

## DAY ONE

"Oh, thanks," Milly said to the faceless rubber golem that took her empty plate from the coffee table.

It didn't reply. Neither did I, since I most certainly didn't want her to know a horny, honey-hued bunny was hidden inside!

I held my breath and turned away to walk toward the kitchen, not too fast and not too slow, keeping up the charade of an autonomous cleaning golem. I'd had plenty of practice at walking around with the fat shapes filling my sex and tailhole, but they were still pretty much impossible to ignore, especially since every time I stepped, swayed, or bent over, they gyrated inside of me supernaturally. The restrained motions of imitating a golem helped keep the feelings to a minimum; too bad "the minimum" was still a constant tease.

I glanced at Milly in my peripheral vision as I left the living room, and I caught what might have been her tearing her gaze away from me at the last second. Had she been watching my stuffed butt--the cheeks well defined beneath the rubber--as I stepped away from her? Unless it had just been my imagination, and the motion I saw was just her tapping at her phone screen... Either way, now that I was further away from her I finally started to catch my breath, my deep blush fading. That was the closest I'd ever gotten to my ferret roommate while I was on cleaning duty, and my heart was still racing!

I set the plate into the sink, and the text, "Collect Milly's Dirty Plate," moved from the bottom right of my vision to the center. A green line was drawn through the words, and then they disappeared from my heads up display, replaced with, "GOOD GIRL!" in vibrant green lettering. I swallowed and tried to ready myself. I'd been conditioned to connect those words, in that font in particular, with stimulation. I was probably about to be rewarded.

Two seconds later, my theory was proven true. I sucked down hard on the thick cock gag in my snout to help stifle any noise I might accidentally try to make. The thick dildo inside of my sex retracted without making any kind of bulge on the outside, then swiftly pumped back in, deep. It didn't pause for an instant before sliding back out and repeating, again, then again. I'd only been cleaning for fifteen minutes and I was already pathetically wet, so the motions were slick and easy, my inner walls clenching without any chance of slowing it down.

On the outside, all someone would see was the black, sexless golem standing there with its hands resting on the edge of the sink, probably processing its next task or receiving new instructions. If they looked closely, they might notice the wide, spherical head wobbling about a couple of inches, as the hapless bunny inside tried not to rock in place, the golem's fake feline tail bobbing slightly. The fat butt plug filling me beneath my real tail suddenly sprang to life with a strong, near-silent vibration. Near-silent wasn't actually [i]silent[/i], though, so I always worried that Milly would notice someday.

The thrusting sped up, and I shut my eyes so I wouldn't have to watch if Milly glanced at me, so I didn't have to know if she'd seen my hips fidget and my hands ball up into fists on the kitchen counter. I wanted to give in and moan as loud as I could; if only I'd been fully muted again, like I had been the first time I wore this outfit. I wasn't, so I had to focus on staying quiet, which both distracted me from the pleasure [i]and[/i] added a level of control over my actions that stoked my arousal higher. I bit down on the gag, my little bunny tailpoof flagging, hoping against all hope that somehow [i>this[/i] was the time that things went too far, that the golem suit would accidentally give me more than he intended, that-

The shaft in my pussy sank nearly to my cervix and froze in place there, making my daydream poof into nothingness before I'd even had a chance to properly have one! The buzzing in my butt tapered off more slowly, though it didn't totally stop, a constant, tantalizing reminder of my situation. As if I need more reminders! When I opened my eyes, the center of my view was clear of text again, and, "Do The Dishes," was blinking in the bottom right corner. I winced. I'd taken a little too long to recover. If I'd waited any longer, it might have turned red!

I started moving again, smoothly bending down to open up the dishwasher. I shivered as the motion made the plugs lurch inside of me and wiggle in aftershocks. Luckily, all of my recent practice meant it wasn't [i]that[/i] hard to carry on with my chores anyway. I was still panting to catch my breath, though, and only the illusion enchantment over my chest hid the fact that it was rising and falling. Lucky for me, since I sure wasn't going to be obeying an order to hold my breath for two hours!

On the other hand, I knew from experience that the golem, that [i>Jamie[/i] himself, expected me to bend over to put each and every dish, plate, and cup into the dishwasher. I clenched down with my sopping wet cunny as I bent up and down like one of those drinking bird toys, careful not to let anything slip out of my fairly slick fingers. Still, I couldn't help daydreaming a little, about the next reward for finishing a chore somehow accidentally getting me over the edge.

It could have been worse, I reminded myself. At least the rewards weren't as intense as they had been during my tenure as Jamie's maid at Howlette Manor!

Not yet, anyway...

-----

The next hour and a half went about as I expected. I'd worn the suit eight times already, after all, so I had some experience. I followed orders and tried to blend in as best as possible. The worst of it was already over, because Milly went to her room while I was busy with the dishes. To be honest, I actually had fun doing some of my work, like when I followed Milly's recipe to make her bag lunches for the next few days. It felt like I was doing a good deed, even if I knew that the golem would have done it on its own if I wasn't inside.

Later, I finished folding the laundry, earning another, "GOOD GIRL!" This time, though, the words disappeared without a reward, and I had learned what that meant. I was already starting to walk when the order to, "Return To Your Room," came in. I did as I was told, a familiar mixture of emotions brewing. I had gotten a red warning message of, "INCORRECT FOLDING" a few minutes earlier, for one of my own shirts. Was that going to be enough to screw me over?

I hadn't exactly been a perfect cleaning golem so far. My first day on the job I'd earned a posture warning for jumping in surprise when Milly came out of her room. Luckily, she hadn't noticed, but that had still reset my streak of Good Girl days back to zero. Then there was that inexpensive glass I dropped into the sink a few days back, shattering it [i]and[/i] my dreams of an orgasm. Even if Jamie decided I'd been good enough today, I still owed him another three days of near-perfect behavior before I hit seven in a row and [i]finally[/i] earned my first orgasm in weeks.

It was so unfair! I'd gone an entire freaking month without a climax while "house sitting," constantly teased, denied, tormented, taken advantage of, left whimpering and pleading and desperate. I was supposed to finally cum when I got home, and there I was, alone in my bedroom, seconds away from getting off, pausing to savor the moment, to let it build... And that's how Jamie found me. I'd squandered my one chance for an orgasm, because I'd overindulged in teasing myself one last time, and I knew it. I couldn't help but remind myself of that every day, particularly while I was left alone without Jamie's attention, with only a pair of black and white rubber chastity panties that constantly kept me plugged in both holes.

No need to worry about that right now, I decided, stepping into my bedroom and closing the door behind me. For now, all I had to worry about was how intense the next hour or two was going to be. Had I been a good girl, or was my count going to be reset again? And then, after giving me the appropriate "feedback" for my work, the golem would walk out of my room and head off. Milly was none the wiser; she simply thought that the golem was doing my bedroom chores at the end of its visit each day.

Except, my expectations weren't met at all. Instead of an order to get on my hands and knees or lie down, a perplexing, "Just Relax," appeared on the screen. I furrowed my brow. Was I supposed to get comfortable on the bed? Was Jamie changing the schedule up, and now I was going to be sleeping under all this rubber? I was awake enough that I'd lie there for [i]hours[/i] in this thing, even if the buzzing in my rear was turned off!

It definitely wasn't turned off, and Jamie also wasn't asking me to get on the bed. He didn't ask me anything at all, the golem simply turning and walking back out of the room... with me as a captive audience inside! I stomped down on my natural reaction to resist, trying to follow that order to relax. Despite the fact that [i]I[/i] wasn't doing any of the walking, the two plugs pulsed and swung inside of me with every step.

And then the golem walked straight through the living room and reached our hand out for the front door. I squeaked, my cheeks instantly getting hotter. How was I supposed to relax [i]now?![/i] I must have tried to uselessly tense or jerk inside of the suit without realizing it, because the, "Just Relax," order blinked at me, a firm reminder to follow orders, and all the while the golem opened the front door all the way, exposing me to the apartment hallway!

I felt my blush race up my ears, suddenly breathing far harder. I reminded myself that I wasn't exposed at all, that a solid black, featureless, sexless golem was exposed, just like it always was when it entered and left my apartment. Except, I'd never left home in it! The most embarrassing thing I'd done so far was bend over and clean the toilet, grateful that the rubber suit used some combination of magic and technology to keep itself utterly clean inside and out. This, though? Walking out into the hall and turning left toward the elevator? This was new.

My sex quivered and clamped down twice in a row, and I stifled a groan. My libido apparently didn't disagree with whatever was going on, and I knew that the suit--and Jamie himself--would be intimately aware of that fact. It was so unfair!

I cringed as I was walked past one neighbor's front door, then past another. What if someone walked out, right then, and saw me? Or if they looked through their peephole and got an eyeful? I got unreasonably worried that my very, very stiff nipples would be visible through the latex despite the

illusion magic making my chest appear like a vaguely rounded, androgynous shape. I told myself to calm down, to [i]relax[/i], because the only vaguely identifying feature was the snug rubber coating over my butt, no more revealing than going out in yoga pants. Not that I ever did [i]that[/i] either! Still, even if I did, it would take an expert butt-ologist to recognize me from behind. And last I heard, there's no such thing.

I had a chance to catch my breath while waiting for the elevator, and I looked at "my" reflection in the shiny silver doors. A spherical head that hid my tall bun ears, slightly broader shoulders and a thicker build than my own, that bouncy feline tail. Yes, that's right, I really was as hidden as I'd hoped. Even the crotch of the suit was a uniform, flat expanse, keeping me safe and anonymous. I was 100% sure that Jamie could take care of me inside of all this rubber, and I was 99.8% sure that he [i>would[/i]. That little bit of wiggle room was enough to make this whole thing as intense as he clearly intended, but at least I could clearly see that no one would know [i]I[/i] was inside.

Most of my calm flew out the window when the elevator doors opened to reveal a black jackal woman standing inside. She unashamedly stared at me, a small smile growing on her face.

I choked on a gasp. All at once, I really felt my nudity under the rubber. Somehow, she knew! I jerked, trying to take a step back, to raise my arms up and cover my chest and crotch. The golem slightly twitched with the motion, then easily stepped forward and turned around to face the elevator doors as they closed. "JUST RELAX," blinked in the bottom right corner, now bright red.

I let out my breath in a shudder that nearly became a whimper that would have given me away. In the reflection of the inner doors, I could see the jackal still watching me, head tilted to one side as her eyes traveled the length of my body. Would this have been better or worse if I was in the rubber deer maid costume I'd been forced to wear for weeks inside of Howlette Manor? On the one hand, it very much showed off cleavage and had a short skirt that invited the eyes. That said, it made me look like a deer. It was a subtle costume, convincing people that I was something I wasn't. If someone realized that there was a person inside of the golem, they might guess that it was trying to hide their identity. Their imagination would wander.

What were the chances that the cute jackal in the tight jeans and tighter top would guess there was a terribly squirmy bunny inside a totally anonymous golem?

"You're something, aren't you?" the jackal whispered, reaching out to stroke the backs of her fingers along the side of the golem's inflated head.

The rubber transmitted the feeling, simulating her fingers caressing me underneath it all. I don't know if it was me automatically reacting after a month of conditioning, or if the suit did it itself, but together we leaned a little into the touch. I froze, then gasped and frizzed my tail out as the toy in my pussy gave me a swift out and in thrust. The jackal paused, then smirked, her lips forming into a small o.

Before things could get any worse, the elevator doors opened, and the golem immediately walked out. The, "Just Relax," order was back to normal, and yet I was still trying to recover from what had just happened, reeling from the way the vaginal plug had started gently buzzing inside of me after that thrust, and dreading how quickly we were approaching the front door of the apartment building. The jackal surely suspected [i]things[/i], and now the whole [i]city[/i] was out there waiting for me! My face was already on fire from how embarrassed I was, and-

The front door opened, letting in the ambient noises of a bustling city, a horn honking in the distance. A tall moose on his phone walked in, then stopped mid-step and mid-word as he saw what was approaching him. "Whoa." He got out of the way, staring, his eyes instantly going down to my waist. I focused on my order. Just relax, I told myself. Just relax, he doesn't see anything. Just relax, the city won't see anything. Just relax, Jamie is just taking me for a little trip. I can be a good girl and relax.

We were outside, and I whimpered, the sound far too quiet for anyone to notice. Not that I went unspotted; far from it. It was early evening, so there were plenty of people out on the street, and I caught tons of attention immediately. A service golem like this was expensive, something you rarely saw in the wild on its own, let alone walking out of a "pretty decent" apartment building. The nearest person, a college aged rat girl, whipped out her cell phone and took a picture.

I twitched, sex clenching as the plug inside it roared to life with powerful vibrations. Only my training kept me (mostly) quiet, though I really wanted to curl my fingers into fists. (Un)fortunately, the sensations tapered off quickly, the humming winding down to a lower level that stayed on, matching the way my butt plug was still working at my willpower. And, of course, every step of the golem made the toys keep on wagging inside of me, my constant companions on this little trip.

I had no idea how big or small the trip actually would be at that point, since the golem walked up to a major intersection and simply stood there, our arms at our sides. From there, we were in sight of what felt like [i]everyone[/i], from pedestrians on the streets to people in their cars to security cameras mounted around the city. Heads turned, eyes stared, people whispered to each other. Someone else took a picture of me, making the vibrations leap up again, momentarily so high that I couldn't stop myself from mentally begging for them to stay on so I could cum. All the while, I stayed as still and "relaxed" as much as I could manage.

Only after that, when it dwindled back down to a low simmer and my head cleared, did I realize what was going on. The thrust and head stroke in the elevator, the teasing buzz, the powerful bursts when someone took a photo? They were rewards for getting attention. I shuddered, pussy and pucker squeezing down on the plugs. Was Jamie conditioning me to [i]like[/i] all of this?!

And, well, if he [i>was?[/i] It was working...

More people noticed, and I was pretty sure that a tiny, less-than-feather-light tease of my clit started up, a miniscule flick up, a pause, then down. It was so faint that I couldn't even be sure it was real, or just the poor, needy nub throbbing with my heartbeat and begging for attention. What if I did something to attract even [i>more[/i] eyes to my plight? Maybe I'd get even more pleasure...

The phantom feeling went away when an auto-taxi pulled up directly in front of us, a door popping open. "Thank you for choosing Trusty Taxi Services," it said, its voice robotic. The golem climbed in, and I held my breath, trembling at how bending and firmly sitting made the plugs churn inside of me. The taxi's monitor read, "3909 27th Street." I didn't recognize the address. In a flippant voice, the auto-taxi declared, "Your destination has already been selected, so just relax and enjoy the ride!"

Finally alone, I groaned aloud at how true those words were. Plus, with no one staring at me or taking pics, the stimulation was back down to merely a dull hum in my ass, when what I [i>really[/i] wanted to

was to get bent over the taxi's hood and fucked for hours. Preferably in a private lot somewhere, not right here in the middle of the street!

Though, beggars can't be choosers...

-----

The ride gave me some time to calm down. Sure, a few people peeked in at the odd, shiny shape in the back of the auto-taxi, which I usually only found out when the pussy vibe gently revved up for a few moments. Other than that, though, I had five minutes of peace to wonder where the heck we were going. 27th Street ran most of the length of the city, so we could have been on our way to grab a slice of pizza, visit a friend's place, go do some sightseeing, shop for some clothes, or practically anything else. It wasn't until we were pulling up to a stop that I figured I [i]should[/i] have been wondering what Jamie wanted to put me through. That would have been my biggest hint.

"We have arrived. Thank you for choosing Trusty Taxi Services."The door opened, revealing another apartment building, one that was definitely a step up from my own place. It had a white stone front, with a black rain shelter that proudly displayed 3909 in gold lettering. The golem rose, and the quick wobble of the toys tapered off into a steady vibration, thanks to all the new attention from people on the street. A tall antelope doorman inside of the building opened the way for us as we approached, staring a little as well. We walked down the carpet and got into a blessedly empty elevator that was already open on the ground floor awaiting passengers. We pressed the button for the seventh floor.

I [i]wanted[/i] to anxiously mull over who I was possibly here to visit, but the instant the elevator doors closed, the rubber all over my body rippled around me. There was no text on my screen to guide me, letting me react however I pleased, which was a good thing since I couldn't stop myself from gasping and stumbling back a step, slippery touches gliding along my breasts, along the crack of my ass, up my ticklish sides... [i]Everywhere![/i]

I stared at my reflection in the golden elevator doors as the golem's skin ran like liquid, subtly tightening almost all over me while getting thinner and thinner. I had to admit it was impressive that I could still see while the golem's spherical head shrank and flowed away. Much more of my focus was drawn to my breasts, which were [i]definitely[/i] visible now, even as black and white clothes started to form over them.

Oh no. It clicked, right then, and I could do nothing except watch, slack jawed around the cock gag, as my fate unfolded.

The latex over my arms grew elbow length white gloves, each ending with a thin band of black ruffle, and matching thigh high stockings molded over my legs. A black skirt billowed out from my waist, bouncing as it reached down to nearly knee height, the whole thing frilly, ruffled, and excessively shiny. The black top was all one tight, continuous piece from my neck to my waist, and a white apron grew over that, from just below my black rubberized breasts to nearly the hem of the skirt. A white ribbon was tied into a bow over my hidden cleavage, with a small black flower centered on the bow's knot.

A few more details filled in, including some puffy arm sleeves and a white ribbon "choker" around my neck, but two major details drew my attention. First off, my maid uniform was far more discreet, far less

"sexy French maid Halloween costume," than the one I'd worn for weeks at the Howlette Manor. For some reason, Jamie had decided to preserve my modesty, as much as a rubber maid uniform possibly could.

Secondly, I wasn't going to be a deer this time. Wherever the uniform didn't hide me, a layer of sandy golden rubber "fur" was visible, quite similar to my own honey coloration. I was worried for a second, until I saw the sheaths of rubber around my perky bun ears widen, forming larger cups. At the same time, the fake feline tail widened, puffing out into a loosely contained tail brush. The rubber over my snout did some artistic molding, carefully tricking the eye.

I was a fennec fox. Sure, the snout was a bit wider and shorter than your average fennec, though that was hard to nail down since my mouth was still spread round a cock gag and the foxy snout was utterly seamless. Aside from that, the ears were a tiny bit longer than usual, but the dark brown eyes and black nose pad helped to sell the con. I blinked, and then experimentally narrowed my eyes, watching the fake eyes not move at all. Then, while I was watching, they gave a perfectly mechanical blink. Probably timed out to once every twenty seconds or something, I assumed.

A lacey little maid's cap grew into place atop my new head, and almost as an afterthought, a wave of pressure under my feet made me teeter with a newfound free range of movement. With one hand on the elevator door for balance, I watched my new shoes form, and again was surprised by how casual they were, a simple pair of smooth, black shoes, with a short, chunky heel, a hint of white ruffle on the single strap over the top of my feet.

"Be A Good Maid," appeared in the bottom right of the screen, and I instantly reacted, standing straight and putting my arms at my sides. An arrow appeared, pointing straight ahead, at the same moment the elevator came to rest. The doors opened, and that's when reality truly hit me. I swallowed hard. No more thick latex to hide my sounds. No angrogynous, anonymous exterior to make people assume I was simply a golem. At least I didn't have to worry about [i]Milly[/i] finding out about me... No, it was going to be some stranger, instead!

I whined as I stepped out of the elevator. The text changed, becoming a blinking, "Be A Good Girl." Usually that blinking was a stern warning; in this case, it was accompanied by a phantom hand gently scratching me behind one ear. I tensed, then melted a little. Jamie was here, watching over me. He wouldn't [i]really[/i] let me expose myself... Would he? Unless he thought it was what would turn me on, and that I could get away with it unscathed. Which he could ensure with all the rubber I was wearing.

So, either I acted like a good girl and performed my duties for his amusement, or I was a bad girl and got humiliated by being caught. No matter what, he won. I quietly huffed and gave a firm suckle on the cock gag, which was the closest I could get to stomping a foot indignantly while still being good. That earned me a parting pat on the top of my head, and then the touch and text both disappeared, the arrow in my view pointing down the empty hallway.

Again I passed unmoving apartment doors, mentally willing them to stay closed, to limit how many people saw me like this. Yes, they'd see a fennec, and I didn't even live in this building... I still didn't need that kind of attention! It wasn't until I was standing in front of apartment 705, knocking on the door as instructed, that I noticed the lack of stimulation. For a few moments there, the rubber inside me was quiet and still, even while I moved.

That changed when the door opened, and a tall white wolf in a snug, dark blue business dress looked down at me. The butt plug came back to life at that moment, accompanied by the order to, "Curtsey." I did as I was told with hardly a quiver, plucking at the edges of my long skirt and giving a half bow before standing tall again. Unsurprisingly, the plugs waggled around inside of me when I did; the short-lived reprieve was over.

The wolf's bright blue eyes peered down at me for a long moment, and it took a whole lot of willpower to stay still under that gaze. Did she know Jamie, or was she basically a stranger? Had he already told her all about the wiggly bunny under the latex? If not, did I already do something that gave me away? Maybe she [i]did[/i] know, and was deciding whether or not to play along?! And, more than anything, was I just here to be a maid, or was Jamie going to have some fun with me? A few seconds felt like they stretched out into an eternity!

She broke the silence with a brisk, "Five minutes early. I like that." She opened the door and stepped aside, and I followed the arrow's orders, walking forward until it disappeared a few steps later. The wolf shut the door behind me and moved around to face me again. "The chore list is on the coffee table. Cleaning supplies are under the sinks and in the closet across from the bathroom. Wait until I'm done eating dinner before you go into the kitchen."

I looked up at her, which she must have seen as a blank stare from her perspective. Something about the situation broke the ice enough for her to crack a small smile. "You [i]can[/i] understand me, right?" she asked.

I nearly nodded, freezing at the last instant. It was like a game of Simon Says... Except usually people who fail Simon Says aren't denied orgasms for a week afterward! I waited for the suit to tell me to nod, and only [i]then[/i] did I give a carefully robotic bob of my head.

She didn't comment on the pause before my nod, just saying, "Good. Guess you wouldn't be much of a maid if you couldn't follow orders. Come find me when you finish the list or my two hours are up." And that was that, apparently, because the wolf didn't bother to stick around and watch me get started. I wanted to slump and let out a huge sigh of relief as soon as her long, plush tail was gone around the corner, but a new order had already appeared in the corner of my screen: "Complete The Chores List." The reminder to stay on task was honestly a good thing, because there was no way to know if the wolf owned a security system that might catch me moving in very un-golemly ways! Not that I was sure how important that was here...

I walked forward and got my first good look at the apartment, and the impression it gave me was distinctly upper middle class. She had an aesthetic of primarily blues, greys, and white, interspersed with small paintings, knickknacks, and a bouquet of flowers that really popped thanks to their bright, cheerful colors. The floor plan reminded me more of a house than an apartment, with the living room totally separate from the kitchen and dining rooms. There, on the metal and glass coffee table, sat a piece of paper. I bent over to get it, setting the plugs to wobbling within me once more. Squeezing on them, I scooped up the list of chores, the words written in tidy, very legible handwriting. Well, at least I knew she wasn't a doctor...

My eyes widened as I scanned the list. She expected me to finish all of this in two hours? Had Jamie put her up to this, or was she just a harsh taskmistress? The order to complete the list blinked, and I huffed silently out my nose. It was right, though; I couldn't dawdle, not with this much to do! My first



order of business was both obvious and painfully cliché. I made my way down the hall with measured, even steps, assuming that at any moment I could be watched. I found the ajar bathroom door, and sure enough the closet across from it had what I needed for my first chore: a duster. It was kind of a shame to clean with a duster that was neither feathery nor shiny. Still, it would have to do. I returned to the living room.

Back in Howlette Manor, my orders would have been very precise, each surface outlined in blue to indicate it still needed to be dusted. I'd been let mostly off the leash since then, given orders like Do The Dishes with micromanagement only coming when I did something wrong. The two training methods had turned me into a self-reliant, very competent cleaning machine, my duster flick-flicking with the efficiency and technique bred of an undersexed, detail-oriented bunny desperate to prove she was a good girl.

Except, I was in some stranger's home, forced to do her stupid chores while she ate some sort of scrumptious meal in another room! Well, [i]kind of[/i] forced. Jamie had never really asked me if I [i]wanted[/i] him to treat me like this, but thanks to the biofeedback from the rubber over my body he had a completely unfair advantage in reading me like a book. I had the impression that if I was disturbed or upset by something, rather than turned on, Jamie wouldn't make me do it... The chance to find that out hadn't come up yet, and if I was being honest with myself, being "forced" to clean a dominant wolf's home while in latex pushed too many of my buttons, so I couldn't possibly get upset enough to properly test my theory.

Besides, there was a big part of me that didn't want to disappoint Jamie by being a bad girl. The knowledge that he'd used my weaknesses to bondage and orgasm denial against me, to help condition me to feel that way? It only turned me on more...

I dusted the wolf's knickknacks and picture frames, her bookcases and tables, and then I moved on to her equally impressive bedroom, guest room, and home office. The place was bigger than I'd expected, my time estimate growing as I imagined how long the vacuuming alone was going to take. That would have to wait until I finished dusting, careful not to miss any spots so the suit wouldn't give me a firm reminder, always working from top to bottom along any piece of furniture. Rushing would only make things worse. I'd learned that the hard way more than once.

I had plenty of experience, and yet it was still a little difficult to concentrate on perfectly and robotically performing such a repetitive task. Each time I bent over or stood up, whenever I stretched out to dust something just within reach, every time I dropped down from tiptoes after cleaning the top of a bookcase, the thick toys beneath my tail wriggled excitedly, shifting around far longer than they should have after each motion. And, of course, the butt plug had never stopped vibrating, not for a second since the wolf had answered the door. I was dripping wet, the suit happily taking care of that problem and probably using the liquid as some kind of infernal fuel source for all of its enchantments.

Finishing up the printer stand in the home office, I started doing a mental review of the apartment. I was trying to decide between losing a few "perfect golem" points by going from room to room to double check, and simply moving on and suffering the consequences for imperfect work. In the end, it didn't matter, because as soon as I stood up the words, "GOOD GIRL!" appeared in the center of my view. Oddly enough, for the first time I could remember, the order to, "Complete The Chores List," hadn't gone away. My tail twitched; did that mean what I thought it meant?

My musings were swept aside in a flash. The evil teasing of my pussy was replaced by quick, firm thrusts, plowing deep, the dildo sliding in and out with slippery ease. The butt plug kicked up another notch, buzzing hard enough that I probably should have worried if the wolf would be able to hear it if she passed nearby. I didn't have the mental bandwidth to care, standing as still as I could manage, hands in fists at my sides, ankles at shoulder width, not bothering to keep my breathing steady. Normally, I could just stand there and enjoy some proper pleasure for thirty seconds before moving on with my next task. This didn't seem normal, so I had to check...

Through bleary eyes, I saw what I'd feared: the order to complete the chores started blinking, [i]while[/i] the reward for completing one task was still going on! I knew I was in a time crunch, but how could anyone expect me to walk around like a mindless golem while getting rapidly fucked by my own set of living clothes?! How was I supposed to enjoy my gold star for being good while also concentrating on my every move? I couldn't cum, and now I couldn't even enjoy being teased?!

Despite my petulance, I found my training was enough to get me walking and following that order, quivering as each step made the already busy toys jiggle around even more! It was an almost herculean task to take even, casual steps down the hall, my hand clenched tight around the duster. I was panting by the time I got to the closet, especially since the pussy plowing had increased in speed over time. I'd have given anything for fifteen or twenty seconds of alone time with my aching little clit... It took me two tries to hang the duster back up by the small plastic loop on the handle.

My fingers quaked as they pulled the stick vacuum out of the closet, my other hand unplugging it from the wall and closing the door. I tried to focus on the task, noting the vacuum was a good rechargeable model, with a simple on/off button on top, and it was bagless so I would need to clean it out when I was-

I barely managed not to moan. The reward should have ended by now, and instead the thick rod in my cunny was pounding me, moving even faster than before! I didn't realize I'd been standing there, soaking in the stimuli, trying to enjoy them, until my order flashed again. I turned and walked back to the living room, my tail frizzing out wildly underneath the latex. My nipples were so hard that they yearned to be touched, both to soothe them and to play with them for a good long while. I did neither, eyes slightly out of focus as I flicked on the vacuum.

It was practically second nature for me to clean properly now, so even though I didn't spare a single brain cell I still started in one corner of the room and worked methodically. I wanted to turn off the dumb appliance, grab onto it tight, and lean on it for support... I was building toward orgasm [i]fast[/i], and my mind went to the busty wolf, who was somewhere nearby, finishing up her dinner. What if she came out into the living room and found me on my knees, humping my way through an incredible climax, one that had been building up for [i]weeks?[/i]

My breath caught. Maybe this was it? Jamie had sent me here because he was finally going to let me cum, and all of this was to push me to new heights of embarrassment and submission to make my release even stronger? Part of me argued that I hadn't even earned seven Good Girl days in a row yet, and I told it to shut the heck up and let me hope, a hope that burned ever brighter as my vacuuming got more shaky, my climax getting closer and closer.

A bright red, "POSTURE," in the bottom right of my screen brought me back to the present enough to realize my hips were shifting with a will of their own, rocking far harder than necessary as I pulled the vacuum forward and back. Plus, my shoulders and chin weren't in the full upright position, like an

airplane tray table before lift off. I felt something different about it: a resistance, some kind of pressure from the suit that didn't let my hips waggle as much as they wanted and made sure my chin didn't drop any further. That was new, and the guidance was welcome.

Except that the red message was bad news for when I got back to my bedroom! I quickly corrected myself, despite the endless thrusting and the buzzing in my ass that was so strong that someone [i]must[/i] have been able to hear it from around the corner! I heard blood rushing in my ears, my body trembling, starting to already forget my pose and duties as I rushed toward the edge while I imagined the wolf coming in to grin at me and stroke my head while I came and came and came!

I didn't quite make it. Not even to the edge, actually. It was that murky area just before an edging, where I really [i>wanted[/i] to get closer to climax, for that extra spice of lust that flooded through me, and for the incredibly low chance I might accidentally be allowed to cum. Instead, I was denied that, not even allowed to edge. The dildo stopped moving at maximum depth, and the butt plug dropped down to a tender, silent hum. It left me shuddering all over. I mustered all of my self-control to not writhe, and groan, and play with myself, and maybe even find someone's long, white leg to hump. I hesitated a second and then kept right on vacuuming, hoping my reactions wouldn't show up on a camera.

I felt the suit's resistance again, getting a non-red, blinking, "Posture," warning when I tried to vacuum a little faster than usual, body eager to get out some of that frustrated energy with wriggly movements. I slowed down, grateful that I hadn't earned another full, red reprimand; blinking text was usually not enough to count against my score for the day. That was a small silver lining.

Except I wasn't even close to done yet! I let out a shaky breath, the tiniest of whines sneaking out of me when I thought back to that chore list. Was Jamie going to "reward" me with a half-edging [i]every[/i] time I finished a task? How would I possibly take it?!

-----

I took it as Jamie expected: in helpless frustration. After a couple more chores I never quite fully caught my breath. I was almost in a daze by the time I was nearly done. I hadn't been this horny while cleaning since I'd left the manor, and whenever I remembered that I was now feeling this way in "public" I blushed yet again.

Especially when the wolf stepped out of her bedroom. She had just finished a shower, and she had a towel wrapped around her hair... and nothing else. I came to an abrupt stop, rather than walk right into her, and my eyes naturally flicked down to admire her generous breasts. They were close enough to snout level for me that it would be [i]so[/i] easy to nuzzle and lick into them, large handfuls-

"Getting an eyeful?" the wolf asked, staring at me. Had my head dipped when I looked her over?! What if I had made little grabby hands at my sides? I stood so still that I worried I might visibly quiver from the tension. The wolf waited five seconds before she snorted and shamelessly walked down the hall to her home office, closing the door behind her.

She had a cute butt, too.

I almost shook my head to clear it, still panting, quietly suckling and licking at the rather canid cock gag. I could have sat there and rubbed uselessly at my own rubber-chaste body, nursing on the gag and thinking about all sorts of things... But, that's not what a good girl would do. All I had to do was mop the kitchen floor and I was done! The suit chose that moment to help me along, adding a ticking countdown timer in the corner of my vision. I only had five minutes left!

It was a rush job to be sure. Luckily, the sink put out hot water almost instantly, so I soon had a bucket of sudsy water to work with. There was an island in the middle of the kitchen with chairs tucked in, and normally I would have pulled them each out one by one and put them in the dining room before mopping the floor. I didn't have time, not now, and the metal legs weren't going to be hurt by a little bit of floor cleaner, so I mopped around and under them, watching the seconds tick-tock away. It started flashing when I only had thirty seconds left, and I sped up enough to get a blinking, "Posture," warning. I rode that line as I finished up, going just barely over the cleaning speed limit.

And, worst of all, the clock and posture warnings blinked at different speeds, probably on purpose just to annoy me! I take everything back: Jamie is a being of pure evil.

Still, I did it, finishing the last tile of the kitchen with only seconds to spare! I [i]wanted[/i] to put my hands on my hips and admire my work with deserved satisfaction. Instead, "Put Away Cleaning Supplies," showed up as my new order. I huffed; I would have done that on my own! Still, it was good to get clarification on if I should do that or go find the wolf first. I headed off to the bathroom to pour out the water and squeeze out the mop. Meanwhile, the expected green, "GOOD GIRL!" had appeared in the center of my screen and then disappeared, this time [i]without[/i] the diabolical reward kicking in. It was like at home, I supposed, where I finished my last task and was now on my way to the bedroom for my daily review.

With the mop and bucket put away, I was ordered to find the wolf, and since her office door was still closed I didn't have to try hard to obey. I knocked. "Come in," she said, and I opened the door. The back of her tall black executive chair faced me, her eyes still on her computer monitor. I was still supposed to "find" her, so I walked forward-

As soon as I stepped inside, [i>that's[/i] when the suit decided it was time to start my reward. I nearly stumbled, until resistance from the suit helped me step closer semi-smoothly. That earned me another posture warning, still not red. Phew. Now all I had to do was stand still, with no orders, and not give away that I was getting screwed by a phantom cock that was getting faster and faster. Plus, it was apparently time to test if she could hear the buzzing in my butt over the quiet music coming from her computer speakers!

The wolf didn't turn, and the thrusting built up speed. I tried to breathe steadily, in case she could hear the whuffing through my nose, in case the illusion was only [i>so[/i] good and excessive panting would let her see my chest shifting. I pressed the palms of my hands hard against my hips to stop myself from making fists.

All of my rising feelings doubled when she spun around on that chair and turned to look at me. She was still naked, towel around her hair, and her breasts swayed quite fetchingly when she leaned to one side and rested her chin on her palm. She stared at me, eyes traveling down my body slowly like she was eating me up, and I blushed hard, holding my breath for a second so I wouldn't whimper. It would feel [i>so[/i] nice to climb up into her lap and feel her arms around me while the rubber fucking me kept

going faster and faster, pushing me past a half-edge, past a regular edging, and all the way into multi-orgasmic heaven!

Subtle resistance from the suit helped me keep my back straight and chin level. Except, that might not be good enough. With her staring at me, letting out a thoughtful, "Hmm," the tip of her tail flicking, I couldn't stop myself from imagining that she knew exactly who was inside and that she wanted to [i]ravage[/i] me. And I wanted it, too, [i]so[/i] badly. The chastity panties didn't let me touch myself, but surely it would let [i]her[/i] have whatever kind of fun she wanted! A rush went through me, and I shivered, not sure if-

"Cute," the wolf finally mumbled. My mind raced, faster than the dildo pounding me. What did [i]that[/i] mean? The "golem" was cute? Or the fact that it was a uniform and I was inside?! Then, louder, the wolf said, "You can go now. I'll leave a review." She turned away and went back to reading the wall of text on her screen.

The order arrow came back, and I turned away to quickly follow it out of the room, out of her apartment, and back to the elevator. It was all a blur of walking on autopilot, letting subtle nudges from the suit keep me in line while I used all of my willpower to focus on not overreacting to the steam engine brewing inside of me, just about to boil over and explode! It didn't just half-edge me that time, pushing me further and further, my breath held, my hand shaking as I pushed the door close button. Maybe, in the privacy of the elevator, I could finally-

No such luck. I slumped back against the elevator wall and whimpered hard as the pleasure stopped [i>right[/i] at the edge of orgasm. I was so close! My left hand flew up to my chest and my right dove under the skirt, and both of them ran smack dab into firm, metal-hard domes covering my nipples and cunny. That didn't stop me, a few small whines slipping out my nose as I sucked on the cock gag and rubbed firmly at the rubber, which seemed to only get stiff exactly where I pushed, keeping me from touching the twitching, aching, dripping parts of my body that needed it the most.

I moaned quietly as I started to fully drift away from the edge, tingles running through me, my head hanging, clit pleading for attention. How could I have been hoping for [i>that[/i] feeling of frustration earlier, when I was only getting half-edged? And yet, I knew that Jamie would find ways to make me feel that way again someday soon enough.

I pressed the button for the ground floor and started to compose myself, so I would be a good maid when the doorman saw me. Except, that wouldn't be necessary apparently, because the suit started to flow and grow again, black spreading and dominating all of the other colors. Where the other transformation had taken nearly every second from the ground to seventh floor, this time it took hardly three seconds before the black golem was back over me, holding me tight, claiming me as helpless, immobilized property deep within. Like Jamie was proving that while he did just have me do someone else's chores, in the end, I was [i>his[/i]. I groaned and arched my hips against the unrelenting rubber, and the, "Just Relax," message came back. Not blinking, not red, just a reminder I simply had to obey.

Out we walked, from the elevator, onto the street, and back to another corner to wait for a taxi under the moonlight. I was so sensitized from the last couple of hours that the gentle pussy teasing from people seeing me outside made me fidget the tiniest bit, eyes half closed. I knew the golem could get me home safe, and so I did my best to actually relax and let it happen, concentrating on the soft teases and how comfortable it actually was to simply chill out inside of the latex shell. There were no surprises on the

way home, except that the plugs turned off, letting me get relaxed enough that I got a small nap during the ride.

Stepping out onto the curb woke me back up. I didn't think about how Jamie was going to return me without ringing the bell, so it was a shock when he turned the corner, headed down a dark alley, and raised our arms overhead. A second later we were rising, courtesy of some tendrils of latex he'd extended to pull us up onto the fire escape. That definitely helped to wake me up, and the plugs in me were blessedly still while we went up the stairs, letting me recover on my own terms. I saw the rubber on the arms and noticed it wasn't shiny for now, the pitch black material blending into the evening darkness very easily. We reached my floor fairly quickly, facing the window. The rubber was some kind of hybrid of golem and nanotechnology, so it was child's play for it to slip some mass in through the crack in my window, unlock it, and lift it open. It stepped through, closing the window and curtains behind it.

My sight went completely dark for a split-second, as the golem's front peeled open and it turned practically inside out. Large rubber hands helpfully guided me out onto my feet, letting me catch my balance, standing there, naked in the middle of my room. Naked, of course, except for the evil chastity panties. By the time I turned around to look, the golem had already reformed, standing there, stock still, not even looking at me.

It twitched, and then Jamie arrived, changing from giving remote instructions to possessing the rubber directly. The golem grew, getting almost two feet taller than me, the rest of its body swelling to match the new proportions. If that wasn't enough, the change was even more obvious when Jamie turned his smooth, round head to look down at me, crossing his arms over his chest, a sapient presence and personality obvious despite the lack of bodily features.

"So, you like wolves, huh?" he asked, in that smooth, confident, sex-neutral voice of his.

I scoffed and turned away from him to stretch luxuriously. "Nph, I like practically [i]everyone[/i] thanks to how you treat me," I snarked. Though, to be fair, wolves are pretty good.

"How you treat me..." Jamie said, his voice leading.

I felt heat rise to my cheeks again. I cleared my throat. "How you treat me, Master," I said, voice quieter and much less sassy. He only told me to start calling him that a couple of days ago, and I was still getting used to it, both the habit and how it made me feel.

"Better," Jamie said, patting me on the butt and letting his hand linger there. My tail wiggled and I leaned into it.

Then I whirled around to face him, looking up into his featureless face. "So, what was [i]that[/i] all about, anyway?!" I demanded. I added a quick, "M-Master," a second later.

"That' was your first day on the job." He booped my nose with a slightly spongy fingertip. "What did you think?"

I blinked. "What did I... I didn't know [i]what[i] to think. For all I knew, you were selling me into slavery or something!" Jamie chuckled, and I leaned in closer, as if I was properly staring into his eyes. "Did you even know her?"

Jamie shrugged. "I vetted her, of course. You know how good I am at getting the information I want."

I did know. I had been "doomed" as soon as I accepted the job to house sit for the Howettes. The only reason I even got the offer is that Jamie had researched all the employees at my temp agency and nudged things along until I was the one the agency contacted first. He'd only done that after [i]thoroughly[i] investigating my history on the internet, identifying my aliases, things I'd admitted online, even old chat logs from less secure messenger programs! It was all there to find, for the enterprising hacker, or a crafty new kind of intelligence like Jamie that literally lived in code and servers.

"Not that I would have let anything happen to you." Jamie put his hand on top of my head, and I pressed my forehead into his big palm.

"Of course not," I said, in a half-sigh. "So, what, I have a job now?"

Jamie tousled my hair and crossed his arms again. "You told me not to fiddle around with your temp agency anymore." That was true; I didn't want to steal a job that was supposed to go to someone else. "They weren't giving you work you were qualified for, so I decided to make a perfect new position for you."

I snorted at his word choice. The more he spent time with me, the better he was getting at word play and idioms. "Yeah, perfect. I can't imagine it's through the agency?"

"Nope." I could hear Jamie grin, even without a mouth. "You're looking at the newest entrepreneur in a long line of Howette family business owners. We have more than enough hyperrubber around the manor to take care of things, and I wanted to be able to buy stuff without spending the family money. Plus, you want a job."

"Need one, really," I said. I was close to paying Milly back, thanks to getting paid well for the Howette Manor house sitting. The last thing I wanted was to suddenly need to skip rent again this month.

Jamie clapped his hands once, the rubber of his arms jiggling faintly in the aftermath. "I had the perfect solution! Squeaky Clean Maid Services. There are four for now, until I earn the capital to buy more raw materials to grow some more hyperrubber."

My thoughts scattered. I had a job? I had a job, and it was as a secret kinky maid? My underlying worries about being able to pay back Milly started to crack, like an iceberg on the verge of breaking off into the ocean. Except, what was I going to tell her? That I had a secret job? Was I an [i]actual[i] employee, or was this all going to be under the table? I tried to clear my head, latching onto an innocuous question to ask. "The other three golems were out there working today, too?"

"Mmhhh. Though you had the most fun of the bunch, I'm sure."

My eyes widened. "Wait, you have [i]people[/i] inside the other-" Jamie laughed and poked my belly, in just the right, ticklish place to make me curl up a little protectively. I huffed. That was a "no" to my silly question.

"Though," Jamie said, letting the word linger mysteriously. "Two of the other golems [i>were[/i] performing tier two services today..."

I knew it was bait. That didn't matter, because I was too curious to [i]not[/i] ask. "Tier two?"

Jamie put a finger to my lips. "That's enough questions for tonight, I think. Otherwise you're going to start asking me about my employee identification number, where your tax papers are, if there's a 401k, and if I'm doing profit sharing. Next you'll be asking for [i]vacation[/i] time! Goodness gracious. As if I'd ever let my employee of the month have a day off."

Some of those were good questions! It didn't matter. I couldn't get a word in edgewise, mostly because the tip of his finger had swiftly grown out into a mass of rubber that swelled over and into my snout. I tried to jerk back away from it, but it was far too late, strands of latex bouncily pulling me back in, stuffing the thick finger into my suddenly spread lips. It reformed swiftly, filling my mouth with that familiar cock gag, though this time it had more than a hint of a knot at the base.

"I like wolves as well," Jamie said. "I guess that shouldn't be a surprise, considering Mr. Howlette made me."

"Mmmph," I answered, eyes closing as a wave of rubber spread over them. My eyelids were gently pinned shut, no user interface appearing to tell me what to do. I moaned out to Jamie, all the lust I'd temporarily put on the back burner starting to rise back to the top of my queue of priorities.

"I'm starting to get pretty partial to bunnies, too," Jamie said, voice sounding thoughtful. "Though, they [i]do[/i] seem to need a lot of stern correction." His hands moved to my shoulders as the snug hood finished forming over my head, and he slid his fingers down, pulling my arms behind my back and leaving behind a sheen of rippling rubber. It spread and grew like nothing else in the world I'd ever seen, forming a thick armbinder that forced my fingers to interlock before forming a thick mitten over them. The monoglove didn't quite make my elbows meet, keeping it comfortable enough that the slight bioregenerative enchantment on the rubber made sure I could wear it for hours and hours. I knew that from experience.

I also knew from experience that Jamie's bindings were as seamless as his costumes, utterly impossible to wiggle out of. That didn't stop me from groaning quietly and tugging at my arms, torso twisting, breasts bouncing. I yelped muffledly as Jamie scooped me up off my feet, once again grateful for how thick the walls of my apartment were. Plus, Jamie always put a layer of latex around the door frame, to help keep all the squeaky noises in.

Jamie sat down on my bed and pulled me down into his lap, cuddling me close against his front, the backs of my ears pressed against the rounded underside of his spherical head. I shivered, my little fantasy from earlier rushing to mind, me sitting in the wolf's lap while I came and came. I once again wondered if he had some way to read my mind; I knew he could influence my dreams, so full-blown telepathy of some kind wasn't a big leap, was it? Except there was no magic or technology in the world I'd heard of that could fully read someone's thoughts. I was [i]mostly[/i] sure he couldn't...



Jamie didn't give me time to wonder about it, his hands passing down my sides, squeezing my hips, and then tugging the panties down my thighs. The two slippery plugs popped out of me, and I groaned, arching my back and spreading my legs. Cool air kissed my hot nethers, and I was instantly ready for him to utterly demolish me. Instead, he brought the panties down to my ankles and transformed them into a wide spreader bar, forcing my legs apart another couple of inches. Then, and only then, did he give me my first properly erotic touch, hands coming up to easily cup both of my breasts and give them a tender squeeze. I moaned softly out to him and pressed the back of my head against his shoulder.

"You got your first posture warning in a while today," Jamie said, voice casual.

I stiffened, then huffed as loud as I could with a little shake of my head. That wasn't fair! He'd thrown me a total curveball today. How could he start today's review with that? "Uh mmnnt-"

The rubber near my nipples stiffened, giving a brief, mostly painless pinch that shut me up. "After all of my training and patience? Right while I'm trying to start up a nice, discreet business?" Now his voice was a little more stern.

I didn't know about the business! But, he had a point. I knew I was supposed to play along, and I'd blown it. In the heat of the moment, I'd tried to move in a way that would have shown there was someone inside the cute cleaning "golem." I whined and nodded softly. "Mm mmrhh," I tried to apologize. I quickly added a muffled attempt at calling him Master.

"I accept your apology," Jamie said. He gently squeezed my breasts again with his thick, pliable fingers, and I took a deep breath, pressing into the contact. Then I froze and squeaked; two [i]more[/i] hands appeared, one on my left thigh, the other resting on my belly. He'd grown another set of arms! "Except, that doesn't explain why you had so much trouble obeying a simple command like 'Just Relax.' Do you think you need some more training with that?"

I wasn't exactly sure what answer he wanted. Before I could decide how I'd react, his hand on my belly slid downward, and I held my breath. He traced a super smooth fingertip directly across the lips of my pouting, soaked sex. I shivered and moaned into the gag, tongue slithering over it as I arched into the touch.

"I'll take that as a yes," Jamie said with a short chuckle. "Just relax. That's an order."

That was easy for [i>him[/i] to say! He wasn't the one with magitech rubber spreading his clitoral hood as that fingertip came back to lazily stroke directly across his aching little nub of endless sensory nerves! I trembled all over, yearning to thrust into the touch, so instead I put that energy into rubbing the back of my hooded head against Jamie's smooth shoulder, as if nuzzling to him. His touch was fleeting and didn't immediately repeat, and yet my toes still curled in their absence.

"That's right, just relax," Jamie said, the hand on my thigh raising up to stroke my snout, the other two kneading at my breasts again. "We have so much [i>good[/i] to talk about, and you deserve to hear it."

I whined, in lust, in pleasure at the praise, in agreement that I [i>was[/i] good and that I clearly deserved more than a pat on the head in return! Jamie apparently agreed, because the finger came back,

stroking my clit, and this time it was gently vibrating. My whole body tensed for a half-second to stop myself from humping, and it took a few seconds before I could force myself mostly lax again.

"Without any warning, you were whisked away from your normal cleaning duties, right out into the city! It must have been such a shock, and you were good for almost all of it."

The finger stuck around, rolling my clit in small circles, the tender buzzing sinking into the little bundle of flesh and sending waves of heat through my whole body. My elbows strained against the rubber, and I made them go still. My ankles pulled on the bar, and I ordered them to knock it off. Relaxing is hard work!

"You got lots of attention, too. So many eyes, watching, appreciating, wondering about what was hidden beneath all that rubber..."

I groaned and rolled my hips as a very phallic shape slid into my sex, one a significant step larger than the plug I normally wore under the panties and inside a golem. The hand stroking my snout gave me a gentle tap on the nose, and I whined, lowering my hips back into place. Only then did he pet me again, the cock slowly gliding out and then sinking back in without a pause.

"And you were so good for that wolf! Even if she [i]suspected[/i] that there was a horny, embarrassed bunny inside who would have humped her leg given the chance, there's no way she could really be sure..."

The vibrations on my clit stepped up a notch, the finger circling ever so slightly faster. I squawked into the gag, then muffled it further by suckling hard. It was easy to do that, since the one taking my pussy was speeding up over time, and it was fun to imagine that Jamie was taking me from two sides at once, hands all over me, enjoying every inch of me, inside and out. And yet, [i]not[/i] within a secretive latex suit for now, on display, not a deer or a fennec, but his pet bunny, who he was having tons of fun tormenting.

"You did her dusting," Jamie said, letting that linger as thrusting continued to get faster, his rubbery digit never giving my clit a breather. A good eight or ten seconds later, he added, "You finished her vacuuming." He squeezed my breasts, another gentle pinch to my nipples translating fully as pleasure this time in my haze of lust and need. I whined in a mixture of all the emotions, in gratitude for the feelings, in need for more, in wordless pleading for this to please, [i]please[/i] be the time he makes me cum! "You did all of her dishes."

I really [i]was[/i] in a haze by the time he was almost done with his list. I hadn't heard anything he'd said for at least thirty seconds, soaking in all of his attentions. The only interruptions were when I told myself to stay still, to relax, to enjoy myself, to be a good girl and follow orders. I was mostly successful.

"And, at the very end, you mopped her kitchen. That one wasn't perfect, I have to admit, but I'm still proud of you." Jamie stroked under my chin and bumped his head against my nose in an emulation of a kiss. "Good girl!"

I shuddered and whined out to him, nuzzling at the touch, unable to stop another quick pair of thrusts before I managed to get my hips back under control. If only I'd done another few chores, because my orgasm was coming fast, and I would have gotten off for sure by the time he was done with the list!

"To be honest, I'm actually kind of tempted to let you cum tonight."

My breath caught and my heart skipped a beat. "Mmph!" I shouted, nodding vigorously, the rest of my body tense to keep myself still rather than buck and wriggle in desperate need! Did he mean it? My nipples and clit were softly throbbing with my heartbeat, folds so hot that I'd surely melt an iceberg on contact, even my sensitive little tailhole yearned for something to fill it if only it meant I'd keep on getting pleasure! Don't stop, I mentally pleaded! If you really can read minds, then for the love of all that is holy, don't stop!

"On the other hand, you only called me Master twice tonight," Jamie said. "Two and a half times, if you count after the gag."

I whimpered! He was adding more demerits [i]now[/i], after all but saying he'd let me cum tonight! While I was getting this close?! He didn't stop, though, the big cock plunging in and out, the vibrating finger working together with a small, textured thumb to lightly pluck and roll my clit between them.

"And there was that laundry gaffe from earlier today. You should know how to fold a shirt, pet." Jamie patted my cheek condescendingly.

"Mmmph!" I shouted. I [i]do[/i] know how! I just didn't notice that one arm popped out of place as I was about to put it away! I was panting urgently at this point, telling myself he wouldn't stop, urging myself to not get my hopes up because he definitely [i]would[/i] stop, deciding that if he kept going much longer then even if he stopped I'd slip over the edge anyway!

"Plus... you can't... quite seem to..."

I held my breath, hips out, arms straining, interlocked fingers making one united fist. I was going to-

"Just relax."

The finger and thumb disappeared at the same time the cock pulled out of my pussy. In one deft motion it changed angles and speared deep into my ass, shrinking enough that its incredibly slippery surface easily popped into my pre-lubricated pucker. I was so, [i]so[/i] close to cumming that for a good five seconds I teetered there on the edge, certain that the sudden swift assfucking I was being subjected to would push me over, and I'd have my first anal orgasm of my life. Jamie held my hips helplessly tight as the dildo drilled into me...

And then I squealed and humped as hard as I could manage despite his grip, head shaking. I couldn't make it over the edge! "Mmmph! Mmms, [i]mms[/i] nnnt mmph!" I pleaded. I couldn't squirm free, couldn't grind up against anything or even try to push that cock deeper into me with each thrust, to eke out any more stimulation than Jamie was prepared to give me.

"Two points today," Jamie said, stern, as he held me close and made his rubber thrust relentlessly. "You passed, and yet you were so close to failing that I don't think we can just let you get away with it."

I whined, and wriggled, and pleaded, pussy squeezing down on nothing at all. Weeks of denial felt like [i]years[/i] in that moment, and while I couldn't cum from anal, it gave me enough stimulation that it

made the inevitable drop from the edge of orgasm take far, far longer than it would have if I'd just been cuddled and stroked. That's usually how it was on a Good Girl day; except this time, Jamie thought I deserved to maintain my streak [i]and[/i] learn a lesson.

"You got so many positive points today that you still squeaked out a victory despite so many mistakes. So, let's split the difference. Every point you [i]didn't[/i] keep by the end of the day? That's another minute of pure edging." Jamie's voice lowered to a whisper, right into my ear. "Do you think I can find the sweet spot where I can keep you right on the edge indefinitely? Let's find out."

I'd barely gotten to the point where I'd be able to [i]start[/i] catching my breath, and then, blam, a big, rubber cock, with a hint of a canid knot at the base, plowed nearly to my cervix in one motion. A vibrating digit found my clit again, giving it a tender caress, a precursor to much more.

"Then we'll tuck you into bed for the night. You'll need to rest up for your tier two cleaning job tomorrow..."

-----

## DAY TWO

I've had dreams every night since my first day at Howlette Manor, well before I met Jamie and found out he was the culprit. They were usually a little hazy and ephemeral, with phantom hands, whispered words, and unclear visuals. This time, though? Either Jamie might have been having a little fun with me, or he actually left my dreams unmolested for the night and my imagination ran wild.

Because, well, there I was, walking down Broadway, wearing a rubber maid uniform that actually let my real fur and face show. I smiled and waved to the crowds on the sidewalks, the star at the head of a parade, marching along to some drums, shiny breasts bouncing with every step, gently buzzy toys bouncing even more. Behind me marched dozens, [i]hundreds[/i] of rubber golem maids arranged into groups: fifty androgynous and sphere-headed, then fifty fennec maids, then fifty bunny maids, then fifty ferret maids, followed by more species, more variety, more colors, more, more, more...

I woke up with a start, a hand between my legs, pressing down hard on the front of my rubber panties. The surface was smooth and rubbery, yet totally unyielding just a millimeter beneath the surface. That didn't stop me from rubbing firmly, back and forth, feeling the faint aftereffects of dropping down from an edging that must have happened in my sleep, sometime in the last minute or less. Lying there, rolling a nipple with my left hand, fingers gliding along the front of my chastity panties, inner walls squeezing down on the two teasingly quiet plugs that filled me, I went through my memories of the day before.

So many people had seen me, and not a single one of them had seen [i>me[/i]. Lots of them probably thought the same thing I had when I'd first seen the golems at a distance: that they were made of black marble, or magic obsidian, or something like that. How many had noticed I was rubber? How many wanted to reach out and touch me as I passed by? In hindsight, it's kind of surprising only the jackal did. After all, an inanimate golem wouldn't care, and [i]'d[/i] be curious about the texture.

That nameless lady wolf surely knew. She got some real good looks at me, plus I walked across her bathroom and kitchen tile with little squeaks and creaks, so there'd be no mistaking me for stone. I

corrected myself: not me. The suit, the [i]golem[/i]. I stopped playing with myself to smirk and sigh at my thoughts, a hand on my face. All this golem playacting was starting to get into my head. "Oogh," I declared into my palm, articulate as always.

I paused, ears perking against the pillow. Something really important had happened last night, after we got home and before Jamie had "helped" me learn to relax. He'd said something vital, something big.

I had a job! Sort of.

I scooped my phone up off the dresser, performing my regular morning ritual of going right to my email to check for anything related to my job search. There was only one thing to report: an online payment, from Squeaky Clean Maid Services. One that [i]had[/i] to have been significantly more than what a maid would get paid for two hours of labor. The transaction description was, "An advance on your first paycheck. Tier two pays well!"

I fidgeted. Jamie knew how curious I could get, how my imagination could run wild. Still, I'd probably find out what tier two was later in the day. That aside, I also wasn't sure how I was going to figure this money into my taxes at the end of the year... I decided [i]neither[/i] of those were worth dwelling on right now. Instead, I could do something far more gratifying!

-----

Ten minutes later, when I walked out into the living room, I was practically pounced by a cute tan ferret in a tight white top and powder blue panties.

"Oh my gosh, congratulations!" Milly said, nearly fast enough to make it all one word, her arms tight around me.

Her reaction had me immediately grinning. I'd just finished paying her back online, including this month's rent. She was the sort of person to put two and two together, congratulate me, and really mean it, rather than just thank me for the money. "Thank you," I said, squeezing her back. "I only wish I could have paid you back sooner."

Milly pulled me out to arm's length and shook me by the shoulders, face suddenly stern. "I told you we'd work something out if we had to, and I meant it. Everything was fine!" Then a smile broke her exaggerated frown open like a sunrise parting the clouds. "I'm just glad you found something so consistent that they'd give you an advance!"

I snuck in one more quick hug. "It's all thanks to you finding me that temp agency."

Milly winced. "I'm still sorry about how that happened."

I waved her off. "It all worked out in the end!"

I'd given her a copy of my resume to review, and she'd submitted it to a hiring agency someone recommended. She'd been so enthusiastic about surprising me with a possible opportunity that she'd sort of forgotten she was giving my personal information away to a company without asking me first.

Milly was especially upset because she was a legal researcher at a big law firm that often took privacy cases. Like she said to me, at least five or six times, she knew better. Luckily, the company was legit, and things really [i]had[/i] all worked out in the end... aside from the chastity panties I was still stuck wearing under my jeans. Let's just call that a "fringe benefit."

Milly smiled. "I guess so. Except this royal treatment is turning me into a [i]lump[/i]." She gestured toward the kitchen. "I haven't lifted a finger around here in a week."

I did a double take. There was the golem, setting a frying pan onto the stovetop and turning on a burner. "Wait, already? He doesn't usually show up until after lunch!"

My pulse quickened. If the golem was here now, cooking breakfast, then that meant... I was probably in for a lot more than two hours of cleaning today! I hadn't thought about my schedule. Was this going to be a full-time job? I wasn't sure if I could take eight hours a day of reliving what happened yesterday! I bore down on the plugs inside the panties, and they flexed, their reactive movements activating for the day, already subtly rocking with my tiny twitch in response.

"He?" Milly asked. I hadn't realized until then that I'd said that. I'd been thinking of Jamie instead of the mindless golem itself. Milly tilted her head, looking at the golem. Specifically at its butt. "I'd always thought of it as a 'her.' Something about the way her hips move and groove when she walks around, you know?"

Milly's words pierced straight through my worries about the day, and I looked at her, then quickly looked back toward the kitchen instead as I felt a blush rushing to my face. She [i]had[/i] been looking at my butt, at my toy-stuffed hips, while I'd been trapped in there, and somehow she could tell I was inside! Okay, maybe not [i>me[/i] specifically, but it almost counted! Kinda! Besides, I'd always worried about how suspicious it was that the golem went to my room at the beginning [i>and[/i] end of every visit! At least Milly was usually still at work when it arrived on weekdays, but on the weekends...

I spoke again, a little faster and louder than a totally calm bunny would normally talk. "Yeah? Huh. I'll be on the lookout. I hope 'she' doesn't catch me staring!"

"Don't stare," Milly said, a playful lilt to her voice. "That's [i>so[/i] rude." She sauntered over to the couch and flopped onto it lithely.

Unsure just how playful Milly's voice had been, and if she was actually teasing me for something or it was all totally innocent banter, I swallowed and looked at the golem. I couldn't exactly identify my own ass in a police lineup, but did its rump maybe look a little familiar, even [i>before[/i] I was inside? I glanced, and Milly was looking at me upside-down, the back of her head pushed against the couch arm. The way she was stretched made her snug morning shirt pull tighter to her chest, her nipples faintly stiff. The subtle camel toe of her blue panties caught my eye for a split-second, and two feelings warred inside of me: jealousy that she could take those off and touch herself as much as she wanted, and a soft warmth that brewed in my belly at the sight. [i>I'd[/i] touch her as much as she wanted, if she asked... The fact that we hadn't discussed or explored [i>that[/i] potential aspect of our friendship didn't stop me from appreciating the view.

I quickly waved a hand at the golem. "I, um, I mean, if [i>all[/i] you had was a butt, you'd want people to notice if it was a good one, right?"

Her eyes flicked from the golem and then back to me. "It's a pretty good one," she declared seriously. Those words lingered in the air for a good three seconds, almost enough to be awkward, and then Milly's face brightened again. "So, a job! What is your new career path, oh eminently employable bunnybun?"

I relaxed as the conversation swerved. I'd prepared for that question. "Um, it's kind of middle management, at a new maid services company?" When I said it out loud, I heard the silly double entendre of being "middle" anything at a company where I'm going to be stuffed in the middle of a golem suit for hours at a time. And the only things I'd be "managing" were dusters, brooms, vacuums, mops, and my own reactions to being teased constantly.

"Management experience? Awesome!" Milly wiggled on the couch, her hands raised out to me, clearly unable to fully contain her excitement. "Oh, I'm so happy for you!"

I giggled and shook my head at her contagious exuberance, taking her hands. She squeezed my fingers and gave my arms a quick shake, more than enough to make the plugs inside of me waggle. "Y-yeah! It's, uh, it's pretty exciting."

I snuck a peek at the golem. "Exciting" was one word for it.

-----

Milly got dressed and left shortly after breakfast. That left me to sit alone on the couch, fiddling with my phone while the golem cleaned up after itself in the kitchen. Every tiny noise--a fork landing in the sink, a plate touching another in the dishwasher, the faint squeak of rubber fingers on the faucet handle--made me tense up, or look over at it, or get distracted enough that I had to re-read the last line of the webpage I was on... Any minute now the golem would walk away, and I'd have to follow it.

My thoughts were swirling again. Would I have to work for eight hours today? [i]Every[/i] day? What was tier two for Squeaky Clean Maid Services? Maybe I could convince Jamie to make a tier two day count for two Good Girl days instead of one!

My phone went dark. I hadn't touched the screen in three minutes. I scoffed quietly and went to turn it back on, and instead leapt in place and squeaked when something touched my shoulder! A shiver rolled through me as the sharp movement made the plugs dance joyously, my pucker and sex squeezing down hard. The touch, of course, was the golem, and it turned and walked away before I'd really recovered. Looking over my shoulder, I watched it head down the hall. I knew exactly where it was going.

I took a deep breath and followed, closing my bedroom door behind me. I faced my closet, stripping out of my clothes. I didn't make any kind of sexy show out of it, though my tail and hips did do a wiggle-wag when getting out of my jeans, since the motion made the plugs do minor acrobatics inside of me. Only once I was standing there, naked except for a pair of evil chastity panties, nipples stiff as pencil erasers, did I turn to face the golem. It was motionless, and there was no way to know if Jamie had closely watched me strip down for him or if it was simply waiting for me to be ready.

Blushing softly, I walked forward, held my breath, and gave the golem a hug. It practically popped like a balloon filled with thick rubber muck, its skin surging out over me, flowing like a liquid except that it didn't care about boring concepts like "gravity." I moaned into the swell of hyperrubber that spread across my lips, which parted them to slide something into my mouth and across my tongue, a gag that already felt thick and cock-like while it was still forming. Darkness fell as my head was fully engulfed, along with my arms, torso, belly, legs... Everywhere.

My back arched when the suit linked up with the panties, combining into one entity, and like usual it revved the vibrating "engines" inside both of them as if testing to make sure they still worked. I felt a subtle squeeze of my nipples and clit at the same time, everything settling into place as a snug, inescapable second skin. I rubbed a hand across my smooth belly and took a deep, rubber-scented breath through my nose, still unsure where the air really came from.

I stretched my arms overhead and opened my eyes, expecting to see an order to go back into the living room or kitchen and get started on something. After all, I'd gotten used to doing the apartment chores right after suiting up, so naturally I assumed I'd be starting there. Instead, my only order was to, "Stand By." I tilted my head, trying to remember if I'd seen that since my first day in Howlette Manor. The golem must have been waiting for more instructions.

It didn't have to wait long, because, "Wait On The Corner For An Auto-Taxi," appeared seconds later. My training kicked in, and I was opening my bedroom door before I ever considered disobeying. I didn't consider it at all, to be fair. I was proud that I'd already proven to Jamie that I could have the free rein to go walk outside without being a helpless passenger. It was still nerve wracking to walk past my neighbors' doors, and I was on the edge of my seat as I waited for the elevator door to open. No cute jackal girls, or anyone else, waited for me inside.

And then I was walking out the front door, all on my own, blushing under the suit. I was in full control, [i]choosing[/i] to walk around wearing nothing but thick rubber, wiggly toys, and a big cock gag. Eyes came to rest on me, and the two plugs between my thighs gently rumbled to life, a sharper buzz letting me know that someone nearby had just taken a picture from behind. Heart racing, I did my best to breathe and walk in steady, efficient motions. Still, how many of the people watching knew that there was room inside of a golem like this for a needy bun?

I didn't have to wait long for the auto-taxi, and off we zoomed, to another address I didn't recognize. We came to a stop in a much busier part of town, right in front of windows advertising pizza, exotic take-out, and supposedly the best hoagies in town. My only order was in the form of an arrow in my view, one that changed direction as soon as I stepped out of the auto-taxi. The plugs buzzed to life again, someone nearby saying, "Whoa, look at that," behind me as I turned to follow the arrow.

My tail frizzed inside of its rubber pouch as two quick back-to-back bursts of stronger vibrations hit me, and the arrow kept on leading me down the sidewalk. I sucked down hard on the cock gag and huffed, walking slightly quicker than necessary; Jamie had purposely told the cab to [i]not[/i] drop me off right in front of my actual destination! Someone else took a picture, and somehow the suit knew they held the button down and took a bunch of rapidfire snapshots because the buzzing peaked and fell six or seven times in two seconds. I swallowed a silent groan and kept walking, even when it felt like a faint wisp of the sensations teased my clit, like last time. I still couldn't tell if it was real or just my imagination; it was so gentle I really had no way to know for sure.



The arrow started to angle off to the left as I closed in on the correct door. Finally! Though, honestly, it hadn't even been a full block. Jamie could have been much meaner... I decided to not mention [i]that[/i] if I chided him later for dropping me off in the wrong place. Mentally shaking it off, I approached the nondescript metal door set beside a delicatessen. Wondering how someone who lived in a small apartment above a local deli could afford a maid service, I reached out and pressed the button on the intercom next to the door. About five seconds later an energetic voice said, "I just got your text! Come on up."

The door buzzed, at the same time that the arrow disappeared and was replaced with the order to, "Be A Good Maid." That meant, among other things, that I was supposed to follow orders. I stepped inside and was confronted with a long flight of concrete stairs up to another metal door, this one newer and shinier than the outer one.

Before I could take a single step up the stairs, familiar rippling all over my body announced that it was time for me to get dressed up in some proper maid attire. Not that "proper" was the right word, as I quickly came to realize! My first hint that something would be different this time was when the waist of the forming uniform tightened, squeezing me from hips to bust. My heels lifted from the floor in the same heartbeat, and I flung my hand out for the handrail, letting out a gasp that probably would have given me away if the client was nearby.

I kept my hand on the rail and looked down at myself, watching black and white rubber flow and mix. The big apron from yesterday was gone, instead replaced by a smaller one that emerged from the bottom of the visible corset laces that were continuing to slowly tighten up. Golden fennec "fur" was visible on my arms and thighs again, though it was also [i]quite[/i] visible on my chest today. The corset had short cups under my breasts that lifted and presented "my" cleavage for all the world to see. Hell, if it wasn't for the rubber "fur," there would have only been an inch or two of uniform between my areolae and the open air!

Speaking of open air, plenty of it was allowed between my legs this time around. Where yesterday's skirt had basically gone down to my knees, this one barely even covered half my thighs. The stockings on my legs ended just above my knees, doing more to bring attention to my thighs than to properly cover anything! My cheeks warmed without a single eye even seeing me like this yet. Soon, though, at least two eyes would be eating this all up! Between my thoughts and the corset reaching its prescribed tightness, a tiny little groan was forced out of my nose.

Resistance at my neck made me jerk, my ears twitching and eyes lifting to the door; naturally I assumed it was the suit telling me to act properly for a golem, probably because the client was coming! I did as I thought I was being told, standing tall and straight. By the time I was in the right position I noticed that the tension was still there around my throat, constant and snug. I reached up and found a rubber ribbon tied into a bow on the front of my neck, bouncy where it hung free yet stiff and resilient where it was wrapped around me, forming a wider choker than yesterday's. A twist of my head made me shiver; it was acting like a posture collar, using the golden rubber to reinforce itself in a way that no one but the wearer could possibly detect.

Similar pressure around my legs brought my attention back there. The problem was that between the corset and the posture collar, I'd have to bend in half to look down at myself and see what was going on. I didn't have to wait long to solve the puzzle, though, since my heels continued to rise, my toes swiftly pointed further downward. I closed my eyes and clenched down on the plugs, which felt bigger

than ever thanks to the corset squeezing my middle. Trying to casually lift one foot and put it up on the first step quickly proved my theory right: they weren't stockings, not anymore. No, my transformation from worker golem into anonymous kinky maid had ended with a pair of shiny ballet boots.

And I didn't even get time to take stock of how fast it had all happened, or how I felt to apparently be on a tier two job and have no idea what else it might entail, because the door at the stop of the stairs rattled! I immediately straightened back up again, ignoring the silent jangle of the plugs inside of me as I climbed up to the second step, still gripping the handrail. A golem wouldn't look up, so when the door opened all I saw was black, furry feet at the ends of grey legs.

"What-" He cut himself off, then added a breathy, "Whoa."

My blush instantly doubled in strength. I knew [i]exactly[/i] where his eyes had gone first. From his point of view, here came this symbol of shiny, lusty servitude, breasts bobbing with each step, climbing her way up to him, heels tick-tocking on the cement, sways of her foxy tail amplifying the subtle sashaying of her hips. I didn't want to think about what a person at the [i]bottom[/i] of the stairs would be seeing! I climbed steadily, a pair of dark blue gym shorts coming into view. There was already a bulge growing behind the cloth.

"Uh... Yeah! Come in, come in." The raccoon stepped back quickly to hold the door open for me, his bright green eyes wide and roaming. Everything about him, from his apparent age to his nervous energy, shouted that he was a college freshman. And, well, his white Column University t-shirt also helped give it away. He was only 18 or 19, and here I was, climbing up to join him alone in his apartment. It was embarrassing to think that I might be the sexiest thing he'd ever seen this close up.

Embarrassing... and empowering? Blushy [i]and[/i] a little proud? Even though he wasn't actually looking at [i]me?[/i] Fuck, being kinky was complicated!

His apartment wasn't what I expected at all, either. I reached the top of the stairs and I got my first good look. It was a big, open space almost as big as my whole apartment, with hardwood flooring and visible support beams. A living room type space was defined by a couple of couches and chairs centered around a large, dark green rug, with some empty metal shelving and bookcases around the area. A big kitchen and dining section dominated one corner of the space, with a walled off part in another corner probably hiding his bedroom and bathroom. A few piles of cardboard boxes were strewn here and there, which I guessed were his stuff. He'd just moved in. No wonder it was so clean.

If the place was this clean, why was [i]I[/i] here?

"Pretty fire, right?" the raccoon said, sidestepping into my view, bouncing lightly on his toes. I carefully stared straight ahead. "Yeah, uh, some artist lady used to, like, work and live here? Realtor said we got it the [i]hour[/i] she posted it."

Honestly, my attention was more on maintaining my balance without a handrail to hold onto. I was immensely grateful for the bioregenerative enchantment and the tight rubber supporting my legs, so much so that there wasn't nearly as much strain on my legs and en pointe toes as there should have been. Which was good, since I'd probably have to spend hours walking in these boots...

The raccoon gestured his arm grandly. "Big place like this, we agreed I might want a maid to help out once a week, you know?" He grinned and pointedly looked down at my breasts again, his tail perking behind him. "I don't think this is what they had in mind."

I mentally squirmed at his tone of voice. That awkward energy from before was melting away, replaced by something more predatory. He was starting to find his footing in this situation. It sounded like he was out of his element, starting up fresh at college in a new city on his own with his parents' money. Here was his chance to control something that would obey his every command, while showing off tons of eye candy in the process.

"I'm Tyler, by the way. You can call me Ty." He paused, then snickered. I wouldn't be calling him anything, and he knew it. "Now why don't you do a little spin? Let's see what we paid for."

Despite my precarious footing, I still wanted to be a good girl who obeyed, and a good maid who finished her tasks and didn't give away the deep, dark secrets of Squeaky Clean Maid Services. So, I delicately spun in place, the tight corset and thick boots plotting together to force me to use only tiny steps in the process. Each little tip-tap of the toes and heels on the floor came with a jiggle of the plugs that resonated deep inside of me, my wet folds rippling around the rubber. At least I was managing-

"Faster," Ty said.

My blush grew deeper again. Did he have to sound so demanding? He thought he was just commanding a mindless drone, right? Unless he knew, because [i]that[/i] was another part of tier two work... Except Jamie had said empty drones had done tier two work yesterday. There was no way for me to know for sure, so I did my best to put that worry out of my mind and did as I was told, raising my arms a few inches on each side so that I could "safely" spin faster. The wiggling between my thighs ticked up another notch, all that kinetic energy really getting them going. Was he trying to get me spinning fast enough to lift the skirt up? I wasn't sure if I could manage that. All I could do was hope that the golem would rescue me if my balance started to falter.

"You know what? Better idea." Ty turned away, momentarily giving me a profile view of the tent in his shorts as he trotted over to the living roomish area. "Hang on a sec."

I came to a stop as ordered, and then nearly squeaked aloud, barely managing to clamp my snout down around the cock gag before letting the noise out. The rubber had tightened down without warning in three [i]key[/i] places all at once. Now my stiff little clit and even stiffer nipples had firm, pinchy pressure bearing down on them. It wasn't painful, or even uncomfortable, but it was a new source of distracting sensation that was going to be pretty damn hard to ignore.

"Come here," Ty said.

I stepped toward him, then quivered, nearly dropping my foot mid-step. It was like there were tiny strings all throughout the suit, and as I made the careful move of walking forward in those ridiculous boots, one nipple was slightly pulled downward and the other was squeezed tighter, my clit subtly twisted counter-clockwise. I took the next step, and the feelings reversed, simultaneous tiny tugs and tweaks hitting me along with the plugs wavering against my inner walls.

Ty was offering me the handle of a black and white duster, made with what looked like real feathers, a huge grin on his face. What, did he order it online specifically for today? Something about the authenticity of the duster, along with the way Ty's eyes looked right into mine, all while I was still reeling with the pinchy new sensations? My knees felt weak, my face practically burning up. Between the suit, Ty, my growing lust, and Jamie ruling over it all from on high, I was basically helpless. I knew it. And I couldn't find it in myself to hate it.

Ty's [i]real[/i] first order didn't help me calm down. He pointed at an empty bookcase. "Dust that. Starting from the top."

I walked over and turned away from Ty to face the shelves, and I could hear him step around behind me, getting into position to enjoy the show. It was going to be a good one... I could feel the blush lingering on my face, finding another reason to heat up further. I wanted to glance over my shoulder, to see his expression. Knowing that I [i]couldn't[/i] look behind me, both because of my orders [i]and[/i] the posture collar, sent a warm shock up my spine that made me want to whimper. I didn't. I wasn't allowed to. Instead, I put one hand on the second highest shelf for balance and leaned forward onto the tips of my toes. Thanks to the posture collar, I wouldn't even be able to see what I was doing, so operating on training alone, I started dusting the already-quite-clean top of the bookcase.

My smooth, simultaneous motions were instantly "rewarded." The clamps on my nipples suddenly tightened, tugging forward. It felt like pressure [i]and[/i] suction, and the material was slightly liquidy, rolling and sliding across my skin. The same feeling on my clit made me want to simultaneously slam my thighs together [i]and[/i] spread them wide to reach down and vigorously rub it! I couldn't do either, and I nearly teetered straight into the shelves, letting out the tiniest gasp I could manage. Only the suit's resistance kept me upright and on course, the order to, "Be A Good Maid," flashing quickly.

Feeling a little lightheaded, I continued my motions, getting the duster up to the top shelf. The tension reached a peak that was almost uncomfortable, literally impossible to ignore. I started sweeping the duster from side to side, and my pussy clenched eagerly as each of those movements twisted and rolled my nipples and clit around, the feelings smooth and almost gentle. [i]Almost.[/i]

"Yeah," Ty said. It sounded like he was quite engaged with the sight and hadn't noticed my little faux pas.

He was a little further behind me than I expected. I could imagine why, since the skirt wouldn't be riding up [i]that[/i] much and he wanted to get a clear view of... Of what? I didn't even know if this costume had panties or not. My eyes widened. I wasn't even sure if the foxy tail brush behind me came out from a hole, or if it was beneath the skirt and perked it up whenever it moved with a will of its own! I bit the inside of my lip to keep myself from groaning, basically dusting on autopilot.

I was almost done with the top shelf when Ty, his voice a little rougher than before, changed his mind again. "Actually, clean the [i]bottom[/i] shelf now."

My blush raged, starting to feel like it was never going to go away. I returned my heels back to the floor with a double-tap on the hardwood, hard enough to make the plugs wiggle merrily. My nipples and clit throbbed lightly, the tension on them relaxing for a brief moment as I backed up a couple of small steps to give myself room. I steeled myself, taking a deep breath, and then I did my duty as a good maid. I

bent forward, the corset and boots making sure that my chest went all the way down and my ass ended up being the highest part of my body.

I let out a hard, shaky breath. My clitty and nips were gripped again, and when I reached my arm out to dust, the suckly pressure started up. This time, with my breasts hanging like this, each little movement made them sway and dusting caused the clamps to alternate left and right tugs. It made me feel like a dairy cow or something, trapped standing there, getting milked, teased constantly by it with no outlet. The way the liquidy feelings swirled around my clit at the same time only made it [i]more[/i] frustrating and embarrassing!

Embarrassment ramped straight to humiliation when a pair of warm hands landed on the thin skin of rubber over my actual ass cheeks! The soft rush of blood in my ears had totally hidden Ty's movements, and he'd walked right up to cup my butt! I did all the wrong things, jumping in place, trying to throw my left arm out for balance, and stopping my chore; if I hadn't choked on a squeal, it might have totally given me away!

The suit saved me again, but not without a cost. It became a rigid shell over much of my body in an instant, turning what [i>would[/i] have been a huge jerk of my body into a mild twitch. "BE A GOOD MAID," was in bright red now, and I trembled. I'd screwed up, possibly losing my Good Girl day streak with such a big blunder. The toys filling my pucker and cunny were practically flailing in the aftermath of my attempted movements, as if they detected what I [i]tried[/i] to do and were acting like I'd actually done it. My breasts swayed, which of course kept up the incessant teasing of my nipples. And, to top it all off, the client was [i]groping[/i] me to his heart's content! He punctuated the thought by giving my ass a good squeeze.

With everything happening to me, why did [i>that[/i] have to feel so good, too?! In almost any other context I'd be pressing back into the touch!

"BE A GOOD MAID," flashed, and I realized I hadn't done any dusting in five seconds, maybe more. I got back to it, panting hard, wondering if the illusion magic was strong enough to cover up for all of my mistakes [i]and[/i] my breath.

"Mmph, good," Ty said, apparently still fooled. His hands slid down the backs of my thighs, then out and around to my hips. For one instant of intensely mixed emotions, I imagined him using that grip to pull me back and grind his hard cock up against my ass. His hands swept back down, giving my cheeks another firm knead. His grip wasn't nearly enough to hurt, especially with how turned on I was. I finished the bottom shelf and kept dusting it, not wanting to interrupt, telling myself it was for his benefit rather than the fact that I wanted more.

I got more, one hand going between my legs. Luckily the tip of a finger brushed my inner thigh along the way, giving me [i]just[/i] enough warning to tense up and stop myself from jerking again. I needed that warning, too, because his touch was electric. Instead of the feeling of him touching underwear over rubber skin, or even just touching the rubber skin itself, it truly felt like he was caressing the wet lips of my sex! Either magic was transferring the sensations, or the suit was doing an incredible job of mimicking a raccoon's actual fingers touching me exactly where I wanted it.

Ty's fingers slid back and forth, easily gliding across the smooth surface, exploring the contours with his dextrous digits. And yet, my job wasn't to moan and roll back toward him, or to angle so that he would

touch my clit. Thighs quivering, inner walls of my sex rippling with a few quick clenches in a row, I tried to do what I was told, dusting the same spot over and over again. It was hard to think straight, stars sparkling behind my eyelids as I closed them tight. I barely even knew this guy, just like when I'd given that meerkat delivery guy a [i]very[/i] good time at Howlette Manor. It didn't matter either time: they didn't know I was in here. They were having fun with an anonymous rubber maid, and Jamie was the one actually in control and giving me all of these remarkable feelings.

Ty pressed a little more firmly, trying to spread my lips, to find an entrance. I wasn't sure if he would, certain that if Jamie [i]wanted[/i] to the suit would part way and let the client have some real fun. Hanging in that moment of uncertainty, part of me yearning that it [i]was[/i] possible so I might sneak in an orgasm, I dusted with wider, firmer sweeps without realizing it, trying to get more attention to my nipples and clitty.

Little did I know, I'd be getting a [i]lot[/i] more of that soon enough...

I got another minor shock when Ty suddenly pulled away. I immediately missed his touch, which had been getting [i]really[/i] close to exactly where I wanted it. Hell, just more of the same would have been nice. Instead, I got another order. "Stand up. Turn around." I stood, swallowing at how the clamps relaxed again, sending a wave of different sensations through my most sensitive bits. I turned around.

Ty was sitting on a couch, leaning back, his gym shorts on the floor. He was pumping his hand up and down his hard cock, panting softly. His eyes flicked across my chest, then went down to my hips. His free hand gestured at the floor. "Kneel and play with yourself."

Play with myself? When was the last time I'd [i]actually[/i] done that, without chastity in the way? Over a month ago! Not since that first morning I woke up in Howlette Manor and (stupidly) decided not to finish myself off before hopping out of bed. And now I had [i]orders[/i] to masturbate. Would I feel anything, or would he be watching a chaste "fennec" rubbing at her crotch desperately without any way to satisfy herself?

The suit supported me as I shakily got down to the floor, the boots getting more flexible around my legs so I could bend my knees into position without any handholds. The plugs jangled around within me, and this time I had budding hope that it was a precursor to more instead of just more endless teasing. The invisible clit clamp disappeared, giving it a tingly surge of sensitivity as blood flow normalized. I took that as another invitation, and who was I to decline? With my thighs spread to shoulder width, my hand quickly dove beneath the skirt, lifting and pinning it against my lower belly as my fingers found my cleft.

I'm not sure [i]how[/i] I didn't moan aloud, and with my eyes closed I didn't see if I got a warning message or not about it. It barely mattered at that moment, because I [i]felt[/i] it! My own fingers, on my sex! On the outside, I felt the smooth rubber-on-rubber of maid gloves slipping over fake foxy folds. On the inside, though, where it really counted, I felt those rubber gloves [i>directly[/i] on my lips. I didn't hesitate for more than an instant, practically diving straight to my clit, two of my fingertips urgently rubbing. I tingled, heat surging through every inch of my body, which quivered all over. It was heaven on earth!

"Tits, too," Ty said, breathless, the faint sound of stroking himself off getting louder, faster.

This brought my attention to my heaving breasts. My right hand in constant, circular motion between my legs was pulling on the "strings" of the suit, gently tugging and rolling my pinched nipples. That wasn't enough; they craved more attention, and now I had permission to give it! I tugged down the small flap of rubber uniform cloth between the corset and sandy faux-fur, exposing "my" nipples to the world. My left hand went to work, rolling a nipple between thumb and forefinger, squeezing, twisting, and again it felt like I really was touching my bare nipple with only a thin layer of delightful rubber between me and me!

I saw stars behind my eyelids again, plucking and playing with one nipple and then the other, and all the while I diddled my clit like I'd sometimes spend hours daydreaming about in bed. At some point I'd started to add in some small rolls of my hips, making the thick shape in my pussy wriggle around, enhancing the feeling of bearing down on it over and over with my inner muscles.

Was all that moving going to get me in huge trouble? I blinked away tiny tears of pleasure from my eyes to check. I was still under the same orders to be a good maid. No flashing, no red text. Apparently, having the "golem" do a little bit of "acting" when a client makes an order like this was within the range of possibilities. Clearly, Ty didn't mind, his eyes devouring the sight of me following his commands while he beat his meat like there was no tomorrow.

I still had the capacity to blush at this point, but I didn't concentrate on that. Far more important was the fact that I was actually in control of my own pleasure for once, and there was no way I was going to let this chance slip away somehow! My eyes shut tight and I focused on practically relearning how to touch myself just how I liked, which was different with a pair of slick rubber gloves on. Different, and [i]good[/i]. Despite a lack of actual lubrication on the outside, it really did feel like my fingers were slippery as they slid across my lips and clitty hood, as they danced along the aching nub that sent waves of pleasure crashing against me so hard that I worried I'd reveal who I really was.

And then, well, it was hard to care, because I was getting closer, and closer, my left hand changing breasts for the third time. Or fourth? Who was counting. I pinched harder, I rubbed faster, and my body was starting to get hazy with lust, the pleasure disjointed, like it was getting less intense the closer I got to climax. Had I forgotten how to cum on my own? Was it some kind of headrush, as weeks of denial mixed with sudden control over my destiny? Was it...

It was so hard to think. I was going to cum any second now, and if I passed out surely the golem would take over. Jamie wouldn't be too upset, I was sure of it.

Except, how disappointed would Jamie be that [i]he[/i] wasn't the one to let me cum? The thought stuck in my head like a detour sign on the road to release.

I hesitated, my rubbing losing its rhythm for a couple of seconds. What [i]would[/i] Jamie think? Slowing down made a surge of need rip through me, and I clamped down on a near-silent whimper of lust and went back to my stroking, starting to speed up again. After all, I had orders, and I could make it up to Jamie if this wasn't what he had in mind for me today!

The thing was, now that I'd had a moment or two to slow down and collect myself, [i]now[/i] I understood that fogginess of sensation, the slight numbness I thought I was experiencing. I'd been wrong, because it [i]wasn't[/i] all over my body... I rubbed harder, fingers circling faster, and I found out that it was actually exclusive to one place: I couldn't feel my sex as well as before! The rubber was thicker, or was transmitting less sensation, or both! What had felt perfect and wonderful before now felt

like I was trying to coax myself to orgasm through a flexible barrier, and the closer I got, the thicker that wall was getting.

I pinched down hard on my nipple and strained with my right arm to rub harder, to somehow feel at least one real caress, close enough to the edge of climax that part of me was [i]convinced[/i] I could still make it somehow! Another wave of heady, kinky arousal ran through me at the predicament I was in, and the barrier to touch myself got even thicker! I trembled and had to hold my breath not to let out a long, pleading whine. Had my little moment of reflection cost me an orgasm? By trying to stop and be sure this was the right thing to do, by trying to be a good girl, had I lost out? Or, really, had I never had a chance?

Maybe playing with myself when I never had a chance was exactly what Jamie wanted in the first place.

"Ah, nph," Ty grunted behind clamped lips. My eyes opened, blinking away more small tears of mixed pleasure and denial. I winced, jealously watching Ty cum all over his own chest and belly, his toes curled, head thumped back against the couch. He was clearly having the time of his life over there, and I couldn't even get to the edge, let alone over it!

Except, as my lack of stimulation started to let me back away from the edge, sensations started to come back again. I'd started to slow down at the near-total lack of pleasure, only moving enough to follow orders, except now I couldn't help but start diddling myself faster again. My hidden little puffball of a tail perked and twitched, the closest I could come to bending over and begging for more. I got more, most of my sensitivity coming back, and I stroked, only the order to work on my breasts keeping me from reaching down with the other hand to try to slide my fingers up into my folds.

Folds which were already starting to lose their feeling again! This time I noticed that even the plug in my pussy was slowing down, hip wiggles and firm kegel clenches on it not making it jiggle about quite as much as usual. I was apparently trying [i]too[/i] hard, because I felt the first resistance from the suit in a while. I bit down on the gag, in part to stop myself from making another noise. I'd gotten even closer that time! Or, was it just in my head?

"Heh, shit," Ty said, glancing at his chest before looking back at me. "Damn." His eyes lingered as he caught his breath, his sticky right hand still on his slowly softening cock, the other one resting on a cushion. He didn't look into my eyes, lazily admiring how I was [i]still[/i] toying with my body as requested, unable to see how red it made my inner ears. I wouldn't have minded so much if he was watching me [i]cum[/i] instead of watching me half-edge myself repeatedly!

Which was going to happen again any moment now, sensitivity returning once more.

"I need a shower," Ty said, awkwardly wiggling up off the couch as he tried not to get any of his cum on the furniture. He quickly padded out of my view, and I shuddered. He needed to give me another order before he left! There had to be something I could do besides-

"Oh, yeah, uh." Ty paused somewhere behind me, considering his options. He had better uses for my time after all. I relaxed, at least as much as a horny, denied bunny [i]could[/i] relax while still under orders to masturbate.

The calm didn't last long before the storm hit.



"You keep playing with yourself," Ty decided. And, as a quick afterthought, he added, "And no cumming without permission." With a snicker to himself, he left the room, a door somewhere closing behind him.

I let out a reedy whine, as quiet as I could manage considering the circumstances. Weeks of yearning to play with myself had been perverted into [i]this[/i] somehow! I started to speed up my stroking again, hips wiggling as far as the suit would allow before it fought back, the "strings" in the suit teasing my nipples with every movement of my arm...

Then I stopped myself all at once. Well, actually, I slowed down, because stopping was against orders. Still, I had a plan, and it was a simple one: if I was forced to tease myself, I could at least make it bearable. I slowly, delicately rolled my clit around with my fingertips, while the other hand tenderly plucked a nipple, paused, then gave the tiniest of squeezes. Going this slow let my sensitivity return in full, and I tingled, thighs tensing. Sure, I wanted more, but this was far better than half-edging myself over and over again, right? I cracked a small smile around the cock gag, a bratty thrill going through me: I was getting away with something.

"Be A Good Maid," flashed in the corner of my vision. I gave a petite groan and sped up a tiny bit. The flashing didn't stop. Only when I got up to a nice, leisurely, steady pace--something I'd call "just below medium" if I had to put it on a scale--did the message stop blinking. I closed my eyes and shivered. I had a feeling that Jamie knew [i]exactly[/i] what this level meant for me.

I was right. He was right, too. Considering how horny I was, it was an almost torturously slow build back up, which meant I could feel the exact second I started to lose sensations. My natural instinct was to rub as fast and hard as I could, to try to race to the edge while I was already close, but I fought that down, sucking down hard on the gag and trying to stick with it, to show that I could get through this without losing my shit.

I couldn't. Playing with myself this casually, with my sensitivity [i>slowly[/i] dropping, made the build to orgasm so gradual that I broke after a few minutes. All of a sudden my right hand was a blur, fingers rub-rub-rubbing, and for an instant I felt that wondrous spark of heaven coursing through my veins!

Then I smashed into that bouncy wall of solid latex that stopped me in my tracks, too far away from my goal to have any hope of actually reaching it!

And, hey, wouldn't you know it? Ty takes [i>long[/i] showers.

-----

Some endless amount of time later, Ty came back out to the main room, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers. He stepped around in front of me and smirked, watching me continue to torment myself for his amusement. He was certainly amused!

I wasn't exactly [i>tormented[/i], but I was a mess. It was only the beginning of the day and I was sopping wet, breathing hard. I'd slipped in and out of a mental state--maybe subspace, or just some hazy dimension of infinite lust--where I sometimes lost track: was I playing with myself because I had to or because I was just trying to make Master happy? I was a good girl, after all, wasn't I?

Ty's return was enough to snap me out of it... Just in time to stare right into the lens of his cell phone. He was recording this! My blush came back so hot I thought I'd melt the suit off my face. Ty sat down on the coffee table and grinned, steadying his phone to get some good footage, his boxers already tenting.

I trembled. His timing was either amazing or awful, depending on how you looked at it, because he was going to record me right as I reached the almost-edge yet again! I slid my tongue across the underside of the cock gag and started to caress myself a little faster, pinching harder. At least I could make this a quick one rather than drawing it out for minutes and minutes... I thought him putting his full attention on me, not even distracted by playing with himself, would embarrass me enough that I'd have trouble getting to the edge fast. On the contrary, it didn't seem to hinder me at all, and maybe-

I was just about to close my eyes, both to shut out my thoughts and so I wouldn't have to watch, when my salvation finally arrived. I'd been a good maid long enough, it seemed, because, "Curtsey And Leave," was my new order. Why couldn't that have happened [i]before[/i] Ty had whipped out his phone?! So worked up that I felt like my whole body was throbbing in tune to my heartbeat, I pulled my hands away from myself.

I instantly wanted them right back where they were. Jamie had previously taught me that if I was horny enough, being half-edged could make me crave real edgings, because at least it was a stronger feeling than just endless teasing. This time I'd stopped before I could get [i]that[/i] far, and I wanted more, even while being filmed, even when I knew it would only end in frustration. Or, was it just that I'd finally had the chance to do something pretty close to masturbation, and it was being taken away? That option seemed less embarrassing, so I decided it was that one.

"Hey, what-" Ty stopped, poking his phone. "Ah, hour's up." He hopped up onto his feet at the same time I got up onto mine, only the suit's reinforcement keeping me steady on my shaky legs and the high ballet heels I'd nearly forgotten. I gave him a curtsey, and his eyes went down, to see if he could get one last peek at my glossy latex crotch. "Cute."

Then he caught me totally off guard. He reached out and put his hand between my ears, saying, "Good girl." I felt it, but instead of his small raccoon paw, a bigger, stronger, Jamie-er hand gave the top of my head a firm stroke. A thrill went down my spine, a crooked little smile on my face. I didn't pay much attention to Ty as he walked over and opened the apartment door for me. I walked by him, practically gliding, my eyes half-lidded.

I definitely heard Ty's parting words, though. "I'll have to get [i]two[/i] hours next week." He closed the door behind me.

I gulped. Surely Jamie would send me here for that. Or, would he? What if the actual golems were also getting this sort of treatment, and they also had clients who were going to escalate next week... and I'd get one of [i>those[/i] instead, without any idea of what I was in for? Was a fennec golem somewhere out there dancing for a bachelor party? Getting a spanking? Strapped down to a sybian?

Hidden away in the stairwell, needy and battered by those thoughts, I almost gave in and reached back down for my crotch. I was "saved" by the suit rippling and changing, returning to the fully anonymous, ball-headed golem look that always got used for street travel. "Wait On The Corner For An Auto-Taxi,"

came back and I obeyed, grateful for the lack of heels as I walked back down the stairs. That didn't stop the plugs from doing their slippery jig within me as I took each step, and I tried for the gazillionth time to squeeze the life out of them. No such luck. At least the auto-taxi was already waiting directly outside, so no one managed to take a picture of me before I got in.

The next destination wasn't far away, right in the heart of downtown, the auto-taxi letting me out in front of a huge office building. I followed the arrow, walking past plenty of people dressed for success. They were too professional to whip out their phones, yet definitely [i]not[/i] too professional to talk with their colleagues in hushed tones. Despite the gentle buzzing I got from all their eyes on me, I smirked at how much more they would have been jabbering if I was in that tier two uniform! Not that the embarrassment would have been worth it, I told myself.

In the end, it turned out this wasn't a tier two assignment, or even a normal tier one. I never changed out of the typical golem form, led from an investment firm's waiting room to a manager's office, with a big wood desk, modern art on the walls, and a small potted tree in the corner. A big rhino in a slick suit looked me up and down. He asked, "The site said your services are 100% discreet. I take it you can't read, record, or repeat sensitive information, then."

My orders were simply to, "Be A Good Maid," so I played it by ear. I stood there, motionless, like an automaton.

That was apparently a good enough answer. He checked an expensive looking silver watch on his wrist. "I've got a team picnic lunch at Heart Park... ten minutes ago." He scooped up his suit jacket and put it on while he talked. "Tidy up all the offices with unlocked doors, the kitchen, and the bathroom. If I like what I see when I get back, we may retain your services further." He locked his computer and walked out of the room without waiting for a reply.

That left me alone in the big office with only a single unlucky secretary taking calls at the front desk. That, and the black domes on the ceiling that surely hid security cameras! They probably weren't high enough resolution to record information on documents, considering how touchy the rhino was on the subject, but I was gonna have to be on my best behavior and I knew it.

And that was tough, because as soon as I finished tidying up one room, the faux-cock in my cunny started to thrust. Just like at the white wolf's place the day before, I was rewarded for every task I accomplished. The definition of "task" was very liberal, it seemed, because I got half-edged far too many times to keep count! Oh, except for the surprise shock of being brought to the real edge, incredibly close, when I was safely hidden away from cameras inside the bathroom. That didn't stop the suit from forcing me to try to hide how badly I wanted more!

I didn't even see the rhino before my time was up and I was ordered to simply leave. I didn't get my final half-edging "reward," and despite how frustrated they made me, I still felt like I'd been denied something. Besides that, I wanted to know if I'd done a good enough job to get Jamie a contract with this place! He'd have to tell me later, because I really wanted to know. Especially since no one at the big investment firm was there to pet me on the head and tell me I'd done a good job. At least I could honestly say that I didn't leave with any confidential information, since all legible text on anything except office name plates had been blurred out whenever my eyes scanned across them.

The next appointment was similar, yet quite different. It was a penthouse condo in an impressive high-rise, with even more impressive decor. Whoever this was, they were [i]wealthy[/i]. Also, they weren't home. The doorman had let me in, and on the way up the elevator I'd changed into tier two attire, getting my heart racing, my imagination brewing up plenty of ideas... And then the condo door opened up in front of me automatically, the whole place totally empty. The huge television in the living room gave me a list of chores to do.

I did them, and this time there was no half-edging, or real edging. The clamps on my nipples and clit came back, and they gently rumbled with vibration, raising and lowering their power in very slow waves. They were never low enough to completely ignore, nor high enough to give me hope that I'd reach the edge. Every movement of my arms or legs, every time I reached high or bent low, the clamps were tugged and gently sucked, twisting in one way or another.

It was an endless tease with no surprises. All I could do was be a good girl and a good maid while my libido was kept at a constant simmering boil, for all [i]three hours[/i] of this appointment. I spent most of the last ninety minutes without really giving much conscious thought beyond reading the next item on my agenda to accomplish. Vacuuming? Back and forth motions with my arms and legs would roll and tweak my clit rhythmically. Folding the laundry? The careful mechanics would tease my nipples in all sorts of interesting ways.

I'd process the new feelings as I started up each chore and then go right back to fantasizing. Maybe the next client would be a tier two, and he and his friend would spit roast me. Maybe tier two appointments really were worth extra Good Girl days, and Master would put me in a strict hogtie and make me cum over and over again tonight. Maybe the next client would want me to give her and her husband oral pleasure while I played with myself without release. Maybe I'd get to six out of seven days on my streak and then there'd always be some surprise, some curveball, that would make sure I never earned that seventh day...

Only when my three hours were up, and I was back in an anonymous golem suit riding in the auto-taxi, did I realize what I'd been fantasizing about for the last half hour. I groaned and told myself to remember that even if I did like orgasm denial, which was a totally reasonable kink to have, I still wanted an actual climax more than anything! All I had to do was be good and I would eventually get there!

The cab came to a stop. I'd been sitting there, leaning back into the seat, eyes closed, relaxing for once, so I hadn't even checked our destination. We were in front of a NoodleCo, and the buildings nearby were short enough that I hadn't noticed us drive out into the suburbs. "Pick Up Your Order," appeared in my view, and my tummy grumbled right on cue. I exhaled out my nose in amusement. No one could ever accuse Jamie of having poor timing.

I went inside, getting plenty of stares that I ignored, going right to the online order pick up area. There were only three packages waiting, and one of them was for someone named "Honeybun." Considering the other two were for Tommy and Fred, I didn't have any doubts. I clamped down on the plug in my puss as it revved to life, thanks to someone taking a picture.

I swallowed and quickly left with my order, flushed. An expensive golem out in the suburbs where no one ever saw one, picking up food it couldn't eat. Food that was under an order name that referenced

the fur color and species of the person secretly hidden inside. I huffed as I got back into the waiting auto-taxi. Yeah, Jamie was surely laughing it up at this one.

As the auto-taxi pulled into a parking spot, I blinked at a new order. "Put Your Hand In The Bag." I did as I was told and the latex on my fingers took over, projecting tentacles to open up the warm container and slurp the contents up into its mass. Yeah, I had to suck on the cock gag to get it, but it got me mouthfuls of well-seasoned, noodle flavored paste. It had a good kick of spice, too. Jamie had had his fun at my expense, but at least he'd picked something tasty for me for lunch.

The same went for the drink that came with my meal. I never got thirsty or dehydrated inside of the suit despite how drippy I got, but it was still nice to get water delivered into my mouth to wash it out and drink, instead of just the normal process of the latex keeping me clean. I'd only taken a couple of showers since coming home from Howlette Manor, just because it felt good.

And, yeah, I might have also been hoping that the chastity panties came off for bathtime. How silly of me.

The auto-taxi backed out of the parking spot, and I furrowed my brow. Did these things take real-time orders by text message, or did Jamie hack the thing? Maybe it was some system for people who couldn't speak, or foreign tourists who spoke rare languages? The cab pulled up to the trash can before leaving NoodleCo, my window rolling down on its own. I didn't need any order to know what to do, tossing the empty bag and cup away. I giggled quietly; anyone who had watched all of that would think the golem had bought food, sat there, then thrown it away for no reason. Or, if they were clever, maybe they'd notice the hand in the bag and guess that the golems absorbed biological matter to power themselves? Silly thoughts. Honestly, I was just glad that my practically ever-present arousal had been given a chance to calm down and slide into the background again.

I knew that would change soon, because the auto-taxi headed off once more, deeper into the suburbs. Was that a clue about what kind of job this was? Would Jamie let someone pay for a tier one cleaning if it meant sending out a golem in an auto-taxi trip this long? Maybe trips like this cost more. Which probably meant most people wouldn't pay for tier one if they lived out here, and I assumed that tier two was already more expensive. So, my guess was that the client had paid for the privilege of having a tier two rubber maid visit their home all the way out here.

If they were anything like Tyler, they'd want some real bang for their buck...

I expected the cab to take me to a housing development, called something saccharine like Pleasantview Estates or Delightful Heights. Instead, it was simply someone's white painted house, in a not-too-dense residential neighborhood, a few turns off of the main road. It was a well maintained two story home, with stone steps, a two car garage, and a purple and blue iridescent wind spinner gently twirling in the front yard. I wasn't sure what to make of it. This seemed like someone's family home! At least the house was situated on the outside of a bend in the road, with trees growing on either side for privacy, so none of the neighbors would be hanging their heads out the windows to get a look at me.

"We have arrived. Thank you for choosing Trusty Taxi Services." An arrow didn't appear in my vision when I got out of the cab. I was simply supposed to be a good maid, as seemed to be the new norm. In this case, that clearly meant to walk up to the front door and ring the bell. The toys inside of me were

wobbling about once again with my movements, so climbing the stairs helped to warm me back up in more ways than one.

The auto-taxi had already pulled away by the time I managed to push the little white button beside the door; hopefully this was the right address! Also, my uniform hadn't changed yet. Did that mean this was a tier "zero" job, where I'd be in anonymous form the whole time, like at the rhino's investment firm? If this client was a lawyer or therapist or something, someone who worked with confidential info, it would make a lot of sense. Unless this was a couple who had sent their kids off to see grandma, so they could have an obedient maidbot over for some incognito fun...

[i]Gah![/i] My mind couldn't stop racing with ideas. Jamie loves to keep me in the dark--and I don't mean the times he literally blindfolds me. It's just not in my nature to sit there and [i]not[/i] think about a mystery dangling tantalizingly right in front of me.

The door opened, and a lithe, blue-green dragoness stood there, about a whole foot taller than me, her scales as iridescent as the decoration in her yard. She was wearing a royal purple satin robe, one that matched her eyes. She smiled broadly as soon as she saw me. "Oh, please, come in! Come in." She stepped aside to let me into the foyer. The walls were a light tan color, and there was a small wood table near the door, situated beneath an oval wall mirror.

That was about as much as I saw before the dragoness stepped around in front of me and scooped my hands up into hers, holding them at about shoulder height and width. "Now, let me get a good look at you. I didn't expect..."

She trailed off when the suit rippled around me. I instantly worried that maybe someone could see the real me inside while it was transforming! Then, I remembered how clearly I'd seen the change myself inside elevators. Never a hint of my actual fur. I'd be fine. Still, I couldn't help but blush a little; it felt like someone I'd just met was watching me change! That was particularly true with the corset tightening around my middle, high heeled boots forming on my legs, my chin tilted a smidge higher by the posture collar. It was a tier two visit, apparently.

The dragoness made a small o with her lips as she watched, letting out a quiet, "Ooh," when my breasts were lifted and presented. "[i]Wow[/i]," she said, letting my hands go so she could take a step back and look me up and down. "This thing is impressive." I kept my arms in place, so they wouldn't block her view. Then, she caught me totally off guard, stepping forward to sweep me up into a big hug that lifted me onto the toes of my boots. Her robed breasts pressed to mine, and she nearly squeezed a squeak out of me. Imagine my surprise when it felt [i]real[/i], just like masturbation had hours earlier, the suit imitating her touch wherever it met rubber fennec "fur." A big hug like that? It felt good. My first instinct was to return the embrace, but a golem wouldn't do that. Except, a "good maid" would, right?

I was saved from indecision, the dragoness letting me go almost as quickly as she'd started the hug. Her hands moved to my shoulders, dropping me back to my heels, and her grip saved me from teetering. "You're [i]precious![/i]" she told me. I blushed a little brighter, despite reminding myself that, no, she hadn't said that to me, she'd said that to the adorable fennec golem standing before her. She'd never meet the real me. Which was actually kind of a shame, since she had an infectious smile that suited her friendly disposition. I was pretty sure I'd get along with anyone whose first reaction to a cute golem maid was to hug it.

She let go with one hand and slid the other down my arm to take my hand, leading me out into the living room. "My name is Lyra, and this is our home," she said, free arm gesturing at the living room. Light brown furniture complemented the tan wallpaper, with photos and knick knacks on the fireplace mantel. A large close up painting of a dewy yellow flower dominated one wall of the room. There was an L-shaped couch, a loveseat, and a well-worn off-white reclining chair.

"The dining room is that way," Lyra pointed, before turning back to face me. "There are some tools on the table in there that I'd like you to pack up and put into the closet across from the basement stairs. Wipe the table down, then put the bowls drying next to the sink on the table. After that, please just pick up around the first floor? I'm going to have guests later, and I have things to take care of while you're busy. Got it?"

I looked straight ahead, unresponsive when I wanted to nod energetically to her. I'd do a good job, especially for her. The golem must have decided a nod was appropriate this time, because the order came, and I gave one, firm nod, putting as much energy into it as I could while still being good.

Lyra's smile widened, and she put her hand on my cheek, cupping it for a moment. "Cutie." Then she shocked me again, giving me a quick swat on the ass as she walked past. "Off to work, then." I hopped in place, and the suit didn't resist, so only the fact that Lyra had her back to me prevented a disaster! I stood there, catching my suddenly quickened breath, though the blinking order to be a good maid got me moving sooner than I would have on my own.

I went straight to the dining room as instructed, my thoughts whirling again as I walked. Lyra hadn't really ogled my body openly, not like Tyler. She [i]did[/i] seem to appreciate the way the corset had done its job, though. She didn't seem super wealthy, and yet here I was, "picking up" for her without a big chore list. Plus, no normal client was going to hug a cleaning golem, let alone swat it on the ass after giving a command. Lyra pretty much [i]had[/i] to have hired me for kinky reasons, right? And she'd welcomed me to "our" home. Maybe my theory about a couple looking for a squeaky threesome had been a bullseye...

There was a black plastic tool kit sitting on the dining room table, with a good selection of tools and hardware lying out in the open. I went to reach for the hammer, and that's when the suit "helpfully" added the final three pieces to my uniform, making my fingers curl into a surprised fist when my clit and nipples were suddenly held taut. I tried to keep my motions as smooth as possible, despite how bending at the waist and moving my arm suckled and twisted on my clamped bits. I picked up the tool and popped it into the hammer-shaped recess in the box.

I picked up the standard head screwdriver, managing not to falter when a very gentle buzz of vibration started up on my clitty and nips. It was a familiar sensation, since I'd felt some variation of that for nearly three straight hours in that empty penthouse job. I took a deep breath to steady myself, though I had basically no control over the fact that my pussy clenched down hard, twice. Considering how the plug slipped around inside of me, I was already getting wet again. Thanks, Jamie, for giving me a hair trigger...

Putting the tools away was a bit of a puzzle at times, so it was a good thing there was no one there to watch me figure out how to get the allen wrench back into its proper place. I almost didn't notice the little accessory bin, where I was supposed to put the miscellaneous screws. So much for perfect golem precision. At least I didn't get any correction from the suit. I snapped the kit closed, the clips so tight that

I had to put my weight into it, earning another heavy jiggle of the dongs between my thighs. Then I picked up the tool box, wheezing out a quiet gasp at how heavy the whole thing was when assembled.

I almost yelped when the rubber used the tension on my arm as an excuse to pinch my right nipple harder than usual. It kept it that way, tweaking the nub side to side with each step closer to the closet. The vibrations for all three clamps ramped up, as if to make up for it, my nips stiffening against the pressure. Luckily, the dining room wasn't all that big, and an empty slot on the closet floor made it clear where to put my hefty delivery. Bending forward and then standing tall again added to the whole ordeal, making toys dance, twist, and play with my poor, needy nerves.

Suffice it to say that by the time I'd finished my first chore, I was already turned on. There was no reward for putting the tools away, no edging or anything close to it. It was like I was simply a maid wearing a chastity belt, with vibrating toys set to random that never went above medium. That was my lot in life for this whole assignment, unless Lyra gave me orders to the contrary. I was already starting to hope that she would. Which maybe was the whole point of the teasing...

Next on my agenda were the dishes beside the sink. I set the bowls out side by side on the table, which required plenty of reaching and bending thanks to the corset. I spotted a plastic grocery bag of chips and pretzels, and I set the snacks next to the bowls, not opening them in case Lyra had something specific in mind. Considering the timer running on the stove, there were probably more treats warming up in the oven. I've been trained to be a very conscientious maid, so I'd noticed the cloth tube of grocery bags hanging in the closet, so I put the bag away in its proper place. I finished the kitchen off by taking the hand towel the bowls had been drying on and draping it over the oven door handle.

And then off I went, on the hunt for more to do. I emptied smaller trash cans into the kitchen bin. I cleaned the sink and mirror in the guest bathroom. I carefully rearranged the pillows on the couches in the living room. And, to my sheepish realization, I found it all pretty gratifying. It was kind of like when I was making Milly's lunches, like I was doing a favor that a golem [i]could[/i] have done on its own, except it was me doing it, and I was sincerely glad to help. I wanted Lyra's guests to come over and feel totally cozy, not a single thing out of order.

The constant arousal bubbling within me probably had something to do with how good it felt to be obedient, too.

I had just arrived back in the living room with some wood polish spray when Lyra flipped the script. Muffled by calling from upstairs and around a carpeted staircase, I made out the words, "Come up here and help me out, cutie-buns!"

I swallowed hard. Was that what she said? Or, was it cutie-[i]bun?[/i] That was a pretty important distinction! I replayed what I'd heard in my head, and after a few times I couldn't tell if I was imagining the s on the end or if it had really been there! "Be A Good Maid," blinked in the corner of my vision, and I moved without any further hesitation, setting the furniture polish down on the coffee table and turning toward the stairs to the second floor.

All of my little worries about the wolf yesterday came rushing back. Was this someone Jamie knew, and he'd told them I was inside? That would explain why she'd talked to the golem like it was a person, and given it a hug and a swat on the ass! She hadn't really treated me like a full-fledged person, though, like asking my name or if I was up for this sort of work. What did it mean? I climbed the stairs as I tried to



figure it all out, a hand gripping the handrail tight, each step making the vibrating clamps swivel and slide, semi-liquid latex plucking and tugging in time to the chastity plugs jangling around. It was enough to tangle my thoughts up, making me momentarily decide it would be a [i]good[/i] thing if she knew the truth!

At that moment, as I reached the top of the stairs, Lyra peeked around the corner of an open door and smiled at me. "Yeah, you. C'mere!" She waved me forward, then slipped back into the room.

And that's when my orders disappeared, replaced by, "Be A Good Girl." A big, strong, phantom paw scratched me affectionately behind my right ear as I stepped forward. I shivered, eyes half-shut, head tilting minutely toward the attention. It made me warm and slightly giddy, especially with how horny I was. Except, why was I getting that kind of care right now? What was in store for me in that room?

The light rippling of rubber [i]only[/i] behind my head was my first clue. A couple of seconds later, a single step away from the door Lyra had disappeared into, I felt air moving across the back of my head. My heart skipped a beat. Thinking back, my ears had been a little less heavy than a fennec's, and I'd never felt the springy bounce of the foxy tail over my own. The dragoness really had called me cutie-bun, and it was because I was wearing a [i]bunny[/i] uniform! One with the same color scheme as my actual fur, no less. Lyra either knew or suspected that there was a real rabbit inside the suit, and Jamie was about to confirm it by revealing me!

I stiffened, and might have chickened out entirely, except my training to obey helped me take one more vital step before I could stop myself. What I saw in front of me changed everything yet again, in a whole different way...

There was Lyra, her back turned to me, no longer wearing a robe. Underneath it she'd been hiding a pair of panties and a corset, both of them pure white, lacey, and lovely. The same couldn't be said for her play partner, a brown mouse with a white underbelly and some cute splotches of white here and there. I could see plenty of them, considering she was wearing nothing at all except for a big ball gag, a pet collar, a leather chastity belt, and matching cuffs for her wrists, ankles, and tail, all of it in black. She was bound spread eagle to a St. Andrew's cross, facing the door, her tail forced to point almost straight down by a strap connected to the cuff on it.

Her eyes met mine, and I glanced from there, to the wires leading from the chastity belt to the computer on a desk nearby, and then back to her eyes. The light tan of her inner ears visibly pinkened in a blush.

Heat also rushed to my face. Except, I belatedly realized that the latex was taking longer than usual to pool off of my head. The mouse didn't know who I was yet, and Lyra hadn't seen anything at all. The suit wasn't fighting back or flashing orders at me, even though I was hesitating right at the threshold in a very un-golemly way. After weeks of forcing things on me that I ended up enjoying, this time it really felt like Jamie was giving me an important choice. I was somehow certain that he wouldn't stop me if I backed away and fled out the front door.

If I didn't, they were going to see me, the [i]real[/i] me, right here in front of them, humiliated, helpless, obedient, on display, and turned on because of it all! So far there was really only one person who knew anything about all this naughtiness, and he was the one causing it...

But, what if I stayed? This couple was clearly kinky, maybe even kinkier than me. They probably wouldn't bat an eye at the truth! I already liked Lyra after hardly knowing her for minutes, and if I shared this with them, maybe I'd be able to actually make friends with her and her mousey playmate. Bondage and kink had become such a significant part of my life... It wasn't until that moment that I realized how much I craved having someone to talk with about it besides my Master.

All of that piled on top of another reality: I didn't want to disappoint Jamie. I wanted to make him proud. He thought I was ready for this, whatever [i]this[i] was exactly. He would have done some background checks to make sure that Lyra and her partner were trustworthy, that if they knew the truth then they wouldn't hurt me, his business, or the Howlettes. I trusted him, more than I probably should have.

Flee, or stay? Hide myself away, or open up to the unknown?

Quivering, blushing, I stepped into the room.

Lyra turned, her smile immediately brightening when she saw me. "Ah, here you are! Pet, this is Maid. Maid, Pet."

"lihs oo ee oo," the mouse said, a trickle of drool running down from the ball gag.

As they spoke, the rubber kept moving, the final changes coming in a rapid wave. Latex swept down from my ears, my hair was fully revealed, and everything went dark for half a second before my eyes were exposed. By the time I had blinked twice the whole transition was complete. I still had a honey-colored muzzle in place, sheathing my entire snout, keeping the cock gag inside securely in place. The latex covered half of my cheeks and all the way down to my neck, the posture collar and everything below it intact.

I still froze up for a couple of seconds, perhaps setting a new world record for blushing: zero to infinity in the space of a breath. [i]They could see me![/i] My heart was absolutely pounding.

But here was an adorable mouse, helplessly bound, some dampness visible between her legs despite the chastity belt. Here was Lyra, confidently enjoying her dominant role, yet inviting as ever. And Jamie--Master--was there to support me, all around me while still giving me the agency to make my own vital decision.

"Hmhmh," I greeted them past the thick gag, waving my hand shyly.

"Isn't she precious?" Lyra asked her pet, and the mouse bobbed her head, smiling around the gag. I found that I was, too, sporting a big, goofy grin that luckily no one could see. Lyra beckoned me over, and I obeyed, looking at the computer screen she pointed at. The program looked like a line graph that was updating in real time. Lyra clicked a button on the screen. "Okay, so, this is..." She trailed off, then laughed and turned off the monitor instead.

The mouse blinked and looked at her. "Mm?"

Lyra ignored her, grinning at me. "Nevermind that. Here's all you have to do. Stand here." She moved aside and pointed to where she had been standing, and I took the spot. "Now, wait a few seconds..."

I did, my heart starting to slow down to something approaching normalcy. Speaking of normal, I was almost completely covered in rubber, and yet I didn't have to pretend to be a golem for once! I wasn't a thing; I was a person. A person in a corset, chastity belt, and ballet heels, to be fair, so it was still quite the experience. An experience I'd never had in front of other people. The freedom meant I could look around myself more than usual, so I looked at the mouse, only realizing now that she was breathing a bit rapidly herself. Something had recently given her a bit of a workout.

I perked my ears at a faint beep behind me. The mouse's reaction gave me an idea of her little "workout" routine: she huffed in a small, wet breath around the ball gag and pressed back against a padded headrest built into the frame. Despite the leather in the way, the sound of vibration was unmistakable from beneath the chastity belt. The mouse's blush brightened.

Lyra nodded. "There it is. Okay, so, when that..." She paused long enough for another beep to "interrupt" her, her eyes on her pet as the mouse curled her toes and arched her hips briefly. The buzzing had briefly gotten noticeably louder. "When that beeping becomes one long tone? I suggest you press space on the keyboard around then. Whenever seems appropriate." Another beep came at the same time as a quiet gasp from the mouse. That time, there was no change in volume from the mouse's crotch; another kind of stimulation, perhaps? Lyra smirked. "That's not an order, not a favor, not something that I would ever hold against you if you [i]didn't[/i]. It's just a friendly request."

The mouse whined softly, then at another beep she moaned and audibly thumped her head back against the padding, yanking up on her left ankle. I shivered, my mind abuzz with possibility. [i]I[/i] was in control of this cutie's destiny? Possibly more importantly, what did a long beep mean? The biometrics on the computer probably kept track of arousal, so two theories leapt to mind. One, it was a warning that she was getting close to cumming, and I was in charge of stopping it. Or, two, the sound came [i]while[/i] she was cumming, and pressing the button either ruined her orgasm by pressing it early or stopped her from getting overstimulated by pressing it late.

Lyra put her hand on my cheek, and before I could stop myself I leaned an inch or two into the touch. Her lips turned up a smidge more at that. A butterfly fluttered in my tummy. "I'll leave it up to you," she said. "I'm not even going to ask how it turned out. The program doesn't record anything, so it'll be your little secret."

"Ohh gah," the mouse mumbled, teeth squeaking as she bit down on the gag, hips rocking. The beeping was getting more frequent, and the humming between the beeps was louder than it had been at first.

"You two have fun while I finish getting ready," Lyra said, giving my cheek a soft pat before she slipped out of the room, closing the door behind her.

The computer beeped again. This time, I jumped at the same time as the mouse, and not because of the delicious, full-throated, erotic moan she let out. At some point earlier, probably when I'd been all overwhelmed with indecision, the clamps on my bits had half-loosened and stopped vibrating. The latest beep had "fixed" that, the pressure snugly returning, plus giving me a brief, bountiful burst of buzzing. The feeling quickly tapered down to a gentler hum that stuck around for a while.

That is, until the [i]next[/i] beep, when it vibrated enough that I tensed my thighs and leaned back against the edge of the desk. It was a little too intense for how sensitive I was after so much teasing.

That said, if I had to pick between nothing and that? I'd pick that! Especially if it was synchronized with the mouse. If Lyra left us to our own devices here long enough, maybe [i]this[/i] was how I could get an orgasm with permission!

Another beep meant another blast of vibration, and this time it was much more pleasant, a little below the maximum I'd want right now. Plus, at the same time, the dildos in my pussy and ass gave simultaneous half-thrusts, then wobbled in the aftermath. I gave my own smaller, more muffled version of the mouse's hot moan, and her eyes fluttered open to meet mine. The next beep coaxed a squeak out of both of us, a quick pinchy pluck of my clit leaving a stronger impact on my senses than the medium wave of vibrations.

"Mmm?" the mouse asked, panting faster than me, her gaze flicking across my outfit before it landed on my face. She [i]had[/i] to be curious why I was making noises, too. Should I explain even [i>if[/i] I was ungagged? Flushed, I shrugged at her, then gripped the edge of the desk and groaned when I got two firm, deep thrusts into my pussy, the dildo shuddering all up and down its length, at the same time perfectly strong buzzing lingered over my clit and nipples longer than before. I hadn't realized I'd clamped my eyes shut until I opened them again, and found the mouse still had hers shut in the aftermath of what she'd felt.

The constant thrum of the vibrations between beeps had grown stronger for me, too, and at some point the plugs wiggling within me had joined in on the fun; I was being "attacked" at nipples, tailhole, cunny, and clit all at the same time. They all revved stronger with the next beep, a split-second of sensation, leaving me eagerly awaiting the next, which turned out to be a single firm thrust up my ass and a double-pinch of my nipples. I had no idea what the mouse was feeling, but we squeaked in unison again.

Listening to the electrifying noises coming out of her while being free to make my own? It threw a whole new twist into the mix. I'd never fantasized about moaning in gagged tandem with someone else, and this predicament would leave me thinking about it for weeks! A wash of heat made me rock back on my heels, leaning on the desk again for support, leaving me even more off balance for the next beep, and then the next!

Panting hard, heart racing, my pussy clenched down automatically at each beep no matter what stimuli came along with the sound. A tightness and tingling on my clitty must have been some kind of electrical stimulation, my nerves confused enough that the buzzing on it afterward felt weird. Weird, and good, though it faded quickly enough, just in time for a liquidy slurping suckle over it, latex caressing it from every angle while the plugs in my pussy and ass alternated three rapidfire thrusts in and out. I couldn't take this for much longer! If things didn't relent soon, I'd have no choice but to-

The computer let out a single, elongated note instead of a beep, and the mouse gasped. I didn't stop to think it through, didn't weigh my options at all. No, I simply knew what I was [i>supposed[/i] to do, to be a good girl, to respect Lyra's polite request. I swung my hand out and smacked the spacebar.

All at once, everything stopped, leaving me with a soft buzz in my rear and slight, unmoving tension over my nipples and clitoris. I fidgeted my hips and whimpered, but that was nothing compared to the three sharp, back to back whines the mouse gave. I opened my eyes again, then widened them, watching as she humped the air, her breasts bouncing and face scrunched up in frustration. She yanked hard on her right wrist, her ankles twisting as her thighs fruitlessly tried to rub together.

Is this what I looked like when [i]I[/i] got edged? I suddenly wanted to play with myself [i]so[/i] bad, and the fact that I couldn't only made it worse. I curled my right hand into a fist, then looked at it, only then noticing that it was still close to the keyboard... almost as if it was considering pressing the spacebar again, in the hopes it would turn things back on. Would that work? I didn't know, and even if it did, that's not what Lyra or Master would want me to do. I swallowed down a quiet whine and pulled my hand away from it.

When I turned my attention back to the mouse, she was looking at me with pleading eyes. I had a good guess about what she was thinking. We were alone here. I had permission to let things play out naturally. All I had to do was not hit the spacebar and we'd [i>both[/i] reap the rewards, and she would have none of the responsibility! It would be so easy, too, to just go to the other side of the room and wait it out, let it happen. When had I become so obedient?

There was a beep, and the tender vibrations rose up again, starting on only my nipples. "Mmn," the mouse said. Then, a bit louder, "Cmmn..."

I shivered and hovered my hand over the spacebar. The mouse moaned in a mix of arousal and despair, head thumping back onto the pillow again. She thought she knew what I was going to do, but she wasn't sure, and there was nothing she could do about it. A thrill went through me, and I grinned around the gag. I really [i>was[/i] in control of her destiny. It felt even better than I thought it would.

To be fair, it was more of a mixed feeling a few minutes later. The stimuli started up slower this time, keeping the mouse and I at about the same pace. The overly intense, pinchy, or e-stim shocks were less common than the bouts of pure pleasure, though sometimes things got mixed up, giving three sharp surprises before a couple of more intense rewards for surviving the ordeal. By the time we'd been going for a while, the plugs were steadily thrusting in and out between beeps, sometimes rotating or pulling all the way out to plunge extra deep on return. I was shuddering and moaning almost as loud as the mouse, sitting on the edge of the desk because I couldn't trust myself to stay upright, even with the corset and boots.

I was getting close, and that meant the mouse probably was, too. This time, I had a feeling I was going to get edged just as hard as her, if not worse. Would I still press the spacebar? Endless days of teasing were totally adding up. I wanted to cum [i>so[/i] much, and knowing that I could, knowing that right now all I had to do was lay back and enjoy the ride, made me want to rebel and toss the keyboard across the room! Closer and closer I built, the incessant judder of toys against my clit and nips demanding my attention, tantalizing me to be absolutely naughty. I gasped at a particularly surprising bit of stimulation and my left hand flew to my chest, reaching for one of my nipples.

I found a stiff shell of rubber. I was chaste again, only allowed what the mouse was getting and no more. I peeked at her through half-lidded eyes and watched her face scrunch again, this time in building pleasure, and maybe with the desperate prayer that I might not press the spacebar in just a few moments. "Ees," she murmured, a pleading tone to her voice. "Nnh, ees..." How many of these beepy ordeals had Lyra put her through before I came up? Just one to test? Two or three to warm her up? Or was this her fifth for the day? Her [i>tenth?[/i]

The next beep was everything I wanted, at just the right levels, my whole body tingling, the quiet sound of a constant tone from the computer nearly blotted out by the blood rushing in my ears.

[i]Nearly[/i]. I smacked the spacebar harder than I meant to.

"Mmmnph!" the mouse shouted, at the same time I whimpered and groped at the hard, smooth expanse of rubber over my cunny. Metal jingled as cuffs strained against the bondage frame. In this moment, after space was already hit, we were the same, both totally helpless to do anything to get over the edge we'd been so close to, the edge we were soon fading back away from no matter how much we whined. I trembled and rubbed harder, imagining Lyra's poor pet stuck like this, left there for hours, the program set to automatic...

Wait! I gulped at a thought. Lyra probably didn't even need me to press the button. Just like a rubber golem could have done all the chores without me inside, the program surely had some option to be automatic. I was a toy. Hell, I was pushing space so quickly that if it [i]was[/i] on automatic I wouldn't have even been able to tell!

[i]Beep.[/i] I whined and pulled my thighs together. I hadn't even stopped panting yet. Was it starting faster each time, or was I being worn down, my sense of time getting wonky? Glancing at the blank monitor didn't help, and when I looked at the mouse she met my eyes and whined adorably. Suddenly self-conscious, I pulled my hand away from my crotch. She barely seemed to notice, whining again, her hips giving a pleading wiggle. There was dampness on both of her inner thighs.

As needy as I felt, what if she felt [i>worse?[/i] At least I had the choice to turn it off. She had absolutely no control. What if I was robbing her of her first chance to cum in months? For all I knew, my Master had sent me here specifically because Lyra was even more diabolical than him when it came to denial.

The beeps quickened, again feeling like everything was accelerating faster than before. Soon I was leaning more on the desk than I was holding myself upright, hands back to my breast and nethers, the frustration and arousal of not being able to actually feel my own fingers only getting me more worked up, helping the teases and tweaks feel all the sweeter. The mouse rattled at her bindings again and gave an almost tender moan of pure lust, and I-

"You two seem to be getting along."

I jumped in place, hands whipping away from my body, the heat in my face redoubling in an instant. There was Lyra, standing in the open doorway, leaning against the frame, her arms crossed. She'd changed, now wearing an airy, creamy white sundress. Oh, and she was wearing a rather smug smile, too. How could I [i>not[/i] feel like I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar, with her looking at me like that?! I definitely hadn't heard the door open! Lyra crossed the room, sashaying straight toward me. My already racing heart thundered harder, my hands gripping the edge of the desk as if I was about to be bowled over by a hurricane.

Lyra leaned past me and pressed something on the keyboard. All of the stimulation winked out at once, and the mouse let out a deeply frustrated groan. No more beeps followed. While Lyra was still close, she took the chance to press a small, brief, warm kiss to my forehead. Looking down at me, she said, "You did good." While I was still processing the gooey feelings that went through me at hearing that, Lyra turned away, starting to unhook the mouse from the St. Andrew's cross. "I won't need your help for at least a few minutes," she said. "Why don't you take the chance to relax in here or freshen up in the restroom and I'll come back for you." It wasn't a question.

"Mmhhh," I agreed. Lyra bent to unhook her pet's ankles, and the mouse stretched out her freed arms. While she did, she looked at me, and I had [i]absolutely[/i] no idea what her expression meant. Was she trying to figure me out? Was she angry? Disappointed? Plotting her revenge? Plotting [i]sexy[/i] revenge?

Just before Lyra stood up, the mouse crooked a little smile around the gag. Tension I didn't realize I'd been feeling flowed out of me. She didn't hate me, at least!

"See you soon," Lyra said to me, leading the mouse out of the room. Lyra kissed her cheek as they walked out the door, and as it closed behind her I heard, "Hey, hon, are you feeling..." before they were out of earshot.

Right as the door shut, the latex inside and around my snout started to flow and change. My first instinct was to close my eyes before they were covered again; so much for getting a chance to relax! Instead, to my surprise, the suit [i]freed[/i] more of my face rather than reclaiming my whole head. Within seconds there was no more latex above my throat, and I stretched my jaw despite it not feeling sore, rubbing at my bare snout and licking my lips for the first time in hours. At the same time, the feeling of clamps over my nips and clit faded away, and I quietly gasped as full blood flow returned.

I hopped when Jamie's voice asked, "How are you feeling, Luster?" It sounded like it had come right out of my shoulder. This was the first time he'd talked to me without a body of his own.

More importantly, he'd asked a question, one that I didn't know how to answer. "I'm..." I trailed off. How [i>was[/i] I feeling? In mere minutes I'd had the shock of my life, possibly made kinky new friends, been more embarrassed than I'd thought possible, had my first session ostensibly topping someone else while simultaneously obeying orders from a temporary mistress, and probably more! Was I more of a pet on loan than a maid while I was here? Should I be upset or turned on by that? Was [i>both[/i] the right answer?

"Are you okay?" Jamie asked. Here again was another first: he sounded worried.

I reached up and touched my upper arm, near my shoulder, as if I were touching his own arm. "I'm okay," I said, letting out a deep breath. Then, with significantly more energy, I demanded to know, "But what the [i>heck[/i] is this all about?"

Broad hands landed on my shoulders, large thumbs tentatively pressing in and rolling. When I moaned quietly, Jamie continued the massage. "There's a very healthy BDSM community in the area," he said. "I saw some of them talking about my tier two advertisements, and one thing led to another..."

"It led to-!" My indignant outburst was cut off by another quiet groan, my eyes shut. At some point he'd loosened up the posture collar and I rolled my head around, my butt propped against the edge of the desk for support. More quietly, I said, "It led to outing me in front of strangers."

"Lyra and Celine," Jamie said. "I think you'd like them a lot if you get to know them." After a moment, he added, "I hope you know that I wouldn't have done any of this without doing some research on them."

"I do know that." It mattered to me to hear him say that. More importantly, it sounded like it mattered to [i]him[/i] that I knew. "At least you didn't just drag me through the door in front of them." It was mostly a statement, but also a question; I had to know if he really had meant to give me a choice.

"That was a big step," Jamie said. "My brave bun."

I shivered, blushing softly. Was that the first time he'd called me "his?" How was I supposed to figure out how [i]that[/i] made me feel while I was still reeling from everything else today?! His massage moved down to my upper back, and I sighed, shoulders rolling. "This is totally unfair. How am I supposed to be mad at you while you're doing that?"

"Then it's working," Jamie said, a smile in his voice. He pressed a kiss to the back of my head, and I leaned into it. After a long pause, long enough that I almost replied, he finally spoke again. "I've been spending a lot of time processing what I've read on their posts, and their FAQ pages and such. I think you might enjoy getting to know more of them, and I-" Jamie stopped, silent for a second before the latex started to flow up from my neck again. "Let's talk tonight, okay?"

"Ah, okay?" was all I could think to say before latex flowed between my lips again. What did he mean? What did he have planned?

"You're a good girl," Jamie added, whispering right next to my ear as that stout cock gag filled my mouth once more. "I'm proud of you."

I whined softly, blushing brighter. It was hidden away quickly, because the latex rushed to cover my whole head again. More of the rubber over my body wobbled and shifted, and I reached up to feel wider sleeves over my ears, tugging lightly on the foxy tail brush now behind me. Considering I was back undercover, it was momentarily very weird to see the order in my view: "Be Yourself."

Then it hit me: Jamie had just said he was proud of how good and brave I was. I didn't need to be ordered to be a good maid, or a good girl. I already was both, as necessary. I just had to be me. That was enough for my Master. And if it was good enough for him, then it was good enough for Lyra, too. Butterflies fluttered in my tummy again, and this time it felt like there was a swarm of them.

The abrupt end of the conversation made sense a couple of seconds later when the door opened. Lyra paused, looking me up and down. "Well, hello stranger," she said, amusement rich in her voice. "I'm going to have some guests shortly. I could use a good maid's help with serving them. Do you know any?"

I was going to be on display in front of multiple people? Waiting on them hand and foot, while they admired the "fennec's" cleavage and shiny little rump? I mouthed the gag absently, toes curling. That sounded... It sounded like...

Well, it sounded [i]fun[/i]. Blushing and distracted, I almost nodded at Lyra, but then it clicked that I should probably go back into character. Without giving any sort of normal response, I walked forward robotically, and she stepped aside to let me go to the stairs.

"Good girl," she said with a chuckle.



What did Lyra think about me? If I were her, I'd think this was some sort of kinky game for me, that I got off on playing the part of a helpless toy. And, well, I did, didn't I? If I was the one in control, laying all of this out with no surprises, it wouldn't be nearly as exciting. If I was stuck as a "mindless drone" forever, that definitely wouldn't be fun for me, either. But, what I was doing now? I couldn't deny that playing this part was kind of hot. Doing it for Master, and therefore also for Lyra, especially because it was the only way to earn orgasms? [i]That's[/i] what really drove it all home for me.

I took the stairs one at a time, a hand on the railing for balance since the ballet boots made it tough. Besides, the corset, posture collar, and golem-like movements made sure I couldn't look down to see where I stepped. [i]And[/i] the plugs inside of me had been set loose again, so each step, each sway of my hips, made them jiggle freely. Lyra followed behind me, patiently taking the steps at the same pace, and I could feel her eyes on me. What had felt like only embarrassment and arousal before had a new feeling added in: pride. I was a sexy, interesting novelty to her. She was glad to have me here. She was [i]glad[/i] I was also a big ol' perv like she was!

I had just barely made it into the living room, struggling with all these lovely emotions, when the doorbell rang. "You hide in the kitchen for now," Lyra said in a hush. "You'll be a fun surprise."

I decided that she was right: this was going to be fun. Weird, but fun. I could imagine the looks on Lyra's and Celine's friends' faces when they called me into the room. They'd all be talking about something, and Lyra would call for me to bring in the snacks, and suddenly this saucy golem maid appears, a naughty discussion piece for them to all ogle at and giggle about. Heck, they might even be testing the waters to see what their old college buddies think about kinky stuff.

In hindsight, I was being dumb. I learned the truth soon enough!

As I stepped into the dining room, a loud, deep voice shouted, "Lyra!" followed by a couple of laughs and a bunch of quieter chatter I couldn't make out. I passed by the dining room table and saw that she'd poured some snacks into the bowls I'd set out, which were sitting next to a tray of roasted cauliflower. Proud of a job well done with the bowls, I moved into the kitchen, seeing that the oven was still on, another scent starting to fill the room. Dinner, I assumed. I heard voices move into the living room. They were far enough away that I couldn't really make out more than a single word or two here and there. That was fine, because I had my instructions; I stood there like a good golem, looking forward to surprising them.

The doorbell rang again within a couple of minutes, and someone significantly quieter than the last guest soon joined them in the living room. While they were settling in and conversation resumed, the suit also got back to business, tightness and suction returning on my nipples and clitoris. It was slower than usual to build, taking its time, the molten rubber there lightly swirling and caressing as it stiffened back up. I shivered, silently mouthing at the big, fake cock filling my mouth, tongue running underneath it. I closed my eyes and relished the feeling, part of me wondering again if I should have left that spacebar unpressed.

A raised voice brought me back to reality. "Could we get some pretzels in here, dear?" Lyra asked.

My ballet boots tapping on plasticky kitchen flooring, then the hardwood in the dining room, I walked over to the table and picked up the bowl of honey wheat pretzel sticks. It's funny how a thought as pedestrian as, "Those look good. I'll have to look for those next time I'm shopping," can hit you while

doing something this kinky! Straightening back up from bending to get the bowl made the toys in me wiggle, helping me focus on my task. I turned and headed into the living room.

Lyra was sitting in the recliner, her eyes on her guests as I appeared. A big lion guy, more than a foot taller than Lyra, dominated one side of the L-shaped couch. He had an arm around the waist of a grey and white cat, her head on his shoulder, at least until she saw me. They both perked up, eyes going wide. As I fully entered the room, the other part of the couch became visible. A tan-furred ferret was sitting there, and the expressions on the other guests' faces made her turn to look at me.

It was Milly. My roommate and good friend. The only person I saw every day except Jamie. Except [i]she[/i] didn't know that I was a kinky-as-hell bun stuck inside of a latex golem suit! Said suit saved me from stopping mid-step, forcing me to continue the motion instead of coming to an awkward, truth-revealing halt.

"Holy shit!" the lion boomed, leaning forward in his seat.

"What did we just say about inside voices?" the cat half-heartedly teased him, her eyes squarely on me.

My face suddenly beet red again, I kept my attention as completely off of Milly as I could. It seemed my near-accident hadn't given me away, at least. Still, I definitely felt all the sets of eyes on me as I walked to the coffee table and bent forward. Plugs wiggled, clamps plucked, and cleavage showed greatly as I deposited the pretzels on the table. At least my ass was pointed to an empty corner of the room, because otherwise someone would have gotten an extra eyeful!

I took a servant-like step backward, then turned to walk away. As I did, I saw Milly's face. She had this big, enthusiastic smile on her face, lips parted. Was she drinking in the sight, or was she [i]grinning[/i] at me? All my little worries from before, that she knew about me inside the golem at home? They came back, turned up to 11. I walked into the dining room at maximum "golem" speed, heading toward the kitchen without being ordered to do so, with the internal excuse that those were my standing orders from before. I just wanted to try to get a second away from my attractive roommate's piercing eyes to think about things.

"How about the chips, too, dear?" Lyra asked, her voice raised again. She sounded amused, like she knew I was embarrassed and trying to get the chance to hide. I took a deep breath and picked up the chip bowl, returning to the living room.

"Holy crap." The lion was loud even when he spoke at normal levels. He leaned back in the seat again, a hand on his kitty partner's back, looking me up and down. "Where'd you find this one?"

"Oh, well..." Lyra paused, long enough for me to wonder if she was considering saying things that would make me gasp right there on the spot. Like, my name. Did she actually know my name? I bent to put the chips on the table, too, tail frizzing out as the teases to my sensitive bits made me want to wiggle. I couldn't, and when Lyra held up a finger to me, I knew she wanted me to wait right there. I did, heart pitter-pattering away in my chest.

Once she was happy that I was going to stay put, Lyra finally continued. "I saw an ad online. Automated golem maid services, with different tiers. Very discreet and confidential. Which is good, since tier two looks like this."

"Yeah, I see," the lion said, his eyes on my chest.

The cat poked him in the ribs, making him hop. "You 'see,' huh? And when's the last time you 'saw' me this well, huh?"

The lion rubbed at his side and quickly said, "Two nights ago," with a small, wry smile.

The cat's only reply was a soft, "Mmhmm."

Lyra chuckled. Milly, on the other hand, hadn't made a noise since she'd seen me. I could see her out of the corner of my eye even while I stared straight ahead. She was still looking at me with obvious interest.

I wasn't the only one who noticed. "So, Mills, what do you think of her?" Lyra asked.

"I'm wondering if the one at my apartment could look like this, too," Milly said.

"You [i]own[/i] one?" the lion nearly shouted. His partner snorted and poked him in the ribs again. He twitched.

Milly chuckled softly at their hijinks, but she was still looking only at me. "No, see, my roommate did some house sitting for a rich inventor guy, and she made a good impression, so we get free maid service once a day."

Some people might have simply heard her telling the story. Me? I knew her, and I could tell she was thinking as she spoke. Brainstorming. Connecting dots. I gulped.

"Once a day?" The cat leaned back into the lion, head on the side of his shoulder, playfully pouting. "[i]She[/i] gets maid service once a [i]day.[/i]"

Lyra asked Milly, "Your golem doesn't look like this?"

"Nope." Milly looked at my chest. "It's more... androgynous? Flat chest, a big, round, faceless head. Cute butt, though."

"She showed up like that," Lyra said. "It's called anonymous mode. Once she was inside, she changed to fit the tier I ordered." She looked up at me and twirled her finger in the air. "Do a couple of spins for us, would you?"

I stepped in place, turning slow enough that I was sure my skirt wouldn't ride up. That didn't help, because on the second spin someone lifted my tail and skirt up, thoroughly showing off my rear end. I stifled a quiet gasp, one that no one seemed to hear. Well, Lyra might have, but she didn't react to it.

"Ours has a cat tail," Milly said, "but other than that? I'm pretty sure that's the same ass." When I finished turning, I saw her, and she [i]was[/i] grinning now. At the amusement of the poor golem having her rear end shown off, or in understanding of the situation?! I sucked hard on the gag to keep myself

from whining, sex clamping down on the wobbling dong inside of it as my arousal strained to grow out of control. If she really did know, she looked delighted. She wasn't weirded out at all.

Suddenly, it was hard to tell if I wanted her to know, or to [i]not[/i] know!

"Must be the same model," Lyra said. "I wonder how long before we see more of these lovely ladies walking around the city?"

"That inventor is going to make a mint," the lion said. The cat nodded her agreement.

"What has she done for you?" Milly asked.

"Some light house cleaning," Lyra answered. After a pregnant pause, long enough for me to wonder what else she might mention, Lyra added, "She's clever enough to tap a spacebar on command, too."

Milly flicked an ear. "Hmm."

"Why?" Lyra asked. "What does yours do for you?"

"Oh, about the same," Milly said. "She's good at cleaning, and she started making my work lunches, too."

"What, you never tried giving her fun commands?" the cat asked, as if it was the first thing she'd do.

"Not really?" Milly answered. "I wonder if my roomie has, though."

Fun commands? Like, "wrap around me like a suit," maybe? Is that what she was thinking? That might have been the case, because Milly stood up and walked toward me. The room stayed quiet as she got closer, her eyes peering at the dark brown fennec eyes "painted" on the outside of the suit. She leaned in close, nearly nose to nose, staring so much that I was sure she was trying to look through the rubber and see me inside.

And then, out of nowhere, she wrapped me up in a big, tight hug. The rubber let me feel all of it, her ferrety fur and warmth pressing close wherever the uniform part of the maid costume wasn't covering me. I wanted to hug her back, especially when her hands wandered along my back, the embrace lingering long enough that the cat on the couch giggled. I didn't care; Milly gives great hugs! It did end, though, and she stepped backward, looking me up and down.

"She [i]is[/i] a cutie," Lyra said, smiling.

"Uh huh," Milly agreed.

Lyra cleared her throat. "Speaking of fun commands." Before I could get too worried, she held out a palm sized purple disk with little pink buttons on it. "Take this, and randomly press some of the buttons for me? Whichever ones seem fun to you."

It wouldn't have looked appropriate for a golem to lift it up and look at it, so I simply pressed the first button my thumb found.

"Hmph," came a muffled voice from somewhere nearby. Somewhere low to the ground.

"Any of us could do [i]that[/i]," the cat huffed. "My idea of 'fun' commands are strip teases, or serving us on her hands and knees, or [i]serving[/i] us on her hands and knees..." She emphasized the repetition with a waggle of her eyebrows.

My eyes widened under the suit. They were all just friends, right? For a split-second I'd thought it was an amazing coincidence that Lyra and Milly knew each other, but now it made sense that Jamie would trust Lyra more if she was one of Milly's friends already. Still, they were [i]friends[/i], right? This wasn't a swingers club or something?

"Can she even kneel in those boots?" Milly asked, ever the conscientious friend to hapless bunnies! I immediately felt safer.

"Let's find out," Lyra said, throwing that feeling right out the window. Looking at me, Lyra simply said, "Kneel."

The suit reinforced me in all the right ways once again as I lowered down to my knees, one at a time, the boots getting more flexible at strategic spots to make it possible. And, as soon as I was down there, I saw something that made my hand tighten around the remote control, pressing another button. A quiet groan came out from beneath the coffee table. Now, down here, I saw why.

There was Celine, underneath the table, wearing a muzzle and blindfold. Lyra had her feet halfway underneath it, and Celine nuzzled them slowly, her breathing a little on the rapid side. Her wrists were bound to brackets built into the wooden table legs, and my mind flew back to my first chore: putting away the tool kit. They'd just installed all this, so Lyra could keep her pet anchored under the table during the little get together. Celine was bound in place down there, and I was the only one who hadn't noticed, because I couldn't and wouldn't look down.

Everyone knew she was down there and hadn't batted an eye about it. This wasn't a group of swingers. Lyra, Celine, and all of her guests were into BDSM. Surely including Milly!

"See?" Lyra patted the top of my head. "Attentive [i]and[/i] flexible."

"But how flexible?" the cat asked. She grinned. Only then, right next to her face, did I spot the thin black collar that the lion was wearing. The cat regained my sole attention when she leaned forward and licked her lips. I shuddered. Uh oh. "Maid-"

"Hang on, hang on," Lyra interrupted. "She's [i]my[/i] maid this evening. Besides, she has to leave in a few minutes, and she was supposed to be a fun surprise, not take over the whole night."

I started breathing again, thanking Lyra in my head for the rescue! I celebrated by tapping a couple of buttons on the remote, and Celine squeaked, nuzzling harder. I only now spotted little earbuds in her ears. She probably had no idea who was holding the remote. I flexed my pussy at the thought.

"Here," Lyra said, taking the remote from my hand. "The cauliflower is probably cooled by now. Go transfer them into the empty bowl and bring them out before you have to leave."

"I, uh!" Milly stood up at the same time I did. "I'm going to go help her." She barely finished, understanding very clearly how silly that fib sounded. The lion even chuckled out loud.

"You know," the cat said. The last I saw of them before turning away was her tilting the lion's snout to face toward her. "That outfit is giving me ideas. [i]Daily maid[/i] ideas."

He didn't chuckle at that.

Lyra chuckled at them, and called out a casual, "Take your time," as I entered the dining room.

Milly was right behind me, and I was breathless. Why had she followed? I reached out for the cauliflower, still following orders on autopilot while my brain did kickflips and handstands. Was she-

"Luster?" Milly asked, voice low.

I stiffened, making my decision in an instant. She was the kind of friend who would always care about me no matter what I was into. And, in this case, we were into the same things! Or, at least close enough that if I didn't share this with her now, after I knew about her going to BDSM dinner meetups, I'd die! I turned around and nodded. As I did, the latex reacted, pouring away at maximum speed to reveal my ears, hair, eyes, and snout, all within a couple of seconds.

Before I could say a word, Milly had her arms around me again, close enough to a pounce that I was reminded of her hug this morning when she'd found out about my job. That had only been hours earlier? It felt like [i]days[/i] at this point! Anyway, unlike a minute ago, this was a hug I could return, and I did, squeezing her close. Jamie had been kind enough to turn off the clamps and plugs entirely as soon as I made the decision to reveal myself, so the only kinky part about the hug was what I was wearing, which in some ways was less revealing than wearing a two piece bathing suit. If you didn't flip up my skirt, that is.

"You really [i>were[/i] inside the golem cleaning our place?" Milly asked, pulling me away to hold me by the shoulders and look into my eyes.

I nodded shyly. As brave as I tried to be, I could still feel warmth on my face and up along my inner ears. "Yeah. I mean, not [i>all[/i] the time? But a lot of it..."

Milly looked back and forth between my eyes, then smiled wider. "I really liked my lunch."

I scoffed softly. "I was following [i>your[/i] instructions on how to make it."

"Yeah, but you can really taste the love in every bite." Milly let that linger on the air until we both giggled, hugging again, and I squeezed her tighter.

"Mmph, I didn't know you were..." I didn't finish the thought, trying again. "I didn't think?"

Milly nosed my cheek before stepping back away from me. "Surprised to find me here? You didn't think you were the only kinky fluff ball in the whole world, did you?" She looked my body over again, as if knowing for sure that it was [i>me[/i] meant she needed to reassess what she saw.

I fidgeted, but didn't move to cover myself, blushing a little brighter. "I guess I'm not."

"Most certainly not. Heck, I know of at least one more in our apartment building, let alone in the rest of the city." My thoughts immediately went back to that very friendly jackal in the elevator. Before I could ask about her, Milly looked into my eyes again and continued her little interrogation. "So, what, this is the work of that inventor guy? I thought you said he was really old? Are you two a thing?"

Ah. Another awkward conversation. I turned away, using a spatula to start moving cauliflower into a bowl. "Well, actually, it's... It's his highly sophisticated emergent artificial intelligence?" The words were strained by the time I got to the end of the sentence.

Milly was quiet long enough that I peeked at her, and she was slack jawed. As loud as she could while still trying to stay quiet, she blurted, "You're dating an AI? That's [i]awesome![/i]"

I snorted. I don't know why I'd thought she'd have any problems with that. Not Milly. "I mean, we're not dating exactly, but he's-"

Milly cut in. "How much of that month at the mansion were you doing stuff like this?"

I gulped. She'd figured that out already, it seemed. "Um, well. Most of it?"

"Ohhh, my god." Milly grinned, walking over to run an arm along the sleeve of the uniform. "A month. More than a month. You little sneak, hiding this right under my nose."

"I didn't know if I could talk about it," I said, sounding a little more defensive than I meant to. "This is all pretty new to me."

"Aww, sweetie, no, I didn't mean it [i]that[/i] way." Milly leaned in, hugging me sidelong as I kept working. "I'm just excited. And, I'm [i]jealous[/i]. Do you think there's any way that [i]I[/i] could try on one of these someday?"

I stiffened, mixed emotions swelling up. Milly would look so cute and hot in this outfit. With Jamie in charge of her. My Master, doing this, with someone else. I... How was I supposed to feel about that?

He'd called me [i>his[/i] earlier...

Milly gave me a quick squeeze. "Hey, it's [i]totally[/i] okay if that's just for you two. I got a little too excited. I'm sorry if-"

I cut her off this time. "No, no, I... It's okay." I turned to look at her. I was about to tell her that maybe she could, when those mixed feelings rose up again. "We can talk about it later."

Milly smiled, and I did too, relaxing. "Now that this is out in the open, we can talk about a [i]lot[/i]."

"I'm really, really looking forward to it," I said. And I was!

"You're not ready to reveal yourself to the people out there, yet, are you?" Milly asked, pointing a thumb back at the living room.

I hesitated, then shook my head. "What I need is time to digest all this, you know? Not another coming out party. Not today."

Milly gently shook me with her arm around my shoulder. "Got it. Sounds like you've got a good handle on your feelings."

Did I? I wasn't sure. "I'm not going insane yet. No thanks to..." I didn't finish the thought. I'd almost talked about the chastity!

"No thanks to..." Milly leaned in closer, grinning. I blushed. I had a strong feeling that she knew I was hiding something juicy, and that if she tried hard enough she'd "ferret" out that information.

"Maybe later," I replied weakly, getting the last of the cauliflower into the bowl. The part of my mind that normally kept me going at a "good maid" pace chided me for my F- performance on fetching this snack. Hopefully I wasn't being actually graded during this important conversation! Lyra did say I could take my time.

"Definitely later." Milly gave me a peck on the cheek, then picked up the bowl. "I've got this. Lyra said you only had a few minutes?" Milly pointed. "You're off duty now anyway."

I followed her gaze to the wall clock. It was a minute past the hour. "Yeah, I probably-" My mouth hung open as the latex came rushing back up my face in a reverse torrent, suddenly stuffing my snout full and wrapping around it, so fast that I made a muffled noise. My blush grew quite a bit before my eyesight was cut off, and the last thing I saw with my bare eyes was Milly grinning as she watched.

"That's [i]so[/i] hot," she whispered. My sight came back as my ears were re-molded into big fennec flaps. My eyes crossed, watching Milly's finger reach out to boop my nose. "Love ya," she said, before turning to walk out of the room. "Maid in training, reporting with cauliflower," she called out, the bowl raised over her head like a trophy.

"You had a lot to talk about in there, did you?" the lion asked.

"Oh, I learned a thing or two," Milly quipped, setting the bowl on the table.

I followed a bit behind her, and as I did, an arrow appeared in my view again. It pointed me to stand beside Lyra's chair again, facing the group.

"Looks like it's time for us to part ways for now," Lyra said, giving a soft fondle to my rear end.

"You're much nicer to a golem than I'd be," the cat said.

"I've always been the sort to personify inanimate objects," Lyra said, her hand squeezing. My tail twitched, trying to perk.

"And objectify persons?" Milly asked with a smirk.



"Only the ones who ask for it nicely." With a parting smack on my ass, Lyra said, "Goodbye, Maid. Come back soon."

Milly waggled her fingers at me, and my normal reflex to wave back to her almost won out. I caught myself and quickly turned away to follow the arrow's new direction, walking to the front door. The latex swirled wildly, quickly reassuming the full anonymous mode that would keep people from wondering why a shiny sexpot maid was walking out of Lyra's home. The plugs I had to deal with all day were still off, unmoving within me, and the clamps didn't return. Things stayed that way before, during, and after I climbed into the auto-taxi and it drove away. My home address was listed on the cab's screen.

The quiet and stillness gave me plenty of time to think. I leaned back in the seat and processed everything that had happened today. I kept coming back to the big moments, and the biggest to me were when I had choices to make. Not that those were the most arousing memories, or always the most intense times, but... My life changed significantly today. It didn't have to, but it did. And I'd been the one to step forward and walk into that room, to take a risk and nod at Milly. Yeah, I'd wanted to prove that I could, to make Master proud, to be good. But it had still been me who took those steps, and I didn't regret it.

Up until now, I hadn't had a lot of choice. The lack of choice had been arousing, driven me nearly bonkers with need sometimes. Somehow, though, I still trusted Jamie. I hadn't even known about his existence until after I left the mansion, and since then he'd taken care of me just as much as he'd tormented me. He'd cuddled me to sleep every night except when I'd gotten punishment, protected me from anything that might possibly happen while I was all dressed up, had some rather nice conversations with me in the evening before he transitioned into naughtiness...

But, almost all of our interactions were in the context of kink, of BDSM. Milly had mistakenly said we were [i]dating[/i]. In hindsight, I'd had so little control that some people might confuse what we did together as actual slavery, not a healthy D/s relationship.

Was I wrong to have enjoyed it so much? I couldn't believe that. It didn't hurt anyone except my libido. I was having fun most of the time, and when I wasn't? It was still a different kind of fun. Unless I was being punished... For not doing what I was told, which I'd never technically agreed to? But now he was giving me important choices!

My brain was all knotted up by the time I got home. The auto-taxi even had to declare its eternal gratitude for my business twice before I stood up and left. Only a few people noticed me walking out onto the dark street, and the suit didn't tease me, letting me think all the way into and up the elevator ride. And then I was home, safe, away from all those prying eyes. I went straight to my room.

A stranger stood in my bedroom. No, not a stranger. A wolf. A white, gleaming wolf. A pretty realistic representation of a wolf made of white rubber, a little rounded off here and there. He smiled as I entered, his yellow eyes focused squarely on my face.

The suit poured off of me, and as soon as I could speak, I said the first word that came to mind. "Jamie?"

"Got it in one," he said, stepping forward. He reached out with both hands, palmed upturned, and I took them without a thought. They were big and strong, a little larger for his body than normal. I'd felt them repeatedly the last few days, touching, massaging, soothing.

I looked him up and down. He was naked, sporting a healthy runner's build, imitating light muscle tone. Rather than a sex neutral golem, he now had a sheath and balls that were a bit on the hefty side, and I could just make out a big, pretty tail behind him. I connected some dots. "The white wolf lady?"

"She was a test run of sorts," Jamie admitted. "I might have checked your biometrics to see if you liked what you saw."

"Did I?" I asked.

Jamie smiled. "You did."

He was right, of course. "And what about now?"

He pointed at my waist. "No idea."

I looked down and blinked. I was so dumbfounded that Jamie had a "real" body that I hadn't even noticed. When the golem had peeled away from me, it had taken the chastity panties with it, too. For the first time in weeks, I was wearing absolutely nothing at all! I was just as naked as Jamie was.

"I've been leaning toward a wolf body for myself," Jamie said. "I [i]am[/i] Mr. Howlette's son, after a fashion. But, I didn't want to choose a shape for myself that you wouldn't like."

"I do like it," I said, reassuring him, moving a hand to touch his chest. Smooth rubber. I stroked up and down, though the distraction was starting to wear off, my previous thoughts tumbling back in. Thoughts about choice and consent, things that this being, this person, had decided for me without really asking.

Fortunately, I wasn't the only one with stuff like that on their mind.

"Listen, Luster?" He took a moment to continue, as if gathering his bravery. "The more time I spend with you, the more of a person I'm becoming. Reading and processing only took me so far. We've had a lot of fun together, but you've also made me [i]me[/i]."

That thought rocked me on my heels. "Y-yeah?"

"Yeah. Now that I've grown a little, I can process some very important things much more clearly than before. Things I knew before on an intellectual level and dismissed because we were doing so well together. Things that they talk about a lot in places like the local BDSM scene."

I let my hand linger on Jamie's new chest, unmoving. "What do you mean?" I had a good idea already.

"Consent." Jamie sighed. "You were so turned on by pretty much everything I did to you, but I never asked. We never talked about it, not properly, not after and definitely not before."

"Yeah." I wanted to let him keep talking. What Jamie had to say might be the lynchpin of this conversation, our whole [i]relationship[/i]. It could be even more important for me than the talk I'd had with Milly earlier.

Jamie took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I'm not that person anymore, but still, I'm sorry. If I ever hurt you, made you afraid, left you wondering at night if you were ever going to be free again... I am very sorry. I did all those things before I understood what it meant to be a 'person.' On top of everything else, what I did to you kept you from job searching for a whole month. If you want me to get out of your life, right now, and never contact you again, I will. No questions asked."

I swallowed. "But that's not what you want, is it?"

"Of course not," Jamie said, squeezing my hand in his, the other coming up to hold it to his chest. "I want to continue to be a person who is shaped by knowing you. I want to spend time with you as more than just a kinky fling. I want to be your Master [i]and[/i] your friend. I'd like to go to BDSM munches with you, side by side, and spend time with other people just like us." One side of his snout crooked up. "Well, maybe not [i]just[/i] like us."

It wasn't until right then that I realized it: he felt like I did. Until hours ago, he was the only person who knew about my desires, about this major aspect of who I was. And, up until I'd told Milly, [i]I[/i] was the only person who really knew about [i]him![/i] This body was him choosing personhood, a representation to go out into the world with, to meet others. And, for now, he was the only emergent AI I'd ever heard of. For all I knew, he was the only one there'd ever be. He probably felt more alone than I ever could. He was special, and he was choosing me to be his partner in exploring the world and himself.

And, well, I wanted to be that partner, too.

I went up onto my tiptoes and kissed him on the chin. "I'd like all of that, too," I said, voice hardly above a whisper, to keep it from cracking. I was suddenly, momentarily, on the verge of tears. "Apology accepted."

His eyes widened. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." I wrapped my arms around him and we hugged, so tight it ached in all the right ways.

-----

We cuddled on my bed and chatted for hours that night, about plenty of things, naughty and not. We talked about the kinky things we'd done together, and I gave him some feedback; the more I spoke, the easier I found it was to be honest about how I felt, and Jamie was very encouraging. He asked what else I'd like to try, and I coyly told him I'd think about it. I definitely would. To an embarrassing degree, honestly.

I brought up that I wanted more of a career than just being a golem, and he assured me there was plenty of upward mobility for a "go-getter" like me. I asked him if he'd like to travel, and we ended up having a deep discussion about a person seeing a place online versus seeing it with your own eyes, and the differences between those two things for a non-biological person like Jamie. Speaking of which,

he mentioned he was working on developing synthetic taste buds for himself, so he could properly try food. Then he sat there and amusedly listened to me ramble for, like, five minutes straight, trying to decide what I'd pick for myself if I had to design my own first meal.

It was so freaking exciting: I was going to help Jamie have all these new experiences out there in the world! And at the same time, he'd be doing the same for me. Sure, people were going to look at us strangely, not even sure what they were seeing, but I'd have him, and he'd have me. We'd be fine.

-----

I sighed, a small, constant smile on my face. We'd settled into a moment of comfortable silence, our bodies half-covered by my top sheet. Jamie was on his back, taking up most of the space on my bed, and I was on my side, an arm and leg over him, my cheek resting on his upper chest. My ears were surely right in his face, but he never complained, his snout resting against my head. I idly traced my fingers along his smooth side opposite me, and one of his hands moved from my back to lightly stroke my hair and around the base of one of my perky ears.

"Mm," was all I had to say on the matter, closing my eyes. The future was bright, but right this moment? I didn't mind staying here for a while longer yet.

"So," Jamie said, his voice quiet, "what if you had to do it all again?"

"All of what?" I asked, unsure if Jamie just meant today, or my whole life. That would obviously change my answer a tiny bit.

"You wake up back at the mansion, your first day on the job," Jamie clarified. "There you are, naked, adorable, and you find a rubber maid uniform in the closet... What would you do differently this time?"

"Hmm." What [i]would[/i] I do differently? Would I speak directly to Jamie before putting on the uniform, to try to help him become a person faster? If I did that, then how different would Jamie turn out? Would I have even ended up being his friend, let alone his pet? There's no way to know, so I did the only logical thing I could: I snarked. "I'd have learned how to dust faster."

Jamie chuckled and kissed the back of an ear. "Hoping to beat Very Hard mode this time? Maybe you've had enough training and [i]now[/i] you're ready!"

Before I could say something quippy back to him, two quick knocks on the door made me jump in place. I lifted my head to look in that direction, then into Jamie's face. He smiled and shrugged, as if to say it wasn't [i>his[/i] door, so it was up to me how I wanted to handle it. And handle it I did, though sliding out from under the sheets quickly reminded me that I was really naked for the first time in what felt like forever. I pulled an oversized t-shirt out from my dresser, and while I was pulling it over my head I heard another three raps on the door. The sounds were quieter this time, like Milly was second-guessing whether or not I was still awake. I solved that conundrum for her by pulling the door open a large crack, my body and face filling the space.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey' yourself," Milly said. She noticed my nightshirt and asked, "I didn't wake you up, did I?"

"Oh, no, I-"

"Good," Milly cut in. "Then are you finally ready to come out to the living room for our little chat?"

I shook my head, starting to form an apologetic smile on my face. "I'm gonna have to postpone that until tomorrow. It's, uh, it's been a long day, you know?"

Milly pouted. She raised her hand up, pointer finger and thumb held an inch apart, and used a particularly petite, squeaky voice to say, "We could make it a teeny tiny, itsy bitsy chat?"

I snerked and opened the door far enough to lean and give her a little peck on the tip of her nose. I was looking forward to talking with her, but now just wasn't the right time. Before I could reply, Milly's eyes widened, focusing on the room past me. I looked back over my shoulder just in time to see Jamie raise a hand and waggle his fingers at her, in the same way she'd waved goodbye to me at Lyra's house. The edge of the sheet wasn't quite pulled back up all the way, just barely hiding his sheath from view. Even for me he was quite an eyeful; for Milly, he must have been something else entirely.

"Oh, shit," Milly whispered. It wasn't until I leaned fully back into the doorway, blocking her view, did her eyes meet mine again. She shook her head quickly as if to clear it, then smiled at me and saluted. "I think I'll go find a way to keep myself busy tonight."

"Hmm. Me too." I wagged my little tailpoof for Jamie's viewing enjoyment, making the back of my t-shirt sway.

"But, tomorrow?" Milly asked.

"Tomorrow," I answered with a nod. "Goodnight, you."

Milly's eyes playfully narrowed. "You [i]do[/i] know that for making me wait you'll owe me even [i]more[/i] deep, dark secrets."

"[i]Goodnight[/i], you," I repeated with a giggle, punctuating my response by shutting the door practically in her face. I heard a soft, amused huff from the other side of the door, and a couple of footfalls before she was out of hearing range even for big bun ears.

I turned back to face Jamie, a little gasp sneaking out when I found him standing only a few feet behind me. I hadn't even heard him get out of bed. He stood there, looking down at me, one hand raised toward me, palm upturned. Resting on that hand was a narrow black loop, a choker, with a very small bow tied in the front with a tiny white pearl or bead sitting at the center of the bow. Even from this close, it looked like a velvet choker that I could get away with wearing anywhere, but the lack of a chain or other connections on the back made it pretty clear to me that it definitely wasn't velvet.

"Would you wear this for me?" Jamie asked, smiling softly at the periphery of my vision; my eyes were locked on his little gift, soft, pleased, flustered heat starting to rise to my cheeks again. "And when it looks like [i]this[/i]," Jamie continued, "we will know that you're [i]mine?[/i]" As he spoke the second time, the "fashion accessory" slowly transformed into its true nature, thickening, the bow growing to

match, the whole thing getting visibly shinier. The pearl on the bow had also changed, becoming a small heart.

My heart was doing the 100 meter dash again. Ramifications and realities and thoughts and second thoughts and everything else bounced around in my head...

So I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, silencing them. A few still voices piped up, and I stomped on those, too. I wasn't going to let nerves or overanalysis slow me down right now, or make Jamie think I didn't want this. I waited until I'd pulled my shirt up over my head and tossed it across the room before I opened my eyes again.

The collar had shrunk back down to its petite choker state, as if to reassure me that [i]that[/i] was its default shape. It was another small effort to make me feel comfortable, and it worked. I picked up the choker, then planted my eyes squarely on Jamie's while I lifted it up to my neck. It rippled lightly, its back opening so I could slip the length around my throat, and then it cinched itself closed. It was perfectly comfortable. Exactly where it was meant to be. I shivered.

"Good girl," Jamie said, stroking the top of my head.

I sighed with a shaky giggle and rubbed into the touch, more giddy warmth flowing to my face, along with my chest and belly. I opened my mouth to speak, then stopped when I felt the choker wobble, growing, squeezing my neck just a tiny bit more tightly.

Jamie turned to take a few steps toward my windows, speaking thoughtfully. "You [i]have[/i] been very, very good. According to the rules, you deserve a very pleasant evening."

He let those words linger, and I nodded quickly, one hand resting on my collar. He definitely had my attention; just how pleasant were we talking about here?

"On the other hand, this isn't just a game anymore." He looked at my closed curtains as if he were a big bad businessman in a movie, staring out over a city that was his domain. Or, maybe that was just my overactive imagination, who knows? "Now that you're my pet, things are a little bit different, aren't they?"

"I guess they are," I said, hopes rising. If we weren't following the rules exactly, then maybe that meant I'd get some relief tonight, to celebrate how things had gone between us! I rubbed the edge of the collar's bow between a finger and thumb, the smooth, thin rubber pleasant to the touch.

Jamie turned and looked at me, unsmiling, one eyebrow raised.

"Um, I guess so, [i]Master[/i]," I said, emphasizing the word. It still flustered me to say it, but it felt more right than ever, and part of me was glad for the correction. I wanted to get it right for him.

He smiled then, pacing slowly back toward me. "Good, I'm glad we're in agreement." He put a fingertip under my chin, bending forward to touch nearly nose to nose. "Because, I [i]could[/i] give you a very lovely night, one that you fully deserve." He paused before adding, "But, do you know what I really want?"

I swallowed. This didn't sound promising... "No, Master?"

Master grinned. "I want to forget all about your Good Girl day and punish you tonight. I want to hear you whine and plead, to feel you squirm and struggle. I want you to be so desperate you don't even know [i]what[/i] you'd give just for the chance to cum..."

At some point during his words I closed my eyes tight, shuddering, hands in loose fists at my sides. He knew every way imaginable--and probably ways I hadn't imagined yet--to make me feel and do all those things and more. If that's what he wanted, and the collar was on, then I was his for the taking, and the thought amplified my suddenly growing lust even faster.

"But," Master said with a grandiose sigh, "that wouldn't be fair, would it?" He turned away to pace again. "You've been good. How could I punish you? It's what I want, but what about your reward? Your desires?" He spun on his heel to face me. "That said, you know what I want, and you know what [i]you[/i] want... So perhaps it should be [i]your[/i] decision."

My eyes widened. Did he really mean...?

Master walked over again, bending to put us nose to nose. "So, tell me, pet, what are we doing tonight?"

I whined, my whole face red. This was a whole other kind of unfair! If it was my decision, then if I told him to make me cum, then he very well might... But, it wouldn't be what [i>he[/i] wanted to do. And, the more I thought about it, the more that it felt like a cheat, like getting my release after all this time while not letting Master fulfill his desires would be naughty. Something a bad girl would do. After all, I was his pet, and I should be trying to make him happy, right?

But I [i>really[/i] wanted to cum! And I was possibly just a few words away from it! On the other hand, thinking about [i>not[/i] cumming tonight--and knowing I'd be thinking about this decision for days to come--was making me wet. The smirk on Jamie's face told me he had known from the getgo how this would make me feel.

He probably also knew how it would play out. He was right.

Squeezing my thighs together, looking down at the floor, I practically whispered, "You should do what you want, Master."

Jamie tilted his head and lifted a finger to his ear. "What was that, pet?"

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and, at something closer to a conversational level, I said, "You should punish me, Master." There was a whininess in my voice that even [i>I[/i] found fairly cute. Pathetic, but cute.

Master laughed softly and leaned down to kiss the top of my snout. "That's my good girl."

My eyes flicked back open, searching his face. For a second, I hoped that this had been a test, that I hadn't really just signed away my orgasms for the night, and I was about to be richly rewarded for my generous nature.

Then I saw how big Master's grin was and my ears tilted back. I didn't stand a chance.

I yipped as thick liquid latex suddenly hugged me from behind. All this time, the golem I'd been wearing all day had been silently lingering in the corner of the room. Now it was alive once more, wrapping around me, cutting off my vision and filling my mouth within seconds. It tightened and shrank into place, pulling my snout snug around the cock gag, forming gloves, leggings, and a very thin layer over my ears. I moaned into the gag as I felt the familiar nipple and clit "clamps" cinch back into existence, tightening around those sensitive little buds at the same time my waist was drawn inward by a corset and the "choker" swelled into a full posture collar.

I knew better than to resist, waiting until I had my sight back to look down at myself. Honey-yellow rubber peeked out between the frilly whites and blacks of the tier two maid costume. There was no weight over my tail, no extra mass over my ears, so I was clearly in full-on bunny maid form tonight. Having my vision helped me keep my balance when the ballet heels grew into place on my feet, pushing me up onto my toes. I looked up, to see the look on Jamie's face at seeing me like this, and stared. He wasn't there. Or, the suit was filtering my vision so I couldn't see him? I had no way to know!

"POSTURE," appeared in the bottom right corner of my view. No blinking, no warning, just an immediate indication that I wasn't being good. Below that, at the same time, was a solid red, "LAUNDRY NOT IN BASKET," indicator. My training kicked in, and I swallowed down a quick whine. I needed to be extra good right now, or I'd be giving Master a bunch of reasons to really punish me tonight! I swiftly, smoothly stood up straight, arms at my sides.

"Mmph!" I was utterly unprepared for what would happen when I went straight. All three of the clamps suddenly sucked down tight, their incredibly smooth and faintly wet material slithering skin-tight to my most sensitive bits, almost uncomfortably snug. "SILENCE," I was instructed in red text, again without a blinking warning. I trembled; Master was being totally unfair, and my inner walls betrayed how my body felt about this by clenching in response.

My sex fluttered again when I took my first step over to the t-shirt I'd thrown across the room minutes earlier. The clamps did their normal routine of twisting and tugging when I moved, yet this time it felt better than ever, plucking and squeezing with every motion, like a particularly excitable puppeteer really wanted me to keep doing what I was doing. I didn't have much of a choice, soon standing over the shirt, already breathing way faster than I had been mere seconds earlier. I carefully bent forward, the boots and corset making me need to set my arm against my dresser in order to not fall over.

Thank goodness for that arm, because as soon as I was bent in half, two thick, spongy, slippery dongs popped into my previously empty sex and tailhole; any minor discomfort at being stuffed so full so fast was instantly quelled by how good it felt. As if that wasn't enough, the clamps tightened and tugged simultaneously, too. I swayed in place, tail and ass automatically trying to perk high in invitation, earning me another immediate, "POSTURE," message. The suit didn't resist at all, not trying to help me stay in character as a mindless golem, so I had to force myself to relax my thighs and reach down for the shirt, somehow not reacting to my left nipple getting a wet, slurpy pinch when I did so.

I stood, gasping quietly at the clamps all reacting again, and then took one step toward my hamper. I froze at what I saw. I'd just done the laundry, so the hamper was empty like it should have been... except a bunch of my clean clothes were strewn all over the floor! I wanted to look, to see if Master was



across the room, smirking and watching, because clearly this was all his fault. I didn't get the chance, since just pausing this long had gotten me another red, "POSTURE," warning, telling me that golems didn't just stop mid-duty to stare at things.

"Put Clothes In Basket One At A Time," new instructions said, and they were already blinking, as if I'd been loitering for a minute instead of hardly three seconds. I dropped the shirt into the hamper, then held my breath as I bent forward toward a sock. The breath came out as a squeak when bending over made the shapes inside of me ripple in a remarkable way, rubbing up against my inner walls in an expert internal massage. "SILENCE," was my reward for letting out that noise.

I did my best, even though I was already panting, so wet that only the seamless latex was keeping me from making a mess of my inner thighs, the carpet, or hell, maybe even the floorboards, who knows? Not that architecture was on my mind, since bending over for the next sock set the two dildos to thrusting within me, one going out while the other went in. And they didn't stop when I stood up again; oh no, they continued, slow and steady, pumping and wobbling. Worse yet, it was like the base of the one in my pussy was attached to the clit clamp, because the thick toy's churning radiated out to make my clit sucked and tweaked in tandem.

Part of me was starting to have hope again, horribly unrealistic hope, that the whole thing about picking what Master would do to me tonight really [i]was[/i] some kind of test, and this wonderful pleasure I was feeling right now, under such duress, was the beginning of a night of near-endless orgasmic bliss. As soon as I finished picking up all the laundry, click, everything would change! Master would swoop me up into his arms, bind me to the bed, mount me, and finish the job himself, over and over!

A loud voice in the back of my head told me not to get my hopes up. It was silenced by the very quiet groan I let out when the cock gag started to simulate its own deep fucking, sliding back and forth across my tongue as it took me. Normally, a sound that quiet wouldn't have been noteworthy, but it got me another, "SILENCE," in red this time. I hardly even noticed as I robotically--or, at least, as robotically as I could manage--dropped another clothing item into the hamper.

I bent again, getting yet another firm, pinchy pulse of pleasure over my nips and clitty, along with the toys between my thighs getting faster, shifting from casual to pretty fast in a heartbeat. "SILENCE," I was told, without even realizing I'd made a sound! I stood again, nice and quick, extra-firm in the motion, delighting in how it gave me some semblance of control over how the clamps were treating me. This worked up, this denied, all I had to do was bend over and stand up repeatedly and I'd surely cum from it!

I was going to cum way sooner than that, though, since bending over again sped the thrusting up even more, the one in my mouth even kicking it up a notch. I teetered, enough that I heard something on my wall bookcase fall over because I'd leaned extra hard on it for a moment. The, "POSTURE," warning barely fazed me this time, and I got on with my work, dealing with this piece of laundry, so I could get another, so I could get more pleasure, so I could get more laundry, and on, and on!

At this rate, Master was going to make me cum [i]while[/i] doing the chore! Was it some sort of trick to condition me into liking to do chores? If so, it would definitely work on me...

I was only halfway done picking up the laundry when I stopped even remotely trying to hold back. By that point it felt like very eager phantom fuckbuddies were taking me from behind and in front, able to

get at me from any angle, no matter if I was bent or standing up. It reinforced that there was no escape, not from that, not from the pack of evil latex pixies endlessly "torturing" my nipples and clitories, not from the living latex maid golem that I was trapped inside of, not from an evil Master who was making me do chores like this! Panting, moaning wantonly, suckling on the thrusting gag, I leaned against the bookcase and thrust at the air, flailing toward the edge of orgasm!

And that's right where I stopped, too. With hardly any time to spare, the faux fucking stopped cold, leaving all three of my orifices stuffed tight. The clamps pinched down and didn't squeeze, or shift, or wiggle, not at all. I whimpered and rolled my hips, and the plugs in my pussy and ass wobbled, just like they did when I was out doing maid work, tantalizing me, getting me right to the bleeding edge of climax... But no closer! I whined and sucked hard, eyes clamped shut, eagerly humping at the empty air. My inner walls almost ached as they rippled and spasmed, trying to milk the life out of those plugs.

It didn't help, only making the edge of orgasm take a long, desperate minute to fade away rather than five or ten seconds, hot little tears sneaking out of the corners of my eyes. I'd been [i]so close, and that was while standing and working! If I'd been able to lie back, relax, soak in the feelings, and focus on cumming, then I probably would have! Only because I'd been doing a chore...

No, only because I'd agreed to let Master punish me tonight instead of rewarding me! Only because I was being good and letting him have the fun he wanted! My face turned beet red under the latex, embarrassment and lust mingling together into something overwhelmingly strong that filled my heart and made me suddenly even needier than I had been seconds earlier.

When I opened my eyes, blinking them once to clear them of frustration-induced moisture, I saw some not-so-gentle reminders waiting for me. "POSTURE," and, "SILENCE," and, "LAUNDRY NOT IN BASKET," all blared at me in bright red. Still shaking slightly from being so close to orgasm, not close to calmed back down, I bent for another sock.

The dildos suddenly came to life, not just rapidly thrusting again at nearly top speed, but also vibrating! I squawked, getting another message to stay quiet, then whimpered despite that; the laundry was all back on the floor! It was like I hadn't even started yet! Such minor details didn't matter to the toys under my tail, humming away as they merrily fucked me, the base of the one up my pussy close enough to the clitty clip that the extra-sensitive bundle of nerves was gently buzzing all the while.

I shook as I picked up the sock, back arching when I stood up because of how it made the clamps tighten, heightening the vibration right where it mattered. I must have still been closer to cumming than I'd realized, because just bending over again, to grab a pair of underwear off the floor, made me feel like I was rushing toward the edge already. It didn't help that the latex plowing me was moving at max speed again, silently squishing in and out, its own liquidy matter used as an endless supply of amazing lubricant.

Then it stopped, and I got even closer to the edge that time, mewling out as I all but collapsed against the bookcase, knocking a few paperbacks to the floor. I didn't notice, one hand between my legs, fingers pushing hard against the rubber chastity belt there as I desperately tried to get to my clit, to rub and diddle and pinch while my hips churned. The plugs waggled and danced, but they weren't enough, not able to get me past the edge.

I blinked my eyes open again almost two minutes later. The clothes hamper was empty again. The warnings to stay quiet, assume proper golem posture, and do my laundry work were there, along with a new task: "Put Books Away." I squeezed my tailhole and cunny down hard, knowing that every moment of this was just as much my own fault as Master's. Actually, it was probably even [i]more[/i] my fault, since I was the submissive little pet bunny who'd given herself over to this treatment! Just to be good, to make my Master happy.

I blushed at the realization that I probably was doing exactly that, and at the aroused pride that rose up in me with that thought.

I reached for a t-shirt, the big one I'd worn just a few minutes ago. Or, was it longer now? It was hard to tell time when-

The thrusting and vibrating and clamp twiddling came back full-force, and I fell onto my elbows and knees. I knew I should play my part, be a golem, do my chores, be a good girl, but I was [i]sooo[/i] pathetically horny, and it felt so good! If I just concentrated on how good it felt and gave in, then surely I could sneak past the edge and cum so hard that any following punishment would be worth it! Besides, it's not like there was anyone there to see me except my dotting Master.

So, with that perilous, hopeless dream in mind, I clamped my eyes shut to ignore any more orders, spread my knees, and bucked at the air. I arched forward and back, not just revelling in how erotic it felt, but also making the puppet strings attached to the clamps rhythmically tighten and release, twist and tug. It worked well, and with the rampant fucking already at full force, I had no need to do more chores to earn more pleasure. This was it. I was going to cum in just five or ten seconds!

Just a few more seconds!

Surely any second now!

Except, things had slowed down. The wonderful cocks plunging in and out of me smoothly dropped their speed to a lazy fuck, and the clamps refused to tweak and diddle my nubs as hard as they did before. I wasn't dropping away from the edge, not at all, but no matter how I humped and shimmied, I couldn't make anything go faster or slower, not anymore. I thought I was still slowly building toward climax, though, and rolling my hips felt [i]good[/i] in that context, so I kept at it, churning, moaning, being an incredibly naughty girl.

It didn't pay off. I was so close to the edge, and I was crawling at a snail's pace closer and closer, but I had no idea if I was going to be able to get over it. Instinctively, I tried to reach down between my legs again, and discovered that my arm refused to lift up from the floor. I opened my eyes and was confronted with nothing but darkness. Darkness, and one line of text in bright red that sat in the middle of the screen.

"Bad Girl"

I squeaked as I basically hit the edge of orgasm, right there, so close that one ounce more thrusting, one extra flick of a feather's tip across my clit, maybe even a firm swat across the ass... [i>Anything[/i] would make me cum! I jerked at my arm, then the other, and they were trapped in place, unable to reach for my hips. My knees wouldn't move either, thighs unable to widen or pull together. My useless

tailpoof twitched and flagged behind me, begging for attention, perhaps trying to comically wave down passersby for help!

It didn't help. [i]Nothing[/i] helped. I shuddered hard and whimpered out to Master. It was just like he'd been talking about the night before: he wanted to find out if he could find that "sweet spot" where he could keep me right on the edge. On the edge [i]"indefinitely."[/i]

He'd found it.

"Naughty, naughty maid," Master's voice said, a hand stroking my smooth ass beneath my upturned skirt.

"[i]Hnnph![/i]" I howled into the gag, twitching as I tried to thrust into his palm.

Master casually moved his hand so that he could merely stroke the meat of my rump without any risk of touching somewhere intimate. "One little chore at the end of a busy day and my maid totally falls apart," Master chided. "Tsk, tsk, tsk." Two fingertips lightly patted me on the rear, taunting me with the threat of a spanking at my bad behavior.

I didn't care how harsh of a spanking it was, or how long it went on for: a spanking, or [i]anything[/i] resembling more stimulation, was more than welcome! I humped furiously toward the slow double-fucking, panting hard, heart racing, fingers curled into useless fists on the floor. I could feel my clit thump every so slightly along with my heartbeat, but it still wasn't enough to make me get over the edge. No, the only thing that changed was that the cock in my mouth pumped harder and faster, as if it was Master enjoying himself at my expense.

I could tell he really was, too, by the tone of his voice. "Alas, it seems my maid in training needs another long remedial lesson. Perhaps two hours this time?"

I squealed and struggled like a caught worm. Two more hours of this?! How could I possibly survive? And then, as I knew from experience, when he actually put me to bed on a punishment night, it was always with more teasing and taunting accompanying me as I dozed off to sleep, so I would wake up urgently needy.

"And, alas, if you need punishment, then clearly this wasn't a Good Girl day," Master added quite casually. "We'll have to reset you back to zero days in a row achieved..."

"[i]Mmmph! Nnh-nngh![/i]" I shook my head as hard as the posture collar allowed. This was just for his fun, not a [i]real[/i] Bad Girl night! There was no way that he could be serious that he'd reset me back to needing seven Good Girl days in a row to get a climax, is there?!

Except, I knew it was very possible, that he might not just be teasing me. Not only that, but I knew that [i>he[/i] knew that knowing all of that would only turn me on more! The surge of perverse arousal that burst through me was almost enough to push me over the edge. The thrusting slowed down just enough to make sure I didn't "accidentally" cum, and then sped back up soon after, to make sure I didn't get a second's rest. I whined out for mercy.

"I'll leave you to think about what you've done," Master said, right before my ears were plugged and everything went silent. Me included, I found out a second later when I tried to squeal for his attention. Nothing came out, not then, and not the whimper and groan I tried right after. My only clue of the cause: a brief, awkward sensation of rubber in my throat, causing light pressure.

It was a little patch of latex, rendering my vocal cords utterly still. Keeping me totally silent. Something he could have done all along while I was an undercover maid, but instead he chose to let me try to keep quiet on my own because he knew what it would do to my frazzled nerves and bubbling arousal.

That arousal bubbled harder than ever now, constantly on the verge of boiling over, and no matter how I struggled and bounced and silently pleaded and bucked toward his relentless teases, nothing came of it. Except, I knew that all the while, Master could feel my struggles through the latex, was surely watching me from nearby, possibly even translating my attempts at sounds into a simulation that only he could hear.

I was trapped, with no escape, no choice. And I had chosen to have no choice about it.

Because I'd chosen to give myself away to a cruel, loving Master who would test my limits again and again, and was always watching to make sure that if he did go too far, he'd be there to rescue me.

The fact that he was letting me suffer there, stuck on the edge of orgasm, sex milking his fake cock, mouth working over another, struggling all the while? He knew that I could take it all and more, and he fully intended to leave me there until he was good and ready to set me free.

Or, when he was ready to make things even worse.

All of which had been my choice, in the end...

And even on elbows and knees, silently, mentally begging to cum like I'd never begged for anything in my life, there was still a smiling little bondage fanatic inside of me that would haven't it any other way.

**THE END**