

Laura collapsed into the cramped little bunk bed in her room. She shared that room with Melissa and two of the night servers, though at this moment in particular, she was the only one there. She had been assigned the bottom bunk, which had more vertical room but which she swore had a less comfortable mattress. Still, she could hardly do anything about it. What would she do if she tried, anyway- complain? As she wriggled in an effort to get the sheets over top of her, she tried not to think about the day ahead of her. She knew she had to try hearing the stranger out, obviously, but the thought still made her nervous for some reason. She promised herself that no matter what that beautiful cunning witch said, she'd stand her ground! But then...everyone had seemed less sure after she snapped her fingers. The notion that the young woman had somehow manipulated them, like with actual magic or something...that couldn't be possible. She felt ridiculous for even entertaining the notion! That didn't change the events that she remembered happening, though.

Clear as day, the *only* clear memories of the encounter in fact, she recalled everyone freezing in place. The light had seeped quickly- not all at once, but quickly, like a bottle with a sizable tear in the bottom- out of their eyes. She had to guess based on what she recalled that the same applied to her own expression, too. She remembered that, after everyone had so unnaturally frozen in place- and after their eyes had glazed over and gone wide and glassy and unfocused- they all walked backwards. Their bodies limply yet mechanically, almost like marionettes, trawled back to their seats and slumped into them as though their strings had been cut. Melissa and Ion had some fight left in them, maybe, she couldn't quite say for certain, but she and Arnil...she had felt so happy and good to reassure Lucille, to give in, to please her, to people please for her, to *compromise*.

These thoughts made sleep somewhat difficult. She considered texting her mom but she didn't want to cause her any extra trouble. She'd already told the woman she was staying at a coworker's house, and even if that wasn't false in any way, she still felt like she was lying. And besides, suppose that she did text her mom- what would she say, anyway? She had a hot supervisor and telling them no required more self confidence than she had?

"Hey. It's past bedtime. Go to sleep."

The speaker slowly climbed up the bunk bed's ladder and flopped into the bed. It took a moment to figure out who had said it: Melissa. Laura felt a chill come over her as she realized Melissa had never said anything so...coldly to her before. The older woman's voice usually felt warm like the sun's rays, not rough and jagged and vaguely cold like rocks in the shade. She tried to sleep but Melissa's words only made it harder to relax. Time crawled past- how much of it? She couldn't tell. The uncomfortable bed beneath her seemed to stretch time out like some kind of curse. She knew she needed to sleep. She needed to sleep Right Now- she had to be rested when her shift started- and every moment her wakefulness stressed her out was another moment of recovery she denied herself.

She heard two sets of footsteps. One seemed awkward and stilted, the other confident and almost peppy. She could probably guess who the first likely was, but the second didn't require

any such uncertainty. They went to the other room, where one stopped. She heard hushed, harsh whispers. The second pair stopped. A few seconds later, the confident footsteps resumed. They...seemed to be drawing closer. Laura screwed her eyes shut, hoping to pass herself off as sleeping. The footsteps steadily rose in volume, soft yet somehow still threatening, as their owner came closer and closer. Soon she could tell they came from just outside of her room.

"You need to go to sleep dear," purred Lucille, less than a foot away. Part of Laura jumped out of her skin, out of her *bones*, like the spirit of a gazelle abandoning its flesh. The rest insisted she lock up in place like a cornered deer. The middle ground where they met compelled her to shove aside her blanket in the woman's direction and jam her back against the wall but to stay rigid and unmoving otherwise. To the shock of nobody, this gambit failed her.

"Mmmyy-myrrr," Laura whined in protest, unable to resist the hands adjusting her back into the middle of the bed. Her traitorous body uncoiled everywhere that those hands touched, acting entirely of its own accord. This false relaxation spread across her like sugar dissolving in water. Despite her best efforts, her whole body felt limp and docile in seconds. She didn't know how she ought to feel about that.

"There, there, silly," purred Lucille. If Laura didn't know better, she'd suspect that the woman's tone had an almost predatory element to it. "You need to get your beauty sleep. Good maids don't show how stressed they are, so they can't have bags under their eyes, now can they?"

"N...nooo," Laura responded. She had no choice in the matter. Her answer changed nothing. No attempts to say anything else would matter. Laura chose the answer for her and it slid automatically up her throat to her mouth like a roller coaster pulled up by its mechanical supports. From there, the word no tumbled out of her mouth. This was a simple matter of physics- she could no sooner argue otherwise than she could alter the course of gravity.

"Good, good," purred Lucille, now tracing long limp ovals across Laura's face with a single perfectly manicured fingernail. Laura found the fear oozing out of her body as if whatever pipe or valve withheld them had opened up. She smiled in spite of herself. The tension holding her eyelids clamped so tightly weakened, spread itself thinner, until she'd gone from keeping them clenched out of fear to simply feeling comfy enough not to open them. In light of that, Lucille leaned over and kissed her head. The woman muttered some things that Laura couldn't quite parse. Then Lucille kissed her.

Whatever yummy fog made her body limp finally enveloped her brain too. All stress and fear that remained in Laura dissolved in an instant. Just like that, nothing remained to hold her above the ravages of her weary body, and no sooner did her tiredness hit her than she plunged into a deep sleep. Laura slept like a baby.

-----

Ion sat at a table. The staff had been called together for a meeting in between shifts. They felt butterflies in their stomach, which seemed unusual. As the unofficial leader of staff in these matters, they were usually not the nervous type. They drummed at the desk with their fingers as they watched Arnil, then Melissa, then Laura, come into the room and take a seat.

"We get rid of her. Whatever she says, don't listen!" snarled Arnil with a slender delicate hand splayed and pressed against the table. "She's mean and keeps working us like pack mules. I can't keep working double shifts, I'm a student for fuck's sake!"

"Yeah," pouted Laura. Laura's eyes seemed shakier than usual. Ion made a mental note to ask her about that. They figured she was probably just on edge because of Lucille, but they never liked seeing their younger coworkers distressed. It never felt right to them to just...let that happen. "My mom doesn't like when I work too hard, either."

"With you on that one," Melissa chimed in. She looked Ion's way, her eyes full of anger and indignant determination. "Nobody needs to work any more doubles for this lady if nobody folds, okay? As long as we vote to be rid of her she can't do anything without going to court. And we're not worth going to court."

"Yeah!" Arnil answered faster than Ion could, a familiar glint of mischievous rebellion alight bright in the girl's eyes."she can't *touch* us!" The doorknob turned.

All four maids turned their faces towards the door as, unsurprisingly, Lucille strutted in. She wore high heels, black lacy stockings, and a garter belt alongside her modified maid dress. It showed even more cleavage than usual, matching the thicker redder lipstick on her face.

"Ion, you first. Come with me," she said in an unprofessionally husky tone, leaning over and winking in a sultry manner. Ion rolled their eyes unaffected as they stood up. They didn't stand as tall as Lucille seemed to- she'd probably chosen higher heels specifically to make herself taller so she'd seem more imposing.

"Are we not holding a meeting?"

"We are. Each of you, with me. Individually. One after another. It'll be quick, I promise." Ion cursed the decision they'd made the day before to give this woman their word, but nonetheless complied. They exchanged a look with the others on their way out, offering the sternest look of confidence they could make. Arnil and Laura stared at them with faces that beamed admiration. Ion appreciated that.

They followed Lucille up onto the roof of the building. They saw no need for this, but whatever would make the beautiful bitch back off would do. If that meant following her onto the roof...well, Ion would follow her onto the roof.

"The others look up to you," said Lucille. Her words sounded...strange. Something about her tone and inflection just...didn't add up. And her eyes...her gorgeous eyes did not support what she was saying. They glared fiercely like a predator's, drilling through Ion's face deep into her skull. Her voice seemed lilting and soft by contrast, though even it possessed a sharp quality that put Ion on edge. "That's always tricky. See, you want employees to drive each other to do well but- you always want them to be loyal to *you* first, you know?"

"Yeah, yeah. I've taken an economics class, Wannabe Machiavelli," Ion retaliated. "I know exactly what you're doing."

"Exactly what I'm doing, you say?" Preened Lucille, strutting about almost like a peacock. The wind called something to Ion's attention- she'd failed to notice earlier, but the skirt around Lucille's waist definitely wasn't long enough to meet the franchise's guidelines. The woman definitely had the thighs for it, though. They seemed soft and plush, muscular but not visibly so. Part of them wanted to stare shamelessly at those soft, smooth, pillowy thighs. Just the thought of indulging in something so fun and harmless brought drool to their mouth, but they didn't let it show. The twenty year old leaned by the railing, her skirt swaying slightly. The skirt itself proved somewhat scintillating too. "And what do you think I'm doing?"

"You're going to try and change our minds."

"In a...manner of speaking, yes," Lucille said slowly and deliberately, visibly savoring each word as passed over her tongue on the way out her mouth. She turned again and almost sashayed in Ion's direction, delectable thighs crossing one in front of the other as she moved. The skirt she wore fluttered nicely too, forcing Ion's eyes to keep flickering back and checking how the beautiful woman's legs looked. "In fact, you're more right than you think!"

"Oh?" Ion prodded, rolling their eyes. They tried not to think about how stunning those plump touchable thighs looked, or how nicely they squished just a little bit under the thin black garter belt straps that rested on them like spider webs. "You're not going to seduce me, ma'am-"

"Don't call me ma'am, maid," hissed Lucille, suddenly to the side of Ion's vision. They turned to face her but she stepped past them, and her...oohoohh....

"You like that?" Lucille asked, pushing and sort of lowering Ion into position on the floor, then sitting on an overturned box in front of them. "Your fingers brushed against my legs. An easy mistake to make."

"Oh shut upp," muttered Ion as they shakily propelled themselves back up onto their feet. "I'm not going to budge."

"You're sure?" Asked a bemused Lucille, shooting onto her feet with a jump and a dramatic twirl that flared her skirt out. The suddenly expanded image of her thighs lit up Ion's brain like a flashbang. It seared her thoughts to a formless, vague shape of sizzling heat. "It doesn't look

like it. On your knees." Nothing. "I said on your *knees*." She took Ion's shoulders and pushed down. Ion's knees dropped out from under her, taking her to the ground like a sack of bricks. They hit the ground looking stunned and horrified.

"I...I'mm sure."

"Tch," grumbled Lucille, looking deeply irritated. For just a second, an expression of genuine anger- bordering on disgust, even- flashed between her eyes. It vanished too fast for Ion to notice in their current state. In its place, a competent and deeply malicious smile took root. "Well, that's okay." She crossed her legs, giggling with genuine glee when Ion subconsciously followed her legs with their entire head like a housecat. "You're right where you belong, dear. Above them, below me."

"Whhh.." moaned Ion. Lucille's evil smile only grew darker and more intense. She crossed her legs knee over knee once again, and Ion couldn't resist watching it this time either. "Nnn..."

"No? But dear, think about it," Lucille teased with a singsong approximation of concern, "they're all the way down there. You're like, above their *sky* right now." She giggled, crossing her legs yet again. Ion stared helplessly. Now she lifted one leg, putting her calf atop Ion's shoulder. The maid's mouth dropped open, tongue practically flopping free to leak drool everywhere. "Now nod your head yes." She raised and lowered her leg, forcing Ion to follow- which meant that they nodded their head yes. They moaned, some part of them understanding what they'd just done. It did not sound happy.

"Bbbb- buuuuh," Ion droned. Lucille rolled her eyes.

"Why must you be difficult, dear?" Lucille asked as she rubbed her leg against Ion's face.

Ion started to turn-

"Nooo, darling. Look at my THIGHS. Thaaat's the good stuff." Ion obeyed. They melted and breathed heavily. "Staring uuuup at my thighs, it must feel sooo good, throwing alll that stuffy professionalism out and just EATING the sight of my beautiful milky flesh like a bitch in heat, isn't that right?"

Ion began to shake their head no.

Lucille moved her leg.

Ion nodded their head yes.

"Gooood. Good girl. See how nice it feels to comply?"

Ion began to shake their head no.

Lucille moved her leg.

Ion nodded their head yes.

"Good, good. Come lick my thighs. Crawl closer, press your face up in them."

Ion's body lurched forward on its own, involuntarily carrying them onto all fours. Before they could think about what they were doing, they plodded haphazardly closer to Lucille's body. On a conscious level they knew this was wrong. No matter how sexy Lucille might be, she was a bougie parasite. She hit workers who annoyed her, she made unreasonable demands, she was an enemy of the union. But she was also sexy as FUCK. Ion drooled shamelessly, the luscious curves of Lucille's legs consuming most of her vision. They rested their mouth on Lucille's leg, staring and drooling and smiling and kissing and sucking. Lucille began to absentmindedly stroke their hair.

Ion wanted to protest, they were sure that they did, but the delicious thigh in their mouth required their full attention and care. They had to worship it, salivate on it, stare wide-eyed and adoring into it, burn it into their brain. They still hated this bitch, obviously, but simple rationality demanded that they lavishly gorge themselves on the opportunity to worship those perfect thighs.

All too soon, the leg pulled up and away, where it crossed under the other. Ion felt as though they'd fallen even lower, somehow. Like a dog begging for tummy scratches, they stared uselessly up at the bare skin of Lucille's upper thighs, in that beautiful space above where stockings could reach but below the greatest depth where her skirt could stoop. Lucille seemed to notice this, and she made a loud rumbly sound of sadistic approval.

"Yess, good pawn," Lucille cooed with her head cocked to the side a little. "You're just like my thighs, dear. See how they rise above my stockings but can't quite keep from vanishing beneath my skirt, no matter how it droops? You're just like that. Above them, below me."

"Mmmrrph," whined Ion, some deep part of them growing uneasy with the situation. Yet again Lucille rolled her eyes. She looked down at Ion, disappointed, her eyes flicking to her phone.

"You're a stubborn dog," Lucille muttered, her leg bobbing impatiently up and down. She examined the nails on her hand with disinterest for a moment, then slowly turned her eyes back onto Ion. "Really, you can't deny your place there, can you? You belong on the floor, looking up at these luscious thighs with longing you'll never get to sate. If you disagree? Come on, prove it. Try and stand up. See if you can look me in the face instead."

As instructed, Ion attempted to stand. They sent strength to their limbs. They pressed against the roof with all the intent left in their body. It felt like trying to push a heavy door using nothing but a rod made out of thick taffy- try as they might, they could only induce discomfort and aches

in their arms and legs. Their limbs wanted to bend against the stubborn unyielding concrete, not push their body off of it. They realized with something resembling horror that their eyes couldn't leave Lucille's upper legs either. After a moment of intense struggle, they decided to focus on one or the other. Giving up on their eyes, they relaxed their neck and face to send all tension stored there into their arms. They pushed and fought with all their might...to no avail. Not even Lucille's bitchy condescending laughter empowered them enough to rise more than a few inches off the dirty floor.

Fine, they...didn't quite think, they'd just move their eyes then. They let themselves flop back onto the floor and tried to move their eyes instead. Their eyes felt limp and unresponsive, though, so they'd have to point elsewhere with their whole face.

Their neck tensed and their skull trembled with exertion. Ion felt their head shaking, such was the intensity of their labor, and sweat built under their uniform's collar. Nothing worked. Their eyes remained helplessly glued to the fuckable, delicious, comfortable sight of Lucille's gorgeous thick thighs.

Lucille giggle again and stood up. To Ion's frustration, their head moved both easily and automatically to keep their gaze locked onto her legs. Ion stared uselessly as Lucille twirled in place, giving the captive maid a brief glimpse farther up their thighs before her skirt fluttered back down. Ion's heart sank as it hit them just how useless it was to continue this fight.

"Much as I like this little tug of war, I *do* have places to go," Lucille tittered. "Get up." Ion's body obeyed on its own, still limp but somehow having enough strength now to shamble up to its feet like a zombie or a drunkard. "I'll finish with you later. Come, come. I have more maids to speak with."

She walked back towards the meeting room. Ion's body carried them in her wake, trapped inside it like it was a grotesque gilded birdcage. They wanted to scream, but so long as those beautiful legs filled their vision, they simply could not.