

Jakal's Odd Jobs: House Sitting

Jak was tired.

He lived in a modern yet magical world, one where people could temporarily alter reality, bend physics, ride brooms, the whole urban-fantasy-nine-yards. With the right talents, connections, and education, dreams and nightmares could be realized, ailments cured, curses placed and lifted— and still, he was tired.

But, money was tight, so he pushed forward. Job after job turned into humiliation after humiliation every time he stepped outside. He'd like nothing better than to just stay in his apartment, edit a video, and keep to himself while the chaos of magic and technology mixed far from his presence. Though, there were several problems with this desire:

One, videography, editing, and photography were all very competitive in this city. He had edited some poor comedy skits, some advertisements and run around for a news agency— but once that work was done, regardless of the quality of his work, it was common not to hear back from them for ages. It wasn't at all sustainable.

Two, he wasn't the only one in his apartment. He had a roommate, and one that was tired of picking up the slack when it came to his rent. Jak had met Jen in college, and they were fast friends and easy roommates, but only easy when both were contributing their fair share. While his credit cards may have been maxed out, hers were getting awfully close. She was patient, but wasn't going to let her living situation, or her credit, be affected by Jak's problems.

And three, Jen was one of those select individuals who had the talent, connections, and education to use magic. She wasn't the strongest of those witches, wizards, and warlocks out there, but she practiced and demonstrated to a (at first) fairly entertained Jak— and *demonstrated* on Jak when she was feeling spiteful or mischievous. So even if Jak avoided going out to get work to avoid the chaos that resulted from him just stepping outside, he'd find plenty of chaotic magic in the wrath of his soon-to-be-broke roommate.

All of these combined meant that he had to take on odd jobs around the city and rural areas beyond to make sure he could pay his part of the rent and bills this month— or Jen would make him *earn* his keep, somehow.

"House sitting." Jen said, bursting into Jak's room without a knock. Jak didn't flinch, he was used to it.

"Huh?" He asked, glancing away from his computer. He was tidying up his editing-reel for his portfolio again. Jen marched over and snatched his phone off his desk.

"Hey—" He feebly made attempt to snatch the phone back but groaned and laid back in his chair as she magicked her face to look like his and get past face ID. Once she was in, he

didn't really notice the small spark of purple magic that transferred from her finger to the device. He rubbed his eyes and swiveled in her direction as she downloaded a new app to his phone. Jak was annoyed, but not too concerned. He had the phone's controls to his... other problem under a password.

"House sitting— they leave in an hour, we need to pick up the keys." Jen's voice said from Jak's mouth. He winced at the sight as it morphed back to Jen's face. "Got you another job— friend is going out of town. There's this new house-sitting app that should give you the directions." She said, tapping a few more times on the screen before tossing the phone back to him, the impact of the phone to his hand hiding the brief spark of purple that absorbed into him.

"House sitting?" He asked sort of incredulously before a slight smile formed, and Jen smiled back.

"Yeah, I figured you'd like that. It's an over-the-weekend kind of thing. Just water the plants, dust some shelves— not much of anything for the nanites to latch on to."

See, Jak had another problem, and it was the real reason he didn't like going outside much these days, and kept stumbling into humiliation was because of a faulty batch of nanites that had, quite literally, fallen into his possession a few years back. The best he and a few tech experts could tell, they were extra-terrestrial, and impossible to remove.

They weren't malicious in nature, they were trying to help. Hacking into their hive network you can see they are meant to be medical tools— analyzing the patient and determining what that patient needs to be in peak, healthy form. They could modify gear and clothing to fit better in an environment— more layers for the cold, heat shielding during extreme heat. Unfortunately they had no idea what human biology was, had become damaged on impact with the earth, and the first human scanned was a woman. It was logged in its database that *that* was a healthy human specimen. It figured males were a completely different species.

Upon bonding with Jak by mistake, the nanites then learned more about human physiology and fashion from a few of Jens... *select* magazines and Jak's late night browser history. It determined that Jak was deformed, and "fixed" the problem. That was quite a shock.

And while that awakened something in Jen and gave her a slew of new ideas, it became a nightmare for Jak to go anywhere or do anything without the nanites changing, enhancing, or "helping."

A few years had passed, and while he had gotten the nanites under control thanks to a fantastic tech-squad in the form of a programming app on Jak's phone, they still malfunctioned from time to time, trying to fix Jak's "deformities" and enhancing or adapting his physiology and clothing to blend in or help with the task at hand.

So far he had been a life-guard, and personal trainer, a maternity store cashier (this was

a plot by Jen), a barista, a dairy farm hand, cosplayer/streamer (hypnotized by Jen), and a babysitter. Each of those had resulted in the nanites finding some for him to become some buxom, often leaking, woman. Sometimes it was even by design, as Jen agreed with the nanites and felt he could make far more with a massive rack than as just an average guy.

But this time, he couldn't see the angle. She was right, house sitting sounded pretty mundane. Water some plants, feed the fish, relax and watch some TV— Easy.

"How much is it paying?" Jak asked as he tried opening the app. He clicked it and it refused to open, just sending him to his GPS app with the address of the house put in.

"It pays— the app is just a receiver, your profile is on the website—" She said, noticing him struggling to open the app ("Profile?" Jak mumbled curiously, clicking the little box again.) "— It pays 2k." He nearly dropped his phone.

"Two thousand dollars??" He asked. "To watch a house over the weekend?" That was enough to cover rent and all his bills for the month. Jen nodded, and shrugged.

"Some pretty wealthy people use the app— it's probably a big house with a bunch of important stuff in it." Jen said with a slight smile tugging at her lips. There was a mischievous glint to her eye, but Jak was too distracted to notice as he opened the map app on his phone, and looked at the location.

"Wow, yeah that's definitely the rich part of town." He whistled, and looked at the distance.

"Could you, uh, drive me?" He asked sheepishly, and Jen raised a brow.

"What's wrong with your car?"

"Battery is totally dead."

"Still?" She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, fine, but I'm finding you another house to take care of so you can get a new battery, okay?"

"Done. And send me a link to the website where I can view the profiles— I can pick the next house." Jak said, standing up as Jen tapped the screen of her own phone a few times.

"Already done. You'll be checking in on a house Monday morning." She said, pocketing her phone as Jak did a double take while packing up a small bag.

"I thought you said you can only view the profiles on the desktop site?"

"Did I?"

“Yeah...” Jak said, narrowing his eyes. He’d been set up purposefully to femininely fail by Jen before. She liked having a lady as a roommate, and seemed to get a kick out of Jak’s predicament. After hypnotizing him into being an e-girl, she promised she’d make it up to him—but Jak was still pretty salty about it.

“I just meant the website. I’ll send you a link later, it’s long and I already closed the page.” She said quickly, sheepishly glancing at Jak as she sped out of the room, but stopped at the door. “Oh, come on— house sitter is like the least sexy thing I could set you up as. They pay a lot and I don’t want to be late on rent— again.” Now it was Jak’s turn to be sheepish. Last month they had incurred a late fee (which he still owed Jen) and it wasn’t the first time.

“Okay okay fine, that makes sense.” He said, quickly checking his phone’s nanite control app, turning away as Jen had peered over to try and get a good look while he put in his password. Nanites were in a neutral state— Jak had often suspected Jen had some other way of accessing his nanites. They had been hacked before, and while he could never prove it was Jen he had a strong suspicion.

“Alright, let’s go.”

It wasn’t a terribly long drive from their small apartment to the luxurious house Jak would be watching over for the weekend. Large, but not quite a mansion, and placed in a fairly nice suburban neighborhood.

Jak got out of the car.

“So I’m just grabbing the keys— do I need to show them ID, or something?” He asked, and Jen grinned.

“Just go up and ring the door-bell. You won’t need ID, they’ll recognize you from your profile.”

“Ugh, I hope you didn’t use a dumb picture for that. You’ve gotta stop making dummy profiles for me—”

“Awe, but they’re fun!” She said as Jak waved her off and started walking up the driveway. “And I’ll stop making them when you start paying rent on time!”

Jak stopped, and sheepishly shrugged.

“Fair enough!”

He continued and reached the door. He stopped, looked up at the house, and sighed in relief. "House-sitting... sounds like a nanite-free job." He pressed the door-bell.

BZZZZZZZZZ

"Ow!" He pulled his finger back. Something had shocked him! His finger was still buzzing, though it had shifted from pain to a pins and needles sensation that was starting to spread up his hand. He pulled out his phone as a notification rang out, and grunted.

"What?" Looking down, he saw a banner from his nanite control app:

Sound frequency matched. Syncing with "Maid To Order" Order number 000001 via programming sequence Jen5H4H4\$\$.

He went to open his phone with his face-ID, but it wouldn't recognize him. Looking in the reflection of his phone, he gasped as he realized why. The pins and needles had, at this point, spread over his entire body, and his face had already changed. His eyes looked as though they were slightly larger, eyebrows thinner, lips fuller and pouting out, and with makeup already applied. He could see his face still shifting, becoming rounder and smaller. Looking down, the rest of his body hadn't quite changed, though thanks to a lowering neckline he could see his chest was already smooth.

He quickly looked back at his phone, trying to type in his password but was caught off guard seeing a white glove covering his entire arm already. He gasped and stumbled with the phone, dropping it— though just as it was about to hit the ground, the hem of his shirt quickly and dramatically exploded out to form a puffy, frilled, multi-tiered black and white skirt with an apron that hid the phone as it clacked to the ground. Jak started to reach down, but quickly straightened up as he heard his pants rip and gasped as he felt his rear bloat outwards. He reached back and clutched his bare cheeks— barely covered by the skirt. Fairly large but standard for his fem form. He could feel silk panties caressing his stiffening member, before a sudden shift and a quick squeak from Jak and the silk was now caressing a feminine mound.

He suddenly slid forward, trying to keep balance as for a moment it was as though he was on ice. He tried to ignore the slightest extra bounce in his chest as he kicked his foot forward, confirming he was now wearing black heels, though with a fairly conservative lift. His jeans had already thinned and become white stockings.

What he was trying to ignore was now front and center as he let out a small whimper from the overwhelming sensations radiating from his chest. His nipples had already puffed up while his skirt came into existence, two mounds on his chest slowly inflating and now gaining speed as two pale, milky globes stretched out his top as it too changed, becoming a black, tight, top with white frills lining the low neckline with a nice little bow at the center. The sleeves of his former-t-shirt puffed out, gaining the same white frills at the end as a strip of fabric from the

neckline of his shirt that had broken off and slithered to the top of his head. It broke down and wove itself back into a maid's cap while Jak's hair grew and puffed out.

The changes seemed to end just in time as the door to the house opened. On the other side was a man about three to four inches shorter than Jak's 5'10, with glasses and mousy brown hair. He looked shocked, and then extremely pleased.

"Oh! Hello! Right on time!" He said as Jak tried to see where his phone went. Even if he could see past the small melons now jutting from his chest, the skirt obstructed a small radius around his legs.

Jak wanted to turn around as he heard Jen's tires screech, her car zipping down the road as she laughed, but he couldn't seem to look away from the shorter man in front of him. And the man couldn't seem able to look away from Jak's swollen bust. There was a silence between them as he stared, and Jak felt as though he was waiting for the man to do... something. For some reason.

'Why can't I..?'

"So... you're my maid, eh?" The man asked, finally looking at his face as Jak perked up. His eyes would still dart down as they spoke.

'Maid? No, there's been a mistake.' Is what he wanted to say, but as his face twisted into confusion, instead his voice rang out: "Oui, monsieur." Damn it, Jen! This wasn't just nanite bullshit, this was magic bullshit as well. That explained his inability to turn around, waiting to receive instructions, the dialogue filter. The nanites couldn't do *any* of that. How far did it go? The man grinned and brought out his phone.

"Oh, fantastic! Is the accent real or are you just pretending?" He asked with glee. A spark of annoyance twitched Jak's eye. Even if the accent was real, and he really was French, that was pretty rude to ask.

"I cannot speak without eet, monsieur." He said. It was a ridiculous accent— played up and fake sounding. Something you'd hear in a movie or a bad porno. Jak wondered if that was on purpose or if Jen was just bad at speech-based spells.

"Wonderful. Come in, come in!" He said, and upon hearing it Jak felt compelled to move forward into the house, strutting past the man. He winced as he felt his body bounce, his skirt moving up and down with each step as he left his phone behind on the porch. His body continued to jiggle as he came to a stop, and he considered the implications of the spell on him. It seemed he was compelled to follow this man's instructions, perhaps? The way he walked felt unnatural, perhaps he had to behave like a perfect maid? "The app still allows me to make changes, correct? Don't get me wrong, you're beautiful, but I'd be interested in adding certain..."

adjustments throughout the weekend. If that's okay!" He asked, looking Jak up and down as Jak's face went red.

"Monsieur, may I see ze app?" Jak asked, holding his gloved hand out, and the man nodded, handing the phone over. Jak's eyes frantically scanned the page of the open app. "Maid to Order" it said at the top of the page in cursive. He internally cursed. That was what the nanite app had said. Whatever Jen had done, she had created some sort of sub-routine with the nanites that linked it to this app, and whatever magic she had integrated as well. This invasive link was probably going to cause even more glitches down the line.

"It's a weird app you have there." The man said. "I don't know why you needed a recording of my doorbell, but I'm just glad you're here!"

The page itself was a profile, like Jen had mentioned, but it had a picture of Jak's fem form, and several drop down and description boxes on the page for clothing, measurements, hair— In the top corner he could see a profile icon that said "Phil."

His eyes widened as he saw a "revert" button next to his profile. He went to press it, but found his dainty gloved finger stop, hovering above the screen. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't press it. His fingers hovered over the other settings, and again he couldn't touch it. He pouted.

"Oui, monsieur Phil. You may do with me whatever you desire." Jak said before even realizing he started speaking, forgetting that he had been asked a question as he handed the phone back and melted into a sensual pose, thrusting his chest out. His eyebrows knit together and his face became even redder— how'd that happen? Phil started gleefully playing with the options on the screen.

Jak let out a soft moan as his bosom swelled out further, his rear pushed out, and his hair lengthened and shaped itself into a bun. His skirt started to dissolve as his already tiny maid uniform rearranged itself into what was almost a naked-apron version of the getup— the back completely disappearing and exposing his overly large rump and what he could feel had morphed into a thong. His leggings and gloves stayed the same, but his heels lengthened, arching his feet further and forcing him to jut his ass out even more as he stood.

"Very good, maid, you can get started!" He said happily, not even trying to hide how he ogled. This was a service he paid for, after all, why should he pretend he wasn't staring?

"Oui, monsieur." Jak said, and teetered away into the house, hands floating daintily at his side and feather duster at the ready. This new uniform was far worse, and if the former one could be considered supportive of his chest at all, this new one wasn't designed for that in the slightest. His newly enhanced chest bounced more than ever with each step. He constantly had to adjust the straps as he walked and started to clean as his chest threatened to spill out with

every movement while he did ridiculous and impractical pinup poses to go with each act of cleaning.

“Oh, no need to stop to adjust!” Phil said, noticing Jak struggling as he stopped cleaning to adjust the apron multiple times. “I sorta chose something impractical on purpose. If something slips... well, you can just fix it after you finish the room. If that’s okay, of course!” He added quickly to the end. Jak supposed that for Phil this all seemed too good to be true, but then again he wasn’t sure what kind of service Jen had promised, or what Phil was expecting after paying so much.

“Oui, monsieur, of course.”

“And make sure to dust the lower shelf of the coffee table! The usual cleaners always miss it.” Phil said excitedly.

“Oui, monsieur, eet eez mon pleasure.” Jak said, sticking his ass up unnecessarily high as he bent down to dust a coffee table while Phil took a seat and turned on the TV. It wasn’t long before one of his tits popped out. He went to put it back in, but found his hand caress his breast instead, a small gasp escaping as he continued to work, unable to cover himself until his task was done. It wasn’t too long before the other tit joined its twin, and Jak’s face felt increasingly hot as he continued to clean around the room.

Whatever spell was on him, it made sure that he always took the most sexy path to cleaning, even if it was the least practical. For example, to clean the side table next to Phil’s chair, Jak had reached across Phil to dust it off, shoving his bare chest into Phil’s face. Or when he had pulled out a vacuum, he would go over to where Phil was sitting and push the vacuum as far as he could forward without moving his legs rather than walking with it, bending over dramatically and thrusting his ass into Phil’s space. It was practically a lap dance.

He could tell he was finally done with the room as he was able to reach up and pulled his top over his bare tits. Phil got up, and swatted Jak’s behind in celebration.

“Eep!” Jak said, standing up straight.

“You’re profile said you liked that?” Phil said cautiously.

“*Oui, monsieur.*” He said in a tone that was far more lewd than expected.

“Good! You can move on to the kitchen. And when you’re done with the first floor, then maybe... The bedroom?” He said with a wink as he walked back to the living room.

“Oui, monsieur.” Jak said again as he strut over to the kitchen, wobbling tits already threatening to burst free once more. Jak as he got on the floor and started scrubbing, arching his back in a dramatic way.

He wondered if Jen had put a limiter on what he had to say “oui, monsieur” to. He dreaded having the chance to find out, and then realized with a groan (that sounded suspiciously like a moan) that he had another appointment on Monday to look forward to.