

The Maid

Her shoes were scuffed, their gray ends covered in black streaks that needed cleaning. She sighed, and walked on, a possibility at success and finding herself within the limits of a single decision. Cassette sighed again, closing her eyes and listening as the bus came to a stop, the doors opening in front of her. She wanted this. She needed this. She was going to do this.

The coins slid into the slot with the change clinking on its way down. A solid nod shared to the driver, with one nod given back in return. The human took her seat and waited, holding one of the bars as the vehicle rolled on forward.

Another sigh. It's like she perpetually made them with every breath taken and given. Cassette had never been the most confident of individuals, or outgoing. There was never really a moment in which the phenomenon happened, the one she considered special about herself. Alters, personalities, people within, whatever term one might use. She had them, they were her, they were others, it was a system of confusion to those who didn't understand, but the right place for her. Her friends, family, they would all mention the voice that talks in their heads, the one that helps them think, the one that helps everything just make more sense.

To Cassette, she was no different. It was just that hers had more to them. *More* personalities. A design she could easily think about. To her, the idea of not personifying that voice, to not give it a style, a personhood, a body, was almost a crime.

Though, it wasn't wrong for people to not go to that extent either. For some, that voice was just another part of their own form, and Cassette thought it the same way. It's just that hers were more stylish!

The first normally spoke her mind faster than the others. *Raina*. Cute, upbeat, she was everything that Cassette wanted to be in a more outward sense. An anthropomorphic calico with short, orange hair, and a wickedly positive smile. Always there when the host, also known as Cassette, was sad or just down in energy. "Aw, come on girl! It won't be that bad!"

True. But jobs had always scared her. That's why to others it could seem dramatic although not to Cassette. It was conformity mixed with chaos. A strict schedule where anything could go. It was not the same thing day in, day out. Sometimes one shift's responsibilities would be completely different from the next. And here she was, getting taken to some place to be a simple maid. Was there a sense of progression in the role of a cleaner? 401k? It was a job. A temporary career choice, one that would most likely be abandoned within the first month.

Just like the rest, Cassette told herself.

Two snow leopards jumped out, joining Raina in the mental realms deep within. *Amber* and *Ember*, constantly rhyming and full of joy. When sadness arrives, the twins come out from their archives to fill the air with glee. The former with orange hair a bit lighter than the calico's, while their identical sibling had a similar style yet crimson and dark.

Always, always Amber spoke first, and Ember in turn. "Cassette? It'll be okay. People don't always get what they want initially."

"Very true dearest Amber! It's okay to lose a little bit of dignity!"

"Because if you do good and make a lot of money you'll look and feel much better visibly!"

"And isn't this better than the service industry?"

That made the human laugh, covering her mouth as she closed her eyes once more. The next sigh wasn't the same one, just a bout of air being let loose. Cassette's gaze went to the window, seeing her own reflection stare back at her. Brown irises covered by green hoop-rimmed glasses. Light and smooth skin, with long brown hair

that traveled down her shoulders. Shoulders that were covered by a teal sweater, the holes like her head, arms, and the one leading down to her pants were extra fluffy emerald cuffs. Pants brown and drab, with gray-black shoes.

A serviceable outfit but it didn't matter. The career board online told Cassette that the interview would be replaced with a single day's worth of work. One day of paid work that would determine if she'd be right for the job.

"Think about it like this hon!" Raina said, popping in, "even if you don't get the job, it was still worth coming out here for the money you'll make!"

Cassette's lips pursed, her head dipping left, then right, almost in agreement.

Amber threw in their cent, "Money is nice!"

"Brings you to new heights!" And there was Ember.

"Gets you food!"

"Raises your mood!"

“Okay, okay everyone. I get it.” It was the first set of words she spoke all day. And if she was going to be working now, Cassette would need to say many more by the end of the day.

Speaking of ends, the bus came to a stop, the very cusp of the town’s outer limits were of a few shops on one side of the street, with fields of green on the other. A single dirt road that led to a tall structure seen in the distance. The building’s delicate features could even be noticed from here. It was out of place. Something like a French Chateau having planted itself on a rural/suburb divide of some small American town.

It had always been there. Hadn’t it? She had no memory of a time in which it... didn’t exist.

The brown path had tire tracks on its hard, cracked surface, the human skipping between each fractal, like lightning flashes on the dried mud. Her destination was quickly turning from a monument in the horizon to a foreboding mansion that stretched out in long lines, as if it was some kind of geometric octopus. Perhaps this place would have many maids, for her eyes went wide at the sight of it all, finally an even plane as the hill she traversed was the one she stood on.

“That was quick,” she said out loud, craning her head back as indeed the town was seen from a downward angle. Cassette shook her head, acknowledging that most of the trip had her eyes pointed to the ground to follow the fissures and kick rocks.

In the front was a luxurious fountain, a statue of a woman with angelic wings pointing a stone sword to the sky as water poured out from the blade’s tip. Grass greener than the hills around them, and several trimmed trees in ceremonial lines that went up and down the borders of the property. A baby blue rooftop with shiny golden shingles. Buttresses and pearl-white columns with beautiful window panes of shimmering silver. Cassette and the rest of her systems were all stunned to silence. Each of them all just staring, examining, forming their own thoughts, their own reactions.

“Wow,” said the host.

Then Raina, “one of the biggest buildings I’ve ever seen!”

Then Amber, “There’s so much room in there! I wonder how many people could fit inside!?”

“Probably as many as the kitchen could provide!” Ember was never the least.

"Kitchens," Cassette blurted out. "Could be *multiple* kitchens in there."

Raina's ringing could be heard quite easily with her bubbly shouts. The only person able to hear it being the sole person standing in the courtyard. "Come on Cassette! Let's go in and stop staring at it!"

Her legs suddenly worked again, and she walked. The frontal fountain was then on her left, and soon behind her. Two brown doors thrice her height with gilded door rings held in the mouth of great bears fiercely jolted her. Their expressions sarcastically suggesting that she should 'try them' and see what would happen.

They didn't scare her. The design ghastly, but inanimate objects weren't exactly going to jump out and bite her. Grasping the yellow-rich circlet, Cassette gave the door three raps, the wood sounding solid and filled in. Not a single sign of hollowness within them.

A noise similar to a lock being undone could be heard, Cassette backing up as she wondered if the door would be opened. When the door did no such thing, it was the first time she took direct initiative, moving in to bring her hand on the knob, twisting it, and pushing beyond the oaken entrance. A single step was taken, then two, and the human was now indoors.

There was a click in her brain, the blood in her veins pumping a little harder, the pressures in her ears popping. Before she knew it, the door behind her closed instantly, and Cassette felt weightless. As if she were floating or her body was no longer her own. Sound cut out for merely a moment, and only her own breaths were heard. Nausea, wooziness, her eyes went blurry, a phenomenon not usually experienced with her green glasses on her face.

Cassette's hair was trapped between the door and her backside, having leaned against the wood as even her alters went quiet. Nobody was there, except her, and the internal part of this building slowly focusing into view. Her hearing was restored yet her head felt heavy, stuffy; something had changed. She just didn't know what.

It was a grand hall. A wide staircase that'd rival the ones at a movie gala, brown woods of different colors all over the walls, the ceiling depicting a mural of beautiful landscape with a white-tipped mountain in the farthest background. Doors leading to other rooms were all around to her left and right, some north of her in little hideaways or something she imagined most visitors wouldn't get to see where they'd lead.

"Imagine the parties you could have here! The lines and lines of people with horderves and all of the romance and intrigue that could be hidden here! Just imagine it Cassette!" Raina, as usual, was excited at all kinds of prospects. Yet, in her excitement she could fail to recognize potential dangers.

A behavior the twins, the protectors, knew how to deal with too often. "There's no one here!" Amber remarked, "things are weird, and you should be on your guard Cassette!"

"Maybe it wasn't so wise to follow a random post on the internet?"

"Don't start it now, Ember. You should've said something back then!"

"I should have, shouldn't I? Let's just hope we can make it back to our den!"

Heavy steps on stone were heard from the second floor. The railings of the open balconies hid what was making the source until the giantess was in full view. A creature Cassette had only seen drawn, but never in the flesh until now.

Claws clicked on the chestnut of the handrail, where fingers once might be were hard and shiny white talons. A ginormous being of many feet in height and wider than Cassette was tall. Bearish in the face, the person stood up right, on two fatty legs that looked like the hunks of humongous meat you'd put on a spit roast. Ones that were scaled significantly upwards, with wobbles abound. Across her form was a silky uniform of bedazzling greens and aquas flowing to the floor. The size of this beast, one quite feminine with its triple-set of hefty bosoms, was smiling at her. Teeth sharp on her girthy

muzzle, it was a wonder in the human's mind of how this bear woman could even look down past what her top bra contained.

The next surprise was that the upright ursine could speak. "I can see you've finally arrived." She spoke like a burly matriarch, posture straight and high, with a weighty cadence that washed over Cassette's entire body. The voice carried from room to room, floor to ceiling, toe to head. It never once seemed commanding, but rather it could suggest the entire world to the new recruit. "I hope your travels weren't too difficult?"

Immediately, a warmth spread over Cassette's whole body. Before she could even respond the doorless entryways sparked to life with the buzz of steps and conversations. Dozens of brightly colored denizens moving from place to place in the duties they were to perform in the mansion. Women in maid uniforms, men as laborers and many others who were in the far left, far right, and very middle of that dimorphic sexual spectrum rushed all around. Each one identifiable in their origin. They were all humanoid pokemon.

An Espeon, Totodile, Arcanine, Raticate, the list went on from those that looked almost completely human with barely noticeable animalistic forms to the more monstrous of individuals. A rocky Rhyhorn on all fours with the range of facial expressions even Cassette possessed. They all had clothes denoting their role and their

roles were varied. A Miltank carried a keg of milk that most likely she had just provided. Potted plants being gurneyed by a Sunflora to some backroom. Even a slow blue and tan-shelled Omanyte, as snailish as it looked, tried its, his, her... *their* hardest to mop the floor, slithering around as their small tendril-like arms attempted to hold a miniature broom.

Cassette was completely flabbergasted, her systems too. An overwhelming heat flushed to her face as her cheeks became hot like coals. Years and years of humanity did not explain how what was once a beloved set of games enjoyed by all ages were now reality. As she trained and narrowed her eyes at the bear-like creature still standing at the top of the stairs, the human realized it. An Ursaring... they really were all pokemon.

"I'm..." she finally found the words, stuttering over herself again and again. "It wasn't a bad, uh, time. I just used the bus."

The female Ursaring placed a hand near her fuzzy ear. "You must speak up darling, I can't hear you from all the way down there. Why don't we meet halfway?"

"She's *SO* big! She's just like the people you draw Cassette!" Raina's words were not lost on the human, comprehending that fact well before it was mentioned.

"I don't know." The astral orange-haired snow leopard threw in. "They don't seem too dangerous? Maybe even a little friendly!?"

Can't ever forget about Ember! "Just like a huge, brown, and fuzzy sentry!

"I agree wholeheartedly, sibling! We believe she'll treat you gently!"

If all of her alters were in agreement, well... they usually knew how to sniff out trouble. Cassette walked in between the sparse workers, the crowd that once was packed now dying out as one to two people appeared at a time. It was still crazy just how many were around. And how not a single human could be found. They didn't pay attention to her either, as if her presence was nothing to be worried about.

The human walked forward as the female Ursaring descended, her body jiggling with each step until they stood and stared at one another, the height difference being at least three feet as they angled their heads to make up for the deviations. Cassette's crotch was imbued with warmth as those six breasts were so close to her now, the top set making it difficult to see the bear's smile.

"Much better don't you think?"

Cassette nodded her head with a slight smile, trying to tuck away the growing bulge near her groin by moving her legs as her hands were held out in front of her.

The large woman's chest rose with a breath taken in, and lowered as it was pushed out. "I'm Willona, the... Mistress of this Manor, this estate. You must be the new applicant for our maid position? Cassette?"

Another nod, but this time one with a question. "Yes, but, um, what... uh, are you... all doing here?"

"We live here."

"Oh. Um, but... how have I never heard of you?"

This mistress creature in front of her lowered her stature, bending over in a sense. "You're saying you haven't?"

Cassette pressed the tips of her index fingers together, a blush rushing to her face. "N-no! I have! I just, you... you're-"

"Not real? Well... we are. We have been. Can't say for how long, but we're real, and if you don't believe this is real, then you best start believing missy!"

It was a playful poke, the tip of Willona's dull claw pressing into the new maid's shoulder as a way of being punctual.

"Here. Let's do a tour before you get into everything else, and then you can decide whether or not you want to work here. Gives you time to ask your questions as well."

Before she could say much more, a plump arm moved to squeeze Cassette against the bear's squishy side, the heat of the fur and Willona's core temperature similar to a weighted blanket warmly covering her entire body. It was hard to see her face, but each word said could be compared to a sugar-covered strawberry dipped in a rich caramel cream.

The two women walked in tandem, Cassette now holding the bear like a teddy as she brushed her face along the smooth, silky, green dress Willona wore. "Where have people like you been all my life?" were the words she whispered to herself, unbeknownst that a bear's hearing was more apt than she could ever realize.

"I'm glad you're having fun already. Our tour won't be too long. This building has a habit of adding new rooms when you're not looking. I think the most important parts are ones we have time to spare for!"

“Wait, but how... you’re the Mistress? Do you own this place?”

The entrances and exits they traveled through became confusing, each room different by way of the floor material or the walls that were painted distinctly from the last, the furniture that laid about. Studies, rest halls, game rooms, a room simply with a fireplace. They weren’t the most notably part of the tour, not necessarily needing too much of an explanation, but it still amazed the human on how exuberant it all was. Especially with the various pokemon either partaking in such leisure or those who were cleaning, or traveling amidst the incomprehensibly large estate. The windows constantly showing a beautiful sunny day, sun rays shining in.

“Not exactly.” Willona said softly. “I run it for a specific person, an individual who likes to make people like you and me all the more happy.”

“You... and me?”

The bear bobbed her snout. “I’ve met several people like you hon. I do not mean this in an offensive way, but you’re all quite the same. I’d know.”

“Then... the pokemon, they’re... who are they? Where do they come from?”

A wide grin could almost be heard just from the sharp teeth grinding together.

“You’ll figure that out soon enough.”

It went on for some time, the strangeness of the situation dwindling as Cassette felt more at home with everyone around her, the creatures she’d play with walking around as if this was just their lives. That this was normal for them. The tour took her to the elaborate kitchens and the several of many great dining halls that were inside, pokemon of all kinds eating while others served them food. This place was almost like a miniature city in a way. Bathrooms that were no doubt clean, upstairs bedrooms with drapes and secret chambers for the mischievous.

The circuit the bear took them along was expansive, the building never seeming to end. When Cassette had asked how big it really was, Willona was reluctant to mention that she had never walked from one side to the other. While it had a finite width, the length was something incalculable.

“And... I’m allowed to leave at any time?” The question was sincere and much needed. While this place was a wonder, it could be a prison to be trapped in. It was already odd enough that her alters had been more quiet than usual.

Yet, the new maid’s worries were easily washed away in the warming glow of femininity. “Of course. This isn’t your jail. It’s a workplace. You can leave when you’re

done with your shift, but I find that most workers here, including myself, tend to stay for some time. Some... never really leaving. Some find it quite difficult to leave. You'll find this place has the recreational spots you're familiar with. Perhaps foods from the outside world you might wish for can be found and enjoyed. It has..." she took a frail breath, like the air in her massive Ursaring lungs were being taken away. "It certainly has its charm."

She then clapped her hands, waving them around to demonstrate that they were back in the very same room they started in. Cassette's eyes hastily examined her surroundings, in disbelief that all they did was keep moving forward and... and they were back. Back at the entrance, back where they started. It was harder to contemplate than the fact pokemon were real.

"The mansion has a way of bringing you where you need to be. You shouldn't worry about... whether or not you'll do a good job. There will always be messes to clean, furniture to dust. This home can have a spirit of itself sometimes, and it... well it *can* be creepy, but it's helpful."

Cassette took in a deep swallow of spittle. "Is... is it like a void? Does it never end? Are there... other Willonas, or people like you welcoming new workers? Wait... wait..."

The Mistress of the Manor fluttered her eyes, hand on her rear, the other on a hip. This human was starting to get it. "I believe it's time for your uniform, don't you think? It's an important part of the process!" Her fatty plump paw pointed a sausage-y finger towards a slim door near the start of the stairs. One could miss it from how unassuming it was. Some kind of... coat closet?

With that instruction, Cassette went forth, taking the bronze knob into her hand as turning it, opening it up as inside was indeed several uniforms along with various glassware and porcelain plates. A storage compartment almost, one that you could walk into. As she took her first few steps inside, the door closed behind her without her realizing it until the noise was made. The lightbulb brought a dim ambiance to it all, and as the training employee tried to open the entrance back up, she found it... locked?

Willona came to the rescue before too much anxiety and fear came to Cassette's emotions. "Don't worry about it, hon! Just calm down. This closet locks from the outside. A quirk of the manor you could imagine! Keep... keep that in mind that this door does that. Some others do that here and there too. Put your clothes on. They're hanging there and I believe they should be your size? Ask me when you're done and I'll open the closet."

"I don't know... I guess it's okay?" Raina suggested.

“This closet isn’t too large, but people should be in here often! I mean, look at all this stuff!”

The siblings always were reliable. “And you shouldn’t fret Cassette! The darkness has nothing on you! You’re tough!”

At the very best, they were still with her. They’d always be with her.

The human removed her clothes down to her underwear, the bulge in her undies soft and delicate. Removing one of the hangers from the metal bar, she smirked in embarrassment at how the design was. It was like she really was some European maid. Black and white and with nylon and a curvy bottom. A belt around the waist, and a cute pearl colored tiara. The corset was difficult to wear, and she didn’t know how she’d get used to it. But it was nice, more than nice. It was... affirming.

A tightly held hum was made, her eyes straining as a pressure was behind her, a hole in the uniform undetected by her examining that allowed a winding bone to stretch beyond it, a tan colored fur around its base, with a lighter, creamy color at the end. Fur? FUR?!

Cassette whipped around, bringing the new appendage with her as she swirled in

circles. Her breath increased along with her heart rate, and her voice froze up, allowing those inside to speak.

"A tail!?" Raina shouted out, the calico alter within her clapping with whooping cheers at the surprise of this outlandish scenario. "You're like us Cassette! Your very own tail!"

Amber and Ember crossed their arms together at the elbow, doing a hoe-down with both dancing and twirling around each other. "A tail! A tail! Look at how big it is! How fluffy!"

"How lucky you are Cassette! To have something so scruffy!"

The new maid rested against the back wall, squealing as she landed on the precious and sensitive bone that bore out from above her rear, nearly hyperventilating from the experience of it all. Her alters were not helping in calming her down, making her smile dumbly as two parts of her mind conflicted on how abnormal this was, but how... natural it seemed. Like a third arm all she had to do was just... move it left or right and it swished so seamlessly!

Cassette wrapped it around to her front, the tail arching around as she held it with both hands, watching the bone inflate as bristles of khaki formed, getting thicker, fluffier, tickling the skin of her fingers as it felt so *soft!*

"Oh my gosh. Oh my... oh my gosh."

She gave a small eep upon hearing a knock at the closet door, the husky voice of Willona on the other side. "Everything alright in there dear? You're breathing up quite a storm. Need a *helping hand*?"

"N-o!" The cleaner stammered. "Uh, yes. I-"

A single turn was made, and the door opened to show the female Ursaring's body blocking the entire door frame, the girth and width and fur that she had large enough to obscure everything. And even then, she had to crane her head down to see Cassette. "Cassie... if I can call you that? I think that's a most beautiful tail you have. Don't you agree?"

Cassette brought the thing up to her face, rubbing her delicate flesh against the hide that had fully grown. She was a human... with a tail, one silky, and smooth. "I... I do agree. It's... very nice."

Willona nodded her head, her body jiggling as she did so, the six breasts on her front always moving with the slightest of motion. "It's why I had your uniform made that way. Although, I'm not sure why you were hiding your tail in your pants hon? It's a very proud part of you, and you should let it out, and be free with it."

A feeling washed over the frantic girl, raising an eyebrow as her sockets winced. She swallowed, and in an instant the collar of the maid dress around her neck was noticeably tighter. "I... uh..." It was a little hard to think, the tail in her hands genuine to her perception. Cassette just thought she would've noticed it before today.

The giant, fatty paw of the Ursaring grasped her shoulder, the claws prodding against her skin, but not anywhere hard enough to leave a mark or for heavens' sake, blood. "Come on out here. Can't be in the closet all the time you know? There comes a time in life my dear, when we make a grand exodus to be the person we really want to be. Now, who do you want to be?"

Brown eyes shifted from side to side. One hand still had a hold of her new... or... the tail that was always there? It was an Eevee tail; that was obvious enough. Like a colossally sized paint brush for an even bigger easel. Yet, as Cassette thought of the ursine's words, her tail slipped from her hands, eyes staring off into the distance, straight through Willona. "I don't know what... who I want to be. Sometimes I feel like I don't know what I'm doing, and if I can't even know what I'm doing, how can I know what I want to be?"

During her statements, the new maid could tell Willona wanted to jump in, to interrupt Cassette and console her but the bear didn't. Even as her lip fidgeted, she

remained silent and allowed her employee to get it all out. "I know how you feel darling. Just try out this first shift and we'll see how you feel at the end of it. What you'd like to do, and *be*." The Ursaring smiled at that. "This estate tends to know what changes should happen for everyone, including you."

Cassette nodded, her insecurities dwindling a few theoretical inches as the clothes she once wore disappeared from their wrinkled pile inside the closet. Her maid uniform fitting but not to an uncomfortable degree. As Willona showed off some cleaning supplies, a feather duster, silky rags and liquid solutions, the worker got to... work.

It was still work, which required exertion. Which... wasn't that fun but the tasks that needed to be done were easier than Cassette expected. The tables that needed dusting were quick, the floors with skid marks dealt with here and there. Time passed sooner than the employee thought. As with each object taken care of, it was like a whole hour had passed. Everything blurred together, every task was accomplished before the maid knew it. Her mind was robotic in a good sense, with a confidence she never knew she had.

The mansion, for all its oddities, was quite comforting. While there was always something to do, if Cassette felt tired a break room was always nearby. The building never made exact sense, the rooms disconnecting and reestablishing and created from

nothing similarly to some kind of modular home. The less she tried to reason it, the better.

The experience was made all the more better with her vibrant tail, curling around, flowing left to right as she worked. It was new to her! Addictive in a sense, especially brushing through the fur with her hand.

And that's what she did on her final break of the day, resting on a leathery maroon recliner, crossing her legs, petting her tail. It... it was new right?

"New?" said Raina. "Cassette you've always had a tail!"

What? What did the calico possibly-

"That's right, miss! A big, bushy tail for a good girl!" Amber was there and soon...

"A good girl like you! As pretty as a bright, shiny pearl!" Ember said with her rhyming tune.

That didn't seem right. None of this seemed right!

Cassette gave a small *eep* as the bear from before shook the ground she walked on, entering the break room as her green silk dress lightly dragged across the floor. She crossed her arms, the limbs creviced between her first and second row of breasts. "Already done aren't you? Time moves quicker than you think here. It was like we talked five minutes ago, but in reality, it's been almost 9 hours. You're such a hard worker aren't you?"

The maid scrunched down into her chair as the massive Pokémon approached, small disagreeing shakes of her head as she did so. "That's not what my previous bosses said."

There was a soft gasp that came from Cassette as a claw found its way under her chin, her head lifted up to gaze right into Willona's emerald eyes. "I don't care what imbeciles have told you before. You did a good job today. My master thinks so, I think so, and so does the estate itself." The bear took a heavy step back. "You worked past your shift. Hon, you must be so tired."

The exertion and fatigue could be felt but Cassette still felt so full of energy. Confidence as well. "So I can go home now?"

A curl came to the ursine's lips. "For that extra hour of work, why not enjoy something made from our world class trained chefs? Something you've most likely never have had in your whole life."

That wouldn't be too bad? After the bus ride home and all that work... it'd be nice to have a meal made by professionals! To imagine what marvels they'd create and how the flavors would dazzle her tongue! "Sure! I can have whatever I like?"

The bear smiled and nodded. "If that pretty mind of yours can think it up, then the cooks can make it."

She was escorted by the motherly matron, one fat paw wrapped around her dainty hand. Cassette still felt out of place despite being so welcomed. While it was odd to forget she had a tail, the fact that she had human skin when every other Pokémon they passed had fur or differently colored flesh of some kind was making her see herself as an outsider. Why were these creatures so new now that they were *real* to Cassette if she *always* had the fluffy tail of an Eevee?

Gaps were in her memory and were slowly being filled by her contemplations. If the bear was doing something to her... she didn't want to resist. It was easier to accept it all. Every step they took, every glance exchanged, it was another bit of experience in this

place which made it feel normal. That her eyes weren't betraying her, her mind rationalizing it all.

But when the two entered the glamorous dining hall, one with a humongous chandelier and a ceiling so high that it looked like fog stalked the highest point, Cassette opened her mouth in another surprise. The table was lengthy, from one end to another and encrusted in jewels on the edges. Even the idea of putting her arms on the gems, and getting them dirty and scruffed made her understand the idea that elbows stay below the table. Plus in her new maidish mind it would be one more thing to clean! Yet... there was still an instinct in *wanting* to clean just to see those shinies get ever brighter.

"You'll sit there," the bearish pokemon pointed towards a chair in the center of the room, on the left side flanked between two double doors at both ends with her body pointed towards the golden paned windows. "Someone will be in soon and he'll take care of you from there."

Without much more said, Willona left like a woman on a mission, her outlined rear beneath the dress bobbing left to right. If she was the mistress of the mansion, or some kind of leader, then it made sense that she couldn't give Cassette too much attention. Who knew how many people worked here?

Yet as she exited through one set of doors, the other set boomed open, almost in sync with the original doors closing. It took her attention as her head whipped towards the noise, her tail absentmindedly swishing away from the source, angling and curving like a cat disturbed.

Cassette brought her eyes to him, a large male with golden furred ears, the inner parts royal purple. He smiled at her, holding one arm behind his back while the other was in front, as if fastened around an invisible shield. In a black suit with such regal yet plain clothing, the girl with the tail correctly assumed he was the butler that'd be serving her.

A Jolteon in design, his violet eyes had the glance of a reserved predator. From shoulder to shoulder he walked like a magnificent stud, his body wider than a bookshelf and most likely as sturdy as one too. Cassette reasoned she could fit two of herself between him, and still not be as girthy as his midsection. His muscles strained against his suit, not exactly skintight, but fitted in just the perfect way to elicit a coo from her, which was more than noticed by the man.

"How are you on this fine evening madam?" he said with the air of smooth bourbon. He looked like he could lift her up and snap her into two, the size of power in those arms larger than her head. She wanted to cradle them badly, hold them and kiss them, suckle

on the golden fur and moan with drool all over them. A deep warmth was shared by both her forehead and crotch.

"I... I..."

She couldn't speak, which caused Raina to come to her aid and speak in her head. "Someone's getting real excited down there isn't she?" By coming to her aid, it seemed she only intended to further push Cassette into a deep blush!

And the twins were not coming to save her either. "You want him to hold you? Squish your body right into his arms?"

"We can all feel it Cass... your *little thing* bobbing up and down, screaming in many different alarms."

"I'm doing great!" she shouted out, shaking her head left to right as her lips scrunched together. The maid stuck out her hand, which the Jolteon eagerly took, silencing her, digging her blush all the way to the center of her body. He brought it to his lips, tenderly kissing it.

His grin was higher on one side of his face, a chiseled face so handsome and dreamy. "I have many names. Sir Strider, Mr. Strider, just Strider, or... if you want, I'll let

you call me one thing I let nobody else in this entire mansion – Rex.” He got on one knee. “What’s your name my dear?”

It was her first day as a maid and she had never referred or even thought of herself in the manner of her first response. “Mistress Cassette.” It was like a game to her initially, but now it was becoming more, something full of honor and prestige. The Bear of the Manor was far from royalty, but with her cadence and from the general aura of her first impression, Cassette thought of her as some Queen. Which... technically made her feel like the maid to a distinguished and respectable monarch.

His eyes looked her up and down, the fangs peeking from his upper lip as he hadn’t bared the rest of his teeth in his grin, yet it was enough to make her heart flutter, and for her tail to swivel. Even with her trying to remain calm, and keep a neutral expression, the creases on the sides of her face weren’t subtle enough to hide. Though, as if she could hide anything with that tail and its motions.

“I must say...” he started, every deep syllable like a pat to her head, “your name is quite unique. French for ‘little box,’ no?”

It didn’t matter whether or not she knew of her own name’s meaning. Her eyes were about to change shape into literal hearts, the internal organ of the same name beating miles in seconds. The girl with the Eevee tail couldn’t help but put her hands on

her chin, something damn near animalistic in carnality wanting to pull her forward to almost hug the butler. "Uh, yeah, I suppose it is?"

Strider moved in to match her, his muzzle close to hers as he whispered just faintly enough for her ears to pick up the words. "I wonder then, how much this little box could hold?"

"Anything... everything..." She was starstruck.

"Anything? What if I have a lot to give? A lot for you to store?"

Cassette shook her head, making a choice in the moment whether she knew it or not. "Then I'll *make* room." She never noticed her ears slowly crawling up the sides of her head, becoming pointed and fuzzy with brown fur until they flapped and twitched with simply the breath the butler hit her with. It smelled of mint and citrus.

"We shall see then, with time. I can tell I'm going to enjoy seeing you in the halls Mistress. The manor is quite exquisite like that, making sure things align as so." A quick gleam had white, predatory teeth show themselves for but a moment before Rex stood tall, clearing his throat as he adopted his typical demeanor. "Now, what shall the good lady dine on tonight?"

There were so many options on her mind. According to Willona, it was just... whatever the maid wanted. Whatever was on her mind or what she could think up would be her delight to partake in. An endless amount of possibilities crippled her mind. Yet she thought of her allergies to certain seafood, and on the internet, there's so many creations that spread from culture to culture shown from those trying to inform about such interesting delicacies. One in her mind shot out. "Takoyaki. They're like these-

"Fried balls of dough and squid. I know exactly what you'd like. However... those are more of an appetizer. Why not something to compliment it? Sushi perhaps?"

Cassette frowned, which caused the Butler to lower himself onto one knee, taking her next words as seriously as possible. "I'm... I'm sort of allergic of a lot of different fish."

"Who is allergic?"

She blinked, not understanding the question. "I... am?"

"As far as I know, only humans are allergic to such things. Eevees are not. You *are* an Eevee aren't you?"

Her heart could burst from happiness at that very moment. She gave a resounding nod of her head. Her nose twitched, turning to a black bead as her face grew outwards, forming into a small snout that went further, further, further until a muzzle was as clear as day. Small brown furs were there like peach fuzz, not fully grown, yet making her look less human altogether. Her hand absentmindedly went to a collar of fur that was not present, but soon would be.

Sir Strider left promptly as Cassette bided her time, waiting for him to return with foods she finally enjoy after so long. Under her maid outfit, six additional nipples formed underneath the larger two on top. The breasts she barely had before formed into supple spheres, bloated and heavier than before. However, there was still so much more room to grow. And she wanted them to, she wanted all parts of herself to grow in ways that made sense. Humans didn't exist here! Only Pokemon...

But in the world outside of this mansion, Pokemon didn't exist as real as those were here. Humans did, and she didn't want to be out there, she wanted to be in here, she wanted to be-

The door burst open once more. It couldn't have been more than five minutes as Rex approached with a large silver tray full of delicious rolls of rice, seaweed, and various fillings. Though the first thing he made sure to drop in front of Cassette was not any of what he tacked on, but the dish she desired – Takoyaki. It was exactly as what

the Jolteon had said. Fried dough, dark and crispy, with no doubt chunky bits of squid inside with colorful sauces and herbs lathering the crunchy exterior. Both chopsticks and a fork were supplied alongside the meal.

"I do very much hope you enjoy the meal, my good girl." The last words struck her psyche, making her soul lose consciousness for a brief second as the lights came back on but the room was far more different than before she heard him say that. She beckoned... every change now. A small plume of yellow-creamy fur sprouted and expanded outwards from her neck, like a warm scarf she could bury her face into.

She responded with a voice that was trembling in a submissive way. Not afraid of the large presence before her, but afraid of what she might do to push him away.

"Thank you. I-"

The Butler's lips met her cheek, a soft tongue dragging at the fur there. She squeaked, crossing her legs together as a near permanently flaccid penis pulsed below her. The sight of Rex's own crotch was quickly glimpsed, the thick male packing a grand parcel that was outlined rather easily seen bundled with his hefty testicles. "Calm yourself," he muttered right next to her sensitive ears, "eat and I swear we will see each other soon."

A puff of precum shot out of her, staining her prissy underwear with a scent that screamed out to mate her right then and there. Her tail was still so new to her, and it hadn't stopped wagging ever since she saw Rex for the first time. It betrayed any feelings she thought she was keeping inside of her. It made her... slutty in a way. She didn't mind that, and she surely didn't mind the smell of the fried squid balls in front of her.

The sushi itself was rather presentable, crafted by a master in the arts of culinary science. Formed like a high class chef in an establishment you'd have to book months or even years in advance to get a table. But that didn't matter at the moment. What did were those Takoyaki orbs. Without thinking, she grasped one with her hand, not noticing the nails on each finger longer and sharper, resembling a mix between claws and more human-like nails.

Cassette's body naturally adjusted to the snout she possessed, her hand guiding the ball to her nose, sniffing once more at the meaty aroma. Lolling out her transformed tongue, one more much in length than her human one, she took it deep into her maw like a dumpling, chewing into the breading like a beast. Immediately her mouth was burned with the literal heat of the food, causing her to breath in and out of her mouth in rapid succession until she could chew and swallow.

The greasiness added to the flavor, spicy mayos and other tastes morphing around in her mouth, her buds screaming in pleasure as she failed to hold back a pleased moan that could make anyone want what she was having. It was so quick, that moan, and it made her feel so special and warm inside.

Everything else was eaten in due time. The sushi wasn't as good as she thought the Takoyaki was, but it was still an experience to enjoy, especially without her throat bloating up and blocking her airways. Breathing was rather important after all.

Cassette never went home that night. She binged on hearty amounts of fish and squid, feeling too tired to walk back to the bus stop or change out of her clothing. Willona gave her the option of staying in a maid's room for the time being, to which the half-Eevee accepted wholeheartedly.

During the night she dreamed more of Rex, her slumbering lips curving into a smile as her hand went down to press and rub her crotch, her breasts inflating as all eight became the same size. Each as large as a saggy grapefruit, leaking into her outfit and all over the silk sheets. The girl moaned out his name repeatedly, desperately wanting... something from him. She wanted an enlarged belly, but her mind couldn't figure out the proper term. A full womb from what she knew *should* be typical offspring, but instead her mind sought to have them be of hard shell, a literal egg like she were some chicken. Cass liked that. She liked that quite a lot.

Waking up had her gasp from how much her front had grown in the night. Sitting up to inspect herself almost made her topple forward. It was rather unnatural to her that she had to force her body back in order not to tumble. Standing up had her back curve in a way like how a mother might walk. Looking down, she could not see her stomach for how far the top two breasts were but... that was okay. It was difficult not to want to touch them, but the choker around her neck tightened, restricting blood flow slightly, but cooling her horniness.

Besides, it was time to work! Hanging from a nearby dresser was a bra fit for her cleavages, one made for holding all eight of her tits. Plus... it was waterproof. A gift from the bear who knew of the issue all too well.

Her life for the next week was much the same as her first day of work. It was like as soon as she started her time, energy and confidence were at its highest. She never worked without a smile. All of her alters sat back and just watched, allowing her to do her job without any distractions. They were there, they let their presence known every now and then, but not as much as before.

The changes never stopped appearing either. Her neck filled out with a cream colored fluff, her hands fuzzy and padded. Every sweep of the floor, every duster to a table brought upon her another change. Every day went by as she looked at herself in

the mirror. The end of the second day was something vaguely human staring back at her, the snout being the biggest identifier that she was changing. But by the end of the week? An Eevee with eight well-rounded tits held up by a strong set of bras looked back as she blushed towards her own reflection.

There was one small problem, and it was rather small. The last part of her to change were of her genitalia, the ones she was born with. It was frail, small, still pulsing and leaking with pleasure simply by staring at herself, but it didn't go, and she didn't exactly... want to do anything with it. It wasn't what she wanted there, it wasn't what it *should* be.

Cassette went on throughout her days, not having left the mansion since she arrived. It was rather special to her that everyday she got a good amount of time to spare with Rex, the two of them discussing lives, likes, and potentially a kind of love that the maid tried to obscure, but could never properly hide. She didn't know why she was so nervous around him. Perhaps the thought of failing was worse than the thought of having never tried at all, or that she wasn't the *right* one for him. She was practically a walking, talking Eevee, but to her, she was not proper until what she had for genitals changed, but they hadn't, not yet.

Not until the very day that all of this would culminate to. The final day before her burgeoning phase of ultimate acceptance.

It started where it began. Cassette was running around, doing chore after chore when she saw the familiar surroundings of the mansion's entrance, the place she had first met Willona over a week ago. That same staircase, that same doorway that was slender and-

"Uh... hello?! Is anyone there? I need a little help in here!" The voice was unmistakable. The recent flame in her heart, making the world just that much brighter, was in some kind of need. She rushed to his aid, finding the door to the closet that once held her maid uniform wide open, and the Jolteon butler within.

His hunky body was pinned against the wall by several stacks of what appeared to be fine looking china. Not from its weight of course, but rather its delicate nature and the want to not smash anything. More so because... well it'd be one more mess for Cassette to clean up. "Oh. Hello!" he said with a flustered tone.

Strider's eyes lowered to her breasts, which caused her to blush as she entered, closing the door behind her. She missed his expression that came and went as she did so, making an error the Maid would not realize until a minute or so had passed.

"It looks like you need some help?" she said with a heavy set of sarcasm.

Shrugging his shoulders caused more of the plates to clank together. "It's times like these I wish I was one of those other pokemon with extra hands. I would not-"

Cassette didn't give him a second more to speak before charging into action, taking each plate as he lowered himself down gently, until she was able to get each and every dish to a box that waited for them. It was easy to see that, essentially, he had rushed his duties and was given a surprise when his workload had decided it wanted to also join the rush.

When all was said and done, the catastrophe was avoided. But one was exchanged for another when Cassette turned to leave, the closet so cramped that it was impossible not to rub against one another. Her petite hand grasped the knob of the door, turning it only to realize it was now locked. As the lightbulb went off in her head, Rex brought his paw to her shoulder, saying what her mind was thinking as an embarrassed smile crept to her face.

"The door locks from the outside sweetheart. And seeing as you or I don't have a key, I think this means we're stuck in here for now." A finger from his other hand trailed down her back, the nail scraping against the black cloth of the Eevee's maid uniform. "I believe we should get well-used to our lack of room. It's not like either of us don't like this predicament." The finger went down further, sliding into the crack of Cassette's soft and fuzzy ass, her body quaking as she failed to stifle a moan.

"I... I don't see, uh, why we shouldn't get used to this..." Her voice was shaken, but all this did was make her feel like prey to a predator she was more than attracted to. She wanted his... she couldn't say it, or admit it even in her mind... but she wanted it.

The Butler's trail continued, sliding between her perineum until it reached a small sack of shriveled peanuts. His muzzle was right next to her ear now, his teeth so sharp that she could hear when the sets clicked into one another as he spoke. "You're stuck with your fat tits and wide hips looking away from me. Can't even look me in the eye but your tail is lifting up back here. Nobody's going to come to save you. What are you thinking?"

A million thoughts ran through her mind with a scenario playing out for each. But only a single sentence wanted to come out of her quivering lips. She held it back, but the dam broke as he playfully sunk his teeth into her furry neck. "I... I want your eggs!" A blush of a deep red coursed into her cheeks. The dynamic had completely flipped with that, and Sir Strider did not hesitate to claim what wanted to be claimed.

Bringing his hand down from her shoulder to a single breast, he cupped it forcefully, delivering a spark of electricity that made the eager girl moan. Two dominant fingers latched themselves around the band of her lower apparel, yanking downwards as Cassette was bent over as she was on all fours in an awkward, human-like fashion.

But her tail was high, and her crotch was in the perfect position. She looked between her legs where her eight sopping tits were dribbling milk, sifting through her uniform as she could see her pitiful goods dangling there. Behind it was Rex's powerful-looking cock with a black thunderbolt along the side of the shaft like a tattoo.

The fact that her genitalia were not compatible nor that her ass was ready made her nearly put up a finger and ask to wait. But the Jolteon had already taken hold of her ass cheeks, and thrust with a great shove, right into that 'incompatible' set of genitalia. Her eyes transformed into stars as her vision dampened from the action. It was like her mind was rebooting, all hearing, sense of touch, her vision coming back online. At first she saw Rex pushing in and out all the way up to the knot, then she heard him, then... she felt him.

Her moans skyrocketed into a high shrill as her puffy pussy guided Strider's dick right into her. The convex nature of it meant that even if he didn't hit her button directly, it would, with the flesh and the lubricants, bring it in on home. Right to where it belonged. His nails were digging so forcefully into her plump bum. A slap was made as he growled and she groaned.

They moved closer to the door until Cassette's muzzle slammed against it. She tried to find anything to support her as his cock damn near almost lifted her up. Nothing

else could be done other than scream and grope her eight jiggling boobs and endure the pleasure and pressure and slight pain that came from another. The full trust of a man she was beginning to love from his tender touch, and his corruptive cock.

The two's roars were reaching their climax just as their own goods were doing the same. Every time he was getting close she'd get closer. The china and plates and glasses from above took their dangerous places as each shove of Cassette's face against the door made them shake.

It was getting too hard to resist him any longer. She could tell that he was holding back, waiting for her to start her countdown of intense moans indicating that she was ready to cum. And that's exactly what happened. Her shrieks amplified. They came faster and faster as the Eevee's eyes widened to the door knob in front of her slowly turning. But it was already too late.

The door opened as Rex shoved his entire knot inside of her, her eyes going wide as she yelled out every part of him she loved and he did the same for her. Tens of brittle objects crashed down and smashed against the floor as well as the two fornicators. In the space before them was Willona, the Ursaring from before. Her black, bearish lips curved into a smile as Rex howled to the heavens, his muzzle pointed directly upwards as he brought load after load of warm cum that sparked like pop rocks wherever the

sperm cells hit. Like a squeezed lemon, Cassette's cunt pulsed and pushed out a clear waterfall, making the whole experience all the more brighter.

Both in love were merely breathing in and out as sweat stuck to their fur.

"Enjoying yourselves?" the bear asked sarcastically?

The knotted pair nodded quickly in reply.

"Well, clean up whenever you're ready. Tsk. Be glad this closet isn't in plain sight." With that, she shut the door, locking them in, but for how long?

Cassette fell onto her breasts, the milk pumping out milk into small puddles. On her back was the muscly lovebird that licked the back of her neck. Being sexually eloped brought feelings more that were nearly indescribable. But the two knew exactly what they were. Love.

—

The seasons changed and so did her belly. Cassette was truly the woman she always was and always will be. She changed her name to Bianca. A name significant to her and the final decision that closed the door to her old life, and opened the one to her new existence. Her belly was fat with eggs as work slowed down to allow her to settle

with her pregnancy. Still, that did not put down the workaholic attitude her personality soon had.

Her alters had been quiet for the past few months. Bianca realized they hadn't spoken in that time but knew they were still with her. They just... were as content as she was.

Even her Eevee form evolved from the past. The look of a Sylveon was her own now. Ears tall with a natural bow on the left side of her head. A white body with hands and feet pink with two shades of blue in specific ends of her body. A dark and light shade that when all together, made her feel all the more special than a simple brown fur pattern.

She laid her rear towards a padded basket when the time came. It was so sudden but Bianca had anticipated it for a while now. With a calm demeanor, her vagina spasmed as each egg came out one by one until there was a bundle of wet orbs in her fur colors glowing back at her. Her belly was smaller but still bulging. From behind another's presence was made as the father of the eggs wrapped his arms around her, smiling.

"Ready to make another batch?" he asked. The words truly couldn't have been more grateful to hear.

"Of course," she replied.

It was as such that a nearby bed was claimed, and so too was Bianca. Her life culminating in a mother-to-be. The life she had always wanted. Being a Maid was the best thing to ever happen to her, yet life would only get better.

For a Maid serves many masters, and all are lucky to have her. For more reasons than just one.