

MAID FOR SUMMER

BIWEEKLY STORY #138

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“I’m... starting to see why Wise bailed out last minute.”

Belle, the younger sister member of Phaethon, was presently in the process of lamenting her current situation. As part of the payment for their recent ‘job well done’, the Victoria Housekeeping Company had invited the brother and sister duo out to the pool of one of their clients. They had had expressly been told that it would be ‘a relaxing afternoon of swimming’. But upon arrival?

The young woman had realized that had been a little white lie. Maybe she should have known better, seeing as Ellen Joe had been so sparse with the details at the time. **“Just help clean up the changing room. That’s all. The rest of us are preparing the pool, so meet us outside in your swimsuit when you’re done.”** Those were the only instructions that the shark Therin had left her before darting out the changing room door.

“If I’d know there was going to be work involved then I would have stayed home too.” Then again, it was probably best that one of the two had remained to take care of the video store they ran in the first place. Wise was probably better suited for it, and really? Even if she had to put in a little bit of elbow grease, taking a dip would probably be worth it in the end, right? Plus, the thought of seeing Ellen and Rina in a swimsuit, well... *Some things made all of the work in the world worth the effort.* **“Guess I’d better get started.”**

Fortunately for Belle, it didn’t really seem like the changing room required much upkeep. Was that why the maids had given it to *her* specifically? Well, she was fortunate if so. It didn’t take long at all for

her to give the space a quick sweep and put away some items that had been left out. Before long? It was just a matter of making sure that all of the lockers were closed, and there was only a single one that was open. **“Why does a private pool need so many lockers, anyways? There has to be like twenty of them!”**



Or so she mumbled as she slammed the door shut. Or *tried* to, anyways. But it bounced open again with a *CLANK*, spilling out a very *unusual* set of contents. Belle squinted down at them. It looked like a purple bikini top with a matching, frilled bottom. White gloves, a maid headdress, and even a collar and tie with affixed micro-sleeves? **“Is this a swimsuit or someone’s fetish gear? Well... I guess this place is so big that they must have maids of their own, right?”** Although that begged the question of why *those* maids weren’t taking care of the pool!

“Sigh... Well, once I clean this up, I’m done, at least.” And with that goal in mind, the Phaethon member bent down and reached out with her fingertips to grab the bikini top that rested atop the messy pile. When her hand so much as *grazed* the fabric, though? She jumped up with surprise. It had *zapped* her! **“YEOWCH!?! How much static is even in this place!?”**

Belle waved her hand up and down to shake off the tingling feeling, but it didn’t really do much to alleviate it. Instead? The feeling seemed to spread throughout her body until *everything* tingled at once. Which was a little concerning, but Belle didn’t exactly think that much of it initially. She still just perceived it as being shocked by a teensy weensy bit of static electricity.

Mind you, something *happened* soon after that didn’t really click. And to be fair to her, she wasn’t near one of the mirrors in the changing room to be able to see them. Her *eyes*, that was. The beautiful blues that were normally so apparent in her irises had lit up with a dark red instead. But there was a little more *to* it than that. Her eyelids pinched in the corners, giving her a narrower gaze. Whereas her *eyelashes* seemingly fluttered a little longer in length.

“That was *sooooo* weird!” The commentary that Belle made about getting shocked came across as a little vapid than was typical for the young woman. She may have already been in twenties too, but she didn’t really look that *mature* normally. Her eyes had somehow left things

with the impression that she was, although they weren't really *alone* on that front either. Take the Proxy's lips, for example: as she puckered? They swelled, nearly *doubling* in size so that they became thick and luscious... beneath a nose with flared nostrils, and between cheeks that had risen. Forgetting *just* looking older, because she looked closer to *thirty* now. Could it even be said that she looked like *Belle* by that point?

Her (now) crimson eyes danced about the changing area. **"I think I'm done cleaning for *mistress*, but... Huh? Who am I talking about?"** Had she just referred to someone as *mistress*? Why had it felt a little *good* to do so? After all the cleaning she had done she couldn't stop herself from yearning to be *praised* for all of that hard work, too. It reached the point that her expression briefly almost came across as a little *depraved*. Like she wanted that praise a little *too* much.

Mind you, her appearance was departed even further from the one she'd had before. With her face transformed, the phenomenon seemingly moved on to her *hair*. Little by little the length extended, and beyond that? The dark blue also *lightened*. It didn't shift to the same red that her blue eyes had shifted towards, but instead was more or less being sapped of any and all color whatsoever. Before long? *Silver* hair had fallen a few inches past her shoulders, voluminous and fluffy – with long and messy bangs to boot.

"*PFFT!*" At first? Belle pointed her thickened lips upwards to try and blow those bangs away from her eyes. They felt *distracting*, but she didn't notice that their length and color had changed? **"Oh, what am I even fretting about? Mistress loves my hair like...?"** Again, with the 'mistress'? But in this instance, she hadn't really been able to stop herself fully. It felt *right*. Just like the deeper, more alluring sound of her voice felt *right*.

With such a small stature, the maturity that everything above the woman's neck now featured almost seemed out of place. Initially, anyways. But that was a problem that was *quickly* provided a solution. **"Oh!?"** The Proxy stumbled for a moment; her balance temporarily knocked out from beneath her before her *mind* managed to adjust. But what *didn't* adjust were her clothes, because she had begun to *grow* – and rather substantially, at that.

If Belle had been around 5'1" before, then she barreled up to an astounding 5'8" comparatively. This led to the uncanny sight of her top separating from skirt to show off her navel, her arms sliding out of her sleeves, and her one legging sliding down beneath her knee. Her feet felt too tight within her shoes, too, suggesting that it was more than just her height that had grown. This was true, because her fingers were likewise

a little bigger, and her hips had flared out a few inches to lift her skirt so that you could see the base of her panties.

“Ngh... **This is sooooo tight!**” As the older woman peered down at herself, it wasn’t her height that caught her attention so much as it was her *clothing*. Not only did it not fit her, but... *This isn’t even my uniform!* Was she supposed to be wearing a uniform? She definitely felt like she was! She knew that if she *had* been wearing one that her *amazing* curves wouldn’t be left unchecked.

Wait, her amazing *what?*

Belle seemed to feel confident, at least according to her changing memories, that she had the type of body that really *bounced*. It should have been one that was *extremely* eye catching, and ultimately? She *was* correct. It was already happening below her waist, where hips widened even further to accommodate the mass that was accumulating both in her ass *and* her thighs. They swelled until they were full and plush, chewing up her panties and propping up her skirt behind her. But then? There was *relief*. All of the clothing between her waist just disappeared, leaving free flesh to jiggle and the silver pubes above her pussy to grow out.

For some reason? She ended up giving her bare ass a playful slap. The thought of her *mistress* slapping it had ‘blessed’ her with a moment of excitement, and she bit her lower lip. “**Hehehe...**” Her top had remained in place thus far, but it wasn’t longed for this world either. Acting as the sole cover for her tits, once the tits within began to swell themselves? Well, the cloth didn’t stand a *chance*. It was pulled up higher and higher until the base of her breasts was exposed, and it continued to climb as those tits continued to become fuller and protrude farther.

The cloth eventually got caught on nipples that had grown as big as the woman’s *eyes*, which in turn only aroused the victim more. At least until the rest of her clothing *disappeared* just like her lower half, allowing those breasts to spill out with a hearty, jiggling bounce. They grew bigger than her head, bigger than even the *largest possible melon*. And she playfully kneaded one with her hand while the other traced the curves of her thighs.

At least until she remembered the presence of the swimsuit lying on the ground below her. She had no memory of it shocking her anymore.

“Oh, silly me~! This is *my* swimsuit! I’m such a dummy! How could I forget!?” *Rachel Auguste* giggled to herself at the realization, her abundance breasts bouncing and jiggling as she did so. It only made sense that her bikini would be in one of the lockers of this estate, and the maid design was intentional as well. After all! She was the head maid of the building! It could be a grueling job at times, and her mistress was keen on requesting *sexual favors* of her that she consensually provided.



But it paid *really* well.

Now that her head was clear, Rachel was able to remember what she had been doing. **“Oh, I must’ve been getting changed, right? The Victoria Housekeeping girls invited me to go for a swim, and since it’s my day off~!”** Was it a shame that she didn’t have a more *normal* swimsuit? By the time she had pulled on the essentials, which only *barely* covered her most auspicious features like her nipples and pussy, she didn’t really seem to care all that much.

Her mistress was always telling her how sexy she was, so she had a little bit of an ego about showing off. No, it even went a little further than that. She *got off* on it. When you looked *that* hot and you had a little bit of a *fetish* for attention, then... **“Hehe... That Rina woman is pretty curvy too. I wonder what sort of swimsuit *she’ll* be wearing? But I suppose it doesn’t matter in the end.”**

“I’ll look better!”