

I Got Interested in a Maid, and Now He's My Master



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I Got Interested in a Maid, and Now He's My Master

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[Content Warning: This work contains depictions of voyeurism, stalking, exhibitionism, and boys in maid outfits.]

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Chapter 1: The View Up Close

"Watch out!"

I didn't listen to my friend's warning, and ended up taking a nasty tumble.

I was used to climbing mountains, looking for birds. That's what I was doing that Saturday afternoon. I had spent a little too much looking up through binoculars and not enough looking down at my feet. End result? Me walking over the edge of a steep cliff. It had been a painful couple of hours, and then a boring couple of days in the hospital while they let the bones start to set and fitted me for a cast. It was good to finally be home, albeit in a wheelchair, to have some peace and quiet.

I was under doctor's orders to keep this cast on for at least six weeks. But that was fine - I had health insurance and an extended leave policy that I was taking full advantage of. And besides, who could get bored with a world's worth of information at their fingertips? The weather outside is all nasty and stormy right now anyways, and the middle of August was a pretty tough time to be outdoors in this part of the country. According to the people at the hospital, I should be back in walking shape by fall, and then it'll be time to get outdoorsy again. Wind and rain howled at the window as I stretched out at my desk and brought up social media.

Ptoom My computer screen abruptly went dark.

I picked up my phone off the desk and punched in my landlord's number. It seemed like she was busy. I tried again, 10 minutes later. Still busy. I finally managed to get through after about half an hour.

"Hi, this is F. T."

"Hey, Ms. Tate? This is Mr. Slief from room 806. My power went out about half an hour ago."

"Oh, Jackson? Yeah, you and everyone else," My landlord sounded exhausted, "It kinda seems like it's a building-wide thing."

"Um, any idea when it's going to be fixed?"

"Power company says a guy's gonna be coming by tomorrow to take a look. But I wouldn't count on having power back tomorrow."

"Ah, okay. Well, keep me informed."

"Will do. Anyways, I've gotta take another call." She hung up.

Well, crap.

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Six days into what was apparently going to be a three-week power outage, I was doing better than I would have expected. Sure, my phone died halfway into the first day, but I was able to set up a food delivery schedule while it was hovering around 30 percent. There was also a decent stock of trail food in the pantry, just in case the urge to go camping ever struck me.

Sure, it sucked not being able to use the internet, but I had discovered something maybe even better. I had tried for a day or two to see if I could find any city crows with my binoculars, but then I started looking down and realized that, hey, some of my neighbors in the apartment across the street were very interesting people.

A dude on the fourth floor who wore nothing but untucked flannel shirts was putting together a collection of classic soda bottles. He had a ton, and he had a ton stacked on a bookshelf. One time, though, I caught him sucking on one of those bottles after dark.

I could see into the kitchen of an older man who lived on the seventh floor, and he seemed to cook every dinner himself. He used peppers, okra, carrots, tofu and lots of other things, but I never once saw him cook meat. I did, however, see him stick an asparagus up his nostril on more than one occasion.

...And then there was this guy on the third floor. The first day I was looking out, I noticed him because he had long hair that was atypically straight for a guy. Normally when it gets that long they stop taking care of it. I kept watching for a while, and I noticed he had a pretty regular schedule. Every weekday, at around three hours before sundown, he would take off his clothes (normally he wore slacks and subdued collared shirts) and change into a maid outfit. This costume was a real legit thing - to put it on, he stripped down to a pair of black panties. The bulge was how I was sure he was a guy. Then he snapped on a pair of opaque white stockings, one at a time. A long-sleeved

black dress with white cuffs went over his head, somehow not messing his hair with static at all. His cuffs were held together by a pair of gold buttons on each one, which he did up tightly. Once the dress was set, he would lace an apron around his waist and tie a ribbon around his collar. This guy was really good at tying knots, I guess. The whole routine usually took about 3 minutes from stockings to when he finished with his headband, after which he put on a thin-looking coat and left the apartment - I could see which way he usually went, but I couldn't follow him after he turned the corner. It got to the point where I made sure to watch him change every day. By the way, lately my cast has been getting itchy, and I've been scratching around my waist a lot...

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Time passed, and my leg recovered. Meanwhile, the power came back on in my building. It was nice to have internet, and hell I did need porn to vent some of that itch, but I kept watching my neighbors. Then the heat wave died down. Flannel shirt soda dude closed his window first. Old vegetarian did the same two days later. Only maid outfit guy kept getting changed in front of his open window, day after day. I kept watching, and now I knew he was getting changed at 5:40 PM. It got to the point where I got home from work and watched the clock as I ate, anticipating the five minutes of showtime I was going to get that night.

One night, after a particularly heavy shift, I came home with more of an appetite than usual. A minute or two before the usual time, I pointed my phone at his window and started recording. The session that evening was just as sexy as usual, and I masturbated myself to sleep watching the replay.

I woke up and realized that, hey, now's maybe a good time to stop. That conviction lasted a good twelve hours. Another backbreaking shift, and I was ready for my daily routine as soon as I got home. I couldn't wait, I had to get one off now. However, I was devastated to discover he had closed his curtains. Still, I couldn't stop staring and was rewarded when they slid open at 5:40PM, to reveal my window angel, shirtless with a key dangling from a chain around his neck. His crotch was covered in a pair of purple panties that showed a notable bulge.

I immediately grasped my dick with my right hand and started stroking. My left hand went for my balls, massaging them slowly. This might be my last chance - I wasn't about to waste it.

The guy in the window pulled on one stocking over his left leg, stretching it out. He sat on a chair and did the same for his right. I could have sworn his toes wiggled a little.

I grabbed my nearby bottle of lotion and squirted some out into my hand. My right hand worked more intensely. I inched towards the windowsill to get a better look.

He fondled his chest for a moment, then reached for the dress hanging over the chair. His hips swayed from side to side as he slid it over his head. Once it was on, he gave his head a quick shake to fix his hair, then buttoned up the sleeves.

I was stroking as fast as I could go, now. I rubbed my balls with sheer instinct. I was close to my limit.

He leaned over and exposed his panties through the skirt while lacing up his apron. Once he was set there, he straightened up and did a little twirl to pick up his headband, the last piece. Our eyes seemed to meet, just for a moment, as he finished donning that accessory.

A whirl of fear and lust clashed together inside me, and I climaxed, spraying the bed with arcs of white. I spaced out in the afterglow for several minutes.

When I came to, the cum had dried off and his curtains were closed. Did he look at me right then? Just my imagination, I'm sure.

...Still, I really should stop this.

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After that, the guy with the maid outfit's curtains stayed closed for three whole days. I knew it was none of my business, that I should stop, but I couldn't help but be curious.

So I went to the street near his building at a quarter 'til six one evening, and waited. I saw him walk out of the building at just after six. I followed him around the corner, keeping a good distance away. He kept going for four blocks, stopping and entering a back door to a place with a neon sign that read "Ronda's Parlor" hanging over the main entrance.

I've heard of these places from a friend, they call it a maid cafe. Never been to one myself, though.

...Should I walk in, give it a try?

As I was loitering around the back entrance, pondering that question, the door suddenly burst open. He was standing there in the doorway. His hair lashed to the right as he swung to look at me. Up close, he smelled like cinnamon. "Oh great, you're here! C'mon, get changed and get out there."

"I, buh, wha?" I was too surprised to respond. He grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me through the hallway, into a small changing room with a bench and lockers for about 10 people.

"My name's Senfa, and I'd like to do a legit intro, but we're really busy tonight. So, sorry, but you're gonna have to get right to work." He opened a locker and rooted around inside, tossing stockings, shoes, a dress, an apron over his back and onto my face. "That's all been measured to fit you, hurry up and get changed."

"I'm Jackson. Uh, I..." Still confused, I gathered the stuff into my arms. Then I tilted my head to one side. "But how do I put it on?"

"...Oh. Right. Ronda did say you had a different uniform at your last job. You know, the manager." He sighed, shrugging his shoulders. "Okay, fine. I'll help you get changed this one time. But you better remember, because I don't like babying older guys."

Senfa patted my elbows. "Arms up." He peeled off my T-shirt. "Sit down." I plopped my butt down on the bench.

"Now hold still." He got down beside me and reached towards the zipper on my pants.

"Uh, wait! I, uh..." My face was hot. This was a lot to take in, for both my head and my groin.

He glared up at me. "You want my help or not? Go ahead and try to get changed yourself. I'll

watch."

I averted my face, which was now even redder. "...Please."

He clicked his tongue. "Whatever." When he unbuttoned my jeans and undid my zipper, there was nothing to hide the significant bulge in my underwear.

"Hey. Look at me. Hey!" He pointed at this. "Didn't Ronda tell you? Nobody here walks out with a bone in their skirt." He jabbed his finger pointedly at the floor. "Get that thing down now."

I shook my head. "I don't, I can't... I'm just, uh, up right now."

"So what?! You know how to whack it, right?" Senfa's brow was growing more and more furrowed.

"Yeah, but..." I really, really considered telling him that I wasn't the new hire he seemed to be expecting, but that would involve explaining why I was standing outside the door. "...ok."

I slid my penis through the gap in my boxers and gripped it with my right hand.

For his part, Senfa pulled out a napkin from his apron and tucked it in through his collar. "Hah! So you are gonna keep 'em on. Never seen another guy do it like that before." He rested his chin on curled palms and stared with curiosity maybe two inches away from my erect dick.

"Um, could you maybe watch from a little further away?"

"How about no?" There was that smoldering glare again. "In fact, how about you shut up and start jacking it?"

I didn't want him angrier. "Uh, ok."

I started to stoke my cock. "Ngh..."

"Heh, okay. You hold it like an old dude."

I changed my grip, and started to stroke a little bit faster. "Hn, nng!"

"Wow, it's true what they say. This ain't never pretty." I could feel his eyes on my cock, like he was sizing it up.

I needed more, needed to end this quickly. I spit on my right hand and added it to the mix "Hrg, ugh, rrGH!! Please..."

"Damn, somebody's desperate." He smirked. "But no. I'm staying right here. Do it."

"But...NG! I'm gonna cum!"

Senfa shrugged, "Yea, sure, go ahead."

I came, spraying his face with a full load. Most of the globs of pale white fluid fell on the napkin he had put on earlier. He licked his lips once, then wiped his face off with a second napkin. I was a little distracted by the afterglow, so I didn't see what he did with them. I came to when he smacked me lightly in the face.

"Wake up, it's uniform time." I stood, too drained to do anything but go along as he tucked my penis in a pair of soft white panties, snapped my legs in a pair of opaque white stockings, slid a black dress over my head, buttoned the sleeves tightly, laced an apron onto my waist, and tied a ribbon around my collar.

"That'll do it for the uniform. Your first job," He handed me a mop, smiling, and pointed at one of the few globs of white that had made it down to the floor, "will be cleaning the floor you just got dirty."

I hung my head, still red as a beet. "...ok."

He started walking out, but paused in the doorway and turned halfway back. I shuddered when he flashed a nasty smile. "I'm gonna check your apron after your shift. It better be just the way I tied it."

"Um, okay...?" I replied, confused.

After mopping up, there was still a smell. I put my hand into my apron pocket, and finally realized where he had put those napkins.

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Four hours in, my shift was not going well. There was a whole ritual to it, "Welcome home, Master!", the curtsies, the little hearts people wanted me to draw on their omelettes. I was stiff and awkward, pretty much like any other first day on the job. Thing is, most of the people who had handled my work training at other jobs were a lot nicer than Senfa apparently was. Every failure brought with it another public scolding.

I closed my eyes for a second, took a deep breath, and got back into it. Okay, I just have to carry a drink to table 4. Just one more hour, I can do-

CRASH

"What the HELL are you doing, newbie?"

I had completely failed to notice Senfa walking the other way, carrying a tray of his own. I gulped, afraid to look down. But I had to see.

He was sprawled out on the floor. One of the glasses on his tray had spilled all over his stockings, painting the white fabric with purple grape juice stains. He hefted himself upwards, giving me a glare that could melt iron.

"I, uh..." I took one step away, "I need to clean, um..."

Before I knew it, he was on his feet, and had a firm grip on my wrist. "You. Changing room. Now."

"I um..." I was trying very hard to make eye contact. My head slumped down. "Yes."

I followed Senfa to the changing room, dimly aware of what was happening. There was a ***click***

sound as he locked the door. He sat down on the bench in the center of the room, and pointed one finger down, towards his feet. "Sit."

"Okay." I sat down on the floor.

He thwacked me with his left leg. It looked like he was about to pop a blood vessel. "Not 'Okay'. Until we sort things out, I think you damn well better answer me with a 'Yes' when I tell you to do something."

"Um... Yes." I stared at the floor.

Senfa kicked off the shoes he was wearing. "So, grape juice on nylon, huh. These are some nasty stains. Ever tried to clean grape juice out of stockings once it's dry?" He raised an eyebrow.

"No, I haven't." I shook my head, embarrassed.

"Well, lucky for me, I'm not going to have to worry about that. You're going to clean them for me. I'm not," He wiggled his toes, "even going to take them off."

"Suck my toes, newbie."

"...yes."

"What?" He cupped his hand to his ear.

"Yes."



Senfa shoved his right toe in my face, "Make that a 'Yes, dear.' Then get to work."

"Yesh, dearf." I found the nearest purple spot on his stockings and started to suck. It tasted sweet and a little salty. I guess it was the sweat? I finished up and looked. The stocking was damp but white where I had put my lips.

The more experienced maid blinked, "Yeah, that's right, keep it going. I don't have all day."

I worked my way up his foot, then his leg. I was getting the hang of this. Just had to purse my lips and suck hard for a few seconds. At least I didn't have to use my tongue. The last patch of purple was near the bottom of his right thigh. My neck had to stretch to get there. But I got it, sucked it, and that was that. Alright, one more.

"Hn..." Senfa closed his eyes for a second, then smirked. "That was alright. But a little soft. I'm not here for lips-only." He extended his left leg. "Use your tongue this time, prick."

"Ug..." I gulped. "Yes, dear." I licked around his toes, encountering a little resistance as the nylon stretched against my tongue. I ran my tongue around Senfa's left foot, getting a feel for the different parts. His arch was particularly thick with sweat. His ankle was notably stiff around the tendon. I worked my way up his leg, licking up one stretch at a time. I tasted bare thigh as I was just about done.

"Oh, that is it." Senfa was flushed red. "Time to skim a little cream off the top." His hands reached into his dress and he pulled off his necklace with the key on it. He then lifted up his skirt and slide down his panties to reveal a penis encased in a pink plastic chastity belt. The key opened the lock, and now his meat was smack dab in front of me. "Now you can use your lips, newbie. I'll break every tooth that touches it, though. Suck me off."

It couldn't have been more than three inches long. "Yes, dear." That one was sincere, and came easier than I thought it would.

I put my lips around the tip of his cock. Trying to keep my teeth off was going to be a challenge, I started by rolling my lips around.

"Hnn..." Senfa grunted. "That's fine, but you can do better."

I wrapped my tongue around it, and let it come a little deeper into my mouth.

"Mmm, yeah. That's the way."

I slurped and sucked and slurped and sucked. There was a gradual escalation to my movements. Pre was coming out, and I wanted to taste more.

"Ohh yeah, that's nh, doin' it." Senfa grinned and bit his lip a little.

I kept going, thrusting my head back and forth, for a little while. More pre came, and his moans grew louder.

"Almost there, newbie!" He threw his head back. "Get, ah, ready!!"

"MmmMFF!!" Cum came gushing out of Senfa's cock, nailing me in the throat. I managed to hold most of it inside, but a few drops slipped out.

The smell was overwhelming in a different way from his stockings. My mouth was full of the stuff. I gulped it down, which just felt like the right thing to do.

For his part, he pulled out a napkin from his apron and started wiping around my lips. "A maid's gotta be clean. Even a klutzy one." There seemed to be a bit more warmth in that smile, somehow.

Senfa stood up and turned to check the clock on the changing room wall, "I'm getting back to work. Your shift's almost done, so you can go ahead and clock out for today." He grinned and licked his lips. "You'll be back for another shift. Same time tomorrow. Don't be late."

So, I just finished my first day at a maid cafe. And I guess I'll be coming back. "Yes, dear."

Chapter 2: Hold Me Closer

[Preview ends here. Story continues in full version.]