

Deer Little Maid, Chapter Three

In the blurry instant before Sana's vision recovered from the sudden blinding light, his mind miserably went over how he must look to these girls. A blushing little faun, his tail tied with a belled wine-red ribbon, had just stumbled out of their elevator, shoved by Miss Charity into what had to be the hall leading to the servants' quarters. His pants had been left behind, leaving him with just a loose shirt and nothing but a pair of cute white women's knickers to protect his... manhood.

And still he knew he was lucky, because at least they couldn't see the cage.

"For your own good~" echoed Miss Charity's words in his mind.

The world came into focus.

Sana snatched up his tail before it could start wagging again.

Four beautiful women stood in a loose ring around him, each dolled up in an adorable black-and-white maid dress similar to Miss Charity's. Compared to Charity's outfit, this new maid uniform was a little plainer, and it covered less. Black lace pulled the white apron in at the waist like a corset to enforce perfect figure-eight curves, and a little black bow pulled together the frilly trim of their necklines, both pushing up their breasts and drawing the eye towards them. Midnight linen fluttered down in pleats but stopped just above the knees, showing off thick thighs and slender calves that would form a heart shape if squished together.

Those legs, as well as the arms, were at least bound into long white silk, sheer stockings and sleek evening gloves offering at least a gesture towards modesty. It wasn't worth much. The stockings were tight enough that he could basically see through them, and mostly just accentuated how those luscious curves barely accepted the constraints.

Sana's eyes lingered too long everywhere. Too long on the breasts. Too long on the legs. Too long on those elegant ribbons. He still felt discombobulated from the elevator ride.

But when Sana finally managed to tear his gaze away to look at their pretty faces, he almost flinched.

They all looked strikingly similar to Miss Charity. Much too similar. They could have been her daughters. They were all roughly the same height—maybe a little shorter—and all shared the same curvy, feminine body type. Each maid was extremely pale, just like Miss Charity. Each maid had shimmering ivory-white hair, just like Miss Charity's—although theirs was to shoulder-length.

Each maid had bright red eyes. Very bright. Irises that gleamed like sunsets, so vivid and dazzling he almost couldn't see the pupils. Their eyes grabbed him and held him with an almost violent focus, pulling him close and inspecting him like a new toy, or like something they'd just caught in a jar.

Just like he'd felt with Miss Charity's.

Those eyes seemed to pass him around as he swayed, looking from maid to maid, trying to recover his senses.

Finally, the last maid released him from her stare with smile and a coquettish flutter of her long, glittering lashes.

The only truly distinguishing features he could make out were the chokers.

Each maid wore a slender loop of black leather, joined at the base of the throat to a metal ring. The chokers themselves were identical, but tied to each ring was a unique decoration. A sprig of clover, a sprig of lavender, a coin from a currency he didn't recognize, and a copper butterfly pendant. Each strange little charm was left to dangle tantalizingly right between its owner's cleavage.

As Sana's gaze dwelled too long on the butterfly pendant, the girl wearing it smirked. "Hey, cutie. My eyes are up *here*."

He gave a start. Half out of shame and half out of some sensed command, he looked up to meet her eyes again—only too late realizing his mistake as those beautiful red orbs gleamed with sadistic glee.

"Good girl." She sauntered forward, the pleats of her beautiful dress swishing and rippling like a jellyfish's tendrils, and licked painted red lips. "So, do you usually show up to new jobs half-dressed?"

"I—" Shame choked him off. '*Girl*.' He shook his head and gripped his tail tighter. "N-No, um, actually..."

"Even Ameli remembered to wear something over her panties," remarked the girl with the coin charm, "before we replaced it with something cuter." She smirked slyly at the girl wearing the clover sprig, and he noticed the clover girl—'Ameli'—squirm a little. The coin charm girl snapped her fingers, and his eyes shot back to hers. She gave a little half-smile. "I wonder why you're different."

"If the girls see that cage..."

"Um." He squirmed. "W-Well, um, Miss Charity was..." The maids' pallor had him uneasy. Everything about this had him uneasy. Alarm bells were ringing loud in his head, but they all seemed to echo with that familiar irresistible chime... "Is she always that... forward?"

“Ooh, Miss Charity?” Ameli bounced up close and beamed down at him. “Did she have fun with you, little faun?”

“I—”

“We haven’t had a doe before, have we?” The maid with the lavender sprig regarded him calmly, full lips playing towards an incomplete smile. Her voice was especially soft and breathy, as if someone had just woken her up from a nap. “Maybe that’s why.”

“Ooh, I bet you’re right, Esmal!” Ameli giggled, reaching up and grabbing one of his antlers. Sana squeaked. “These are so cute!”

“H-Hey!” Sana swatted her hand away with an indignant glare. “I’m not—I mean—”

“Not to mention these,” the maid with the butterfly pendant said, reaching forward to stroke an ear. He shivered. “Gosh, it’s like velvet.”

“Aw, look at her *blush*, Ella!” Ameli squealed. “I bet that’s why Charity loves her. She’s blushing like a virgin!”

“So she *is*!” Ella cooed. She leaned in close to his ear. “As red as a gloaming glory. My, my, I think Lady Alice might have a new favorite~”

“Stop that!” Sana blurted, bringing up both hands to wave the pair away. His heart was pounding. He was starting to recover his senses, and all of this... the hypnotic smile of Miss Charity, the way she’d taken advantage of him, the deathly pallor of these lovely maids...

... was Miss Charity some sort of...

Ring-ring-ring~

His tail, released from his clutches, had started wagging furiously.

Dulcet chimes filled the air like stones filling a pool with ripple after ripple.

Sana...

... blinked.

Something felt funny all of a sudden. It was like... like someone was stuffing little clouds of soft, downy cotton into his head. What had he just been...?

Ring-ring~

Sana felt his cheeks getting hotter. Oh, the bell was so embarrassing! He already looked all cute and pathetic to these girls, and now the bell was drawing attention to his silly flicking tail! He wiggled, trying to will it still.

Ring... ring...

His little cock throbbed in its cage. Sana bit his lip, blinking slowly to help clear his mind. He needed to... he'd been trying to...

Ring~

Soft, tinkling chimes. His lashes fluttered. Why... why couldn't he...?

Ring~

That dizzy, dreamy, spacy fog pressed in a little deeper. He bit his lip, looking around shyly at the four maids.

The maids were all staring at him with growing smiles of delight.

Sana felt a vague, distant sense of danger creeping in. He turned slowly, trying in vain to keep them all in view. This wasn't safe. Those eyes, there was...

Ring~

The maids moved in a little closer, closing the circle around him.

He squirmed, cock twitching helplessly. Danger. Yes. There was something about those four sets of identical gleaming red eyes that... wasn't right, they were bad, they were dangerous, they were...

Ring~

The maids were exchanging gleeful looks, smiles of anticipation. Maybe even of hunger.

His lips parted. Those eyes, they were... they were...

Ring-ring-ring~

... really... nice to stare into...!

Sana was drooling.

“I—” He rubbed his thighs together. “I, um...”

Why was he suddenly so spacy? Why had thinking become so exhausting? It was something to do with Miss Charity, he was sure. But what?

His hand absently trailed down to try to stop his tail’s embarrassing wagging.

“Hey.” The maid with the coin charm reached forward and took him by the wrist. He gave a start at the unexpected contact. She smiled. “Tell me your name.”

“S-Sana.” The answer came automatically. He smiled back. A pretty girl was smiling at him, and he wanted to be polite. He’d been raised to be polite to pretty girls. That was normal.

“Sana.” She licked her lips. “Well, Sana, are you going to ask me to show you to the dressing room?”

He blinked. “D-Dressing...?”

“Hm.” The coin charm maid cocked her head quizzically. “Maybe you want to stay in your underwear instead~?”

“I-I—”

“But that would be a little irregular for one of the Lady’s servants.” Her lips glistened in the light, such a pretty, deep shade of pink. “People might think you’re a dumb, silly little slutty girl if you go around half-naked.”

Ring~

“B-Buh—” The other maids were giggling, and Sana squirmed, feeling like he was being made fun of—oh, gosh, he was making a terrible first impression— “No, um...”

“Maybe you want us to see you like this?” Her eyes sparkled with silent laughter. “Is that it, Sana? Because some of us can be a little... mean, you know, to girls like that. We might want to tease you about it.” She leaned forward. “Tease you a *lot*. Especially Ella. She can be very mean.”

“As if you’re not, Jasmine~” he faintly heard Ella say. More giggles rang out around him.

Ring, ring~

“I—that’s not what—” He fled Jasmine’s gaze in mortified helplessness. He felt so naked without his scarf, almost more naked than without his pants, and she was talking faster than he could think—oh, gosh, the coin sparkled so prettily when it was getting squished right between her tits— “Okay, um, so what I meant was—”

Jasmine’s fingers played idly with the coin as he stared in a hopeless daze. Her voice came again to him, and she was much closer now. Close enough to kiss him on the cheek if she wanted to. “Do you *want* to come across as dumb, stupid bullybait to us, Sana?”

His eyes shot back to hers. ‘Jasmine’ stared at him, still smiling ever-so-slightly. Her eyes weren’t as deep and captivating as Miss Charity’s, but they were still so deep and shiny and...

“Or,” she added, “do you want to come get dressed up with us?”

Sana blinked.

“O-Oh.” He bit his lip and nodded shyly. “Yes! Yes, right, um, yes, miss!” He let her take his hand. “It’s just, um, I really don’t...”

Ring-ring-ring.

Yet more waves of staticky fuzz seemed to be washing over him. He blinked stupidly. “... don’t... uh...”

“Don’t what?” Jasmine smiled innocently. “Take her other hand, Ameli.”

“Oh, of course!” Ameli grinned, grabbing his hand before he could think to object. “Follow us, cutie~!”

“B-But...!”

Ring, ring~

Two beautiful girls were holding his hands. Four beautiful girls were seeing him in nothing but his underwear. His tail was flicking hopelessly, and the bell was so humiliating, but... they seemed so *delighted* by it, and it felt nice to make them all smile so wide... he wanted them to like him, didn’t he? To think he was nice. Cute.

And not some dumb blushy boy pervert, like Miss Charity had said.

“But, um...” His head awkwardly bobbed from side to side as he stumbled forward.

“But what?” Ameli was pulling him along. She twirled about to face him and bounced in place, heels click-clacking against the wood floor. “Don’t you wanna look cute?”

“Cute... I-like you?”

Ameli’s eyes sparkled. “Aww~! You think I’m *cuuute*~?”

Ring-ring-ring-ring~! Sana felt dizzy from the heat in his cheeks. He heard the other three maids’ giggles, and his cock twitched happily in its new cage at the sound. “Um—I mean, um—all of you, very, um... pretty—that is—”

He ducked his head with an overwhelmed smile and hurried forward. The maids were still laughing at him.

“Gosh, she’s *soooo* doomed,” he faintly heard Ella exclaim. “And so *fucking dumb*~”

He wiggled and whimpered. Doomed. Dumb.

“Come, come.” Jasmine gave his hand a squeeze that felt a little comforting—at least to his foggy brain. He followed behind the pair, trying to be sure he stared into Ameli’s pretty eyes and not at her big tits, or at Jasmine’s swinging hips, or those full, kissable lips...

He tried not to stare. Or at least not to drool too much over them.

He didn’t want them thinking he was some kind of horny loser boy, after all!

“It’s time to get you dressed up properly,” he dimly heard Jasmine continue. “You’re going to love the uniform.”

“O-Oh.” He nodded dizzily. “Okay!”

Ring-ring-ring~

Everyone was laughing now. Laughing at him. Pretty, tinkling windchime giggles from these four pretty, pale girls. He smiled uncertainly, hoping the laughter meant that they liked him.

“By the way,” Esma murmured in his ear, keeping pace with them, “what’s your favorite color, new girl~?”

“I’m not...” Sana barely remembered in time. See? He couldn’t be so stupid if he could remember what Miss Charity had told him. “It’s, um... blue!” Blue could be a girly color, right, right?

“Good choice,” she purred. He felt her hand under his shirt, then squeaked shyly as she pressed in to give him a soft, wet kiss on the cheek.

Esma’s lips were cool. They gave a tender pop as they parted from him; he could feel the stain they left behind. It was just a peck, but it left his thoughts fluttering in a kind of panicky delight, and he nearly tripped on his own hooves.

Sana had never been kissed by a girl before.

He wondered how nice it might feel if she kissed him right on the lips.

“Well, little Bluebell,” she cooed, “welcome to the family~”

* * *

One chore at a time. That was what Sana always told himself. Focus on sweeping. Focus on dusting. Focus on feeding the stable beasts. Whatever he was doing at the moment, he tried to pour his full attention into it. This was usually just to avoid making any mistakes, but now he had another reason: to keep his mind off the oppressive surroundings.

Currently, this meant focusing on the dishes. The sounds of his scouring echoed off the cold stone walls of the scullery.

Castle Lichenburr was still strange to Sana. It had been built right into the side of the Starbridge, itself an ancient edifice beyond his comprehension. The place felt vast, unmappable. His hoofsteps echoed through the castle’s halls long past when they should have gone silent, and the castle’s halls seemed at times to forget to have endings. In those halls, he felt as though if he were to abandon his tasks and just keep walking, he would never reach a far end. The castle made Sana think of his dreams of home, how sometimes in those dreams he would open a door to enter a room that didn’t really exist. Castle Lichenburr was a place to get lost in. In the sheer space it took out of the world, it was terrifying.

And yet his new colleagues never seemed to have any trouble conveniently bumping into him when they were looking for someone to tease.

He still couldn’t believe he’d handled getting dressed without passing out. His cock had throbbed unbearably at times, but small and caged, it had not betrayed him, and their hands had thankfully never come near it.

But the outfit they’d put him in...

He blushed hot and scrubbed harder.

Sana had been put into a maid outfit. A cute, frilly, absolutely absurd-looking maid outfit, with crisscrossed black laces pulling the white apron in like a tight corset, a low-cut neckline that made his small chest painfully obvious, and a pleated black dress that only barely reached the knees. Sana's legs had been denied even the limited coverage of stockings, since no pairs fit his cloven hooves. And it was all topped off by a cute white headpiece, a lacy thing he didn't dare try to remove.

Worst of all, though, was the makeover they'd given him.

Every now and then a soap bubble would swell and catch the light just so, and Sana would catch a glimpse of his new reflection. Just fragments. A pair of cherry red lips—he'd never noticed before how often he pouted when he was embarrassed, and seeing it shown off like this was mortifying. Deep, dark eyeshadow and thick, heavy mascara that seemed to physically weigh his lashes down, constantly forcing them aflutter.

They'd spared him the blush—but only because Ella had teased that he would scarcely need it with how red he'd been getting—and held off 'for now' on piercing his ears. They'd teased that he didn't need heels with his 'cute little hooves', but there'd been talk of nail polish that had him very nervous.

They hadn't commented on the length of his hair. He had a feeling they weren't going to let him cut it, though.

At least, not until it reached his shoulders like theirs did.

He tried not to think about that too much. Or about the teasing. Whenever he thought about the maids, he'd start getting flustered, and when he got flustered, his tail would start chiming, and when that happened...

His lashes fluttered.

... well, he wasn't exactly sure what usually happened next. All Sana knew was that he always seemed to wind up in the same place: Stumbling and swaying, overtaken by dizzy spells, and surrounded by two or three of his coworkers as they flashed those bright, eager smiles at him.

And those strange dizzy spells would ensure he couldn't do anything about what came next.

Sana plunged his arms deep into the basin, trying to drown the errant thoughts beneath the near-scalding suds. What he really needed was a cold bath.

He forced his mind back to the task, where it belonged, firmly scrubbing away at old encrusted oils. He could taste the bitterness of soapy droplets on his tongue, but the soap's smell was sweet and vaguely lavender-y.

Sana wasn't really sure where all these dishes were coming from. They weren't too dirty, thankfully—Sana could be a little queasy with old food—but some of the stains could have been years-old for all he could tell.

There weren't many recent dishes to clean. The castle was nearly empty, just as Lady Alice had promised, and although he had helped a little in the kitchen with some lavish meals, they had yet to entertain any guests. Since Lady Alice hadn't been home to enjoy them since Sana's hiring, she'd apparently told Miss Charity to have the meals either sent out into the city as gifts to the poor or eaten by the servants themselves.

Eaten by Sana, at least. He hadn't really seen the others eat, and when he'd asked about it, they'd just smiled at him.

"We eat together," Ella had said sweetly, and the twitch to her lips had looked so flirtatious, so knowing, that his tail had started swishing, and then...

His heart fluttered. And then... something.

This was all so much, and he was so embarrassed at how little he felt sure of. The transition to servant life had overwhelmed him. The maids kept catching him by surprise whenever he tried to take time along to think, and those strange spells of dumb dizziness kept hitting at the worst possible moments.

But Sana knew one thing for absolute certain:

He needed to tell Lady Alice about all this.

There was no way that she knew, right? *Really* knew? He nodded to himself as he remembered the kindness of her eyes. His memories of the interview were foggy—a lot of his memories were, lately—but he remembered that kindness. And she'd shown such contempt for the feral dead! She couldn't possibly know!

With her pallor, colored only by the lively flush of her cheeks, perhaps she was already being fed on and didn't even know it.

He fumed, scrubbing so hard his hands were almost raw. Miss Charity was plainly taking advantage of Lady Alice's good nature and frequent absences. He'd never heard of a feral dead able to... *behave* itself as well as Miss Charity, but clearly Miss Charity had found a way to control those cravings well enough to keep up appearances. She'd enthralled the rest of the maids with repeated feedings, beguiling them to the point that they were *almost*—but not quite—converted. Deep enough that they had come to relish her kind of... cruelty.

Perhaps, he thought, heart racing, this was why Lady Alice had hired him. Perhaps she *did* suspect, and she'd hoped a country native like him would be able to spot the warning signs.

He didn't like to think that the Marquise would take advantage of him like that. But, he thought with a pout, maybe she'd had no choice. She was only one woman, after all. How frightened the poor lady had to be, with her own staff converted behind her back into wicked, feral, bloodthirsty—

“... so happy I could spare the time.”

His ears pricked up. That voice was familiar.

As a faun, Sana of course had excellent hearing. His ears were highly sensitive, and in this echoey castle, conversations carried far.

He retrieved his hands and shook them as dry as he could, then clacked slowly, as quietly as was possible, towards the door. The echoing did make it more than a little difficult to sneak with those ‘cute little hooves’ of his.

“It’s so rare these days,” the voice went on, “that I have the chance to meet with my staff... without our little *Miss Charity* to chaperone.”

Sana’s heart started to hammer in his chest. That was Lady Alice’s voice. He hadn’t heard it enough to be sure at first, but that sweet, breathy voice, the sultry sigh that seemed to fill any space it was given...

“Oh, we have missed you *so* terribly, Mistress.” Ella’s normally mockingly-sweet voice was currently as adoring and pure as a pink lace-wrapped valentine wisp. “Were your travels, um... fully to your satisfaction?”

Sana crouched down next to the door. It had been left slightly ajar—he hadn’t had the hands free to close it when he’d brought these dishes down, and of course none of the maids were helping him with it—so he was able to peer through a crack into the hallway beyond.

He heard Lady Alice’s lovely laugh, and a shiver passed through him. He could just barely see her—a tall, graceful silhouette cast strikingly against the starlight. Even that vague shape made his heart flutter. “Oh, very much so, my sweet Ella.”

“Oh.” Ella sounded almost disappointed.

Sana could see Ella much more clearly, since she was facing him. The stars illuminated the left half of her face with a twilight glow. Her hands were clasped behind her back, her posture prim and poised, the perfect picture of an obedient, dutiful servant.

He glared. Ella was the cruelest of the four by a longshot. If Lady Alice only knew how wicked she could be—or, well, how wicked Miss Charity had made her—

Sana took a deep breath. He grasped the doorknob, rallying his courage. Miss Charity was nowhere to be seen; this was his chance!

“But...” Lady Alice’s hand slipped forward and touched under Ella’s chin. Ella’s lips parted in a silent gasp. “... not so satisfying, my *sweet* girl, that I wouldn’t still want a taste~”

Sana froze.

“M-Mistress,” Ella whimpered. “I... you *did* feed off me just a few weeks ago, and I thought... you might prefer...”

“Oh? *I* might prefer?”

Ella’s eyes widened.

Lady Alice’s posture subtly shifted. She lowered down a little, muscles visibly tensing as if bracing to pounce. Her hand lifted Ella’s chin a little higher; Ella’s whimper was barely audible. “*Might* I indeed~?” Lady Alice’s eyes lit the silhouette of her face in a crimson glow. In the light of her eyes, Sana could only just make out those plush violet-painted lips as they curved into...

... it was shaped like a smile. But it wasn’t the way a human smiled.

Sana didn’t know how else to think of it. He wasn’t sure what it was that made it wrong. That just wasn’t a proper smile.

And Sana saw a different kind of strange expression overtaking Ella’s perfect, pretty face. Her lashes fluttered. He saw fear in her eyes, but also... anticipation? She was biting her lip, clutching tightly at her hands behind her back as Lady Alice’s fingertips trailed down the side of her neck.

“I... I didn’t mean...” Those eyes were starting to go blank. Ella’s lips stayed parted as her head slowly tipped back, obediently revealing herself for Lady Alice’s long, scratching nails.

Those nails slipped under her butterfly pendant choker and pulled slightly. Ella cried softly as the choker briefly restricted her bloodflow, but even her cry sounded distant, like her body was making sounds without her mind’s knowing.

Sana couldn’t see her pupils anymore. They were just a beautiful, gleaming red, a beautiful reflection of Lady Alice’s hypnotic, swirling crimson gaze.

They were so beautiful.

The choker snapped away and... Sana couldn't be sure what he was seeing. It looked almost as though the choker had just dissolved into smoke, but she still seemed to be wearing the pendant.

No, wait. It was a tattoo of the pendant, but perfectly lifelike. The little butterfly had seemingly dissolved into paint.

"You didn't mean," Lady Alice purred, her velvety voice pouring out like vapor, and Sana watched Ella tipping from side to side to match Alice's serpentine sways, "to tell me what I *want*, did you, precious pet~?"

Her nails drew little circles against the crook of Ella's neck. Ella keened softly. "N-No... Mistress." Her voice was almost too faint to make out. A dazed smile was spreading across her face. "Please..."

"Please what?" Lady Alice was smiling down at her, and it suddenly hit Sana that he had surely never seen her laugh, could never have seen her speak, because the pair's glowing eyes and the bright stars were illuminating something he'd never noticed before about her open mouth, something he *would* have noticed if he'd seen her open her mouth for more than a moment.

The lovely Marquise had some very, very sharp teeth.

"Please, Mistress," Ella moaned, "f-feed on me! Drink me, Mistress!"

"Drink you?" Lady Alice leaned in close. Sana couldn't see her eyes anymore, but he could see Ella's reflections of them. Those eyes were hungry. "Such a silly little maid! Didn't I drink from you last time? It can be dangerous, you know. You don't want me to feed again so soon, do you?"

"A-Again!" Ella squirmed, practically rubbing against her Mistress. "More! U-Use me, please, Mistress!"

"My goodness!" Lady Alice laughed softly. "So greedy! Don't you want to give someone else a turn?"

Ella giggled dreamily. She reached up and brushed her hair away, though it was cut to barely protect her neck to begin with. "Please! Please, please, please—"

Sana's chest weighed heavy against the effort of breathing. He was captivated, lost in the look of hopeless, devastated need in Ella's eyes. Lost in the light her eyes reflected.

Rapt in the sight of a maid being... ravished.

He needed to act. Needed to move. He felt desperation pounding wildly in his chest, felt his legs flexing with the certainty that he had to—to interfere, or to run, or to snap Ella out of it, or to bolt for the exit—to do *anything*, anything but *nothing*—

But he wasn't moving. He was doing nothing.

He was barely breathing.

Sana wasn't sure what was wrong. His mind felt floaty, adrift, as he stared helplessly into Ella's hypnotized red eyes and watched Ella squirm.

He looked at Ella's stupid, adoring smile. He'd never seen anyone look so happy before. So filled with love. So eager to let someone use them.

Something burned in his chest, and it wasn't fear. Sana's mind made slow, lopsided twirls as he studied her parted pink lips. She was panting, but still seemed to be trying to mouth those pleas. He caught a glimpse of Lady Alice's own plump lips reflected in the window, and his own neck tingled.

Ameli had told him they'd thrown his scarf into a fireplace.

What was it he felt? Not fear. Did he feel protectiveness? Righteous anger?

Shame?

He couldn't think straight. He watched Lady Alice's lips nearing Ella's slender neck, and he realized the choker had been concealing an unmistakeable bite mark.....

"My, my!" purred a voice in his ear, and Sana barely held in a panicked cry. "What have we *heeere~*"

Sana's hand on the doorknob twitched. His breathing returned, fast and shallow. No. No, no, *no, not now*—

Esma's hand gently encircled his, her fingers interlacing with his fingers. She pulled it away from the doorknob. "Is someone enjoying the show~?"

Sana shook his head minutely. "Don't," he breathed. Esma was the calmest of the four, she usually left him alone, maybe she would...

"Aww~!" The soft, breathless coo of Ameli in his other ear immediately shattered any faint hope he'd had. "Naughty *giiiirl~*"

Sana still felt dazed. He also felt his tail threatening to twitch. He forced himself to slow his breathing. *Not. Now.* “I’m not...”

“Shhh. Careful, now.” Esma’s cool finger touched his lips, and he shuddered. His lips had felt very sensitive lately. “She has wonderful hearing, our sweet Lady.”

“And you’re right by the crack in the door,” Ameli sang softly. She kissed his cheek. “She’ll hear *aaanything* you say right now.”

From beyond, Ella’s soft, pathetic cry jolted Sana a little out of his panic. He looked back, and his heart stopped.

Lady Alice’s teeth had sunk into Ella’s soft, exposed neck. The maid had gone as limp as a doll in her arms. Ella’s breathing was visibly labored, lips quivering with periodic little gasps and moans.

Her eyes still reflected those bright, shimmering pools of red.

“Ella’s her favorite, you know.” Ameli’s hand encircled his waist, keeping him from standing up straight. She crouched down and pressed against his side, and he felt her breasts almost squishing against his face. “Mistress drains her almost every time she comes by.”

“It’s because Ella’s such a brat,” Esma murmured. She stroked under Sana’s chin. “She always needs to be put back in her place.”

Sana watched Ella’s body quake as she clung desperately to her Mistress. She was drooling now, tongue lolling. Her eyes had half-crossed with unmistakeable pleasure.

“Although she’s been losing that edge lately,” Ameli added with a tiny giggle. “So many drains! Even bitchy little Ella couldn’t handle *that* many special sessions with Mistress. Maybe one of us will take her place soon.” She kissed Sana on the cheek again, soft and wet. “Maybe a pretty, blushy little maidslut who can’t help but stare~?”

“I...” Sana meant shake his head, but he wasn’t sure if his head was... moving. The world moved around him. Ella’s body was pressed fully against Lady Alice now, and she was practically grinding. Her moans had formed a soft rhythm to match the rough ministrations of Lady Alice’s hunger.

“I have to admit...” Esma’s hand cupped Sana’s cheek. “I’ve never seen a new recruit get hypnotized just by proxy like this.”

“Yeah!” Ameli planted several more kisses against Sana’s cheek. He trembled, tail tingling with eagerness. *Calm down. Calm. Calm...* “You’re even sluttier than I was when I got here~!”

“Mnn.” Sana managed to shake his head this time. The motion made him feel dizzy. He watched Ella’s body writhing in place, and realized she was having an orgasm.

She looked so perfectly, mind-moltenly happy.

“There’s nothing more wonderful than being fed on by Her Ladyship,” Esma whispered, stroking his hair. Sana trembled as her fingers gently scritch behind an ear. “The pleasure is positively… well, you’ll see~”

“Probably sooner rather than later.” Ameli pulled him into another wet kiss on the cheek, her fingers hooking under the collar of his dress. “If you’re this much of a blushy little cutie little *hypnoloser*~”

Ella’s glistening pink lips mouthing words, frantically outlining the cries and squeals smothered by the fangs sunk into her neck. Ella’s hand twitching on the Mistress’s shoulder, as if needing to tap out but knowing she couldn’t, she wasn’t allowed, because she was the Mistress’s to feed on, the Mistress’s to use—

Ella’s eyes, weak and frantic and shining with love. A good girl. Such a good, happy girl.

Sana blinked slowly, then rapidly. Wait. No.

He forced his gaze away from the vampiress and her prey and onto the floor tiles, struggling to clear his head. Oh, gods, he was letting them get away with so much. He needed to get clear of this, get out of here, before these cute, adorable, lovely maids had him fully…

Ring~

“Aww, her tail’s started wagging!” Ameli reached down and patted his ass, nearly making him squeak. “What an easy, dummy girl. *Waaay* dumber than I was, right, Esma? I mean, she’s total drainbait.”

He licked his lips. Fully… fully trapped. Trapped and dumb and drunk on kisses, unable to escape, because… he needed to escape! Right, yes! He had to escape, before they could…

Ring~

“We’ll have to see,” Esma whispered. She squeezed his hand tenderly, and he blushed. “But she’s definitely making quite a first impression on us~”

His thoughts spun and danced about him. Darn it, the maids’ teasing had totally scattered his chain of thoughts! He had to… to do something. Something so they wouldn’t could keep teasing him. So they couldn’t make him into their broken little hypnoloser. That would be bad. Really bad. Bad because… because…

... right, because they'd make him give himself away! He nodded dizzily to himself. They'd have him squealing out loud and begging to be a *good girl*, and Mistress would hear, and she'd... she'd... oh, gods...

Ring, ring~

Sana swayed in place. He pouted needily up at Ameli and Esma, trying to remember what he'd been thinking about. He was starting to feel all stupid and spacy again, which made him blush even hotter. Every time this happened, he knew he was proving Miss Charity right—he was getting all dumb and brainless just because there were two pretty girls making his cock hard, just like she'd said, and it was utterly, unbearably...

Ring~

His eyelids fluttered. The dreamy floatiness was totally taking over now. He *would* be easy prey right now.

But as long as he at least stayed away from Ella's pretty hypno-eyes, he would be okay. Right?

He could look at Ameli and Esma instead. They were so cute. So pretty. And they were smiling at him, too—nice, big, dazzling smiles. It was good when they smiled, right?

Although sometimes their smiles seemed almost kind of... mean...

"Go back to staring at them, dumdums." Ameli patted him on the head. "You were having so much fun being a cute little pervert girl before we got here!"

He blinked. "I... was?"

"Uh-huh~" Ameli's eyes gleamed. "You *love* staring. Remember?"

Ring~

"O-Oh." Sana looked back through the crack in the door before he could remember why he'd stopped. Ella's legs had shot up to lock around Lady Alice's waist, and she was fully cradled in her Mistress's arms now. Fully possessed. Mewling desperately. He... loved staring? No, but he'd...

Ring~

"Careful." Esma's voice dripped with amusement. "If that little tail of yours gets too loud..."

“Uh...” Sana’s thoughts moved slowly, but he remembered just in time that he was supposed to be quiet. Stay nice and quiet while these two pretty maids kept teasing him.

His cheeks burned as Miss Charity’s words drifted back to him.

“Boys are just weak, and silly, and brainless~”

He shook his head weakly as he ogled the unspeakably lewd scene before him.

He’d never seen a feeding before. He’d always imagined it had to be something awful, a horrifying display of ravenous hunger as the feral dead claimed one of the living.

He’d never imagined it being something so indecent. He’d never imagined a victim shaking and shuddering in bliss, never imagined those squeals and moans of brainless, addicted, devoted delight, never imagined that the vampire’s captivating, merciless, objectifying embrace could look so tender...

Ring-ring~

He panted softly, then squirmed as Ameli’s cool hand crept under his dress. Ella looked so, so happy. Was it really a bad thing if she got to feel so good?

The Lady’s lips broke away from Ella’s neck with a sloppy, indulgent smack of her lips, eliciting one last pathetic cry of pleasure from the maid. Lady Alice slowly licked the wound clean. Ella wasn’t bleeding as much as he’d expected, but she looked like she was about to faint.

And she had the biggest, stupid smile on her pretty face as she happily grinded away, still clutched in the vampiress’s arms.

The Lady’s hand settled on the back of Ella’s hair and shoved Ella facefirst into her tits. At the same time, Amelie’s hand settled over Sana’s nonexistent chest.

“So small!” she sang in his ear, and he gasped as she gave his nipple a little pinch. “We’ll have to fix that~”

Ring~

He whimpered confusedly. Fix?

“See how weak boys get?” Miss Charity’s voice echoed.

He bucked. The two maids pressed in close, and Ameli turned his head to face her. Her lips were glistening.

Ring~

“Your cock makes you easy prey~”

He drooled. It all felt so... good...

Ameli's eyes shone as she pulled him in for a wet, sloppy kiss. Sana felt his mind go limp with dumb, stupid, spacy bliss.

And as usual, he found himself letting the maids get away with everything they wanted with him.

* * *

A week had passed.

At least, Sana was pretty sure it had been a week. Time was a little fuzzy.

At the moment, the other maids were busy with work on the other side of the castle, so he had taken the opportunity to duck into the changing room, because he was leaking again.

He'd almost moaned aloud earlier when Ella had grabbed his hand. This was getting bad.

The maids hadn't even been teasing him too badly today. Just a few smirks, a few hand-holds, a few sly remarks. But they seemed to relish flustering him until his tail started wagging—especially Ameli—and his bell singing its pretty song always seemed to lead to him getting surrounded. And every time he stared into their pretty red eyes, or found himself ogling their pretty breasts...

He'd taken the precaution of tying a few items of silverware to the inside doorknob today. Just in case. The maids were in a whole other wing of the castle, but he swore they could sense when he was weakest, and right now he felt very, very weak.

He was getting less and less sure of timeframes. The days seemed to flow seamlessly into one another. He stayed up later than the other maids so they wouldn't see him change into his night lingerie, and he got up earlier so they wouldn't see him change back into the uniform. He felt tired all the time.

The worst part was that it felt like whenever Sana tried to think too much about the humiliations, one of those silly dizzy spells would hit him with a wave of fog. His tail would start wagging, and he'd feel the dreaminess of the world around him deepen just a little more, and he'd be smiling stupidly by the time one of the maids found him.

So it was better not to think too much about it. Better to not think too much. It was easy to just cook and clean, and smile and nod, and curtsy when told. Whenever he started to get really embarrassed, he'd just get nice and dumb instead, and then he'd realize it didn't bother him that much after all.

At least it made the pretty girls smile. He felt heat rising in his chest at the thought.

"Gooood bullybait," Ella had cooed earlier, and she'd given his ass a light swat. *"Gosh, you really are just totally asking for it, huh~?"*

That incident was why he now needed to change his clothes.

He didn't mind the uniform as much lately, at least. He'd gotten used to having to squat carefully to pick things up, and the extra breathing room was kind of nice, aside from the cage. The dress even seemed to fit better lately, weird as that seemed.

Sana bit his lip, staring at himself in the vanity. Actually...

His breath caught.

Was it his imagination, or had his chest started... filling it out a bit more?

No. His heart fluttered. No, that had to be his imagination. That couldn't be cleavage, because—because he wasn't—

His tail flicked anxiously. Sweet jingling echoed in his ears.

The world went a little blurry. Dark, tingling waters licked at the corners of his mind, numbing the parts that didn't really matter.

Sana stared at himself in the mirror.

Then he smiled and gave a little half-twirl, so he could see the laces he needed to undo. The dress didn't make them easy to reach. It would be nice to get help with them, maybe!

Esma had been so sweet lately. Maybe she could...

No, but then she would... would see..

He clumsily undid the laces and let the dress and corset spill into his arms, then carefully set them on the chair beside him. He pulled down his knickers. Oh, gosh, they really *were* wet.

Ring, ring~

His eyelashes fluttered.

It was all gonna be okay, he told himself, smiling dizzily. Filling out the dress wasn't even so bad, really, since it would help him pass better! In fact, he looked kind of pretty like this.

His eyes drifted to his chest.

For a second, Sana didn't see himself, the blushing, stupid boy who was letting a group of pretty vampire girls have their way with him.

For a second, Sana just saw a cute dolled-up faun girl with a nice pair of A-cups to fill out her slutty maid outfit.

His dumb little cock gave a happy twitch.

He just needed to last a few months.

He couldn't just leave, after all. If he left early, he wouldn't get paid, and...

Ring~

And the Lady would be disappointed, he thought, pouting a little at his reflection. His cherry-red lips shone enticingly in the lamplight.

Sana realized what he was doing and shook himself. What mattered was the money.

He just had to hold out for three more months. He'd seen the contract. Even if he couldn't, well, read, he'd seen the Underworld black ink the Lady had used, and surely no one would dare use Miss Scratch's favorite color on a contract they didn't plan to honor. Three months was what she had said, so three months was what the contract had to say.

Three months working for the Lady. Then they'd have to pay him and release him, and then he could go wherever he pleased.

His eyes drifted down to his cage. His poor little cock looked so teased and desperate. If only he didn't have to wear *this* thing!

His hand drifted down and touched it, and he whimpered. His little cock was so unspeakably sensitive at this point, he could even feel the heat of his hand. The cold baths only did so much. He felt sure that if he could only stroke himself to one nice, long, shivering orgasm, maybe he'd stop spacing out, and maybe the maids' teasing wouldn't be getting to him so much, and maybe he could...

A jingling clatter rang out from behind him, and Sana's thoughts swirled.

He watched his reflection's face transform. His lovely lips crept into a dumb, lazy smile. His eyes went misty. He looked so pretty like this. Making himself cum would feel so... nice...

... maybe he could even get some help?... Ameli always gave him so much attention, maybe he could trust her to...

Then he realized the jingle hadn't been from the bell on his tail.

It had been from the two spoons and a fork tied awkwardly to the doorknob.

His heart slammed into his chest hard enough to hurt.

"Wait!" He spun around, thoughts scattering at the sudden vertigo. *Ring~!* "I'm—I'm actually—"

The door was already open. Ameli and Ella had just stepped inside, with Jasmine and Ella following behind.

But the second he'd turned around, all four had frozen in place.

For a moment, Sana wasn't sure why. They looked genuinely startled, their pretty red lips parted in surprise. He smiled shyly, unsure what they were staring at.

He followed their gazes, and his own lips parted. Oh.

Right.

Stupid.

Sana's knickers were still down to his ankles. Revealed to all of them, plain to see, was...

"Wait," Ella breathed. The maid-thrall took a step forward, the red embers of her eyes flaring into twin fires. "Oh. My. *Gods*. Is that... is that...?"

"... a *cage*?" Ameli cooed.

Sana trembled. His mind scrambled for answers, excuses, escapes, but all he could hear was the *ring, ring, ring* of his frantically wagging tail. "I—It's not—um—" *Ring-ring-ring~!* He blushed, thoughts scattering, babbling just to keep filling the silence because he couldn't remember what he was saying—"—buh, um, so, it's because I'm... I'm, uh..."

“Because you’re a...?” Jasmine entered the room with a smile, her eyes gleaming as they met his.

Ring-ring-ring~ So much pretty jingling, his tail was wagging so fast...

Sana stared into her eyes. Then his gaze sank stupidly to her tits as he realized she’d been midway through unlacing her apron. “Yeah, um... ‘cause I’m... uh...”

“You’re a~?”

Sana smiled dizzily. What had he been about to say? There was something he was supposed to say, or supposed to not say... gosh, Jasmine had such nice, big, pretty tits... “Miss Charity said, since I’m a...” Doubt clung to his words like sticky burrs, but he watched Jasmine’s tits jiggling, his cock throbbed, he needed to keep talking...

“... boy...”

A beat passed.

The vague, clinging doubt suddenly surged into pure panic. *Wait.*

The four maids stared at him with four identical looks of amazement.

And then four identical sadistic smiles spread across those sweet, angelic faces, and their eyes began to glow.

His tail flicked.

TO BE CONTINUED...