

“You two.. honestly. You *broke in*, for starters. I suppose you should be congratulated on besting my security well enough to manage that. But you just couldn't stick the landing, could you?”

The thieves exchanged glances with one another. The otter looked frustrated but not afraid, which was handling the situation a good deal better than his marten partner was. That one was shaking in his boots, quite literally, and seemed to be inclined to keep his mouth shut. The otter was not showing quite so much discretion.

“Look.. we did ya a bit of a *favor* that way, ya see? Pokin' holes in yer patrols n' whatnot? Big fancy Mage-”

A full-body wince ran through the marten as his friend opened his mouth, and as the master of the house reacted. Seeing the ebon-scaled serpent extend to his full height was intimidating, he towered a foot and change over either of the thieves.

“Warlock. Which you should count yourself lucky for. Wizards are strange and unknowable, cruel and fickle. Warlocks understand *value*. We know how *debts* work. Which is to say – you will be working, because you have both incurred a debt.”

That left the marten wincing again and fidgeting where he stood.

“Sir, we.. I – we very much did not mean to set off explosives in your foyer. Your internal security is *terrifying* and the door would not-”

A snap of the Warlock's fingers left the marten quiet. It did not do so for the otter.

“Yeah! What the fuck was all that anyway?! We ought ta report you to-”

Tension in the air around both thieves left them *both* quiet this time. That tension turned to proper fear when a second snap of the fingers left them both naked, a puff of smoke weaving around their bodies and leaving them nude.. before it started to reform itself into *new* garments. Frilly black and white things, like one might find on fancy maids.

That was confusing enough to get a 'wait.. what-' out of the marten before the uniforms assaulted the pair. They slid over top of each, forcing themselves onto the thieves into awkward fits and knocking them off their feet to get the lacy panties, thigh high stockings, and heels on them.

“W-what are you doing..? L-look, we can work this off, bu-but.. but not-”

With the Warlock raising his fingers again, this time with an intricate position to them, the otter (who was busily trying to tear his uniform off and finding it abnormally sturdy) shouted again.

“The fuck!?! Get this offa me! I ain't doin' any funny sh-”

This was no simple cantrip, nothing one accomplished with a snapped finger. Words in no language a mortal tongue was supposed to speak flooded the space around the thieves, then sank into their flesh. The marten whimpered as it crept into the edges of his mind along with his flesh and left things.. loose. It was *uncomfortably* reminiscent of his clothing unweaving itself.

It took effort to keep a thief's figure, one had to be lithe and lightweight to be agile enough for the acrobatic work if one was going to cover all their options and the marten made it look easy with lean muscle and flexibility – which made it all the more distressing as he felt the awkward fit of the maid outfit start to fill itself out. In particular it was too tight around the center of his chest and loose at the waist and below the shoulders, but that was changing *real* fast. When it came to the tight parts fitting better that was a relief (apart from the disquieting sensation of his bones changing shape) but nothing was going to make it less than freaky to feel himself fattening up. Fast.

Particular parts of them were getting it worse – the thief couldn't help grabbing at their ass as it ballooned out to fill their uniform, which is to say their butt swelled until it was devouring the panties that had forced themselves onto him and until the skirt on the skimpy maid outfit was resting so high atop their shelf of an ass it hid *absolutely nothing*. Not even the fact that, as their rump grew to catastrophic and career ending sizes, it seemed to be drawing size away from his cock in the process. The marten would lose an inch between the legs and pack on two on each thigh.

Right around when she felt her cock vanish entirely was when the marten finally managed to speak again, though it was with a higher pitched voice and a breathier tone than she intended.

“Ohgawd.. I – like.. p-please s- sst.. st.. *stooooop holding back, Master~*”

The words poured right out of her mouth, out of her soft-feeling head, and the marten could not help herself. She reached her hands up to cover her mouth only for the serpent to leer and for a fresh rush of that power to seep into her. This time it didn't just try to saturate all of her, it went *right* for the chest. The marten reached her arms up, trying to cover herself a little, only to end up doing *not that*. She just curled them under her tits as she watched them swell with every breath she took. They were getting around to the size of her head and showing no signs of stopping.

“I think.. we'll call you Pillows from now on. Pillows, get down here and do your job~”

As soon as the name was out in the air Pillows felt it in their mind. It barreled in there, leaving no room for anything else, ringing clear and true. It left them with a sense of bizarre warmth and certainty, they couldn't really think of being anything else. Pillows knew her job *very well*.

The otter wasn't faring anywhere near as well as his friend had been, and seeing the marten practically drool the words 'Yes Master' as she dropped to her knees to plaster her face between the serpent's legs was *terrifying*. Though not nearly so much as the fact that, no matter how hard he tried, the otter couldn't remember their friend's name.. Apart from Pillows, that is. They had *plenty* of memories of congratulating them after jobs, sharing drinks, even a few scrapes with the guards.. that had all been shared with Pillows, the big-titty hourglass shaped maid marten.

“N-n-no.. not.. Not go-gg..gonna l-let..”

Even managing to grunt those few words out felt like it took the effort of a marathon. The otter looked up, sneered up really, at his captor only to find the snake looking impressed. That didn't strike the otter as likely to be a good thing though.

“Actually resisting, are we? There's some legitimate force of will in there *somewhere* then. Of course, I don't think that's going to help you any. In fact..”

A little distressed squeak bubbled up from the otter as he felt his body being invaded by the Warlock's power. They had just seen what happened to their friend, Pillows so it wasn't exactly surprising to feel their ass start to grow and the maid uniform snugly cling to it as it did so. What *was* surprising was just how much growing it was doing, the otter almost fell backward as it billowed out and bounced its way into devouring the strap from the panties they were stuck in. Weighing them back, refusing to stop jiggling about wildly, making an utter mockery of the maid uniform's skirt in terms of modesty. But then, clearly modesty wasn't the point of any of this.

Having watched Pillows change, the otter couldn't help a moment of panic when they felt things creeping between their legs. They grabbed at the bulge in those panties with both hands but all that did was leave her able to actually *feel* her dick shrinking away, to feel the swollen and damp puss that rose up to replace it, bolstered by the cushy fat growing in all around it. This wasn't the same set of proportions she'd seen her friend end up with, no. No statuesque hourglass was being made here, the otter was getting smaller.. fatter, more bottom heavy. There was a fog creeping in around the edges of her thoughts too but she was fighting past that as best she could.

“I think you might end up *regretting* being so willful in the long run, Fatass. You're going to have to *remember* what you used to be like. Sometimes, a little. Between dusting things-”

Reaching up to paw at her cheeks, the otter felt a wave of vertigo run through her as she shrank another inch or two and got that much wider for it. Master was right, she could see *every*

speck of errant dust resting on the surfaces in the room and there was a sudden compelling need to take a feather duster to all of it. Fatass knew that wasn't right though, just like she knew there ought to be *something* else popping into her mind when she tried to think of the name Fatass – and yet there it was. The only thing that felt right, even if it was *all kinds* of wrong that it did so. Fatass tried to claw at *some* kind of sense of herself, the memories were still there after all, she just had to-

“Between bending over to let *everyone* who wants a piece get at that ass of yours, and the ripe little peach out in front. It's a miracle you two get any cleaning done with how much time you spend letting the guards and the other servants plow you silly.”

Every inch of Fatass, and there were oh so many of them now, quivered. It took every bit of will she had not to turn her head right then to see if any of the guards or maybe the higher ranking staff were in the hallway and she could shake her butt for them. With Pillows having Master's attention she'd have to make do with something else after all, but..

“N.. No, can't.. ca-an't let that be.. b- be me. I'm-”

Something that would let her avoid doing what she felt like she had to do, anything. Fatass grasped at any mental straw she could. When she saw the feather duster it came as a relief, it let her grab hold of something and *do anything else..* for a few moments anyway. She waddled her way to the nearest nightstand and started to brush away at the accumulated bits on its surface only to feel her Master looming behind her.

The swat at her ass came swift and sudden, and it left all of Fatass' body jiggling and jostling in place. She felt like she was in a pool of *very* thick water, and that she'd just cum right in the middle of it. A little shameful burst of pleasure amid her work for her Master, paying back that debt. Fatass ended up slipping into a long, breathy moan that she tried not to let get *too loud* while she gripped the handle of the feather duster tight and focused on not stuffing it between her legs.

Pillows, meanwhile, had managed to tug her Master's pants down enough to get her face where she *really* wanted it to be. The Warlock wasn't inclined to stop his new pets.

“Mmmn, *so industrious*- both of you. Keep up this kind of pace and you might clear that debt of yours in a couple of decades. Pillows! Give Fatass a turn on my dick – and let me at your namesake for a bit. Then, afterward..”

Both Pillows and Fatass stumbled up to their Master's feet, standing as straight as they could, trying to look at him and not just stare directly at his cock but mostly failing.

“Clean the entire house.. top to bottom – but show off while you're at it. And if anyone gets grabby, or wants to take you for a ride? *Give them one.* Then you can clean each other up and you'll have earned another go with your Master. Understood~?”

The sight of his fat little maids nodding their almost empty heads left the serpent pleased.. and when they both leaned in to get started on their new jobs things only got better.