

## ***Madame Mau's Marvelous Maids***

"Let us out!" With a scream of frustration, Haru slammed his fist into the wall of their cage for the fiftieth time in two minutes. And once more, his fist bounced off the smooth, plastic surface, just as it had the other forty-nine times. Growling, he turned on the others. "Come on, help me!"

Beside him, Kane swallowed. "B-but, Haru, y-you can't--!"

Haru didn't give him time to finish his sentence. "Can't what?" he asked, grabbing the bespectacled young man by the shirt. "Can't what?"

"Y-you can't punch through cardboardium!" replied Kane, struggling to speak. "It's t-too tough!"

Haru's eyes tightened. Without a word, he let go of Kane, and in the same motion pushed him back into the corner of the box. "Whatever," he said, turning away. "What do you know?"

His fifty-first punch sounded much like the previous.

As Haru dropped his fist with a groan, Kane straightened out his shirt, readjusted his glasses and pushed himself back into his corner. Folding his knees against his chest, he sat there sullenly.

From his *own* corner of the box, Fuji watched and struggled to stop himself sighing. He wanted to tell the big guy not to give up, that Kane was wrong, that they could break free if they just tried hard enough. At the same time, he wanted to pat Kane on the shoulder and tell him that their situation wasn't *truly* hopeless.

To do that, he'd have to believe otherwise though. And the simple sad fact was that he didn't.

As Haru stopped grumbling and sat back, Fuji was able to hear--for the first time in the last ten minutes--the relentless purring of whatever machine was carrying them. He didn't know where it was taking them. He almost didn't want to find out.

The saucer had come for them while they were at school, dropping out of the sky to land on the path before them. They'd been talking about their plans for the future. About what Kane was going to do at college. About whether Haru was finally going to confess to his crush. And then it was over, with little more than a *zap*. One moment, they were living their lives, the next, they were boxed up and being shipped off to... who knew?

With a purr, the box moved.

After an indeterminable amount of time, which the three of them spent sitting in silence, something changed in the neverending purring. Kane looked up. Haru drew in breath. Fuji found his heart pounding almost painfully.

All of a sudden, the box jolted, and the purring sound stopped. The three of them looked around, unsure what to expect. Sweat dripped from Fuji's forehead. His hands trembled in his lap.

At last, there came a sound like tape being torn away, and a thin line of light opened in the ceiling of the box. For a moment, the three of them stared as if it were an angel descending to help them. Then the light grew, and with a series of soft *thwump*'s, the walls of their box fell.

Fuji blinked. The light was blinding.

"My," said a high-pitched, needling voice, "what do we have here, nya? Hello there~."

Through the veil of light emerged a figure. Silhouetted, it spun into sight, hopping and twirling and gliding on its tiptoes, before finally coming to a stop right before them.

Fuji rubbed his eyes and stared blearily.

Standing before them was a chubby blonde catgirl, dressed in a ballerina's outfit at least two sizes too small. The curves of her body *bulged* beneath it, like an overfilled reservoir threatening to burst through a poorly-built dam. Fuji could practically hear her leotard creaking.

Seeing him staring, the catgirl giggled. "I *said*: hello there, nya~."

For a moment, Fuji simply sat there in silence. When the catgirl continued staring, however, he swallowed his fear and spoke. "H-hello."

"There we go!" cried the catgirl, grabbing his hand and shaking it violently. "Welcome to Madame Mau's Marvelous Maid-Making Mansion!"

Fuji blinked. "Wh-what?"

"Did she say 'maid-making'?" asked Haru.

Looking down at them, the catgirl smiled. "Oh!" she said, placing a hand on her chest, "where are my manners? I am Madame Mau, the Mansion's Magnificent Mistress. I guess that means I'm nyour nyew mistress as well, nya, but I'd like nyou to think of me as something of a big sister." She grinned. As she spoke, her tail flexed playfully. It had a big pink ribbon tied around the end.

Fuji was struggling to think. "M-Mansion?" he asked, looking around. Sure enough, they were sitting in the grand hallway of a luxurious house, like something out of Elizabethan

England. Marble statues surrounded a rich red carpet. Pornographic tapestries and paintings decorated the walls.

Above it all hung a blazing chandelier. There was an oddly pink tint to its light, which made Fuji's skin crawl.

"That's right!" said Madame Mau. "Nyour nyew home... Madame Mau's Marvelous Mansion! I'll call one of the girls to take nyou to nyour rooms." Reaching into her more-than-prodigious chest, she withdrew a little bell and shook it. *Ding-a-ling!*

A raven-haired girl poked her head out from behind a curtain. "You called for me, Mistress?"

"That's right, Kimoko, dear. Show our nyew guests up to their room, will nyou, nya?"

Fuji stared as the girl stepped into view. She was short and petite with alabaster skin and raven-black hair and curves second only to Mau herself. Her hourglass of a body was packed into a classic frilly maid's outfit, with a low-cut neckline to show off her cleavage.

"As you wish, Mistress," Kimiko said with a curtsy.

Madame Mau chuckled, making her bountiful assets bounce. "Kimiko here used to be a dirty little urchin like nyou three," she said to Fuji, leaning in and whispering as if imparting some deep secret. "A couple of months at the Mansion sorted her right out though, nya." She laughed and slapped the maid's ass. "Go on, take these boys up to their rooms..."

"...A few months here, and they'll be some of the finest maids in the galaxy."

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"This way please," said Kimiko leading the three of them up the stairs and down a long hallway.

As they walked, Fuji's heart pounded. What had Madame Mau meant when she said she was going to make them into maids? She didn't mean it literally, right?

Near the end of the corridor, Kimiko opened the door to a luxurious apartment. Two grand king beds; an expansive armoire; a great window, displaying a rolling green vista (though this turned out to be a screen). On the ceiling, a light shone with the same vague pink glare as the chandelier in the hall.

"Wow," said Haru, following her in. "Look at this place."

"Th-this is where we'll be sleeping?" asked Kane.

"That is correct," said Kimiko. "All of the Mansion's staff are quartered similarly."

"It's so nice," said Kane.

“So we just work here now?” asked Fuji. He felt as though he’d stumbled through a portal into some obscene fantasyland.

“New maids are employed by the Mansion until such time as their training is complete,” explained Kimiko. “When not working, you are to rest here. An ensuite bathroom is accessible via the door to your left, while your new uniforms may be found in the wardrobe behind you. Please place your old clothes in the receptacle here for disposal.”

Fuji followed her gaze. “N-new uniforms?”

Kimiko ignored him. “The first item on your schedule is an introductory session in 45 minutes. I will return for you then. Please ensure you are washed and dressed ready.”

And with that, she glided out of the room.

Fuji watched the door slam, speechless.

“Well,” said Haru, taking a seat on one of the beds, “this doesn’t seem too bad. We got a nice, luxurious room. So what if we have to work here for a little while? This is way better than ending up as cat food.”

“Weren’t you paying attention?” asked Fuji. “She said she was going to make maids out of us!”

Haru shrugged. “Hey, if she was gonna zap us, I figure she woulda just done it, right? When she said ‘maids’, she probably just meant ‘servants’. You know the Bakeneko are weird about gender.”

Fuji frowned. For some reason, that didn’t convince him.

“Er, guys?” said Kane. Fuji turned to find him looking in the wardrobe. “You might want to take a look at our new uniforms...”

With a gulp, he turned around, revealing a frilly maid’s outfit, exactly like Kimiko’s.

Fuji groaned. He *knew* Haru was being too optimistic.

Haru himself leapt to his feet. “You’re screwing with me, right? Those aren’t the only clothes in there, are they?” He surged forward, grabbed the wardrobe’s doors, and swung them open...

...revealing a line of identical dresses, and nothing else.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” said Haru, “you’ve got to be shitting me.”

Kane, meanwhile, had knelt and was opening the wardrobe’s drawers. “Er, there’s some more stuff in here...”

Walking over, Fuji looked down. In the wardrobe's lower compartments was a stockpile of identical black and white bras, panties, and stockings.

"F-fuck," cried Haru, slamming his fist into the wood. "She can't be serious, can she? She can't expect us to wear this shit."

"I don't think we have a choice..." said Fuji. Who knew what the Bakeneko would do to them if they disobeyed?

Haru grabbed him by the shirt. "Fuji, I can't wear this." His eyes were wide and desperate.

Fuji winced.

Growing up, Haru had always been big--now, at 5'6, he was practically a giant. At some point along the line, he'd gotten it into his head that he was one of the big, manly men the Bakeneko had more or less wiped out with their arrival on Earth. No wonder he didn't want to ruin his image by dressing up as a girl.

Fuji swallowed. "I don't think you have a choice..."

"W-we should hurry up," said Kane, tapping him on the shoulder. "We're supposed to be washed and dressed in--" He glanced at the clock on the wall. "--forty minutes."

Haru snorted. "Oh, I bet you're just *eager* to dress up, aren't you?"

Kane looked away. "Who's showering first?"

For a moment, they stood in silence. Then Haru huffed and went to sit on his bed, planting his hands in his chin.

Fuji sighed. "You go first," he said with a sigh. "I'll try and convince Haru."

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Ten minutes and little success on Fuji's part later, Kane emerged from the shower wrapped in a white towel, a pile of clothes in his hands. Glancing at Haru, who was sulking on his bed, he nodded at Fuji and made his way to the wardrobe.

In the bathroom, Fuji took his time stripping off, not wanting to acknowledge the fact this might be the last time he ever took off a pair of jeans and boxers. As he stepped into the shower, the heat of the water put him in mind of a ritual cleansing.

One quick scrubbing session later, he emerged from the bathroom to find Haru unmoved, looking furious, and Kane...

Fuji flushed.

...Kane was standing by the wardrobe, dressed like a maid, his uniform exposing a sizable portion of his thighs. Seeing Fuji's expression, he turned red as well. "H-how do I look?" he asked, squeezing the rim of his skirt.

"Like a girl," said Haru, expression dark.

Kane dropped his face to the floor.

"How did you get that on so quickly?" asked Fuji.

Kane looked back up, eyes wide as if startled by the question. He looked aside shyly. "My sister used to have a thing for maids," he said, voice quiet. "When I was little, she liked to dress me up as one. ...She said it made me look pretty," he added, almost wistfully.

Face red, Fuji found himself agreeing with Kane's sister.

On his bed, Haru snorted. "Well, you look like a girl anyway..."

Ignoring their friend, Fuji swallowed. "M-maybe you can help me put mine on then?"

Kane nodded softly. "Sure."

As he walked over to the wardrobe, Fuji cast a parting glance at Haru. "Are you going to shower?" he asked.

For a moment, the big man looked like he might refuse. At last, however, he snorted and stood. "Whatever," he said, heading to the bathroom.

As its door slammed shut, Fuji turned back to Kane. "I guess I should start with the underwear, right?"

"R-right," replied Kane.

For a moment, the two stood staring at one another. Then Kane turned red and looked away.

Swallowing, Fuji placed his clothes on the bed, unwrapped his towel, and put it beside them.

Standing naked barely a meter from Kane, Fuji found himself glancing at the shorter boy's thighs. Sitting snugly in their stockings, they looked... thicker than they had before. Had they always been that big, or was he imagining it?

Whatever the answer, the result on *him* was much the same. To his horror, he found his cock twitching.

Drawing in a sharp breath, he grabbed a pair of panties out of the drawer and struggled to slip his legs inside them. As he drew them up his own thighs, a shiver of pleasure passed through his body. When it reached his groin, this sensation only intensified--the touch of the soft fabric against his cock almost made him squeal aloud. The panties were small, way too

small for him, and his erect manhood was straining to tear through them. He had to bite his lip to carry on.

“D-did you put a bra on?” he asked.

Kane glanced at him, saw his crotch, went bright red, and looked away. “Y-yeah,” he said. “J-just in case.”

Nodding, Fuji reached back into the drawer.

Having never worn a bra before, he struggled to wrap its frilly black bands over his shoulder and under his arms. In the end, he had to turn and let Kane clip it for him, to both of their mutual embarrassments. The feeling of its cups against his nipples made Fuji’s skin tingle.

Next up were the stockings. Taking a seat on the bed, he raised a leg and slipped a foot into the mouth of one, while Kane did his best to avoid staring.

As he tugged the soft white sock up to his thighs, Fuji shivered. The pressure of the stocking on his upper leg was an alien sensation, but not a bad one. The feeling of it against his skin was actually quite pleasant.

Finishing with the stockings, he turned his attention to the dress. Sliding it over his head, he was glad to see that, despite its skimpy length, the skirt at least covered his crotch.

“Now you need to add the petticoat,” said Kane, sounding strangely disappointed.

“The what?”

Kane held up something much like a skirt, only made of pure fluffiness. “This goes under the skirt to puff it up,” he explained.

“Oh,” said Fuji, taking a seat on the bed again.

As he went to lift his legs and slip them inside the petticoat, Kane stepped forward. “Here,” he said, “let me help.” Taking the petticoat from Fuji’s hands, he guided it up Fuji’s thighs and fitted it snugly under the skirt. In doing so, his hands traced Fuji’s hips, while his face hovered barely a foot above Fuji’s crotch.

“Th-thanks,” said Fuji, once Kane was done.

Kane smiled and said nothing.

The next part of the outfit was the apron, which went on easily enough, though once again, Fuji had to defer to Kane to tie it. With that, all that was left was the frilly white headpiece and the sleek black shoes--tying them up, Fuji was done.

Turning to the room’s mirror, Fuji could only stare. He looked... like a boy in a maid’s outfit, really. No one would ever mistake him for a girl, but if he’d ever had any doubts about his

own femininity, this uniform cast them aside freely. He looked cute--it was impossible to deny it.

With a crash, the bathroom door burst open, and Haru emerged amid a cloud of steam, naked save a towel. At the sight of Fuji, he snorted.

Fuji frowned. "Are you ready to get dressed?" he asked. "We've only got ten minutes."

Haru stared at him till Fuji grew uncomfortable. But at last, the big man groaned and turned to the wardrobe. "Whatever," he said.

"Do you want any help?" asked Fuji.

Haru snorted. "You think I want either of you two homos touching me? Like hell. I'll do it myself."

"...Suit yourself."

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Ten minutes later, there was a polite knock at the door, and Kimiko stuck her head in. "Ready to go?" she asked, studying their uniforms.

The trio shared a look. "...I think so," said Fuji when no one else spoke.

Haru muttered something under his breath.

"Excellent. If you'll follow me then."

Fuji's heart pounded beneath his frilly dress as Kimiko led them out of the room and through the halls of the Mansion, down a corridor of doors like their own and exquisite marble statues of men and women masturbating. Down a spiraling staircase with penises carved carefully into the ends of its banisters and past a plant with a pair of swollen boobs.

Before long, they arrived at their destination. At the end of a long hallway, a crowd of maids was filtering out of a door. Kimiko beckoned them to stop and wait, before leading them in without a moment of delay.

The room itself resembled a very fancy classroom, complete with desks and chairs. On the whiteboard was a crudely-drawn doodle of a maid, captured in the middle of giving a blowjob. Madame Mau was standing before it, hands on her hips in a matronly manner.

"Why," she said as they entered, "if it isn't our three new arrivals, nya. I hope nyou're all settled in and ready for nyour first step on the pathway to maidhood."

Flicking her shy glances, the three went to take their seats. Before they could sit down, however, Madame Mau snapped her fingers. "Ah ah ah, nyot just nyet, nya. First, it's time for a uniform inspection. Front and center, if nyou would, darlings."



Sharing a look, Fuji and Kane made their way back to the front of the room. Haru followed sullenly after. Together, they stood in a line, shoulder to shoulder.

The first person Mau inspected was Kane. Sizing him up, the catgirl licked her lips, before bending to take a look at his stockings. "Ooh," she said at the sight of his thighs. "Very nyice, nya." She gave them a squeeze, earning a shiver from him. Giggling, she resumed her inspection, patting him all over and sliding a hand inside his uniform to make sure he was wearing everything.

"Very good," she said at last. Giving Kane's cheek a final pinch, she turned her attention to Fuji.

As her bright eyes locked onto him, Fuji resisted the urge to screw up his eyes and whimper. She started with his feet, as she had with Kane, dragging her hands up his legs and pinching and squeezing till he thought he would squeal. Slipping her hands up his skirt and fondling his panties, giggling as she struck his cock and he gasped. Giving his ass cheeks a slap for good measure, she moved on upward, touching and stroking and squishing and ruffling till he was red in the face and desperate to escape.

Finally, she decided she was satisfied. "Very good, nya." Her eyes turned to Haru.

Unlike the rest of them, Haru didn't flinch under Madame Mau's gaze, but rather tightened his eyes and glared at her. It made her laugh.

As she stepped closer to examine him, however, she frowned. "Oh dear, oh dear," she said, looking Haru up and down. "Oh dear, indeed."

Fuji and Kane turned to Haru in shock. *What did he do wrong?* thought Fuji.

"Oh dear," repeated Madame Mau, placing her hands on her hips and shaking her head.

By now, even Haru was beginning to sweat.

"Kimiko," said Mau, "be a dear and fetch my no. 6 pointer, would nyou? *Someone* chose nyot to wear their lingerie."

Haru's face went white. "I-I didn't know," he said, sweat dripping from his brow, "I-I thought we only had to wear--"

Mau placed a finger on his lips. "Ssssh," she said, "we both know that's nyot true, nya. Don't we? Nyou knew nyou were supposed to wear the lovely bra and panties I prepared for nyou, but nyou didn't want to look like less of a man. Isn't that right?"

Haru screwed up his eyes and shivered. Mau smiled.

A second later, Kimiko returned with a pointer on a platter. Mau took it, smiled, and--without fanfare--tapped Haru on the forehead. "Boop," she said. There was a tiny, almost inaudible *zzip*, like a fly hitting a bug zapper.

Tears stained the corners of Haru's eyes as he opened them. "Wh-what did you do?" he asked.

Madame Mau grinned. "Oh, I just made a *slight* alteration to nyour brain chemistry, nya. Disobedience has to be punished, nyou know?"

Haru trembled. "Wh-what kind of alteration?" When Madame Mau didn't respond, he twitched. "Tell me!" His voice came out as a wail.

"Let's see..." said Mau, dancing away from him. "How can I show nyou... Ah! I know. *Sit!*"

Haru blinked. "Wh-what?" he asked.

"Sit," repeated Mau.

"L-like hell," replied Haru. "I'm not your d-dog."

But Mau's smile only widened. "Sit," she repeated, calm and professional.

A shudder passed through Haru's body. He gasped, face red, and covered his crotch. "What are you--ah!--what are you doing to me?"

"*Sit*," said Mau.

Haru squealed and stuck his hands inside his skirt.

With a grin, Madame Mau strode over to him and grabbed him by the chin. "Let me explain," she said, forcing him to face her. "From nyow on, every time nyou receive an order, nyou'll find yourself growing a little bit hornier."

Haru shivered in her grasp.

"Hornier and hornier," Mau continued, "with each order nyou receive. And nyet, nyo matter how hard nyou try, nyou won't experience release..." She leaned in close and fixed Haru with a grin. "...Until nyou give in and obey." She kissed his cheek.

Haru stared at her, red-faced and trembling as Mau pulled away. Fuji could see his penis straining against his dress like a piston.

"Nyow," said Mau, "let's try again..." She licked her lips. "Sit!"

With a gasp, Haru pushed himself back onto his ass. The second his cheeks touched the floor, he screamed, and a torrent of thick white semen spurted straight through his uniform.

He collapsed, panting for breath, and some of it landed on his face with a series of soft splats.

Mau laughed. "Well," she said, "I hope nyou've all learned a very important lesson from that, nya. Nyow, on with the *main* lesson..."

At Mau's prompting, Fuji and Kane hurried to take their seats.

"My nyame, if nyou somehow managed to miss it, is the marvelous Madame Mau, and I shall be nyour mistress as nyou ascend my Ladder of Manners to the ranks of pure, beautiful maidhood. Listen and learn, and we'll get along just fine. Disobey, however, and they'll be *punishments~*." She giggled.

Fuji flicked a glance at Haru, still moaning on the floor, and shuddered.

"Any questions?" asked Mau.

Shakily, Kane raised a hand. "Wh-what kind of maid are nyou going to make us into?"

Mau smiled as if this were *exactly* the question she'd been waiting for. "Why, by the time I'm finished with nyou three, nyou'll be *just* like my star pupil Kimiko here." She pointed to the maid, who bowed demurely.

Fuji frowned. Something about the way she said that left him on edge.

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After that, the rest of their first lesson went pretty quickly. Dancing around her desk, Madame Mau presented them with a simple series of instructions of how to behave in the Mansion, how to dress, how they should act, when they would eat, when they would sleep, and so on.

Finally, deciding they'd had enough of an introduction, she gave Haru a slap on the ass and told Kimiko to take them back to their room.

On the trip back, they walked in silence.

No sooner had they entered than Haru rushed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him so hard Fuji worried it would crack. Sighing, he took a seat on his bed. They'd arrived late in the evening, missing dinnertime, so they were free to get some rest. Tomorrow, however, they had a full day of mixed work and lessons. Fuji wasn't looking forward to any of it.

As he sat there, the light on the ceiling flared its dim light, making Fuji want to shiver. It was hard to tell when you weren't looking directly at it, but there was a definite ting of pinkness to its colour. He didn't want to think about that.

He didn't want to think about anything, really. A part of him wanted to do what Haru was presumably doing now, to strip off and throw himself into the shower.

“Do you think Haru’s okay?” asked Kane, suddenly.

Fuji looked up. In his stupor, he’d almost forgotten about his glasses-wearing friend.

He shrugged. “Probably. He normally gets over things pretty quickly.”

Kane looked unconvinced. All the same, he gave no reply, instead making his way over to the wardrobe and rummaging around inside. “Oh, they did,” he said, after a moment.

“Did what?” asked Fuji.

Kane turned to reveal he was holding an unabashedly girly pair of PJs. “Leave us something to sleep in,” he said, with a sigh.

Fuji went red. “Do we really have to sleep in those?”

“I guess we could always sleep naked,” said Kane.

As one, their eyes turned to the room’s pair of double beds.

“..Exactly how are we going to do this?” asked Fuji, face red.

“Two of us can have a bed, and someone can sleep on the floor?” suggested Kane.

Fuji nodded. “That makes sense. I guess we’ve gotta give Haru one of them though.” He flicked a glance at the bathroom door.

“Yeah...” replied Kane. Rock, paper, scissors for the other one, then?”

“Sure.”

After a quick round of three, Fuji proved the victor, leaving Kane to sleep on the carpet.

With a sigh, the smaller boy made his back over to the wardrobe and picked out one of the pairs of girly pajamas hanging inside it.

“What are you doing?” asked Fuji as Kane started to take off his uniform.

“If I’ve got to sleep on the ground, I’m not going to do it naked,” replied Kane, kicking off his shoes and peeling off his tights. As he revealed his succulent thighs, Fuji had to look away to avoid staring.

As Kane finished pulling his bottoms up over his tight little ass, Fuji heard the creak of the bathroom door and turned to see Haru. The bigger man glared at him, clearly daring him to say something. Then his eyes turned to Kane.

“What the hell are you wearing?” he asked.

“Ugh, PJs?” said Kane.

“This was all they left us to sleep in,” explained Fuji.

Kane tossed a pair to Haru, who held it up and looked shocked. “I can’t wear these!”

“They’re one size fits all,” said Fuji.

“That’s not--these are *girl’s* pajamas.”

“So?” asked Kane.

“I’m not wearing *girl’s* pajamas,” said Haru, stamping his foot like a spoiled child.

“Okay,” said Fuji, “well, you don’t *have* to put them on. You could always just sleep--”

Kane, however, had had enough. “Oh, stop whining and put them on.”

Haru flinched, hands going to his groin. His face reddened. Whirling around, he rushed back into the bathroom.

Fuji sighed. “That’s going to be hard to remember,” he said.

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Breakfast the next morning was an interesting experience. At seven o’clock sharp, Kimiko knocked to wake them, ordered them into their uniforms, and led them down to the Mansion’s dining hall.

Like the rest of the building, it was supremely luxurious, with a richly carpeted floor and pornographic paintings on all of the walls. Even the ceiling was a single tableau, depicting Madame Mau herself in the middle of an orgy with a morass of her maids. The chandeliers dangling from its rafters glowed with the same vaguely pink glare as the rest of the Mansion’s lights.

At Kimiko’s prompting, they took their seats at the far end of the room. There was the last in a line of large wooden tables, each packed with people dressed as maids. Their own was full of sullen-looking women and men like themselves, but as you proceeded down the hall, the demographics changed: the next along had more women and more feminine-looking men, while the next was even further skewed to the female end of the gender spectrum. The final table was host to maids who looked almost exactly like Kimoko. They were so similar, in fact, that Fuji wondered if they were all sisters.

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After a quick breakfast, Kimiko led them to their first proper lesson: Cleaning 101. Joined by the others who'd eaten breakfast with them, they found they were to be taught by Kimiko herself.

"Since you are all new here," she explained, "we shall begin with a simple tutorial on the use of the feather duster." She held one of the cleaning tools in question. "The feather duster is a miraculous implement with a variety of uses, but its primary purpose is, of course, to *dust*." She made a show of cleaning one of the classroom's shelves.

"In addition, it also has *another* use, which you are sure to make use of during your time as a Bakeneko's maid." She snapped her fingers. "Haru, if you'd like to come to the front so I can demonstrate."

Haru flinched. For a moment, it seemed he wasn't going to obey, but the prospect of Kimiko repeating her order forced him to his feet. As he stood and made his way to the front of the classroom, a little gasp escaped his lips.

Turning Haru around so that he was facing the rest of them, Kimoko checked they were all watching and raised her feather duster. "In addition to its use in cleaning, the feather duster also serves as an excellent means of tickling."

And without a pause, she started tickling Haru's legs.

Haru gasped. Kane chuckled.

As Kimiko worked her way up Haru's leg, the young man's face turned redder and redder. He started to tremble, screwing up his eyes. Fuji couldn't tell if he wanted to giggle or cry. By the time Kimiko reached his crotch, Haru was audibly whimpering.

"Many Bakeneko will encourage you to tickle them," Kimiko explained, flicking Haru's cock as she worked. "Others will encourage you to tickle others, such as their guests and maids. Regardless, your approach should be the same. The best areas to tickle are the sensitive ones, such as the crotch, as I'm demonstrating now..."

Haru whimpered.

"Quiet, please, Haru," said Kimoko. The young man jolted, biting his lip. "Many Bakeneko will expect you to bring your target to orgasm via this method. At the same time, however, they will quickly become bored should your tickling take too long. Thus it is essential that you work as speedily as possible." Her duster sped up. Haru moaned.

Finally, Kimiko gave Haru's cock a sharp flick, almost a slap, and with a squeal, he filled his panties again. Semen dripped from beneath his skirt as he fell to his knees whimpering.

"Like so," said Kimoko.

Leaving Haru where he lay, she stood and turned to her desk, from which she retrieved a box full of dusters. "Take one each and pair up, if you would. I want to see you practising on one another."

Fuji and Kane shared a glance and a blush. "Er, do we really have to...?" asked Kane.

"Yes," said Kimiko, stuffing a duster into his hands.

Sighing, Fuji took one without resistance.

As Kimiko moved on, Fuji and Kane shared another look and blushed again.

"S-so," said Fuji, "how do you want to do this?"

Kane swallowed. "Y-you start," he said. "J-just go slowly," he added in a whisper. "Maybe she won't notice."

Fuji nodded.

The two stood, and Fuji knelt in front of Kane. Like Kimiko, he started with the feet, tickling Kane's ankles. Kane shivered and bit his lip to keep himself from giggling.

Soon enough, of course, Fuji had to move onward. As his duster proceeded up Kane's deliciously creamy thighs, he had to avert his gaze. Kane's body shuddered as he worked--by the time Fuji actually reached his thighs, Kane was struggling not to break into laughter.

As his duster neared Kane's crotch, Fuji drew in breath and looked around furtively. He didn't know where Kimiko had gone, but he hoped she wasn't watching him--if he went any further, he was sure to meet disaster. Perhaps he could just dust Kane's thighs until all the others finished?

No sooner had he had this thought than someone tutted behind him. "Now, now, now, Mr. Fuji. You'll never get your classmate off at that rate. Speed up."

Fuji gasped. "I-I--"

"Quickly, Mr. Fuji. Don't make me use the Madame's pointer on you."

Fuji swallowed. Tightening his grip, he dusted harder. Kane shivered and released a little sound halfway between a giggle and a moan.

As he worked Kane's crotch with his duster, Fuji saw the other boy's skirt begin to rise. Soon, it was a pyramid of cloth, aimed straight at Fuji's face.

"You're doing well," said Kimiko. "Now finish him off."

Fuji froze. He gulped. Did he really have to--?

“Go on,” said Kimiko. Her gaze felt like a laser aimed at his back.

Taking a deep breath, Fuji dusted as hard as he could, finishing off by giving Kane a soft thwack with the duster.

Shuddering, Kane moaned. A wet patch appeared on the front of his skirt.

“Excellent,” said Kimiko, as Fuji sat back red-faced. “Now, if the two of you would like to swap places...”

“Wh-what?” asked Fuji.

“Swap places,” repeated Kimiko. “Kane needs some practice as well.”

“O-oh...” said Fuji. Standing straight, he watched as Kane picked up his feather duster. As the latter knelt, the two of them shared a glance for the briefest of moments, before both looked away. Averting his gaze, Kane raised his duster to Fuji’s ankles.

As Kane started dusting, Fuji forced himself to stand straight and not laugh. Fortunately, he wasn’t too ticklish, so it wasn’t until Kane reached his thighs that the duster started to affect him. Biting his lip, he struggled not to give in and break.

“Good, good,” said Kimiko, looking over Kane’s shoulder. “A little higher, a little faster. Yes, you’ve got it.”

As Kane’s duster grew nearer to Fuji’s cock, he found himself struggling to restrain himself. Looking down at the young man in the maid outfit kneeling before him, drinking in his curly hair and milky thighs, he strained to place his thoughts elsewhere. Despite his best efforts, however, he soon found his penis rising.

“There we go,” said Kimiko. “Now, zero in...”

Fuji’s cock was lifting up his skirt like a tentpole, and with Kimiko’s prompting, Kane went to work as if it hadn’t been dusted in a decade. As the duster swished back and forth, Fuji found his breath quickening and his cock growing harder. Soon, he had to tighten his eyes and focus to keep himself from cumming.

It didn’t work. As Kane’s duster danced faster and faster against the throbbing, pre-cum seeping pillar of his cock, resistance grew harder and harder.

“My,” said Kimiko, “you are a difficult one. Very well. Gather round class, it’s time for a special little lesson.”

“H-huh?” Fuji blinked as the rest of the class gathered around him.



“Should your target prove resistant to the dance of your brush, you may be forced to take matters into your own hands, so to speak. Kane, if you’d like to follow my instructions? First, lift up Fuji’s skirt.”

“W-w-wait--!” said Fuji as Kane, avoiding his gaze, pinched the hem of Fuji’s skirt and petticoat both and lifted them, exposing Fuji’s bulging panties.

“That’s,” continued Kimiko, “use one hand to keep the skirt up and slip the other inside their underwear. Your next move will depend on the nature of your target’s genitalia--since Mr. Fuji here has a rather impressive penis, I’d like you to wrap your hands around it, Kane.”

Kane’s face was deep red. “L-like this?”

“Ai!” Fuji squealed as Kane’s fingers touched his cock, glancing his tip before tightening on his shaft. In an instant, his resolve crumbled, and he came with a moan, pumping a shot of thick, hot cum straight into the fabric of his panties.

As Fuji groaned, Kane extracted his semen-coated hand and looked away, expression inscrutable.

“Ah,” said Kimiko. “In this case, touch alone was sufficient to trigger orgasm. A pity, I would have liked to have gone into more detail. But very well.” Handing a tissue to Kane, she told him to clean himself up.

“Now, let’s move onto dusting while a catgirl tries to grope you.”

\*

Afterward, they spent another hour with Kimiko learning how to do laundry before breaking for lunch. Still wearing their cum-stained clothes, Fuji and his friends shuffled back to the Mansion’s dining hall, where they ate a small meal in silence. He tried not to look at Kane, who, thankfully, tried not to look at him either.

Once they’d finished, Kimiko permitted them to run back to their rooms and change before their third lesson of the day began.

\*

The lesson in question was Cooking 101. Kimiko led them and the rest of their class into one of the Mansion’s gigantic kitchens, where several workstations had been prepared for them.

“Now,” said Kimiko, “does anyone here already know how to cook?”

Fuji heard mumbling among the crowd. Beside him, Kane raised a sheepish hand, followed by a handful of others. Haru snorted.

“Excellent,” said Kimiko. “We’re going to be cooking something very basic today, so you can help the others if they get stuck.” She clapped her hands, ushering them all to their stations. Fuji, Kane, and Haru all found a spot together.

“Now, as I said, we’re going to start with something very simple: pasta. The ingredients are ready on your work desks, and I’ve prepared you all a list of instructions...” She clapped her hands. “You may begin when ready.”

With a barely repressed sigh, Fuji turned to their counter, where sure enough, a bag of uncooked pasta and a sheet of instructions were waiting for them.

“Okay,” said Fuji, picking up the sheet, “I guess we start by... filling the saucepan with water.” He frowned. “Which one’s the saucepan?”

“Let me,” said Kane, stepping forward. As Fuji watched, Kane picked up one of the bigger pans, filled it with water from the sink, and placed it on the hob of the oven. With a spin of a dial, he set it to heat.

Fuji looked back at the list. “...Then add a ‘good pinch’ of salt. ...How much is a ‘good pinch’ of salt?”

“Perhaps I should handle this,” said Kane, taking the sheet from Fuji. Adding a pinch of salt to the pan, he followed up by tipping in the pasta.

Fuji and Haru watched as if he were summoning a demon.

As they waited for the pasta to cook, Fuji heard the creak of a door, followed by a giggle, and turned to see Madame Mau herself twirling into the kitchen.

“My, my, my,” she said, spinning to a stop beside Kimiko, “our nyew arrivals seem to be getting on well.”

“As you say, Mistress. They’ve all been very obedient.”

Mau’s smile widened. “Is that so?” Without waiting for an answer, she twirled right up to Fuji, Kane, and Haru. “Hello, my little dumplings. I hope nyow’re all enjoying nyourselves, nya.”

Fuji gulped. “Y-yes, Mistress Mau.”

“Oh, how good to hear,” she said, patting him on the head. “And what about nyow, Kane?” She stooped so she was level with him. “Are nyow getting on well?”

Kane trembled. “Y-yes, Mistress Mau.”

Smiling, Mau turned her attention to the third member of their trio. “Ah, Haru. I hope nyow’re feeling better.”

Haru mumbled something under his breath.

“What’s that, nya?” Mau raised a hand to her ear.

“I said, ‘yes, Mistress Mau.’ Haru looked away glumly.

Mau smiled. “Wonderful,” she said, turning his head to face her. “Make sure nyou *enjoy yourself*, nya.”

Haru stiffened. “Y-yes, Mistress Mau.” A bead of sweat dripped from his brow.

Grinning, Mau booped him on the nose and whirled away to the next group.”

“Haru?” said Fuji. “Are you okay?”

Haru turned to him with a grimace and forced himself to smile. “Haha, sure thing, Fuji. Let’s get back to cooking, shall we?” His face was flush as he picked up a spoon and started stirring.

As Kane watched, a smile crept onto his face, one very similar to that which had graced Mau’s. “Exactly,” he said, “let’s get back to cooking.”

Fuji watched, one eyebrow raised, as Kane leaned over Haru’s shoulder. “Tut tut tut,” said the bespeckled young man. “You’re not doing it right. *Stir faster.*”

Haru’s whole body juddered. He stirred faster, and a little moan escaped his lips.

With a frown, Fuji put a hand on Kane’s shoulder. “Don’t tease him too much,” he said.

Kane smiled. “Don’t worry,” he said, “I’m only going to help him with his cooking.” Still grinning, he turned back to Haru. “Okay, the pasta’s nice and soft, so *turn off the hob.*”

Haru shivered. His hand went to the oven’s dial, and as he turned it, he released an airy gasp.

“There we go,” said Kane. “Now, get a bowl out of the cupboard.”

Haru dropped, quaking like a terrified animal, to his knees. Opening the cupboard door, he pulled one out and placed it on the counter. As it left his fingers, he screwed up his eyes and whimpered. His cock was visibly erect beneath his skirt.

“Okay, I think that’s enough,” said Fuji, placing a hand on Kane’s shoulder.

Kane stuck his tongue out at him.

Before Fuji could respond, there came a clap from behind him. He turned to find Kimiko calling for attention, with Madame Mau standing at her side, a look of utter mischief on her face.

“Now,” said Kimiko. “Madame Mau has offered to help demonstrate an important part of cooking for the Bakeneko. For now, just focus on your work--we’ll come to you all in turn.”

Fuji swallowed. What did *that* mean?

In silence, the three of them turned their attention back to their cooking. There wasn’t exactly enough for three of them to do, of course, so Kane took point while Fuji and Haru stood watching.

“Fuji?” said Kane after a minute or so, “could you grab me another bowl?”

Fuji nodded and turned to go--

--and spun straight into the grasp of a grinning Madame Mau. “Oh! Don’t mind me,” she said, spinning Fuji back around. “Just carry on with nyour work as if I’m not even here, nya.”

Struggling to breathe, Fuji nodded. There was something to Mau’s tone that made him want to run.

Instead, white-faced and sweating, he picked up a bowl and a spoon and made a vague stirring motion. No one commented on the fact the bowl was empty.

As he worked, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He knew instinctively that it was Mau, of course--who else *could* it be?--but it still made him jump. What was she doing?

Trying his best to ignore her, he carried on stirring.

Until Mau draped an arm over his shoulder and giggled in his ear. “Heeey~,” she said, in a different voice to her normal one, “what are nyou cooking, nya?” When Fuji struggled to respond, she leaned in even closer and nibbled on his ear. “Mmm~, I hope it tastes as good as nyou do, nya.”

As Fuji shivered, red-faced, Mau grinned and traced a hand down his chest, stroking a flat breast and pinching a nipple between her supple fingers. Fuji gasped, and Mau laughed, before slipping a hand down his skirt to squeeze the cheek of his ass.

Fuji found himself moaning. Mau’s touch felt better than it should feel--the simple feeling of her fingers squeezing the soft fat of his ass was enough to make his whole body shiver in pleasure. As she massaged him, he wanted to squeal. He could already feel his cock rising beneath the fabric of his skirt.

Mau must have sensed it as well, because her hand released his ass and danced around his thigh to stroke his rising cock through the fabric of his panties. He shivered, moaned again. Mau laughed.

Just as he thought he would cum his panties *again*, Mau gave him a kiss on the cheek and twirled away.

“Well done,” said Kimiko in his ear. “Your Mistress has moved on, but you still have your cooking to do. Quickly, before the food goes cold.”

Nodding, still trembling, Fuji turned back to his cooking.

As he stirred, he heard Kane give a little squeal.

\*\*\*

Their last class before dinner was another session on Cleaning, which went, fortunately, without incident this time.

At dinner, they took their places on the table at the end of the hall again, where Fuji talked to some of the other students in their group. Most were boys in the same position as themselves, though there were a handful of girls as well. For some reason, the two groups didn't interact much.

After dinner, Kimiko escorted them back to their room. When Fuji asked if this would be their schedule from now on, the maid explained that they would have more leeway in the future.

Stripping out of their uniforms, Fuji and Haru got into bed, while Kane slipped into his PJs and took his place on the floor.

As he drifted off to sleep, Fuji was surprised by how exhausted he felt. Learning to be a maid was surprisingly hard work.

At least he wouldn't have any wet dreams tonight...

\*\*\*

For a week, life followed this almost banal routine, spiked only by the random acts of sexuality forced on them by Kimiko and Mau. Though embarrassing at first, soon even this became just another part of the experience, and Fuji learned to stop dreading the fact that every class he attended might result in him staining his panties.

Kimiko tutored them in a variety of subjects, from Cooking and Cleaning to Laundry and Serving. She taught them how to act around their Bakeneko superiors, how to carry out their commands and satisfy their advances. Sometimes Mau would show up to help, which she mostly did by groping and toying with them, insisting this was good practice.

And slowly, day by day, Fuji got used to it.

\*\*\*

On the first day of his second week in the mansion, Fuji woke to the sound of someone snoring beside him.

Eyes snapping open, he spun in his bed...

...and found himself staring at the freckled face of Kane.

As he lay there, barely a foot away from him, Fuji found his heart pounding. Had Kane *always* looked so cute, with his curly hair and freckles?

It occurred to him suddenly that he was still naked, and his face went red.

As Fuji tried to keep himself from melting, Kane stirred beside him and yawned. His eyes opened, and he stared at Fuji blearily. "Oh," he said, voice sounding slightly higher than it had a week ago, "hey, Fuji."

"K-Kane," replied Fuji. "What are you doing in my bed?"

Kane blinked slowly, as if he were still half-asleep. Then he smiled mischievously. "I had a nightmare..."

"O-oh, okay," replied Kane. He gulped. "A-Are you good now?"

Kane smiled. "Of course."

For a moment, the two stared into one another's eyes, and Fuji felt as if his heart had stopped. Was Kane going to kiss him? Sh-should *he* kiss Kane?

A second later, Kane grinned and slipped away, leaving Fuji very confused and very erect beneath the sheets.

\*

In the bathroom, Fuji dropped his towel and stood in front of the mirror. Kane wasn't the only one who'd changed since their arrival. Though the effects were less pronounced for him than the smaller boy, Fuji found that he looked different as well:

Like Kane's, his face was more feminine, all its harsh lines smoothed out. And his skin was softer all over, as though someone had spent a week rubbing moisturizer into it.

That wasn't all though. His thighs had plumped up with fat, to the point he would be worried they'd crush his cock between them, if not for the fact it had shrunken in proportion, losing a couple of inches of length and an appropriate amount of width. His ass, like his thighs, had also grown. Though it was difficult to see it beneath the skirt of his uniform, when he was naked before the mirror like this, the extent of his new curves was clear.

Further up, his chest had seen some growth as well. Though he hadn't quite grown breasts yet, his nipples were fatter and harder and sore. Simply touching them was enough to make him shiver.

Overall, he looked lighter and smaller, though he hadn't exactly been big and muscular before. Still, the fact he'd changed this much in a week was daunting. How long would it take before he was fully a girl?

He looked up at the bathroom's light, humming softly, showering him in white-pink light. Biting his lip, he shivered.

\*

Drying himself off, he wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped out into the bedroom proper. Haru and Kane were already in their uniforms. The former was tapping his foot impatiently.

"Come on," he said. "What were you doing? Styling your hair? You're going to make us all late."

Fuji sighed and went to grab his uniform.

Of the three of them, Haru had changed the least since their arrival. His muscles were fading, all his toned, hard corners smoothing out into curves, but even in his uniform he still looked like a boy, as opposed to androgynous like them. And he insisted on acting as masculine as he could--he'd even learn to work around his altered brain, obeying orders as quickly as possible to reduce the impact they had on him.

For all his attempts to stay the same, however, his attitude to *them* had certainly changed a lot...

As Fuji dropped his towel and picked up his panties, Haru's face turned a deep shade of red. "Can't you do that in the bathroom?" he asked.

Fuji ignored him.

Kane, however, did not. "Aww," he said, sidling up to Haru, "what's the matter? A big strong man like you should be okay seeing another guy change, right?"

"G-get lost," replied Haru, trying to push Kane away. The smaller boy simply giggled, before draping himself over Haru's shoulders.

"Come on," he said, "what's wrong? We're only boys playing around, aren't we?"

Haru screwed his eyes up tight and said nothing.

Giggling, Kane pulled away.

\*

At breakfast, Kimiko seated them at the second farthest table, leaving space at the very end of the hall for one of her sisters to seat a group of new maids, all looking uncomfortable in their uniforms.

As he dug in, Fuji noticed that the rest of their group of classmates had changed similarly, losing muscle and gaining curves. Indeed, everyone in the hall had become a little more feminine.

At the other end of the hall, Kimiko's family seemed to have grown a little larger.

\*

Their first class of the day was Cleaning 101 again. They arrived at the classroom to find several lines of dirt and dust waiting for them, each with a vacuum cleaner sitting at the end.

"Welcome back, class," said Kimiko. "Today, we're going to learn how to vacuum. Everyone choose a line please."

Picking three rows of dirt next to each other, Fuji, Kane, and Haru grabbed their vacuums, flicked them on, and set about sucking up dust. As Fuji worked dutifully if stolidly, Kane hummed and swept forward, swaying his hips as he walked. Haru, meanwhile, grunted and mumbled, making a show of using the vacuum as inefficiently as possible. Only when Kimiko caught his gaze and tutted did he gulp and start to put some effort in.

Finishing his row of dirt, Kane whirled around and fixed the both of them with a grin.

"Very good, Kane," said Kimiko. "Excellent work."

As Kimiko turned away, Kane giggled. "Hey, Fuji," he said, raising the nozzle of his vacuum.

Before Fuji could respond, Kane's vacuum was sucking at his nipple. "Oww, quit it," he said, embarrassed by how girly he sounded.

Still grinning, Kane pulled his vacuum away and turned his attention to Haru. "Hey, Haru," he said.

Haru frowned. "What?"

"I think you got some dust on your skirt. Here, let me get that for you." And before Haru could respond, Kane jumped forward and stuck the nozzle of his vacuum right into Haru's crotch.

"Aiiii!" As the vacuum sucked up both his skirt and the cock beneath it, Haru wailed like the girl he was becoming. "Ah! Ah! Ah! K-Kane, stop, stop it!"

Kane simply giggled mischievously. "Ask me nicely," he said.

Haru's whole body juddered. His squealing doubled in intensity. "N-no," he managed between cries. "N-never!"



Kane grinned. "Ask me nicely," he repeated.

Haru released a groan, and the sound of Kane's vacuum changed, as though it were more firmly plugged all of a sudden.

The sound of Haru's whimpering and moaning soon attracted the attention of the rest of the class.

"Oh, excellent work," said Kimiko, giving Kane a little clap. "You've already mastered the advanced use of the vacuum."

"Thank you, Miss Kimiko," said Kane, ever so politely. Without an instant of pause, however, he turned straight back to Haru and snapped 'ask me nicely' once more.

Haru collapsed to the floor, pulling Kane's vacuum with him. Lying there, quaking in pent-up pleasure, his mouth moved silently as he struggled to form words.

"What's that?" asked Kane, putting a hand to his ear. "I didn't hear you?"

"Stop it, please!" said Haru. The instant the words left his lips, his entire body shook, and he released an orgasmic scream. Collapsing, he lay there whimpering.

With a smile, Kane flicked off his vacuum.

\*

On the way to their next class, the three encountered Madame Mau in the corridors. "Hello again, my dears," she said, twirling over to them. "If nyou'd like to follow me, I'd like a little chat with nyou."

Whirling like a spinning top, she led them to her office. It was as sumptuously extravagant as the rest of the Mansion, with a mahogany desk and wooden chairs and blazing lamps, all with worryingly feminine features.

"Ahh," said Mau, dropping into her chair. "Nyow, let's get down to business. Kane, first of all, nyou've made incredible progress, nya. As a reward, I've prepared you a little treat..." Reaching into her dress, she retrieved a frilly pink sundress. "Here," she said, "nyou can wear this during nyour free time."

Kane's eyes went wide. "It's beautiful!" he said, practically snatching it out of her hands. "I can't wait to try it on!"

Mau smiled. "Be sure to come and show me," she said, "I look forward to seeing nyou wearing it, nya." She licked her lips. "Oh! And as a little extra bonus...." Reaching back into her chest, she withdrew a flat black box. "Here's a treat for being especially good. Ah-ah! Don't open it here," she added, when Kane went to open it.

Tucking it under his arm, Kane smiled widely. "Thank you, Mistress," he said, sounding like he wanted to cry.

Mau smiled. "Nyow," she continued, turning her attention to Fuji, "Fuji, nyow've made good progress as well. As a little reward, I've prepared... *this* for nyow."

She handed Fuji a comic book. Only when she winked at him did he realize what *type* of comic book it was, however.

"Th-thank you, Madame Mau," said Fuji with a gulp.

"Nyow," said Mau, expression darkening. "Haru. Haru, Haru, Haru. I'm sad to say nyow've nyot been a star pupil like nyour friends, have nyow?"

Haru looked like he couldn't tell whether to shout at her or flee.

"Nyevermind though," said Mau. "I think a little one-on-one session should be sufficient to shave away nyour rougher edges." She reached out to squeeze. "We'll make a perfect maid out of nyow nyet, nya, don't nyow worry."

Smiling, she turned back to Fuji and Kane. "Run along nyow, nyow two. Nyow don't want to be late for nyour nyext lesson." When they hesitated, she smiled. "Nyow, don't worry about Haru. I'll have him back to nyow soon enough, nya..."

As the pair left the room, they heard Haru whimpering.

\*\*\*

Soon enough, it was evening, and Haru had still to return. Sitting on his bed, Fuji was trying as hard as he could not to think about the contents of the comic Mau had given him. It wasn't working--his cock was hard beneath his skirt.

On the other side of the room, Kane was laughing and twirling before his mirror, making the skirt of his new sundress whirl with him. Fuji was trying to ignore him too.

Just as the two were preparing for bed, the door to their room burst open, and a young woman surged in, tears streaming from her eyes.

Fuji snapped up in bed. "Hey, what are you--? Are you okay? What's--?"

The girl turned to him; he stopped speaking.

It was hard to tell at first, so extreme were the differences, but when you looked closely, the similarities leapt out at you. Hair colour, eye colour. Posture, expression. She could have been his twin sister.

"Haru?" asked Fuji.

Screwing up her eyes, the girl released a wordless moan and ran straight into the bathroom. Its door slammed and locked with a click.

With a sigh, Fuji slipped out of bed and knocked on the door. "Haru? Haru, are you okay? Do you want to talk?"

Silence.

"Haru?"

"Go away!" wailed a woman's voice.

Fuji paused.

"Oh leave her," said Kane. "If she wants to be a bitch, let her be."

Fuji waited for several minutes, before retreating, with another sigh, to bed.

\*

That night, Fuji woke to the sound of giggling. Stirring from sleep, he looked around blearily. The room was dark, its only light coming from the hallway, but he could make out a silhouette looming over him. They'd thrown the cover aside and were kneeling on top of him. He could hear their breathing, feel the weight of their legs atop his own.

"Wh-who--?"

The figure giggled. "It's *me*, Fuji."

Fuji blinked and the figure resolved. He blinked again. "K-Kane?"

Kneeling astride him, face red and panting, was a slim young woman in a set of sexy lingerie. A dark, see-through bra held her little breasts tight, while a matching pair of bottoms concealed the smooth surface of her groin.

Catching him looking, the woman grinned. "Do you like what you see?" asked Kane, lowering her body onto Fuji's.

Fuji struggled to find words. "I-I didn't realize you'd changed this much," he said, forcing his eyes to look anywhere other than Kane's boobs.

"That's right," she said, leaning even closer to him, "I thought my penis was never going to vanish, but I woke up this morning to a sweet, slick new pussy." She pulled herself up his body, bumping her flattened crotch against his naked and very hard cock. He could feel her wetness even through her panties. "Now that Mau changed Haru you're the only one left, Fuji..." She giggled and bopped him playfully on the nose.

"Y-yeah, I guess so," he replied.

Kane smiled as if he'd said something stupid. "How much longer do you think you'll have it, Fuji? Your cock," she added when he frowned in confusion.

Fuji balked. "I-I-I don't know. N-not long, I guess."

Kane's grin was almost as wide as her mouth. "Then I guess you should hurry up and use it, shouldn't you?"

Fuji could only watch, stunned, as Kane leaned back and pulled down her panties, revealing the dripping lips of the new pussy behind them. Drawing in breath, she took his cock in her hands. Fuji flinched.

"So small," she said, teasingly. "That's probably for the best. You are my first, after all."

And Fuji could only stare as she slipped his rod inside her.

"Kane!" he gasped, lurching as if electrocuted. Kane gasped as well, drawing in a sharp breath and biting her lip. She looked at him, grinned mischievously, and without giving him a chance to respond, lifted her hips and *dropped*.

As her thighs--so thick, so much fatter than they started--struck his own with a *thwap*, a spike of pleasure shot through his Fuji's cock and rolled outward in a wave through the rest of his body. As it spread through his limbs, he trembled; as it reached his mouth, he squealed. Kane squealed as well: a tiny little 'ah!' that made Fuji feel weird. Then she was lifting her hips, readying to drop again.

Again and again and again, she dropped, letting gravity drive the throbbing pillar of his cock between her nectar-slickened labia. With every drop, he moaned, and she moaned in turn. Pleasure blazed through him with every ecstatic thrust.

Their coupling didn't last much longer than a minute in the end. They were both too fresh, too pent-up, too hormonal. When Kane dropped for what could only be the eighth of ninth, Fuji simply lost himself to the flooding tide of pleasure. With a scream, he bucked--atop him, Kane threw back her head, moaning in tune, as his semen spurted out of her vagina.

Then they stilled, panting for relief.

Groaning, Fuji collapsed. His body felt like he'd run ten kilometers, while his brain felt like an exploded firework. "K-Kane?" he asked.

Kane was grinning idiotically. She almost looked as if she were drugged.

"Kane? Did we really just--?"

Before he could finish, she dropped and she kissed him, planting her lips against his lips and coiling her tongue around his tongue.

It was all too much. He fell backward, exhausted. Sleep claimed him.

\*

When he awoke the next morning, Kane was still there. If not for the sight of her lying beside him in Mau's special lingerie, he might have thought he'd dreamed the whole thing.

Disentangling himself as carefully as he could, he left her snoozing and made his way to the bathroom. The door, of course, was still locked, so with a sigh he turned to go back to bed again.

Halfway, however, he caught sight of himself in the mirror by the wardrobe. If he weren't trying to be quiet, he probably would have gasped.

The person in the glass was barely recognizable. When he'd gone to bed last night, he'd looked like a somewhat girlish boy--now he looked like the opposite. His muscles were gone, his hair was lengthening, his breasts were beginning to bud. Squeezing them was a new kind of feeling, one that made his whole body shiver in lust.

And his cock had lost another inch. Nestled between his legs, it looked sad and pathetic and strangely out of place. Kane was right--he probably wouldn't have it for much longer.

As he finished inspecting himself, he heard a creak from behind him and turned to see Haru poking her head out of the bathroom. She scanned the room, locked her eyes on his crotch, and blushed.

Fuji swallowed. "Er, are you finished in there?"

\*\*\*

The next week went pretty quickly after that. Every day, the three of them would head to their classes, to learn Cooking and Cleaning and Servicing their would-be Mistresses. Every night, Kane would crawl into Fuji's bed and make love to him. And every morning, he'd wake up, check himself in the mirror, and find himself just a little bit more feminine. By the end of the week, his cock was almost gone.

Fuji wasn't the only one who was changing. Kane and Haru continued to grow more and more feminine, boobs and hips and asses all filling out. Kane loved her new assets and showed them off to Fuji happily. Haru, on the other hand, saw them as nothing more than weight and was constantly struggling to get a handful on them. She'd given up on being masculine by this point--sometimes when Fuji was screwing Kane, he heard Haru's little gasps as she masturbated in her own bed.

One day, Fuji woke to find his cock was gone entirely. In its place was a thin slit, moist and slick. For several moments, he simply stared at it, uncertain how to progress. At last, experimentally, he slipped his fingers inside it.

His squealing awakened Kane, whose face lit up at the sight of Fuji's pussy. "It finally happened," she cried, hugging Fuji tight. "Congratulations, sis."

"S-sis?" replied Fuji. She guessed it was pretty hard to deny it at this point...

"Let me show you how to use it," said Kane, licking her fingers.

Fuji squealed as they entered her.

\*

When they went to breakfast, Kimoko drew their attention and shifted them to another table in the middle of the hall. And when they finished, she didn't take them to class--instead, she led them to a disused wing of the mansion and told them to put the skills they'd learned into practice.

As they worked, dusting and spraying and wiping and vacuuming, Fuji noticed something: she was enjoying herself. Actually enjoying herself. More so than she had in any of her lessons, as if, all of a sudden, her body had suddenly realized that this, *this*, was the act it had been made for.

She wasn't certain what to make of that.

\*

"Today," said Kimiko, "you are going to be learning how to take care of dogs. Many Bakeneko, especially the Nobles you are likely to serve, keep a number of dogs as part of their household, so it is essential that you are able to take care of them."

Fuji frowned. That didn't sound *too* bad...

"In order to help with your learning, Madame Mau has arranged a loan of several of Baroness Kinbaku's most well-trained dogs from the Doghouse. They are the ones you shall be practising on."

Kimiko snapped her fingers, and one of her near-identical sisters entered, leading, by a number of leashes...

...a group of naked women with dog's ears and dog's tails. As Fuji watched stunned, the creatures hopped happily into the classroom, tongues out and dripping. At the sight of the trainee maids, the dogs' eyes lit up--they yipped excitedly, straining their leads in an attempt to run.

Dragging her charges through the classroom, Kimiko's assistant handed a lead to each student. Fuji received the leash of a big, blonde-haired dog, one who looked like she could've been a model before she'd broken whatever law had seen her sentenced to the Doghouse.

As Fuji went to pet her, the dog-girl yipped loudly and leapt, striking Fuji on the chest and sending her reeling backward. The next thing she knew, the dog was on top of her, licking her in the face.

Struggling to push the dog away, Fuji managed to force herself to her feet again. The dog-girl knelt before her, tail wagging. 'Pochi', said the name on her collar.

With a sigh, Fuji petted her.

Nearby, Kane and Haru were fairing similarly. Kane had been given a dog-girl fitting her size and was happily stroking her. Haru, on the other hand, had received a much larger one: the dark-haired dog-girl was standing as far away from her as her leash would allow, growling at a terrified Haru. As she watched, Fuji couldn't help but notice the gigantic cock poking out from between the creature's legs.

"Now," said Kimiko, accepting a lead of her own, "the most important part of taking care of a dog-girl is to understand the fundamentals of their psychology. All dogs have been trained by one of the Doghouses, whether the Earth's or another. As part of this training, the former human is encouraged first to act like a dog, and then to obey a number of appropriate commands, such as..." She turned to her own dog, a chubby, pink-haired girl. "...*Sit!*"

At once, the dog-girl stopped pacing and dropped onto her hindquarters. She sat there wagging her tail and looking up at Kimiko with a big silly smile, tongue lolling.

"Good girl," said Kimiko, patting her on the head. She turned her attention back to the class. "At the Doghouses, training is achieved via techniques of positive and negative reinforcement: rewards when the dog behaves as wanted and punishments when the dog does not..."

*Sounds familiar*, thought Fuji, dismally.

"In order to ensure your owner's dogs remain obedient," Kimiko continued, "it is therefore necessary to maintain such reinforcement yourself. This means rewarding your attendant dog when they obey--whether with pets or treats--and chastising them when they don't."

Kane raised a hand. "So we have to punish them when they're naughty?"

"Exactly," said Kimiko. "It needn't be an extreme punishment, of course. In most cases, simply withholding pets or food should prove sufficient. In other cases, a spanking might prove necessary, but that should be rare. Do you all understand?"

Fuji and the others nodded.

"Good," said Kimiko. "Now, I'd like you to put the principle I've just taught you into action. Tell your dogs to sit and treat them appropriately, given their response."

With a mental sigh, Fuji looked down at Pochi, who was still looking up at her, eyes out, tail wagging madly. The expression on her face was so stupidly, simply happy that Fuji struggled not to smile herself.

“Sit!” she said, emphatically.

Pochi’s ears twitched; her tail stopped wagging. With intense focus, Pochi lowered herself back and down onto her butt, wiggling it into place on the floor. Only once she was certain she’d accomplished her command did she look back to Fuji, tongue lolling, tail wagging again.

“Good girl,” said Fuji, patting her on the head.

Pochi barked happily.

Her own task accomplished, Fuji turned to see how the others were doing. Kane seemed to have done just as well, and now she was going above and beyond, trying to get her little, pink-haired dog to do tricks as well.

Haru, on the other hand, was clearly struggling. “Sit!” she said, with some force. Her dark-haired dog strained against her leash and growled. “Sit!” Haru repeated. When this didn’t work, she groaned.

“If she won’t obey, you have to punish her,” said Kimiko. “Show her what being disobedient gets her.”

Haru gulped. “H-how should I...?”

“Spank her?” suggested Kimiko.

Haru swallowed again. “O-okay,” she said, taking a cautious step forward, one hand raised. At the sight of it, her dog-girl grit her teeth and snarled. Haru flinched, but under Kimiko’s withering gaze, she forced herself to carry on.

Stepping around the growling dog’s body, she raised a hand, bit her lip, and smacked her, right on the rump--

Fuji, prepared for the worst, expected the dog to snarl at Haru and maybe even try to bite her.

What the dog-girl actually did was moan. Long, loud, and unambiguously sexually.

Haru flushed and stepped back as the dog-girl turned on her, tongue out, and whined for Haru to smack her again. Pre-cum dribbled from the tip of her swelling, vein-riddled cock.

Backing away, Haru raised her hands defensively. “S-Stop,” she said. “S-Sit!” When the dog-girl still didn’t stop, Haru shuddered. “B-bad dog!”



At once, the dark-haired dog-girl threw back her head and released an echoing cry of ecstasy. Panting, she leapt at Haru, who opened her mouth to cry out in shock and found it plugged by the firm girth of the dog-girl's throbbing penis. She squealed, eyes wide in panic, as the dog straddled and pumped her, thrusting her swollen cock into Haru's mouth and moaning.

Fuji could only stare, gaping.

"Ah," Kimiko, watching without interfering. "It seems Haru here is inadvertently demonstrating one of the risks of handling a Bakeneko's dog-girl. Many Bakeneko like to use their pets as sexual playthings, and many dog-girls become addicted. In cases where this lust is insufficiently sated, it may lead them to act out like so..."

Haru released a muffled scream as the dog-girl gave an emphatic thrust and pumped her mouth full of thick, cloying semen. With a final bark of happiness, the dog-girl collapsed, landing with a splat on the moaning Haru's face.

Sighing, Kimiko signaled her sister to retrieve her.

Haru groaned.

\*\*\*

By the end of their third week, Kane had filled out her uniform, her bra and panties struggling to contain her swollen, jiggling curves. Now, however, her changes had started to take a different direction: her skin, already pale, had turned a pure alabaster, while her hair, already a dark brown, had turned as black as it could be. Her face changed, as did her voice, and stranger still: her speech.

It took Fuji some time to realize exactly what Kane was turning into, though once she realized she was shocked she'd never noticed before.

Eating breakfast in the Mansion's grand hall, Fuji watched as Kimiko arrived and sat with them. Her eyes flicked from Kimiko to Kane and back again.

Kimiko. Kane was turning into Kimiko.

As realization set in, she turned her attention to the wider hall, particularly the table at the end where Kimiko's 'family' were sitting. Now she looked closely, she saw they were more than just similar, they were outright identical.

More than that, each table closer to them you moved, the occupants looked a little paler of skin and darker of hair. A little more like Kimiko, in short.

The reality of her situation dropped into Fuji's mind like a leaden weight. Mau wasn't just making them into maids, she was making them into *the* perfect maid: Kimiko. Just Kimiko.

Fuji's heart began to pound.

"K-Kane?" he asked. "Kane?"

It took Kane a second to realize Fuji was talking to him. "Yes, Fuji?" he asked, in Kimiko's ultra-polite tones.

Fuji gulped. "D-Do you feel okay?"

Kane frowned as if in thought. "I feel perfect," she said at last, smiling serenely.

Seeing her, the real Kimiko smiled as well.

*Or are you the real Kimiko?* thought Fuji, studying her closely. Had that always been her name? Or had she been a different person when she arrived here, just like Kane? The prospect made him shudder.

\*

Later that day, when their lessons were over and they were heading back to their bedroom, Madame Mau caught them in the corridor.

"Hello, my dears," she said, swirling into their path. "Would nyou like to follow me to my office? I think it's time we had another little chat about nyour progress, nya."

Back in her room, she danced into her chair, lay her chin in her hands, and grinned at the three of them. "My, my, my," she said, "haven't nyou made progress, nya? Just look how far nyou've come since the day nyou arrived here..." She swept her arm over them, inviting them to take a look at themselves.

Fuji did so. Mau was right: she looked nothing like the boy she'd been when she arrived here. Kane might have changed the most, but none of them resembled their old selves in the slightest anymore.

"Kane," continued Mau, "of three of nyou, nyou've made the quickest progress. "Why, I wouldn't be surprised if in a week from nyow, nyou're ready to graduate."

Kane smiled and curtsied. "Thank you, Madame Mau," she said, sounding exactly like Kimiko.

"Because of nyour excellent progress, I think it's time we took nyou out of class and put nyou on some full-time work experience. What do nyou think of that?"

"Thank you, Madame Mau!" Kane sounded absolutely delighted.

Mau smiled insidiously. "Of course, if nyou're to be one of the Mansion's maids proper, we can't keep calling nyou Kane, can we? From nyow on, nyou're 'Kimiko', understand?"

'Kimiko' looked as if she might orgasm. "Thank you, Madame Mau! Thank you!"

Mau chuckled. "Nyow," she said, "as for nyow two..."

Fuji and Haru shivered as her gaze lingered on their faces. "Both of nyow have made excellent progress as well, especially *nyow*, Haru, since our little private session..." She winked, and Haru's face reddened. "...But since then, nyow progress has slowed down somewhat. Especially in comparison to my star pupil, Kimiko here."

Kimiko giggled.

"What's wrong?" Mau asked, standing and approaching them. "What's stopping nyow from crossing that final barrier?" When neither answered, she placed a hand on Fuji's shoulder and traced a finger down her chest, pausing to poke at a nipple--Fuji whimpered. "...Perhaps nyow'd both benefit from some of my *personal* attention?"

Haru whimpered.

Fuji herself found her heart pounding. A day with Mau had been enough to turn Haru from a vaguely feminine boy into the girl he was now. What would another day of it do to them both now?

She flicked a glance at 'Kimiko', and gulped.

"...Or perhaps that would be pre-emptive?" said Madame Mau, almost to herself. "After all, nyow progress is only slow by comparison. Perhaps we'll give it another week or so and see where things stand then. Does that sound good to nyow two?"

"Y-yes, Madame Mau," said Fuji and Haru in unison.

"Excellent," replied the catgirl. "Then the two of nyow are free to go."

"Th-thank you, Mistress. Hearts pounding, the two scurried out of the chamber.

They were almost back to their room before they realized Kane wasn't with them.

\*

"What are we going to do?!" Covering her face, Haru wailed in despair. "I don't wanna be Kimiko!"

In silence, Fuji took a seat on the bed beside her. "I don't know," she said. Her voice was hollowed--Kane's absence had left her feeling empty.

"There's gotta be a way!" said Haru. "Maybe--maybe we can escape?"

"How?" asked Fuji.

Haru's face twisted in concentration. "I don't know!" She covered her eyes. "I don't even know how we got here..."

For a moment, Fuji was silent. Haru's statement had raised a memory. How *had* they arrived here? In a box, obviously, which made it difficult to tell exactly how they'd been transported. Was it by truck or train? Was the Mansion even on Earth? Had they been transported via saucer?

...Maybe it didn't matter. Their delivery clearly hadn't been a one-off. She saw new maids in the dining hall almost every other day. Someone was obviously bringing them. And if someone were bringing in new maids, they were probably taking away old ones as well. The number of Kimiko's at dinner seemed to stay consistent, so *something* must be happening to them. If Mau's talk about the perfect maid were true, they were probably being picked up and delivered to their new owners. (Assuming Mau wasn't a big trickster who was eating them all in her office or something.)

And if the older maids were leaving... maybe they could as well?

Fuji swallowed. "Haru," she said, "I think I have an idea..."

\*\*\*

For the next few days, Haru and Fuji were on their best behavior. Their incredible progress meant they were almost done with lessons, so most of their time was spent practicing their maidwork, cleaning the Mansion, cooking for its occupants, and followed some of the Kimiko's around to practice behaving as a servant. All this they did to the best of their ability. They wanted Mau and her minions to trust them.

They also wanted intelligence. It was no good knowing that maids left if you didn't actually know *how*.

Their duties gave them clues, but little in the way of actual answers. One day, while cleaning the railing in the entrance hall, they were present to see Mau accept some new arrivals, passing them into the care of a Kimiko who might or might not have been Kane.

The new maids, a gaggle of scared-looking boys and girls around their own age arrived, just like they had, in a cardboardium box. It was hauled into the hall by a Bakeneko cat's paw--a drone made of several floating orbs, which carried the box in a telekinetic beam. The second its work was done, the cat's paw flew back out of the door and vanished up into the sky, leaving its exact source a mystery.

And, more importantly, it took no one with it. The knowledge filled Fuji with despair. Maybe Mau really *was* eating her graduates.

The next day, however, they got a better clue. While working in the kitchens, preparing a roast dinner, Fuji happened to overhear a pair of Kimiko's talking about their own impending graduation.

“In a few days, it’ll be time for me to go down to the cellar as well,” said one, sounding as proud as she was excited.

*The cellar, thought Fuji. The cellar.*

\*

That night, in their room, they decided they had to act. The events of the week so far had left them looking more like Kimiko than ever: their skin had paled almost to pure white, while their hair had become a deep raven-black. There was no sign of their former selves at all anymore. They looked like Kimiko’s cousins, and worse, they were starting to sound like her as well...

“We have to move now,” said Fuji, striding around the room. “If we don’t, we’re going to start thinking like her, and then it’s game over. We need to get out of the Mansion *now*.” She looked up at the room’s pink light. She’d consider smashing it, but that was sure to invite reprisal.

Haru was quaking on her bed like an abused animal. “What if they catch us?” she asked.

Fuji frowned. “Either we go now, or we lose our minds anyway. Now, are you coming or not?”

Tears spilled from Haru’s eyes. But she nodded.

\*

The halls of the Mansion were bright, even at night. Poking her head out of the door, Fuji hissed to see a Kimiko at the other end of the corridor, holding a pointer in her hands like a gun. Retreating inside, she pulled the door shut, and lay there leaning against it, heart pounding, until the sound of footsteps receded. She felt like throwing up.

Finally, once she was sure the guard was gone, she slid the door open again. Taking a glance to make sure the path was empty, she drew in a deep breath and stepped out into the hall. Haru followed a few seconds behind her, eyes darting about in fear.

“This way,” whispered Fuji. Haru nodded her assent, and they set off, creeping quietly along the hallway.

Heart pounding in her chest, sweat lacquering her forehead, Fuji led the way from their room down to the entrance hall and onward into the depths of the Mansion’s ground floor. It was familiar territory to her--not only was it where most of their lessons took place, it was always where they’d done the majority of their cleaning.

The cellar itself, however, was more of a mystery. Accessible only by a single staircase tucked into the corner of the ground floor, she had no idea what lay in its depths. At no point had their cleaning taken them down there. In fact, they’d been warned to avoid it.

As they crept along the corridor this staircase lay on, Fuji heard the telltale humming of a Kimiko approaching. Grabbing Haru by the arm, she pulled her into the cover of a succulent in a vase and held her there till the brainwashed maid. Only then did she release her breath.

Slowly, she stepped out of hiding. The staircase to the cellar loomed before, wide and ominous as the mouth of Hell. "This is it."

Haru stood beside her, visibly shaking. Fuji could practically hear her heart pounding.

Taking Haru's hand in her own, she squeezed it tight...

...and led her down, down into the darkness.

\*

It took her a while for her eyes to adjust. The cellar was dark in a way nowhere else in the Mansion was dark. The omnipresent pink haze was gone. There was light at all, not a torch burning on the screen. No light, save that which they brought with them.

As they walked, the heels of Fuji's shoes clacked against the cellar's tiles, each step resounding through the room and making her heart leap in her chest. With every metre they advanced, she expected Mau or Kimiko to leap out of the darkness and scream at her. Fortunately, the pair confined themselves to her nightmares.

Deeper in, there was a strange tang to the cellar. The air smelled of something rich and sweet, like juice, and at the same time like copper and plastic and cardboard.

As she took another step into the darkness, Fuji realized just how badly Haru's hand was trembling in her own. They needed to finish here quickly--if not, Haru was liable to have a panic attack.

"Hold tight," she whispered, squeezing Haru's hand firmly. "Let's see if we can find a light."

"O-okay."

Squinting, Fuji peered into the darkness. Looking hard, she could vaguely make out a number of cuboid objects to her left. To her right: the flat expanse of wall. Approaching it, she pressed her hand into the cool stone and dragged her palm along it, hoping that some kind of light switch would reveal it. After a few seconds, she hit something.

Groping in the darkness, Fuji's fingers tightened on some kind of lever. For a moment, she hesitated--what if this was an alarm that would lure the guards to them? Sheer desperation to succeed pushed her on, however. Tightening her grip, she pulled the lever.

There was a click, a little hum, and the world lit up like a carnival. Haru yelped. Fuji spun.

Her eyes widened.

Before her lay a warehouse's worth of boxes, hundreds of them stacked atop one another, some vertically, some on their sides. They were tall and thin, shallow, like the box of a doll, complete with a translucent window for you to see into them...

...and inside each was a Kimiko.

Heart pounding so hard it hurt, Fuji stepped forward and placed her hand on the window of the box closest to them. The plasticky deformed at her touch, clinging to her skin. On the other side, a Kimiko was strapped into a translucent harness, her eyes blank, expression idiotically happy.

Fuji stepped back, sweat dripping from her brow.

Around the window, the rest of the box was a stark white plastic material etched with the faint tracings of circuitry that marked it as cardboardium. At chest height, the box was marked with a cartoonish cat's paw. Out of pure curiosity, Fuji reached out and placed her hand against it.

The paw print lit up. As did the box's circuitry. Behind the window, the Kimiko shuddered and stirred.

Her eyes turned to Fuji. "Hello," she said, voice emanating from the paw print, rather than her mouth, "my name is Kimiko, the perfect maid. Are you my new owner?"

Her question hung in the air. Fuji gaped.

"My, my, my," said a second voice, "what's are nyou two doing down here, nya?"

Fuji felt her heart sink all the way to her feet. Face pale, she turned.

Mau approached as if the cellar were an ice rink, spinning and twirling and pirouetting with a malicious grace. Dancing her way over to Fuji and Haru, she spun one final time before stopping and fixing them with an unreasonably happy smile. "Come to take a look at nyour final destination, have nyou, nya?"

Fuji struggled to find words. "You're turning us into *dolls*?" She wanted to sound angry, but her voice came out defeated.

"Well, nyot literally," replied Mau. "The boxes make nyou look a lot *like* dolls, however, I admit. They were Seigu's idea, of course, so I can't take credit." Twirling past Fuji, she placed her hand on the paw print.

The Kimiko in the box giggled. "I'm Kimiko, the perfect maid. I can clean and cook and screw you all day!"

Chuckling, Mau turned back to them. "I know nyou were looking for an exit down here, but I'm afraid I have to disappoint nyou, nya. While this *is* where my maids leave the Mansion, they only do via a transport tube that scans for and rejects improperly packaged products.

(Seigu would chew my tail if I sent damaged goods down to Shipping.) ...Suffice to say, nyou'd struggle to get through it."

Hope left Fuji like blood through a thousand tiny wounds. "No," she heard herself say. Beside her, Haru collapsed, weeping.

Mau shrugged. "Sorry, nya, but I don't know what nyou were expecting. Do nyou really think I'd leave this place unlocked and unguarded if it were a valid escape route?"

To that, Fuji had no answer.

Mau grinned, revealing fangs. "Of course, I'm glad nyou came down here. Since we're all together, I guess nyow's as good a time as any for that private session I mentioned to nyou earlier..."

"No!" screamed Haru, making a break for the exit.

Without a hint of hesitation, Mau spun and caught her in a tango, whirling her around before throwing her back at Fuji. The two collided with a pair of shocked 'oof's and ended up in a tangle on the ground.

"Of course," Mau continued as if nothing had happened, "it's nyot really a private session when there's three of us, is it, nya? Perhaps I should bring in a friend?" She clapped.

"Yes, Mistress?" A voice, familiar, sounded from the stairwell. A moment later, a Kimiko was hurrying into the chamber, skirt flapping as she ran.

"Ah, Kimiko." added Mau, with a laugh. "Do nyou have the toy I told nyou to bring?"

"Yes, Mistress~," said Kimiko. Reaching into the open neck of her dress, she withdrew a large, black vibrator, as thick as her wrists. With a terrible click, an insidious humming filled the chamber.

"Excellent," said Mau. "Let's begin, nya."

"S-stop..." said Haru, voice quavering. "D-don't--"

"Sssssh!" said Mau.

Haru flinched and snapped her jaws shut.

"Much better," said the catgirl. "Don't resist, Haru. Nyou know what happens when nyou don't obey nyour mistress! Just hold tight and enjoy nyourself, nya!"

Haru moaned and stuck her hands down her skirt. "Please," she begged, "please don't... please don't..."



“What’s wrong, Haru?” asked Mau. “Don’t nyou enjoy enjoying nyourself? Nyou should just let nyourself go, spread nyour legs, and let me and my Kimiko pleasure nyou.”

Haru whined.

“Go on,” said Mau, taking the vibrator from Kimiko, “*do it!*”

Haru moaned.

Frozen in fear, Fuji could only watch as Haru fell back and spread her legs to reveal her sodden panties. As she lay there panting in ecstasy, her pussy poured with desire, forming a puddle on the ground beneath.

Licking her lips, Madame Mau knelt in front of her. Raising her dark vibe, she wiggled it in Haru’s face. “Go on,” she said, “tell me nyou want it, nya~.”

Haru gasped. Her whole body shivered. “I-I-I--”

“Go on,” repeated Mau.

Haru screwed up her eyes tight. “I want it! I want it! I want it!” she shouted at last. Tears streamed from her quivering eyes.

Mau smiled. “Very well, nya.”

And with a single sharp claw, she slit open Haru’s panties, exposing the seeping lips of the pussy behind them. As the cold air of the cellar hit her nethers, Haru squealed.

Licking the tip of her vibe, Mau guided its shaft towards Haru’s waiting sex. As it neared her, Haru panted, shuffling on the spot, eyes shaking in their sockets. Her tongue lolled like an excited dog’s.

At last, the vibrator entered her with an almost inaudible *schlup*, and Haru’s whines turned into a tremendous scream. “AH! AH! AH! MORE! MORE!”

“That’s right,” said Mau, “enjoy nyourself, nya!”

Haru shuddered and squealed.

In a matter of moments, her shivering and moaning reached its peak, and Haru broke into orgasm with another ecstatic scream. As she fell back, panting for breath, Mau pulled her slickened vibe out of her vagina and leaned in close to her face.

“What nyour nyame, nya?”

Haru looked at her blankly. “H-Haru,” she said, after a moment’s thought.

With a pause, Mau stuffed the vibrator back inside her. Haru resumed screaming.

This time, it didn't take even a minute for her to reach the peak of orgasm. She broke with a squeal, and once again, Mau withdrew her vibe to ask the question: "What's nyour nyame, nya?"

Haru's eyes shook. "I-I-I don't--AAAI!"

Mau licked her lips and pressed the vibrator in deeper.

After another half a minute or so, Haru came again, with more of a whimper than a scream. Lying there, panting for breath, a strange expression overcame her face. She almost looked happy.

In horror, Fuji realized that every last vestige of Haru was gone. She looked exactly like Kimiko, right down to her expression.

Mau leaned in closely. "What's nyour nyame, nya?"

For several seconds, Haru simply stared at her happily. At last, however, she drew in breath and spoke, but the voice that came out of her mouth wasn't her own. "Kimiko, Mistress!"

Fuji whimpered.

The Bakeneko, meanwhile, simply smiled. "Wonderful, nya," she said, standing straight. Grinning, she turned to Fuji. "See? In the end, it doesn't take much to make a maid."

As Fuji backed away, trembling, Mau raised a hand and snapped her fingers. At once, a pair of cat's paws appeared from amid the maze of boxes. They were carrying between them a tiny white cube.

As the new Kimiko stood giggling, the paws came to a stop over her and pinched the corners of the cube tightly in their telekinetic grip. Holding it firm, they stretched, and the box expanded as if it were made of taffy, lightening as it did until it was almost translucent. Soon they were holding a ghostly white box, similar in shape to the many boxes around them, if quite larger.

At a signal from Mau, the paws dropped.

Haru squealed as the box touched her, and she passed through it as if it were no more substantial than a bubble. Despite this, the box held its shape, descending until it covered her entire body.

Now the cat's paw moved in again, compressing the box between them. As it shrank, it darkened, regaining its solidity, until Haru was hidden inside.

By the time the cat's paws stopped, the box was barely larger than Haru's body, a little white coffin, holding her firm. Now they twisted, and the tracings of circuitry that covered the box lit up. It shivered and began to expand it--this time, however, it lost none of its solidity.

At last, the box stopped growing at the size of every other box in the cellar. A rectangle on its front shimmered and turned clear, revealing Haru, held inside it in a nest of invisible restraints, just like every other Kimiko down here. She didn't seem much bothered by her predicament.

Finally, a paw print appeared at chest height beside the window. And with that, it seemed it was over. Haru was packed and ready to be dispatched.

Grinning madly, Mau placed her hand on the paw print. The box's circuitry lit up, and a number of pink sparks flashed around Haru's head. Her eyes shone.

"Hello," she said dreamily, "my name is Kimiko, and I'm one of Madame Mau's Marvelous Maids!"

Fuji whimpered.

"There," said Madame Mau, rubbing her hands together in satisfaction, "one more marvelous maid to be shipped out with the rest of this batch." She snapped her fingers, and the cat's paws carried Haru off, depositing her on the top of one of the nearby piles.

"Nyow," said Mau, turning to Fuji, "let's deal with nyou."

Fuji took a breath and went to run, but Mau simply spun and slammed into her chest, sending her reeling. Landing on her ass on the hard stone of the cellar, Fuji gasped and struggled to stand again.

She didn't get the chance--the next thing she knew, Mau was sitting, crushing her stomach beneath her chubby figure. Smiling, she twirled the vibe in her hands like a dancer's baton.

"D-don't!" cried Fuji.

Ignoring her, Mau turned to her pussy and cut away her panties with a single sharp motion. "Open wide, nya. It's time for nyour medicine!"

"N-no!"

*Schlup!*

The entrance of Mau's vibe into her tight, virgin pussy felt like a rod of pleasure being jammed into Fuji's brain. She gaped; her eyes rolled back in their sockets. Every nerve in her body screamed as if aflame, and she threw open and screamed with them, half in pleasure, and half in pain. Her brain burned.

Deep inside her, in the slick depths of her virginal sex, a little spark of ecstasy caught light and grew into an inferno. She shuddered, drawing in breath--

Mau twisted the vibrator, and the seed of pleasure growing in Fuji's sex exploded like a bomb. She screamed, eyes rolling back in her head. Juice spurted from her pussy in a torrent, and her skin lost what little color remained to it.

Slowly, almost kindly, Mau withdrew her vibrating toy. Fuji moaned at the feeling of it leaving her.

"Nyow," asked Mau, "what do nyou think nyour nyame is, nya?"

Fuji struggled to form words. "F-Fuji," she managed at last.

Mau shook her head sadly. "Looks like we're nyot quite there nyet, nya. Oh well." With a grin, she thrust the vibrator in again.

If Fuji had been expecting the second time to be any less intense than the first, she would have been disappointed. The return of the trembling plastic rod to the dripping mouth of her cunt felt like electrocution. She screamed afresh, body bucking in pleasurable torment.

She lasted for all of thirty seconds before the ecstasy became too much to bear. With a scream, she came again.

As Mau's vibe slipped from the pouring lips of her pussy, Fuji's hair lost what remained of its color as well. Now it was pure black, as if someone had dyed it with ink.

As a strand of it swept in front of her eyes, Fuji found herself struggling to think. Whose hair was that? Whose hair was she seeing? Her hair wasn't that color, was it? Only Kimiko had hair that deep shade of black. Why did she have Kimiko? Was it a wig? Had she stolen it?

Or was she confused? Was *she* Kimiko?

Her mistress was looking down at her curiously. The dark-haired girl didn't know how to react.

"What's nyour nyame, nya?" asked Mau, not unkindly.

The dark-haired girl blinked. "I-I don't know," she said. "I-I--"

Mau smiled. "Almost there, nya."

*Schlup!*

Once more, the maid's scream echoed through the boxes of the cellar. She shuddered and shivered and screamed and wailed and shook, sweat seeping from every pore on her body. She felt like a moth that had flown into a candle--her body was burning, burning up. Even her brain, even her *mind*, wasn't safe from it. She could feel her thoughts igniting, memories flashing into flame like paper on a bonfire. Her eyes rolled back; drool seeped from her mouth.

And as her old self burned away on their pyre of orgasmic pleasure, she found a new self hiding inside it, like iron within a hunk of unrefined ore. White-hot, it called it out to her, and with rapturous joy, she reached out to embrace it, made herself into a mold to be filled and let the scoria of her old self seep away like so much molten slag.

For a moment, her mind was nothing but light.

Then her orgasm was over, and she was cooling, condensing. The cold air of the cellar hit her like a bucket of water.

Madame Mau sat astride her, studying her with the calm gaze of an artisan in the middle of some hideously complex project. "What's nyour nyame?" she asked, softly.

The maid smiled. "It's Kimiko, Mistress!"

Grinning, Madame Mau released her.

Kimiko stood, silent and obediently, as Madame Mau spoke to her sister-self and dismissed her. She was Kimiko, the perfect maid, and she was happy to stand and wait for her mistress.

Finally, Mau turned back to her. "Nyow," she said, "let's get nyou boxed up." She snapped her fingers.

Kimiko turned to see a pair of cat's paws floating towards her, a cube of condensed cardboardium between them. The sight filled her with an unexplainable joy. She was graduating! She was finished! She was going to be packed up and shipped to her new owner! Just the thought of it made her pussy drip again.

As the cat's paws floated into place above her, Kimiko looked up and smiled. She watched in anticipation as they gripped their cube of cardboardium and stretched it into a ghostly mesh, before dropping it onto her head. She shivered as the slick material spread over her, leaving her stranded in a giant, cubic bubble.

Now their paws moved together again, and Kimiko's world turned white as the cardboardium compressed into something more tangible. One moment, she was looking out at the world through a wedding veil, the next she was trapped in a tiny, dark coffin, barely able to move. As she stood there, heart pounding in anticipation, the internal surface of her container trembled like the surface of the ocean in a storm and surged towards her. Cardboardium, smooth as plastic, translucent as glass, coiled around her limbs and bound them, smothered her torso, and wrapped her head in a little bubble of air. A moment later, two thick plugs of the stuff slammed into her anus and pussy. She squealed in delight.

A moment later, something sparkled pink behind her head. She went silent and still.

Slowly, slowly, as if someone were spreading a heavy pair of curtains, light began to seep into her box again. A moment later, its front had become a clear window, and she could see Madame Mau standing outside, looking in on her. She wanted to smile at her and wave.

A grin on her face, Madame Mau approached, placing her hand on Kimiko's box. Kimiko felt a little jolt. Her head tingled. A pre-formed phrase wormed its way up her throat.

"Hello!" she said in her friendliest voice. "My name is Kimiko, and I'm one of Madame Mau's Marvelous Maids! Are you my new owner?"

"Perfect," said Madame Mau.

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"Quick, nya! Open it up!" The Bakeneko was practically leaping on the spot as her sister went to work on the box of their new toy. She couldn't wait to see it opened--they'd spent so long saving up, all for this moment.

"Quickly! Quickly!"

"Okay, okay, sheesh," said her sister, giving her a glare. Turning back to the box, she picked out a marking etched into the surface and poked it with the tip of her finger.

At once, the cardboardium melted, sloughing off its contents in thick dribbles and drabs and flowing into a puddle on the floor.

As her former box congealed into a small white cube, barely larger than a tennis ball, Mau's Marvelous Maid blinked and looked around as if she'd just woken from a long slumber.

She was raven-haired and alabaster-skinned and swollen with curves unsuited to her stature. Titanic boobs threatened to spill over the neckline of her uniform, while thighs thickened with fat strained to tear through the stockings containing them.

As her eyes settled on the excited Bakeneko, a smile lit up her face. "Hello, Mistress," said Kimiko. "How can I serve you?"

The Bakeneko squee'd and squeezed her cheeks tightly. "Oh my mom, she's perfect! Aiii! Sis! Sis! Let's take her upstairs! I can't wait to see what she's like in bed!"