikes. Unless you release me now and tell me who put you up to this....”

“And what makes you think *anyone* put me up to this?” Gabrielle asked, that smile never leaving her face. “Do you think a woman couldn’t think to drug your wine?”

“...Drugs in the wine would be a woman’s cowardly tool,” Marcus admitted, wishing his mouth was wet enough that he could spit. “But if nothing else, you couldn’t have carried me down to my dungeons by yourself.”

“No...” Gabrielle admitted, her lips pressing together into a thin line. “You’re not exactly light. Thankfully, our household guards were more than happy to escort you to your own dungeons. What with you being wanted for treason. And me having handpicked every member of our household since you were too busy.”

“Treason?” Marcus scoffed, choosing to ignore the jab at his time management. “I am loyal to the crown and nation. Whatever nonsense you think you’re talking about-”

“It was quite surprising...” his blonde wife murmured, looking away. “When I found those papers in your study. The ones detailing your desire to assassinate the king. Written in your own hand - or a passable forgery of it, at any rate. I, of course, didn’t know what to do, torn between my loyalty to the crown and to my husband. So I turned to my childhood friend, Elizabeth. Who spoke to her husband for me - and, well, I’m afraid Lord Stephen has never liked you much anyway...”

Marcus stared for a long moment, utterly speechless. “You’re insane...” he whispered, after a moment. “Why are you doing this?”

Gabrielle's mouth opened, then closed again. "You ask me why I'm doing this?" she asked, finally. "You. Who's slept with a different whore on every hunting trip you ever took? And then came home, after weeks, and demanded my presence in your bed? You wonder why I would turn against you?"

"But having me killed?" he demanded, pressing her further. His throat hurt from speaking so long, after so little water. Still, he needed to know. "They'll chop my head off for treason."

"Oh, you won't be beheaded..." the blonde assured him, a new smile creeping across her face. "You'll escape. In the night. Under my voluminous skirts, in fact, once I put them on, again... I can even promise you that you'll never be found. Though you'll never wield power over me again."

He again wished he could spit on his wife. Spit on her offer of help. "I won't live my life on the run," he told her. "I won't give up my lordship or my castle. I'll tell the king my traitorous wife forged the documents, and take my chances on who will end up with their head on the chopping block."

"...A pity." Gabrielle's smile grew wider. "Though unsurprising." She turned from her lord husband, giving him a look of her plump rear. Marcus's cock stirred, despite his wishes, and when his wife stood and turned around with the blue bottle in her hands, her eyes immediately darted to his member. There was something

odd about her expression. For the first time since he'd met her, the smile was actually reaching her eyes. If he didn't know better, he would have sworn she was amused by what she saw between his legs, where in the past she had seemed almost frightened of it. "I thought you might refuse; but I'm afraid I didn't do all this to end up dead instead of you."

"So you'll poison me outright, this time?" Marus scowled at his wife, gritting his teeth. He knew that Gabrielle would be able to force his lips open, with little effort, but that didn't mean he had to let this happen.

To his surprise, though, his wife... laughed. "Of course not. Even if I wanted you dead, I hardly want to be accused of killing my husband in his own dungeons. They might even accuse me of helping you escape a public execution. No. What I want is for you to be made as powerless and worthless as you've made me feel. Which is why I ordered a special potion made for me, from a local witch." She walked forward, and the lord's eyes tracked the way her hips moved during those few steps. She pinched his nose to stop his breathing through it, and then stomped on his bare foot. When he opened his mouth to shout in surprise, she shoved the bottle's opening into his mouth. He sputtered, the sickeningly sweet liquid his mouth. He couldn't keep some of it from spilling down his throat, though. Enough of it, he expected, from the look of approval on his wife's face.

“There,” she whispered, once the bottle was empty. She patted him lightly on the cheek. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“You bitch, if you think-” The man’s voice cracked, between “bitch” and “if” and he paused in his tirade. His throat felt tight, suddenly, and Marcus wished he was free to rub it. “If you think,” he began again, only to pause once more as he realized that his voice was coming out higher. Squeaky, almost.

“Your voice - high, isn’t it? I suppose that would be the first thing to change... though hardly the last.” Gabrielle reached a hand out to touch his chest, and Marcus let out a high pitched gasp in surprise as a sudden heat blossomed beneath her touch, a sudden rush of pleasure pulsing through him. Her fingers slowly spread outward, and it was as if she were trailing fire across his skin, a pleasurable heat that pulsed beneath the skin. When she removed her hand, he let out a groan of disappointment, followed by a gasp of shock. There was a mark, where her hand had laid. Everywhere it had touched, really. The skin she had touched looked paler than the surrounding flesh and somehow smoother. It was spreading, too. “What - what are you doing to me?” he demanded. Or tried to demand. It came out more as a needy whine.

“I told you already. I’m making sure you’ll never wield power in this world again.” Gabrielle reached out with both hands again as she spoke, and Marcus

flinched backward against the stone wall. There was nowhere to go, though. No way to avoid her fingers.

His nipples, already stiff with cold, began to ache with need and pleasure and her touch. As she slowly began to roll the flesh back and forth, he felt the fiery pleasure begin to build again. Starting with his stiff nipples, it slowly spread across his chest, and what little of his mind was capable noticed that the pale spot on his skin had already grown enough to encompass his stomach. In fact, it was spreading rapidly down his thighs. He would have worried about it, if there was room in his head for such thoughts. There was only room for pleasure, and heat, and a panting need for more. He did notice, though, something strange. Even though his nipples were hardened to desperate peaks, his cock had gone utterly limp.

“Starting to notice something strange?” Gabrielle asked, releasing him.

“Something about your cock, perhaps?”

“Please...” he whispered, his voice high pitched and breathy. He was practically begging, thrusting his chest out toward her as best he could from his chained position. He had been given the best pleasure he could ever experience, and now it was fading, leaving behind a desperate ache for more.

“Please what?” she asked, arching an eyebrow as she watched him. “Let you go? Or give you more?”

He bit his tongue, not trusting what words would come out if he didn't. He knew that he would never beg for mercy. For an escape. He might beg for release, though. He didn't know that he could take hearing himself beg for something that should have been his right by marriage.

"...Silence won't save you," his wife whispered after a moment, gently running her fingers across the taut, smooth skin of his chest, igniting another inferno of joyous pleasure that was only matched by the desperate need for more. When her hand left him, the fires went out, and Marcus had to force himself to keep from whimpering. Just a touch had done all that. All that and something more, he realized. He had never been hirsute, but now there was not even a trace of body hair on his chest. Not anywhere on his body, in fact. "The more I touch you," Gabrielle told him, "the more you'll change. The more I pleasure you, the more you'll become what I want you to be."

What she wanted him to be. Powerless? How his wife intended to make him powerless, though, he didn't know... unless... "You bitch!" he screamed. "You made my impotent?"

Gabrielle chuckled, glancing down again at his crotch. "Oh, I think you'll be *quite* fertile when this is done. Though as for why your dick isn't responding..." Her lips pulled back into a grimace. "Well. Let's just hope this is the last time I

have to touch one of these.” She grimaced, and then reached between Marcus’s legs to grip the limp meat and the nutsack beneath it.

There was no sensation at all, for a moment, and Marcus worried what the potion had done to him. Until suddenly, like wood finally catching flame, the pleasures of earlier swept over him, bringing with them a sensation of heat in his crotch that almost bordered on painful. That pain was the only thing that kept Marcus grounded, the only thing he could focus on other than overwhelming pleasure. Even as she began to crush his balls between her hand and his own skin, as if she could somehow force them into his body, the brunette man still found himself moaning with need.

Despite all this, Marcus’s cock refused to stir in the slightest. Rather than growing against her hand, it seemed to almost compress in Gabrielle’s hand, flattening against the groin. What little pain he had from the rough treatment faded, and Gabrielle’s hand moved away. The heat and pleasure both disappeared the instant her hand was removed, leaving behind an aching sense of loss and a desperate prisoner.

“Please,” Marcus whispered again, biting her lip, curling her fingers tight enough that he thought the nails might draw blood. He tried to focus on the pain,

instead of the missing pleasure. It was useless. “Please,” he repeated, unable to stop himself. “More...”

“More?” Gabrielle asked, tilting her head to one side. “But there’s hardly anything left for me to play with, down there...”

Marcus glanced down, then screamed. All that was left of his dick was a tiny nub, barely as big as a bean, sticking out above a smooth expanse of flesh. “This?” he demanded, voice pitched hysterically high. “This is what you wanted for me? To remove my penis?”

“In part...” Gabrielle admitted, lips widening into a grin. “But don’t worry. I won’t leave you like this... it’s not at all what I want for you.” She leaned in, after saying this, and though Marcus flinched backward he couldn’t prevent his wife’s finger from touching his groin again. When Marcus’s spouse flicked her thumb against the nub that had once been a dick, it sent a jolt of pleasure through his entire body, and it was only the manacles that prevented him from falling.

Marcus bit his lip, again, but little squeaks continued to escape the confines of his throat as the blonde’s thumb expertly played with the button. Her forefinger, meanwhile, began to rub along the unbroken flesh beneath his bean sized member.

Where before the fires had disappeared immediately every time Gabrielle removed her finger, the heat and pleasure now lingered. Each time she drew her

finger across Marcus's flesh, the man felt the fire grow stronger, and the pleasure grow greater, until each stroke was enough to make him moan and whimper, until he half thought he might pass out from the sheer pleasure that felt as it were literally trying to burn a hole into his body. His eyes began to close. Until a surprising new sensation began to penetrate his pleasure addled mind. He felt wet.

The chill of fear traveling down Marcus's spine helped him focus through the haze of need. He looked down, just in time to see two fingers plunging into the inner depths of his being, pushing apart the tight lips of a newly formed pussy. "You... you turned me into a woman..."

"I told you, Maria. I want you to feel powerless. And there's nothing more powerless in this land than an unwed woman with no family. Is there?" Gabrielle's lips were pressed tight as she spoke as if she were frustrated by something. She continued to thrust into Maria, though, and with each thrust, there was another surge of heat and wetness.

"No..." Maria whimpered, trying to fight against the rise of pleasure inside her body. "You can't... d-doooo.... This to me..." The brunette prisoner blushed bright red as her wife laughed.

"You're moaning; already. And here I'm just getting started..."

Maria moaned again in response, unable to keep her eyes open as a new wave of pleasure overtook her. Gabrielle's fingers continued their methodical pumping, slowly loosening the passageway. The heat and pleasure were spreading deeper and deeper into Maria's being, pooling in her stomach. In her womb.

"No...." the brunette whimpered, even as her hips pressed out to greet the thrusting fingers. "No, please no...." She couldn't help but remember the word fertility her wife had uttered earlier. Would Maria be made to - was she expected to...? "Turn me back..." she pleaded, fighting not to cry. The pleasure was forgotten, in the moment, and even the all-consuming heat in her belly was a momentarily distant concern. "It's not too late. I can forget all of this - Just don't make me. Don't make me be with a man...."

The fingers stopped pumping. Then withdrew. The heat continued, but the pleasure began to fade, and Maria had to fight the insane urge to thrust her hips out for more contact, more pleasure. She wouldn't.

"Is that what you think of me?" Gabrielle asked, shaking her head. "I wouldn't waste you on a cock, even if I *was* willing to send another woman to that fate." The blonde's smile seemed almost... sympathetic. "It's a horrible thing, isn't it? Imagining a man touching you. Taking you. Making you his. But I have something else in mind. Specifically. Making you *mine*."

Maria's heart dropped. "Please..." she whispered, one more time, her voice barely audible. Her eyes were flowing with tears. She felt scared, anxious, and horny, all at the same time. She couldn't prevent her knees from trembling. She had never felt anything like this in her life as a man. Was it the result of the new hormones? Or the fact that for the first time in her life, she had no control over her own fate?

Gabrielle sighed. She reached up to wipe the tears away, but Maria flinched backward from fear of what her touch would bring. That caused the blonde to frown, which in turn made the prisoner tremble with fear. "Stay still," she ordered, before using her thumb to brush the salt water from Maria's eyes. "There. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

The former lord shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, and Gabrielle placed her hand on the other woman's cheek. There was no heat, this time, no pleasure. Just a hand on her cheek, two fingers of which were still wet from Maria's juices. They left a trail as Gabrielle's hand slowly slid back to tightly grip the brunette's hair. "You know, you're cuter when you don't speak."

Maria opened her mouth to protest, only to feel a sudden surge of heat radiating from the back of her skull, burning through her every thought. It joined by a wave of mind-melting pleasure, and the brunette closed her eyes and let out a

moan of need, not even remembering what she'd been about to protest. It didn't matter. She'd say yes to anything for more of this.

There was a sudden pressure on Maria's lips. Her eyes snapped open, her own grey eyes meeting her wife's brown gaze. They were kissing. In their year of marriage, they had only kissed once, on their wedding day. Yet now Gabrielle's lips were pressed firmly and tightly against Maria's own, one hand tangled in her hair and the other sliding down her thigh. Gabrielle's left hand was clumsy with its touches, but not so clumsy that her thumb couldn't find Maria's blood engorged clit. The slightest brush was enough to send a whole new wave of pleasure crashing over Maria, a whole new wave of heat and need ready to fill her body and break apart whatever thoughts were trying to form.

The brunette hesitated a moment, and then closed her eyes again. It felt good. She knew on some level that something was wrong, but she couldn't bring herself to care. Not when her body was engulfed in an inferno of need, and pleasure that only grew with each rough stroke against her button.

The hand released Maria's hair. The lips parted. The thumb stopped stroking her. The poor lady whimpered and thrust her hips out, but when the prisoner opened her lips to beg for more, the only sound her addled mind could manage was another whimper of need. Her eyes fluttered open, to find that Gabrielle was walking

back over to the tray she had carried in with her. Maria couldn't stop staring at the woman's ass when she bent over to pick it up.

Gabrielle glanced over her shoulder. "Still a letch, I see. But I like it better with that new face of yours, at least." She stood as she spoke, holding up the tray so that Maria could see her reflection in the polished metal.

Pillowy lips were the first thing Maria noticed. They had turned from a pale pink to a deep blood red. Her cheekbones had lifted, meanwhile, while her nose had gotten smaller and her formerly bushy eyebrows had thinned to bare lines. Her receding hairline, on the hand, had more than reclaimed its former glory. In fact, tresses of brown hair were now flowing down all the way to her bare bottom.

The face of Marcus the lord was gone. All that he could see in the makeshift mirror was Maria.

"Much better, don't you think?" Gabrielle placed a finger beneath her wife's chin, and Maria shuddered. "Just your body left, and then we can introduce everyone to my new personal maid..."

"And if I tell someone what you did?" he asked, lifting his head. He wanted to look defiant, but the puffed up lips made his frown look more like a pout.

Gabrielle laughed. "Oh, wife of mine... By the time I'm done, you won't do anything without my permission ever again." She stepped forward, running her

fingers across Maria's cheek. The fire returned, a brain-melting heat that left her thrusting her hips out and whimpering for touch. Gabrielle laughed again, and reached out around Maria's back, to slide slowly down the spine and grab her maid's ass.

The brunette squeaked in surprise, then moaned in pleasure as her wife and mistress began to squeeze the flesh. Maria's bottom had always been flat, but as the warmth overtook her she felt the corrections begin. She squeezed her backside against the hand, grinding against the hand and the stone wall as her ass slowly turned into a fat bubble butt.

The hand shifted upward, gently gripping one was removed from her bottom. Then her cheek. The pleasure faded, and Maria whimpered in need as an aching emptiness replaced the fire that had been consuming her. "More..." she whispered, still a little dazed.

"You're greedy, aren't you?" Gabrielle's hand slid between Maria's legs, again, and the maid moaned as two fingertips pushed their way ever so barely into the brunette's slit, a teasing touch that made the brunette mewl with a need for more.

Even that light touch, though, was enough to ignite the fire, and scatter the thoughts that were just starting to gather back in Maria's brain. Her mouth was half

open, and her eyes were shut tight so that she didn't notice Gabrielle stepping even closer. Not until she felt the second hand on her chest, sliding up to the breast, cupping the nipple and gently massaging the skin around it. She didn't know what was going on, too out of it to put it together, too busy with the pleasure to care. The thumb flicked her nipple, and a moment of clarity warned her what was coming, what this was for. She wanted to pull away, but just as soon as the thought came, she rejected it. Removing herself from the pleasure would have been unbearable.

Then Gabrielle lowered her head to the other nipple, sealing her lips on the perky peak and ever so barely pinching the pink flesh between her teeth. Her tongue flicked out to touch the tip, and Maria cried out in surprise and pleasure from the unexpected sensation of a wet muscle on her hot skin. It felt good. Even better when the Gabrielle began to suck at her wife's breast, pulling the nipple further into her mouth.

Maria's head tilted back sharply, striking the stone wall. There was a flash of pain, adding a little spice to the sweet pleasure that was consuming her. She didn't remember ever feeling this good in her life, not with any of the women she had been with. Not ever.

There was a price to pay, though. As Gabrielle's thumb flicked against the imprisoned maiden's clit, Maria felt pressure in her chest. As her nipples were

sucked on, bitten, and pinched, she felt the flesh beneath her hardened peaks begin to shift and swell. Little bites, at first, bare contours of the flesh, they quickly began to fill, pushing against Gabrielle's face and hand.

As Maria's breasts grew, her blonde mistress backed slowly away, making sure to keep her teeth and fingers attached to the maid as she did so. Occasionally she would bite down, or pinch harder, but the maid hardly noticed. She was too occupied by the sheer pleasure of having her wife touch her, and the heated pleasure that came with contact.

When the lips and fingers finally parted, the tongue withdrawing back into Gabrielle's smirking mouth, the fires faded away. Rather than surveying the damage, though, Maria only shoved her chest out. "Please," she begged. "Please. Give me more."

"Oh. There will be plenty more..." Gabrielle promised, placing a hand on her hip. "But my hands are getting tired. I think it's time to finish this up and lock you in the form."

"Lock me in it?" Maria asked, confused. "You mean... I'm not already locked in?"

“Of course not,” Gabrielle whispered, reaching out to grip Maria’s chin.

“What witch would sell me a spell to change someone against their will? No. This will only become permanent... if you agree to it.”

“Then... Then I can turn back?” Maria asked, swallowing hard. Her brain already felt fuzzy, just from this little point of contact; it felt so good. She had to focus, though. She could turn back. She could be a man again.

“Of course, one of us would have to face the ax, in that case,” Gabrielle calmly pointed out. “And then you’d never feel like this again.” She released her hold on Maria, and the maid let out a little moan, straining against the chains to try and reach her wife again.

“...Or you could agree to the transformation, and feel this good every time I touch you. Every night. For the rest of your life.” Gabrielle gripped Maria’s hips as she spoke, thrusting a leg between the maid’s thighs and grinding against the lower lips.

Thoughts of agreement or refusal disappeared, replaced by an all-consuming heat and a desperate need, matched only by the ever building pleasure that thrust itself into Maria’s body. It traveled from the tips of Gabrielle’s fingers, radiating through her entire being this time until there was no room for thoughts or worries

or fears. She was aware of her hips changing, growing to match her ass and tits, but she didn't mind. Didn't care. She knew that she would do anything for more.

The hands released, and Maria cried out as the heat disappeared, and Maria bit her lip hard as she fought back tears. She had never known pleasure like this could exist until her wife and mistress had shown it to her. Nor had she known she could ache for something so, like her tits were hollow and her pussy - a pussy she had never had until today - was unfilled and needy. Both needed to be filled with the pleasures and warmth that only Gabrielle could bring, or nothing else in life would satisfy her. "I'll do it," she promised. "Whatever I need to do, whatever I need to agree to. I'll do it!"

"Good. Because it's quite simple," Gabrielle promised, sliding her arms around Maria. One hand slid up the back, while the other slipped down to the ass. She gave one cheek a quick squeeze, and then her hand was wandering down to grip a thick thigh. "You just have to kiss me; and mean it."

Maria didn't hesitate. With her wife's lips in front of her, she all but threw herself against the confines of the chains to reach the other woman, desperate to act before the blonde could change her mind and back away. Gabrielle stiffened, seemingly caught by surprise, but soon her lips opened to greet Maria's, allowing

the maid's questioning tongue to slide over her mistress's teeth and tangle with the other woman's tongue.

The heat flowed out through their shared lips, radiating through Maria's head and burning away all needless thoughts. She forgot where she was, what she was doing, and who she had once been. There was no need for any of it, so long as she could feel this pleasure filling her entire being.

She was aware, though, of hands. Hands roaming her body, squeezing her hips and ass one second, then gripping her breasts the next, the tits filling Gabrielle's small hands as if made perfectly to fit them, nipple peeking out between fingers that slowly pinched.

Maria whined as one hand left her chest, but was grateful when it touched her again, this time between her legs. A finger slowly probed upward, pushing inside her, and the maid let out an excited squeak as it quickly found a spot inside she hadn't even known about. Perhaps it hadn't even existed, a moment ago, but now - now just the merest brush of fingertips against it was enough to make Gabrielle's legs tremble until she was being held up only by the manacles. Then, suddenly, she was being held by nothing at all, dainty wrists slipping free of the iron constraints and allowing her to fall to her knees, on the stone.

Maria looked up, dazed and confused, skin contact with her wife momentarily broken and pleasure gone. Her wife was smiling, above her, but also shaking her head slowly back and forth. "That was nice," she admitted. "But not what I meant. If you want this to be permanent... you have to kiss me down *here*." The maid followed her mistress's hand as it slid down her stomach, between her thighs and across the neatly trimmed patch of blonde hair.

Maria's confusion turned to understanding, and then delight. Already on her knees, the maid reached eagerly out to grip her wife's thighs and thrust her mouth against the moist slit she'd been presented with. Her tongue darted out, tasting her wife for the first time in her life, and her eyes widened in surprise.

Maria didn't know if it was the magic or just the taste of women, but it was like nothing she had ever experienced before. It was sweet, and warm - no, hot. It was as if the concept of heat itself was sliding its way down her throat, lighting her up from the inside out. It was just like her wife's touch, only on the inside, and it radiated out through her entire being, stronger and stronger with every lick.

She was aware, vaguely, of her wife's hand still in her hair, holding her in place. She was conscious of the noises that her wife made, especially when Maria's tongue happened to flick against the clit. She was aware, but she hardly cared. She only wanted more of the pleasurable liquid... more and more, and more, until her

stomach was full and the heat felt like it was going to burn through her entire being. It felt more than good. It felt more pleasurable than anything she had ever known. Yet it wasn't over yet.

It could have been seconds, minutes or even hours that she spent on her knees. The screams of pleasure were the only way to mark the passage of time, and a part of Maria was distantly pleased that she had brought such noises out for the first time in their relationship. Most of her was too occupied with her own pleasure, though, and it wasn't until her mouth filled with a sudden gush of liquid that Maria parted from the pussy, coughing and rubbing her throat after swallowing such a sudden load.

“That... Surprised me...” Gabrielle admitted. “I didn't expect you to be so. Good at that. Have you had much progress?”

“Never,” Maria admitted. “I was never interested in female pleasure.”

“I think that'll change...” Gabrielle's voice was dry, but her smile was real. Maria smiled back, not sure why. She felt good, though, even now that the pleasure was starting to fade. Sated, at least for a while. “Now come on. I have clothes for both of us out in the hallway. It's time to begin your new life as my personal maid.”

Maria nodded, a little nervous, but willing. If it meant more of that pleasure then she was fine with it. What she lacked in expertise, she would more than make up for in eagerness. She just couldn't believe she'd been missing out on this, for so long.