

The door to the room housing the four maids creaked open. Lucille practically strutted in like a peacock, holding hands with Arnil. Melissa felt her eyes narrow instinctively at the sight of the two, faster even than the shock or confusion could set in. Had she bribed Arnil somehow? No, that couldn't be it, Arnil was too chaotic and stubborn to let herself be won over like that by a person who'd been so mean to her. Perhaps seduction? That felt less unbelievable but not plausible either. Arnil had never seemed all that interested in anyone else that way either, let alone in Lucille. Besides, no sign of stains or sweat or weariness presented themselves upon either of the young women's bodies as she looked them over, and it had only been about fifteen minutes since they left. Just in time to notice before they let go, Melissa took note that the two held hands with their fingers specifically laced. She didn't like the look of that, either. Whatever Lucille did to Ion to break them down, it's clear Arnil had not been prepared for it at all. She watched Arnil swoon and stumble and collapse into a chair, her face twisted into an almost sickeningly twee expression of schoolgirly adoration. Melissa had to remind herself not to take joy in seeing Arnil look so happy- that happiness boded poorly, to say nothing of the rancid implications it carried on its own. Either she or Laura had to be next, and something about the way this bitch had looked over the room before choosing Arnil last time made her think that she was probably assumed to be harder prey.

She gripped the pen in her pocket and tried to prepare herself. She had to tough this out, for Arnil and Laura if not for herself. She'd weather whatever foul tricks Lucille kept up her imaginary sleeves and vote the bitch out. She had to. No other options existed. She had to keep that mindset, and if she did...she'd get out of this, probably. She couldn't think of any other strategies more promising. Lucille stood straight with her hands balled into fists that rested on her knuckles and cast a meaningful- an almost *sadistic*, really- look at Ion. That really deepened the pit forming inside of Melissa.

She tried to focus on herself. Deep breathes. The woman about to meet with her? Human. No silly magic or bizarre mind-altering drugs could be at play. She simply had a way with words, and the right mix of confidence and an attractive, vaguely animalistic body to amplify its effect. Melissa's fears had no real grounding in reality, so all she'd accomplish by ruminating on them was give those words more of an edge to cut her with. She stood from her seat and fixed her eyes on Lucille's conniving, carnivorous face with a look of determination.

"I suppose you intend to do your little interview with me, next?" She said with her most assertive voice available. It seemed to work. Lucille froze, Arnil snapped out of her blissful haze to flinch, and Ion looked up at her (but kept their thousand yard stare that hadn't changed since their return). Lucille broke free instantly though, crossing her arms with a confident little smirk. Melissa tried to find something to mock, to try and take the edge off. She found it easily in Lucille's gaudily bright lipstick.

"As a matter of fact, my dear, I do," Lucille answered as she began to twirl one wavy end of her hair with a finger in a playful fashion. "Although again, we'll take our business elsewhere of course." She turned and left, and Melissa followed her almost automatically. She realized as she exited the room that what Lucille had done here had been basic corpo tactics: divide the group,

tear them down individually. She chastised herself in her mind for failing to foresee and disrupt such a thing, but failed to consider *why* it might have escaped her notice. Perhaps one might forgive her that error, given the stressfulness of her current predicament. She realized, as she saw Lucille approaching the bottom of the stairs, that she was being led to the rooftop. She decided to object.

“Where are you taking me?” She asked, her voice ringing with intent and making it clear she had her ready for putting down. Lucille stopped and slowly turned to consider her. Melissa made sure she kept her face stony and unyielding, but without aggression or anger. It came naturally to her, as it had for years now. She watched the gears turn in Lucille’s head as she continued to toy with her hair, now by rubbing it between a finger and a thumb. Something about the way Lucille quietly payed attention to her hair instead seemed intentional. Meant to disarm or upset or degrade her, presumably. Melissa knew better than to fall for that, and she wouldn’t be showing any signs of noticing it either.

Lucille moved. Suddenly she stood just outside of Melissa’s personal space, and her vivid pink irises seemed to almost glow with predatory intent like a bobcat eyeing its next meal. In fact, she stared so intensely into Melissa- almost *through her*- that the woman could just about see a pair of crosshairs anchored to the cardinal points in Lucille’s pupils, or imagine those pupils extending at the top and bottom into the hungry slits of a snake’s. An aura of menace seemed to permeate the air around Lucille that hadn’t before. Melissa’s subconscious quaked, even if she rangled it quickly into line, Had the company employed some kind of demon?

“Now now, sugar,” Lucille purred. Her voice took on a sultry tone of wet, husky command as it sailed out from between her soft, luscious lips. The dim lighting around them (why so dim? Melissa could have sworn the room had its lights turned on) put something of a glow on the neon pink of Lucille’s thick and immaculately applied lipstick. Melissa stepped away, once and then twice, even a third time after that, but almost as though gliding, Lucille remained perfectly at the same distance all throughout. “You look...stressed. Have you gotten enough sleep, hmmm?”

No, because of YOU, and you know that you bitch, Melissa wanted to snarl in retaliation. She saw the better of it though, and chose to take a moment first and pick her words with greater thought. “You are standing much too close, ma’am,” Melissa stated patiently, giving her best assertive stare in defiance. “Take a step *back*.”

Oh god, one of THESE.

Lucille loved the ones that fought and snapped, the ones that screamed and hurled abuse until her soft velvet wrapped around their necks and fashioned a cute collar of itself and muzzled them. She loved the quiet ones who came with her quivering in fear and crumbled almost immediately, the ones she could slap all she wanted without even conditioning first. She loved

the ones that fell for her looks immediately and let themselves become her tools without so much as a second thought. All of those flavors of victim, she adored, and many more besides them. If one kind of person who wasn't especially difficult made her days feel trite and exhausting, it was this one.

"Assertiveness" had always seemed so strange to her. To interact with another human being was to assert dominance over them, or else succumb to theirs. She knew that her charms did not apply for everyone, and that this rule therefore ruled supreme far more for her than any of them, but surely even for them that truth proved undeniable? All that polite posturing, all the sticks one had to keep up their ass, the fake respect, it all looked like such a fucking bore that even killing it like an especially pesky insect left her feeling like she'd done manual labor for a whole day. She continued her offensive regardless of how irked she felt.

"Oh, honey, there's no need for such cold language here," she hissed, wondering whether that came across as permission to cuss her out or a soft order to be nicer to her. Either interpretation worked for her, frankly, so she felt no need to specify that one or the other was correct. "And again, don't call me ma'am," she added, making sure to downplay her displeasure in a mild parody of her target's tone.

"Step off, then," Melissa said with her eyes shaking. The woman gulped after she spoke, perhaps feeling her intentions wane in severity as fear grew inside her brain. Lucille did enjoy that Melissa seemed to be afraid of her. That part might even make things fun.

"Oh, but don't think I don't see you looking at my mouth," teased Lucille, stepping closer. Melissa backed away but quickly got pinned to the wall. She flicked her eyes to the side in search of escape.

Nope.

Lucille would not allow it.

Bump.

Lucille planted a hand dramatically on the wall next to Melissa's head. The woman gulped again and turned to escape.

"Nah ah ah~" Lucille chided, her leg popping effortlessly in the air to plant her knee on the wall. She had Melissa trapped, now. In actuality the hand on her right (that was Melissa's left) could easily be ducked under, giving access to the stairs, but even an outsider observer casually watching them would see in Melissa's eyes that no such possibility might occur to her. Lucille savored the sight of Melissa's eyes jumping all about- they searched fruitlessly for something, anything, to distract them from Lucille. To distract them from her *face*. Her gorgeous, ephemeral, perfect, *beautiful* face. She leaned her body inwards, putting it up against Melissa. She could see fear in Melissa's eyes. Assuage it, or double down? Decisions, decisions.

“Get...” mumbled Melissa. She pursed her lips and had to gather up some more courage before she could finish that thought. “Get...away from me.” Her eyes betrayed her, showing how scared and hopeless she felt. And what’s more, they kept stealing glances at Lucille’s lips.

“You looove my voice don’t you?” Teased Lucille with an evil smile. Melissa shook her head no, but her involuntary little yelp and bright red face made sure she couldn’t fool anyone with her words. “Cooome on, stare. I know you love my lips.”

“No!” Squeaked Melissa, her confidence officially shattered. Lucille felt her mouth water. Maybe this vole might sate her hunger yet.

“Come come, dear,” she invited with an evil knowing smile. She took her free hand and gently cupped Melissa’s face. The woman gasped slightly the moment Lucille’s long fingers found her face, and she provided zero resistance. Lucille moved her face even closer to Melissa’s, giggling. “Now be a *good girl*.”

“A good girl...” moaned Melissa, in spite of herself. Her eyes told it all: FEAR.

“Like a little mouse caught by a cat, aren’t you?” Lucille giggled as she stroked Melissa’s round, soft face. It felt wonderful.

“M–nooo,” Melissa protested limply. She sounded weak and unsure of herself. Lucille delighted in the *sound* of her victim’s armor cracking apart.

“You looove my lips, don’t you?” She repeated. “My bright lipstick, how kissable and soft they look, they way they just...invite you to slip your own long wet tongue between them...” she whispered sensually as she drifted her face deeper inside of Melissa’s personal space. Melissa moaned needily, and her face changed color to an ever deeper and darker red than before. “You love the *sound*–” here she lurched forward to place her lips gently against Melissa’s earlobe, and felt Melissa’s body shiver pitifully against hers, “–of my soft growling voice, passing through them...you can’t resist lips, least of all mine, so soft and *wet*,” she purred, taking Melissa’s ear lobe into her mouth to suck for just a moment. Sparks dashed across Melissa’s spine the instant she felt Lucille’s lips on her and threw her head back with an indecent moan as her eyes hooded and fluttered. She struggled to find any real fight in her.

“Y-y-yesss I cannnn,” she argued weakly as her body quaked with need. Lucille felt no doubt the woman could feel and see her gorgeous lips in her mind.

“Are you suuuure?” Lucille teased, her lips gliding across the skin of Melissa’s face like a bird skimming the water in mid flight. Each tender touch of her mouth made Melissa moan and quake under her, “I think I can literally *feel* your will to fight me fading away, darling. Why not just give in? You are *going* to lose, after all.”

"I can...fiiiiight it," Melissa shivered out. "I...haaaave to. I can do this," she insisted, less to actually resist and more to force herself into thinking she had to. Lucille supposed this meager resistance ought to be a welcome enough change from what she came in expecting.

"You have to?" Lucille giggled with a cruel glint in the beautiful pink of her eyes. "You never *have* to do anything you don't want to, dear. Especially not so young~"

"They're...youngeeer," Melissa gasped out. "Gotta...do it for, for themmm," she sputtered. Lucille giggled internally and licked her lips. She saw Melissa's tongue flick out to taste her own when she did it, as well. That seemed promising.

"Come on, darling, *live a little*," Lucille purred, smiling wide. Something inside Melissa snapped, cut by the thrum in Lucille's voice, and allowed the woman's eyes to finally rest on Lucille's lips. Lucille smiled. "Good, goood, just let yourself relaaaax. Just stare at my gorgeous lips, notice how pretty they are? The way they move jussssst right as I talk, how easy and right and natural it feels for you to imagine kissing them? Mmmm? Goood girl," she purred, making Melissa shudder and gasp and buckle. Whatever fight had remained in her quietly went cold and limp and left her behind.

"Good...girl..." mumbled Melissa, staring with wide glossy eyes at the lips so close to her own. So...soft. So kissable.

"Have you ever made out with someone?" Lucille asked.

"No...never. Never had a boyfriend or a girlfriend..." Melissa whispered, her voice quiet and submissive.

"Have you had *any* fun at all, darling?" Lucille asked, her free hand resting on the side of Melissa's face. The girl groaned and limply nuzzled into the touching for a second before she could muster the brainpower to give an actual answer. In the meantime, Lucille took to stroking Melissa's face with her thumb.

"I...no. I kissed a boy on the forehead in high school once..." she admitted.

"Mmm...never been kissed like a woman, then, have you?" Teased Lucille. Melissa just shook her head no and whimpered needily, the questions helping guide her. "Then you must get soooo hungry looking at these *GORGEOUS* lips of mine, on a woman even younger than you too, only twenty years old and yet soooo much more experienced than you...my lips must seem irresistible to a novice like yourself, hmm?" The impact of the word "*hunger*" hit Melissa so hard that Lucille could visibly track as its effects rippled through her body. Her brain, her face, her chest. Wobbling, quivering, quibbling. Not an ounce of confidence remained in Melissa's defanged body or her even more defanged soul. "You must want me...so BAD," she purred, leaning closer. Melissa drifted mouth first towards the object of her hunger, her eyes drifting shut as she puckered up. Not to give it up so easy, though, Lucille moved her hands to Melissa's

shoulders and, with the greatest, of, eaaase, pushed the woman back against the wall. Melissa whimpered needily and squirmed, eyes still shut. She wanted her first kiss and she wanted it now. Lucille giggled.

“Myyyrrrrffff,” whined Melissa, desperate for lips.

“Gosh, so pathetic,” teased Lucille with a lilt in her tone. “Just the promise of a kiss has you so weak in the knees?”

“Yessss,” Melissa groaned, “I want youuuuu, I want your lipsss, I’m hungry, feed meeee!”

“Hungry you say?” Snarled Lucille, her eyes practically on fire with hot pink light fueled entirely by malice. She slowly, deliberately, exaggeratedly let out her thick flexible tongue and dragged it all across the contours of her mouth. “You’re hungry for my mouth? My tongue? To taste the color of my lips and burn your first, best kiss into your life forever?”

“”Hhhhhherrrgh!” Melissa moaned, her eyes fluttering back open but completely empty of any sign of intelligent thought operating them. “Please please PLEASSSE!”

“Hungry,” Lucille tittered. “I’ll kiss you, if you want, but I’M going to feed on YOU, understand?” She purred. Her hands traveled to more tantalizing places: one resting on Melissa’s hip, while the other wiggled into position cradling the back of her head.

“F-feed on, on meeee...?” moaned Melissa.

“Yes,” Lucille gloated, “I’m going to TAKE from you. Your first kiss, your best, it’s allll downhill from here, understand, you’re going to come away hungrier for kisses than you are, like someone stranded and drinking seawater, and you’re going to hunger for more always, but nobody else will be able to sate you, and MINE will leave you wanting more, more, ALWAYS more, maybe pleasing you in the moment but it will alwayssss come back, never gone for good, you will want MY kisses, MY lips, and nobody else will do it for you, not your wife, not any boys, not Ion or Laura or Arnil or any of the cooks, will they?”

“N-nooooo,” moaned Melissa, the last of the light dying in her eyes. She stared at Lucille’s delicious lips with the eyes of a half asleep animal. Her mouth hung open.

“Good, I’m glad you seem to understand, dear,” said Lucille. Her hand on Melissa’s hip slid around to her behind, and cupped her skirt to her body. She’d have to get them shorter skirts. Melissa whined with ever greater need.

“Give me permission to kiss you, SLUT,” Lucille growled as she placed the figurative snare on the ground for Melissa to hurl herself onto of her own free will. The thoroughly broken employee did not hesitate for a nanosecond.

“KISS ME KISS ME KISS ME!”

Lucille yanked her into a tight embrace and clamped her mouth around Melissa's. The two clung to each other as Melissa orgasmed from her first kiss, and both kiss and orgasm would easily be the best of her life.