

Maid Life (Filipino Maid TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Malcolm Stadly has come into possession of a unique amulet that has the power to swap one's body with another after a moment of connection and intimacy. He convinces his attractive Filipino housemaid to swap with him, and she readily agrees: both desire to see how the other side lives. But things take a turn when the amulet goes missing . . .

Maid Life

Malcolm Stadly felt victorious. He had finally acquired the Amulet of Perspective, after much searching. He had been victorious all his life, of course. He was a rather wealthy shipping magnate who had business interests in every continent on Earth - yes, even Antarctica, due to his research base contributions. But while people claimed that money could buy anything, those people had never come across the eccentricities of the ultra-wealthy, because then they would know that the boredom that success brings also breeds . . . eccentric desires. The kind of desires that flirt with the boundaries of reality at times. The kind of desire that made Malcolm truly wish he could swap bodies with someone of a different class, race, even *gender* in order to experience life from the other side, for once. To get outside his comfort zone and even revel sexually in a new position of life.

He even knew the person he wanted to take possession of, and experience her life for a spell. Her name was Carmelita, and she was his dutiful housemaid, and had been for several years now. She was a woman of Filipino descent, with a cute accent to match, and her appearance was quite striking. While Malcolm was in his late thirties, she was only twenty five years old. He had nearly seen her out the door when she had applied for the rather important position of being his live-in maid and housekeeper - particularly since the job involved a lot of travel and taking care of private business discretely - and yet with her dutiful and respectful manner she had won him over, and she had shown herself to be exceptionally hard working and professional, and rarely taking days off.

"I am most impressed with you, Carmelita," Malcolm had told her after several months of service. "You seem to excel at this position, and I never see you slack off at all, unlike some maids I have had."

She simply gave a slight bow, smiling pleasantly but not smugly. "I was raised in poverty, Mr Stadly. I worked to help support my brothers and sisters and my ailing my mother. I am a big believer in hard work and its importance."

"That I can see! I can scarcely imagine it. You have wisdom beyond your years."

“Thank you, Mr Stadly. You are an excellent employer. Your wages allow me to support my family at home and see their care, and so I promise never to be idle with my job.”

He simply grinned at the time, deeply appreciative of her efforts, but also taking in the reasons for them. Once again he was struck by the fact that he had effectively been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and never experienced that hardship. The fact that her ability to work in his country was dependent upon his employment of her, and that her strong accent and manner marked her as an outsider here for better prospects only emphasised that fact further. It enticed him, made him curious as to what it would be like to *be* her.

Of course, it didn't hurt that Carmelita was quite the beauty either. She had a gorgeous dark olive tone and black-brown hair that was just slightly wavy, which she wore in a bun while cleaning but otherwise let fall over her shoulders in gentle waves. Her smile was broad and inviting, sweet without losing any earnesty, and it set off a cute set of dimples in her cheeks as well. She had the slightly broader features of a Filipino woman, with a thicker waist and thighs and rear, and this was matched with an ample bust that Malcolm had often estimated to be in the D-cup range or so, though her outfits were always modest enough not to show off too much, which was good and professional (if occasionally disappointing for the red-blooded man). She had an energy to her despite her backstory, a vibrancy and steadfastness in her approach to work that made her a wonder to watch at times, and Malcolm had to be careful not to fantasise too openly about her.

“Is everything the matter, Mr Stadly?” she had asked him once, when he had been staring at her leaning over to clean an expensive cabinet. Her ass had looked incredible, particularly given her wide hips, and he had been lost in the vision of it.

“Oh, um, just appreciating your work effort, Carmelita. You can get back to it. You're doing a great job.”

She simply smiled that adorable smile, dimples showing, and there was something in her dark eyes that simply hypnotised him. And then she was back to work, and he couldn't help but think about how much he wanted to take her. It was stereotypical, of course. The rich white man and his Filipino housemaid. It would make him a laughing matter if ever discovered! And yet, the desire was there all the same, and even more so the desire to inhabit her. To be stared at. To be on the other side of this power relation.

But of course, money couldn't buy that, not really.

Until, that was, he acquired the Amulet of Perspective. He had heard about it. There were even rumours that a man swapped a life with a woman in Thailand and never gotten it back. But his pursuit had been idle, and so it had come as a complete surprise when his forays had turned up the real thing. It glowed emerald in a way that just didn't quite make sense with the light around it, and the small mirrored surface of its pendant showed not his

own reflection, but the reflection of whomever he was nearest, which was often Carmelita. It had cost a pretty pound, but that meant nothing if it was real.

“Finally,” he told himself as he looked at it late one night in his office, “I have the chance to experience the one dream I have never accomplished: to live as another, and see and feel the world through their eyes!”

He was so excited he could barely sleep. He could only hope that he could convince Carmelita. Thankfully, he had the perfect leverage to bring her around, if need be. After all, he was a rich man, and she a poor woman, and didn't she want to help her family?

“You wish to change bodies with me?” Carmelita asked.

Malcolm nodded, trying to avoid looking too eccentric, excited, or just plain crazy. They were seated in the plush lounge of his devastatingly expensive seaside manor, the place he often retreated to for most of the year when he didn't need to be on the east coast. He had just informed her that her duties did not need to be seen to today, but that he needed to have a discussion with her: a very important one. Judging from her clear nervousness, it was clear that she had anticipated being let go for whatever reason. Now, her expression was more one of shock and confusion at what he had just proposed.

“Yes, that's exactly it, Carmelita,” Malcolm said. He was seated opposite her, the coffee table between them, like it was a business interview. She was wearing her usual maid dress - not the French maid kind, but the slim and modern black one with white trim at the sleeves and collar. It did look very good on her, and it was difficult not to fetishise her at that very moment.

“I - I don't understand. Is this a joke, sir?”

He put down a glass and regarded his beautiful housekeeper. “Not at all, Carmelita. In fact, it is very real, and if you go along with it, I promise you will never have to worry about caring for your family again, because all of their needs will be paid for by me. For the rest of their lives.”

From the sudden gleam in her eye and the way her soft lips parted, he could tell she was ready to listen. Malcolm ran his hand through his dark, perfectly set hair. He was a taller, rather handsome man, he knew, and he used that appearance coupled with his professional suit to give himself a commanding presence in the proceedings.

“This amulet,” he continued, revealing the faintly glowing item and dangling it before her so that *his* reflection showed for her, and vice-versa, “has a magical power. It can swap the bodies of two individuals, allowing them to take on new lives for as long as they wish. We need only share a brief kiss, or moment of intimacy, and it would allow us to swap places.”

Carmelita took a deep breath. She was intrigued, and a little in awe - he knew she was a bit superstitious - but showed signs of hesitation.

“But why? If this is true, why would you swap places with me?”

He explained, as best as he could, and without emphasising the more kinky elements of his interest. He told her that he desired to see another side of life, and to experience what it was to be a different race, class, and sex. And also that he admired her greatly, and her beauty, and wished to experience them for himself, for a full week, in fact. He tried to be complimentary, but at times she smiled sheepishly, perhaps even with embarrassment, and her cheeks flushed a little red at his words.

“Um, th-thank you, Mister Stradly,” she said.

“Please, call me Malcolm, Carmelita. I would like you to do this for me, and I promise your cares and those of your family will be well taken after.”

“Can I have time to think about it?”

“Of course, as long as you desire. I can even have a contract drawn up so it is assured that your family will be paid.”

She nodded eagerly, excited by that last prospect. Her gaze lingered a little on him as she stood.

“If this is true . . . it would not be so bad to be you for a week, Mister Stradly. You have done well by me. And you too are . . . good. Looking, I mean.”

And with that surprising statement, she turned on her heel and left, far quicker than he would have expected. He wasn't sure how to take that last statement, other than a positive sign.

“If she agrees, I can finally have my dreams come true!”

Malcolm grinned to himself, imagining what it would be like already.

Two days later, after a brief pause from work, Carmelita returned. She was dressed in her maid uniform and looking prim, professional, and very pretty as usual. She had a nervous energy to her, but then so did he as well.

“Carmelita, it is excellent to see you,” Malcolm said, welcoming her into the seaside mansion - he had ensured that there would be no other staff there for some time as he weighed up the amulet's possibilities, so it was just them. “Have you made a decision?”

“I have!” she declared, that nervous energy bubbling through her. “I'll do it. I will swap with you, Mister Stradly. Malcolm. If you take care of my family.”

“I can have you sign the contract immediately.”

He welcomed her through, trying to act normal but otherwise churning with excitement himself. She signed the contract - the one his lawyer had been most confused by - and afterwards it was placed into the nearby safe, with a duplicate in her care. And then he took her to the lounge once more.

"How, um, do we do this?" she declared in her cute accent. "You said a moment of intimacy? What does this mean?"

"Ah, it means a kiss, or - perhaps in some cases - it could require more."

She blushed. "I am not a prostitute."

"I would never think of you as such. But I must wear the amulet, and . . ."

She nodded, gulping just a little. It was hard to tell if her look was one of revulsion or attraction. But then to his surprise she took the necklace and placed it over his neck before he even did it himself. She looked him in his eyes, her own dark ones were pools of mystery. Of beauty.

"Let's do this," she said, and with that she kissed him.

Malcolm was taken aback, quite surprised by her alacrity. He returned the kiss, and found it immediately intoxicating. He had often imagined kissing those lips and relishing their taste, and now he was doing it, partaking in the classic fantasy of the master and his foreign housemaid, as if he were acting out a cheap saucy erotic text. But he didn't care: even if the amulet didn't work, he was experiencing one fantasy. He began stroking her thigh, and she in turn began undoing his buttons, going far further than what he had assumed. He quickly realised why: the amulet was glowing a little brighter, and as it did he felt his own libido rising, his cock hardening faster than it should have. It was as if he was being suffused with a magical arousal, their intimacy rising as he raised his hands to fondle her impressive breasts.

"Mhmm, don't stop, Malcolm! Mister! Sir!"

"I won't - I can feel the magic, can't you?"

"I - oohhh - I can! Yes! Keep g-going!"

She lowered back on the couch as he grabbed her panties and pulled them down from her thighs. There was a dominance in this, in taking advantage of his employee - even in reality she was totally willing - that turned him on greatly. She parted her thighs just as he unbuttoned the front of her maid dress, revealing her perfect breasts in her dark bra. He nibbled and kissed at them, making her squirm.

"Please! Do it!" she cried, writhing beneath the amulet's light.

She grasped his cock, and he thrust slowly forwards. Guided by her hand, he entered her. There was a moment of pressure, and suddenly he was *inside* her; and that meant more than one way, as well. Even as he thrust into her, he could feel his essence spilling in new directions, changing and altering him. The same was true of Carmelita: his soul mingled with

hers, beginnings its exchange even as she moaned in her gorgeous voice, speaking her native language as he fucked her. Her pussy was slick and tight, and he was dominant in his control over her, just as she was wonderfully submissive.

But soon their roles began to shift as the pleasure rose. Malcolm experienced her pleasure alongside his, and her own willingness to submit to him. Similarly, his own dominant side shrank, or at least gave way to his secret kink. He did not fight the exchange but welcomed it, fucking her with greater speed as the point drew nearer and nearer.

“I can feel it!” she cried. “I can feel you! I can feel all of you! Ohhhh!”

“S-same! I’m going to become you, my maid! You’re going to m-make my dreams come tr-nnngh!!!”

He came, and so did she, and that very moment his perspective flipped to hers, looking up into himself as he was cumming. It was a bizarre experience, not least because they hadn’t just switched bodies and positions, but *climaxes* as well. At that very moment, Malcolm found his new female body squirming as it was rocked by female orgasms. They were so different from the male variant, being longer lasting and less immediately powerful, before finally surging over his form and leaving him helpless to the pleasure.

Already, he was in heaven.

“Yessss!” he whined, his voice now accented just like Carmelitas. “Yes! Oh God, it happened! It really w-worked! MMHMHHM!!!”

The new ‘Malcolm’ grunted, eyes rolling into the back of his head even as his jaw dropped. It was clear that the real Carmelita was just as lost in bliss as Malcolm was, and equally shocked that it had all worked, if not more so. ‘His’ male form collapsed against Malcolm’s female one, and the two spent a sometime pressed against one another, Malcolm savouring the feel of his new breasts rubbing against his old chest. He hadn’t quite planned to have sex with himself, and it was certainly an odd experience.

But not a terrible one. In fact, it gave him a strange thrill to know that already, in the immediate aftermath of a successful swap with the amulet, that he had been able to experience such an ultimate and taboo fetish. He had become Carmelita, the gorgeous Filipino maid and housekeeper, and now as her, *she* had had sex with her master.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned to herself, still clutching to her old form. “It worked.”

It took some time for them to get used to their new bodies, though Malcolm hoped he would never quite get used to Carmelita’s form over the next week - the foreignness of it was what made it so wonderful, the way certain parts jiggled or other parts he was used to were

unfamilarly absent. After their sex swap, the pair had disentangled, feeling quite awkward and sheepish, particularly Carmelita, who had initiated the sexual proceedings.

“I just thought it would work better if I did that,” she said in her new brass baritone voice. “It wasn’t . . .”

“I know,” Malcolm said, still unused to his cute accent. “It worked though, just as I had planned. Well done, Carmelita. Even without the bonus I’m promising you and your family, you’ll get a big bonus for the extra effort.”

She smiled earnestly, looking oddly feminine and demure despite being in a powerful male body in its near-prime. Malcolm had to chuckle: they would have a lot to figure out, particularly since before he could even comment on her posture, Carmelita noticed his.

“Oh, you cannot spread your legs like that!” she noted.

He looked down and realised that his sitting pose would not work with a dress that went only to the knees. It would be far too scandalous.

“Well, how about we spend some time getting accustomed to our new selves, and then we discuss the best ways to pass ourselves off as each other. I have cancelled my meetings for the week, but there are some small appearances to make. And no doubt I’ll have to go into town and your apartment as you, since you only live-in here four nights a week.”

Carmelita agreed, though her nervousness was clear she was adamant about receiving her reward. As such, the two went to separate parts of the mansion, with Malcolm insisting that she take up residence in his room with its walk-in wardrobe and expansive ensuite. He took up her lodgings, which were much more plain. The thrill he felt at the downgrade was immense, and it made his body shiver. He immediately withdrew to the adjacent small bathroom and stripped away his clothes, admiring Carmelita’s gorgeous foreign body. Her brown skin, her cute dimples, her large, dark nipples. Her widened hips and padded rear were wonderful to caress, and her pussy . . . it was utterly alien to possess! Naturally, he was already tempted to be more vigorous in his explorations, and so soon a number of whimpering moans echoed from the bathroom where he rubbed his new clitoris and groped his breasts.

“Mhmmm . . . such a body. Such a life! Ohhhh, I c-can’t wait to wear the maid outfit! *He better order me around - ahhhh! Such a f-fucking turn on!*”

That pleasure was magnified by his own new voice and accent, reminding him of what he was now. Soon the bliss was too much, and once more he erupted in female orgasm, gasping as he trembled. He had to clutch the sink so as not to fall over, and his breasts pressed against the cold marble, causing his nipples to shiver.

“Ahhhhh, yes,” he murmured, biting his lip. “I’m going to d-do that wearing the maid uniform next time. Mhmm.”

In his mind, an image of being fucked by himself - by Carmelita in his body - from behind as he tried to dust the shelves filled his mind. It was perverted as hell, a new and surprising addition to his kinky fantasies.

But not an unwelcome one.

Their weeks began after a great deal of discussion and ‘training.’ Malcolm was naturally much more enthusiastic than the nervous Carmelita, and was aided by the fact that he had secretly looked up ways to act feminine and apply makeup and so forth long before the Amulet of Perspective had come into his life. He had placed that item in the safe in the main room behind the grand seaside painting, for them to retrieve and reuse after the week was up. Still, walking in heels was quite difficult, and applying the makeup in practice was different from online tutorials, and required Carmelita’s expert precision. Same went with putting her luscious black hair into a bun, and adopting more feminine mannerisms. Thankfully, her curvaceous form meant that swinging her hips and placing one foot in front of the other came a bit more naturally - not to mention it fulfilled his own personal kinks. Even the feeling of his large bust wobbling just a little in the secure D-cup bra brought a thrill.

Carmelita too required aid, not just in wearing suits and carrying herself in a confident manner, but in adopting her new role as master. Malcolm was aware that he couldn’t keep his fantasies from her entirely: he was, after all, *quite* insistent that even when it was just the two of them, that she order him about and tell him what to clean. Not in an abusive manner of course, but in that simple, direct, and authority-driven way he always had. In fact, the more she acted like him the more it was a strange turn-on, a new direction he hadn’t imagined these proceedings taking.

“Are you sure you want me to be, well, this bossy, sir?” she asked on the second day after he had gotten dressed in that wondrously slimming dark maid outfit.

“Yes! I mean, yes,” Malcolm explained. “Please. It’s all part of the experience.”

“I just . . . don’t quite understand. I don’t dislike it. In fact, it feels very powerful to be giving the orders,” she laughed at this - “but at the same time, I don’t want to insult you.”

“The farthest thing, Mister Stradly,” he replied, emphasising her new name, “I want to play the role of the submissive servant. The housekeeper and maid who has to follow your whims. Please, this only works if you *are* powerful. *Especially* if you enjoy it.”

To his surprise, she actually grinned at that, and it was a manly grin too, born of confidence. “Okay, okay. I will get into character. I will be Mister Stradly.”

“And I will be Carmelita. Sir.”

“Very well, Carmelita. The shelves need cleaning, and make sure you dust the shelves. I’m glad you’re in the shorter outfit too. You look very . . . cute in it.”

Malcolm’s knees nearly melted. Carmelita somehow knew *exactly* how to make this master-servant dynamic all the better. He gave a slight bow, leaning into her accent and mannerisms, and even made it a bit of a curtsy.

“Everything to please you, master,” he said, and then he got to work. The new Malcolm watched her clean for some time, and that gaze too made the new woman feel all the more lusted after, all the more supplicant. The hard work had just begun, but he was keen for it. For the rest of the day he went about the duties, ensuring everything was clean and up to date, following all of his master’s instructions. The thrill of it was even more than he could have hoped, and as he cleaned in his master’s presence, those same fantasies emerged under Carmelita’s watchful eye. When the day was finished, Carmelita congratulated him in character, only to go a little further in his daring than he ever could have expected.

“You rest up for the night Carmelita,” he said, “you have done great work. I’ll see you tomorrow . . . in a slightly shorter outfit, I think.”

And with that she slapped Malcolm lightly on his ass as he passed. Malcolm actually *squeaked* in pleasure and shock, unbelieving what had just happened. He thought about that slap a lot as he lay in bed at night, and it only made him more turned on. And so he lowered his delicate hands down to his womanhood and began to tease himself.

“Ohhhhh, t-take me. Take your maid,” he whimpered to himself. It didn’t take long for him to climax. It felt good to be taken advantage of. He couldn’t explain it, would never explain it, but he *loved* it.

To Malcolm’s delight, these occurrences increased in frequency as the days passed. While he knew that he was always going to get into character as the submissive servant, he never could have predicted that Carmelita would go so far into her new role as him. The new man seemed to delight in ‘tormenting’ the new woman, though never with actual cruelty. She sensed his desires almost by some sixth sense, ordering him about, even requesting that he redo jobs at certain times until they were up to actual standard. It made him smile brightly, and Carmelita seemed to enjoy her old dimples from a different perspective.

“And make sure you get the lower shelves,” she announced a little melodramatically. “I like it when you bend over, particularly now that your maid uniform is . . . better fitted.”

Malcolm couldn't help himself: he *giggled* as he bent over, even wiggling his butt from side to side a little as he dusted and cleaned. The same was true of when he got on the floor to scrub it, and Carmelita always made sure to remark on what a lovely spectacle he was.

"Thank you sir," he replied, looking up at his old body, staring in awe at its commanding presence. "Anything to please you."

And as usual, Carmelita got a bit more daring and frisky, grasping Malcolm's buttocks and squeezing in a way that made him moan.

"Mhmm, th-thank you master."

"You like that, don't you?"

"I do."

Carmelita blushed a little, clearly enjoying her own role in these proceedings. "This is more than just an experience you want, isn't it, Malcolm? I want to use our real names for a moment."

Malcolm stopped, annoyed at this pause in the roleplay. "It . . . is, yes."

"This is a sexual fantasy for you, Mister Stradly. I always saw the way you stared at me - I didn't mind it. I actually quite liked it. But now you stare at me the same way while I'm in your body. You, how do you say, get off on this?"

Malcolm swallowed, made himself look as demure as possible. This was an interrogation of sorts, and even that had a thrill to it. "I do. A lot, yes. To be you, and be ordered by you, and for you to be my master - it's part of the experience. And, I won't lie, it is strangely intoxicating to have my old body treat me this way, and to touch me. It is . . . pleasurable, yes. I hope you will not consider this a breach of the contract."

To his surprise, Carmelita shook her head. "Not at all. It's so strange, Mister Stradly. Malcolm. *Carmelita*. I thought this was, um, crazy. Insanity! But now in your body, and seeing you in mine, I have the same feelings! The same excitement! I cannot explain it!"

"It's impossible to explain!"

"Exactly! But I enjoy it. And . . . I think we could enjoy it some more . . . *my maid*."

A shiver ran down Malcolm's spine. "Oh, yes? Master?"

Carmelita bit her lip. It was one of the feminine gestures she hadn't managed to contain, and apparently made her a bit embarrassed when she'd attended a quick media video call the previous day.

"Indeed. I want you to clean those shelves again. Bending over, please."

Malcolm did as ordered, the anticipation building. As he began to clean, he felt Carmelita's powerful male hands - his old hands - pull up his dress and slowly pull down his panties. He had to control his breathing through all the excitement.

"M-master? Sir?" he said, playing the submissive, confused maid role.

"Shhh," she said. "Keep cleaning as long as you can, my gorgeous Carmelita."

And with that, she began to caress his thighs, kiss his back, and reach forward to grope his breasts. It didn't take long for his arousal to build, and then suddenly Carmelita was grasping his hips and pressing her cock - the cock that had once been his - against his feminine opening. It was the first time he had been penetrated from the beginning, and it was *amazing*. His feminine folds parted after a brief resistance, and then he was *filled*.

"Ohhhhhh, M-Mister Stradly. Ahhhhh, s-so big!"

"Keep cleaning, Carmelita. As long as you can."

He tried, but it was near impossible. It was a poor job, since Carmelita's performance was simply too good. Soon the former male was moaning in joy as he was being thrust into again and again. The intensity of the pleasure was immense: he was being fucked like the submissive foreign live-in maid he now was, and he never wanted the experience to end. He cried out, his voice cutting out when Carmelita rammed once more into him, making him briefly silent from the sheer sensations.

"I'm c-close! Oh m-master, I'm so close!"

"Cum for me, my maid. Cum! Oh, this is so exciting! I love this! I love being the dominant one! We will do this again, please!"

"No n-need to say please, you are the m-master! OHHHH!!!"

Carmelita came, and so did Malcolm mere moments later. Her cock was buried deep inside the former man, and his tunnel was therefore flooded with hot seed. His own sperm poured into him, making him nearly collapse from the sheer taboo eroticism of it all. It was made even better as Carmelita thrust one final time, expelling more semen into him, and causing him to shudder.

"Yess! Yesss! YESSSS, MASTER!!!"

In the aftermath, the new Carmelita had even more cleaning to do. Suffice to say, over the next couple of days, her job became two-fold, and their master-servant relationship became even more kinky as they embraced it.

The day before they were set to turn back, Malcolm was woken by the sounds of something loud and jagged. It took him a moment to become fully cognizant, and he assumed it was simply celebrators down at the beach, or the sound of the tree rattling against the window of the nearby left wing. But then the sound continued and there was the awful sound of steel being wrenched, followed by scrambling footsteps. Alarmed, he quickly got out of his bed and moved in a hurry. He was dressed in Carmelita's nightie, which was smooth against his lovely female body. He rather adored the feeling of it, and the way it let his womanly parts

jiggle, but those pleasures were furthest from his mind as he raced to see what had happened.

He arrived just a little too late. To his horror, the main lounge area and office suite had been ransacked by burglars. Worse, the painting that had hung up concealing his safe was torn down, and the safe had been wrenched open. His heart in his throat, the former man raced to the front of the house, only to squeal in horror as a dark figure emerged.

"It's okay, it's me!" came the voice. Carmelita clung to him, alarmed herself.

"Oh God, master - I mean Carmelita! - it's thieves! Burglars have broken in!"

"I know, I just saw them! Call the police, Mister Stradly, I'll try and follow them!"

She moved past him, and once more he admired her confidence and determination. How well she suited his body! But still, that anxiety pervaded. Malcolm called the police, slipping back into the persona of the panicked live-in maid once more, only this panic was genuinely real. What if the amulet was gone for good? What if it was destroyed? He could end up in Carmelita's body for a lot longer, perhaps even permanently! And the real Carmelita would be in his. They would have to experience each other's lives!

His body returned, and the expression on his old face told Malcolm everything. When the police arrived, the two were huddled up against one another, looking much closer than an employer and employee should be. Their uncertainty was clear.

"There's not much on the security cameras either," the officer in charge explained to them. "I'm sorry to say that without a licence plate, or other identifying evidence, we may not have much to go on here. Was this insured?"

"Yes," Malcolm answered, though he knew it should be Carmelita doing this. "But one thing cannot be replaced."

"I'm sorry," the policeman answered. "Well, at least no one was hurt."

He could have laughed. Carmelita did chuckle, in fact. When the officers finally left, they were still on the couch, their bodies pressed against one another. The prospect of remaining as each other permanently was now a lot more likely. Perhaps even a certainty.

"Shit," Malcolm said. "I'm going to be you for life."

"I'm sorry."

Malcolm winced, but strangely, the feeling wasn't as bad as he had assumed. His old body was warm against him, and it made him feel wonderfully submissive. "You can use my money," he said. "A deal was a deal. Your family will be taken care of."

"Thank you, Mister-"

"Call me Carmelita. We'll have to get used to that from now on. I suppose I'll have to live as your maid. Your live-in maid."

"And I'll be your employer. I'll treat you well, I promise. Of course, um, I'll also be assertive. You know . . . when you want to be."

The pair exchanged a glance. Malcolm noticed that despite the uncertainty of their situation, there was a distinct bulge between Carmelita's legs. Between the new *Malcolm's* legs.

"I would like that very much," the new woman said. "Master."

"I think I could get used to it to . . . my lovely maid."

Slowly, the new Malcolm leaned forward and placed a firm hand on the new Carmelita's soft Filipino thigh. She shivered at the feeling. Despite everything, her body wanted this. Wanted to keep the experience going. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad, to have this life? Oh, there would be a lot of embarrassment and confusion, and they'd probably have to start using protection unless they wanted to *really* have the pregnant maid stereotype, but maybe they could inhabit each other's roles permanently after all, given how much they enjoyed them.

"You want this, don't you, Carmelita?"

She - for she was a she now, and had to accept that - looked up into her now-permanent master's eyes, and found her lust rising.

"Please master, make me your maid. Your life."

The End