

Cece, Maid of fun.

Contains: macro/micro, dom/sub, shrinking and growth, near crush, feet/hoooves, lots of teasing, maid, thickness.

A domestic manor on the hill, brownish with yellow-white exterior walls, almost like a chateau, sat in wait. A short walk up, with windows from which one might view any guest or intruder intending to visit, was present, yet the curtains on the windows were drawn. The manor's master was much too nervous for such things. A particularly savvy observer might conclude that he bore a striking resemblance to Renamon, you know, the Digimon. He was stumpier, though, fur a bit blacker around the edges, and he was dressed like one might expect any aristocrat to dress. That is, any aristocrat from the previous century; he looked ridiculous. He paced nervously in the gothic foyer, on occasion paying visit with his eyes back down to a clutched flier. It advertised a rather baiting maid service, with poster girls who were almost certainly models, and the promises made by the office were such that one might mistake the company for a brothel or pop group than a housekeeping service. Regardless, it seemed like a simple enough policy plan; order one maid, they come on a Sunday, remain for a month, after which point you decide either to renew or send her back. In theory, anyway. There was a catalog of the maids and their strengths, wants, et cetera, of course. He just hadn't looked at it. The entire concept was endlessly making him nervous and embarrassed, so he wasn't looking out for the maid's arrival for the same reason he hadn't looked through the catalog, and the reason he was pacing his home's spacious rendition of a front hall.

Then the bell rang, and he nearly leapt out of his socks. He steeled his nerves in a moment, though, and slowly slinked over to the door, not bothering to check the peephole before gripping the door and easing it open, before turning to face his new maid.

For a minute, he was confused. He was faced with a purple-colored wall, smoothish, almost wet in appearance. Any attempt to see around it or up it were failures, and he backed away a moment. Then, the wall shrunk rapidly, until, at just around eleven feet tall, there stood his new maid.

"Haha! Just messing with you, master!" She chuckled. The frilly monochromatic maid's uniform, most prominent, had the necessities: apron, frilly, fluffy skirt, a prominent, accented chest, thigh high, thin stockings, and gloves of the same shape and texture, a bow on her head, and...surprisingly little left to the imagination. He noticed a lack of shoes, though with her body, that was hard to keep focus on. She was eleven feet, for a start. Her body was light purple, with some bluer tones sprinkled about along accents, almost making her look fuzzy. She wasn't, however. Her body all had that smooth, polished look about it, and almost looked like it was covered in a very thin layer of wet substance, much too thin to detect normally, anyway. Filling her stockings were a prominent, pronounced pair of hoooves, which seemed a size or three too large for her body. They seemed like they were much too large to be balanced, anyway. At the end of her gloves, however, was much more

similar to paws, short yet dainty fingers with features which definitively put them closer to paws than much else. They even had pads on the fingers and palm, which the soft gloves did the opposite of hiding. They definitely seemed fluffier, too. Hm. Her figure was shapely, seeming quite heavy, particularly in the chest, waist, tail, and legs (which naturally also lent to a pronounced rear). She definitely had a prominently feminine, undeniably natural-appearing figure, which her host found it hard to draw his eyes from. The uniform seemed a size too small for her, skirt so short it was daunting, and her boobs seemed like they might tear the front of the uniform apart if she puffed her chest out too far. Eventually, he managed to pull his gaze away from her figure, though, and looked at her face. She had whitish, somewhat large eyes, short hair of a darkish, brown-maroon color, a small nose at the end of a short snout, and a mouth that wasn't particularly large, but was smiling quite wide at present. Her ears were quite large and triangular, almost like a fennec's, and competed for his gaze.

In summary, she was terribly cute, and his host found himself blushing immensely.

"Oh...umm...o-of course. Come in." He gestured her to the center of the tall room with both hands. She stepped in, her very presence and weight shaking the entire house. It was unnatural, like this girl weighed several tons despite her body shape. How had she not made too much noise on her way up? She was in the double digits of height at present, but still. Her hooves didn't seem to be that hard, not making a clicking noise as she stepped in. The socks probably helped. The stubby Renamon (as that was almost certainly what he was), then let the door shut, and followed her.

He guided her to a sitting room off the foyer, and sat with her. Her butt exerted tremendous, heavy force upon the couch they both sat at, and the beverages in small cups he'd prepared earlier sat on the table. She took up two thirds of the couch, and even sitting towered over him. Today's itinerary mostly included settling business.

"So..." he started, averting his eyes from her. "I should probably introduce myself."

She didn't say anything, merely stretching, arms pressing against the ceiling as she added a few more feet to her height, and took up more of the couch, straining it even more. She smiled down at him.

"I'm Sterling." He stuck out a hand, and she caught it with her remarkably large, soft, gloved hand-paws.

"Hey master Star!" She almost purred. "I'm Cece! You can call me Honey, though ♪" Her voice lilted in a rather provocative manner.

"O-oh." He withdrew a little. "Nice to meet you." Her size and body was intimidating, and he did his best to keep his face from flushing red. "L-let's talk about your duties, alright?"

"Oookay!" Cece relaxed, lifting her hefty legs and big hooves, and rested them on the coffee table, shaking the table, and the house, and rattling the cups. "What's up?"

"You'll be cleaning for three days of each week, whichever days you like. I'd ask that you leave the master bedroom and the closets be. Since the guest bedroom will be yours, I won't be going in there, so you can leave that room, as well. I'll give you two days of your choice to yourself, one for laundry, and one for kitchen work. Fridays, I'll pay you, more for other services you perform outside of your basic duties." He picked his cup and the list off the table. Taking a sip. He flipped to her page, and nearly did a spit take. Her section listed her as a hybrid shapeshifter, strong magic, and her personality, which he had detected. However, the special services she offered...massages, 'romantic' offers, repair work, and then several services so forwardly inappropriate he went pink. Hand shaking, he set both back down.

"Got it!" She set her hands between her thighs and leaned over him. "What should I do first? Oh oh, wait! Before you answer that, what about sizes?"

"Sizes?" He asked, eyeing her up and down.

"Allow me to demonstrate!" She cheered, reducing to a far more natural 7 feet before strolling to the center of the room and sitting down. She quickly gulped her own drink, then began her demonstration. "Part of my skillset is size change! It's a bit subconscious sometimes with me, but I can make things biiigger..." she punctuated this by swelling, thick legs wrapping around the couch, head pressing up against the ceiling, breasts growing to fill the center, and the frilly, lacy maid outfit filling the remaining space with fluff. She totally conquered the space, almost to the point of threatening to burst out of it. A sweet perfume filled the poor boy's airspace, and he swam up the fluffy fabric, landing on a grown sock before Cece snapped back to her previous size. He bounced onto the couch, just in time for her second demo. "Or smaller!" He watched the couch seem to expand around him, the coffee table seeming farther away by the second. He realized she was shrinking him, and he saw her step over, with rumbling, massive footsteps. He estimated he was a few inches at most. She turned his back to him, her backside just visible from his angle in striped underwear. He could hardly focus in his bewilderment, completely enraptured with her. She giggled, loomed teasingly over him as though about to sit down, but returned them both to normal sizes, her back to 11 feet, before sitting in his lap. She was tremendous in mass, and was much too heavy to sit there for long. She didn't plan to, however.

"I usually work at around this size to about six feet smaller. I've had jobs where I got to be much bigger, and one where I was smaller, though. And my masters have requested to be certain sizes, as well. Usually around their normal height, maybe a little taller." She paused, relaxing her power further onto his comparatively weak lap. Sterling was bright as a tomato. "I've had a mousey master, once. I didn't get to stay too long, though. She didn't need a maid once her old roommate came back. Hm hm." She added, playfully wiggling.

The options presented left Sterling's mind in an empty buzz, as his excitement over the situation had drowned out all other rational thought. He eventually was able to regain his senses, and thought about it for another minute.

The house was already too large for him, though she did a great job of filling it. He'd never admit it, but somewhere between his shy, soft-spoken demeanor and his very evident love of maids was a fascination with this sort of thing. The last statement in particular shook him - someone volunteered for that? Was it merely a submission thing? Sure, he had some of

those tendencies, but this was on a different level. He couldn't have Cece being huge, he knew that. He thought about it another minute, finally arriving at a solution. He kept it short and sweet.

"...I like maids. And I like staring up at you, but if you're any bigger than you are, you'll wreck my home. So..."

"You wanna be shrunken?" She giggled, turning over and sitting on his lap facing his body several feet below her head, essentially straddling.

"Y-yes. If it's not inconveniencing."

"Oh, right!" She leaned down and seemed to send a bit of her magic through him. "There!"

"Huh?" 'Star' didn't feel different. His eyes looked back at her, confused.

"It's a proximity shrinking spell. In a few minutes, you'll get smaller the closer you are to me! That way, being tiny won't be a problem when you're just by yourself!"

"O-oh. That's... Perfect, actually."

The gloved paws clapped together. "Yay! Could you show me where I'll be staying, master?"

The yellow client had forgotten completely. "Ack!" Both got up from the couch. "Right this way!"

They came to one of the least impressive doors in the house. Cece ducked to fit within it, hips brushing the edges of the door's frame, while her tail pulled up the back of the already short maid skirt, and simultaneously filled a chunk of the hallway. Her yellow employer squeezed in past her, stumbling into the center of the decent quarters.

"This is your room." He gestured to the room's features, clearly designed for someone less massive. She seemed plussed, so he gave her a brief tour. When they returned to the room's entrance, Sterling noticed the top of his head didn't reach where it used to.

"O-oh." He turned to face his new maid, who chuckled as the height difference between them increased every few seconds. Eager to move on, he started out the door.

He only got as far as the nearest lounge. He tossed himself onto an ottoman. She followed him in, each step thundering through the manor's foundation. A few more inches, a great chunk of his height at this point, were taken as Honey entered the room in a slow pursuit. He wasn't any bigger than a small mouse.

"Wait for meee~" her tone sent shivers up his spine, and he took a moment to thank the fact that his clothes shrank with him, as well. "I wanted to ask if you'd be interested in a sample, Star ♪"

"S-sample?" he couldn't help but peep from his perch.

“There you are!” Her round eyes lit up as they recognized him on the bit of furniture. She took a few mighty, girlish steps over, then let her socked hooves slip, slowly settling past her knees, much lower into a slouch, beside the ottoman. As she approached, Sterling’s size was cut even further, no larger than a half inch. Her tremendous breasts rested on the edge of the soft cushion, her face above them gently smiling. “I was wondering if you’d like a sample of my extra services! A massage, a bit of romantic roleplay, se-”

“Yes please!” The yellow bug interrupted with a squeak, unable to draw his tiny gaze from the mountains before him.

“Yay! I don’t get a cutie that often~!” She cheered. She lifted herself up, pulling the ottoman over to the nearby chair, which she quickly oppressed with her girth. Then, she loomed an oversized hoof over her new “master”, like a sky of kinky fabric.

The disproportionately hefty tip swept down, lowering and becoming more like a gigantic wave on the horizon. The slight changes in distance as it moved caused Sterling’s size to sway rapidly a bit, causing him to get disoriented. The world felt like it was swirling, then the wave in the distance came and kicked him, pushing the piece of furniture out from underneath him. He fell, his size increasing then decreasing as he fell to the floor. Cece’s gigantic surface followed, and the sock crashed against the floor at the same time he did. On top of him, naturally. The sock was much furrier than it appeared, and he got lost in the fuzzy forest of the fibers. Of course, her powerful weight, even of just her smooth purple leg, felt like it might shatter all his bones at once. This was the force she was exerting on the entire house with each step, focused entirely on just his body. He started to slip into the fibers, at which point he got stuck against the sock. Almost as though to prove this, the playful maid lifted the flat bottom off the floor, and, for a moment, the mansion’s master was spared the hard compress of the floor and body-crushing weight of his maid’s foot. Nonetheless, his erection spoke for him on the matter of whether or not he was enjoying it or not. Having been pressed face-down before, when the gigantic maid pushed her striped stocking against the floor next, the tiny boy’s thankfully concealed arousal poked her soft, cushy hoof. No matter how soft it was, the woman’s musculature (or was it fat?) couldn’t be mistaken, and he was enveloped in it. She ground against the surface. He felt all his joints crack at once, and he moaned, the stress in every last muscle being forcefully crushed out. He was aggressively made to relax, and Honey’s sock absorbed him a tad more. The minor decrease in distance between his already incredibly tiny body and her skin caused even more shrinkage, which only caused him to sink more, and get closer, and shrink more, and so on. He stopped getting closer when he nearly got tangled in a single thread, his fuzzy yellow cheeks being pinched as though he were visiting a very large, hands-on aunt. He was practically tasting his maid’s foot at this rate. The thick hybrid twisted, and leaned out of her seat, putting most of her weight next on the single hoof. It was such a tremendous force that Sterling not only suspected that his tiny body might crack and shatter into infinitesimal dust, turning into diamond under this heat and pressure, but that the foundation of his entire house would break under this maid’s impossible might, sending a fissure down into the earth with the energy packed into a single step. Of course, he couldn’t voice his concerns. That is, if he had concerns. In reality, he came, and the very next second she lifted her foot off and rested both hooves on the ottoman. He covered his wet crotch, blushing up at his gigantic maid with a blush on his mousey face.

She was grinning, and her bubbly voice echoed down, like a waterfall tumbling down his furniture and surrounding him on the floor.

“So? How did you like your first massage? I hope it wasn’t too quick for you!”

He struggled to form words for a moment, as though they had all been forced out of him until she had returned them to him with the question.

“Y-You’re hired.”