The Good Neighbor

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Vulpes Parvaes, Book 30

Chapter 1: The New Neighbor

Katrina lounged on her sun-drenched patio, a glass of chilled white wine in hand, her sharp eyes scanning the quiet suburban street. At 35, she was a vision of poised elegance—long, wavy auburn hair framing her fair Caucasian features, her toned body clad in a sleek sundress that hugged her curves just right. She had built a comfortable life here, with a sprawling home filled with luxuries earned from her savvy investments. But lately, the neighborhood had felt a tad too predictable. That is, until the moving truck pulled up next door.

From her vantage point, Katrina watched as the new resident emerged from the vehicle. The young woman was petite, no more than 5'2", with smooth, porcelain-like Asian skin that glowed under the afternoon sun. Her black hair was tied in a simple ponytail, and she wore faded jeans and a loose t-shirt, both smudged with the dust of relocation. She couldn't have been more than 23, Katrina guessed, with an innocent, wide-eyed cuteness that made her seem even younger. Boxes piled up around her as she huffed and puffed, carrying them one by one into the modest two-bedroom house that had sat vacant for months.

Katrina sipped her wine, a sly smile creeping across her lips. She had a knack for reading people, and this girl— Mei, she later learned from a quick glance at the mailbox label— radiated vulnerability. No family helping her move, no friends in sight. Just a solitary figure, perhaps fresh out of college, starting a new job in the city. Katrina's mind wandered to Mei's likely circumstances: a entry-level bookkeeper gig, judging by the practical sedan parked in the driveway and the stack of ledgers peeking from one open box. Tight budget, limited social circle, and that endearing shyness evident in how she avoided eye contact with passing neighbors.

As Mei bent to lift another box, revealing a glimpse of her slender waist, Katrina felt a spark of inspiration. Why not turn this opportunity into something... entertaining? She had dabbled in power dynamics before, through discreet connections that catered to her tastes. Setting down her glass, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number from her contacts labeled simply as "Service."

"Hello? Yes, it's Katrina. I need one of your specialists. Someone reliable, like last time. Tall, fit, commanding presence—Lily would be perfect. There's a new project next door. Pretend it's a maid service to help her settle in, but we'll flip the script. Coordinate with me on the details. Make it seamless."

The voice on the other end confirmed, and Katrina hung up, her pulse quickening with anticipation. She watched Mei disappear into her house, oblivious to the gaze fixed upon her. This was going to be delightful. A cute little bookkeeper, ripe for transformation. By the time it was over, Mei would be right where she belonged—serving in Katrina's world, stripped of everything but her duties.

Chapter 2: The Initial Offer

The next morning, Katrina rose early, her mind buzzing with the thrill of her budding scheme. She dressed in a casual yet flattering ensemble—a fitted blouse that highlighted her ample curves and slim pants that accentuated her long legs—before assembling a welcoming basket. It was filled with thoughtful touches: fresh muffins from the local bakery, a bottle of herbal tea, and a few scented candles, all tied together with a ribbon. With a practiced smile, she strolled across the shared lawn to Mei's door, knocking lightly.

Mei answered after a moment, her petite frame still clad in the same rumpled t-shirt and jeans from the day before, dark circles under her almond-shaped eyes betraying a restless night. Strands of her black hair escaped her ponytail, and she clutched a half-unpacked box labeled "Office Supplies" against her hip. "Oh, hi," Mei said softly, her voice carrying a gentle accent that hinted at her heritage. "You're the neighbor from next door, right?"

"Katrina," she replied warmly, extending the basket. "I saw you moving in yesterday and thought you could use a little welcome to the neighborhood. Settling into a new place can be so overwhelming, especially if you're doing it all alone."

Mei accepted the gift with a shy nod, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Thank you, that's really kind. Yeah, it's been a lot. I just started a new job as a bookkeeper downtown, and between the commute and all these boxes, I'm wiped out."

Katrina leaned against the doorframe, her expression one of empathetic concern. "I can imagine. Listen, if you need any help getting organized, I know a fantastic maid service. They're discreet, efficient, and they offer a complimentary trial for new clients. It could take a load off while you focus on work. No strings attached—I can set it up for you if you'd like."

Mei's eyes lit up with relief, the exhaustion evident in her posture. "Really? That sounds amazing. I wouldn't even know where to start with all this mess. If it's not too much trouble..."

"Not at all," Katrina assured her, already pulling out her phone to send a quick text to the service. "Consider it done. They'll send someone over tomorrow morning."

True to her word, the following day brought Lily to Mei's doorstep. At 28, Lily was a striking contrast to Mei's delicacy—tall and athletic, with sun-kissed skin, blonde hair pulled into a neat bun, and a buxom figure that strained against the crisp black-and-white maid uniform she wore. The outfit was professional yet form-fitting, the short skirt and low neckline adding an air of quiet authority. She carried a toolkit of cleaning supplies and a clipboard, her green eyes sharp and assessing.

"Good morning, Mei," Lily greeted with a confident smile, stepping inside after a brief handshake. "I'm from the maid service your neighbor recommended. Katrina spoke highly of you—said you could use some help settling in. Shall we get started?"

Mei, dressed in fresh work attire—a simple blouse and slacks, ready for her office day— nodded eagerly. "Yes, please. The kitchen and living room are the worst. I appreciate this so much."

As they moved through the house, Lily worked methodically, dusting shelves and organizing counters with efficient grace. But her eyes weren't just on the tasks; she noted the sparse furniture, the modest stack of financial documents on the desk—bank statements, a paycheck stub revealing Mei's entry-level salary—and the lack of personal mementos suggesting few ties elsewhere. While wiping down the counter, Lily casually handled a few bills that had been left out, memorizing account numbers with a practiced glance.

"You're doing great on your own," Lily commented, folding a stray towel Mei hadn't asked her to touch. "But sometimes it's nice to let someone else handle the details. I can even suggest ways to streamline things, like budgeting tips if you're interested."

Mei hesitated for a second but smiled. "Maybe later. For now, just getting the place livable is a lifesaver."

By the end of the session, the house gleamed, and Lily had subtly taken care of extras—like sorting Mei's mail and even unpacking a box of clothes without prompting, laying them out neatly. As she packed up, Lily texted Katrina a quick update: *Assessment complete. Modest finances, isolated, trusting. Phase one ready.*

Katrina, reading the message from her home office, grinned. The seeds were planted. Mei was already leaning on the "help," oblivious to how it would soon wrap around her like vines, pulling her deeper into Katrina's domain.

Chapter 3: The Inversion Begins

A week into the maid service trial, Mei found herself growing accustomed to Lily's daily visits. The tall, buxom maid arrived promptly each morning, her uniform impeccable as she breezed through Mei's home, transforming chaos into order with effortless precision. Mei, dressed in her usual work clothes—a modest skirt and blouse—would often join in lightly, wiping a surface here or folding laundry there, grateful for the help that allowed her to focus on her bookkeeping deadlines.

On this particular day, as the sun filtered through the living room curtains, Lily set down her cleaning caddy and turned to Mei with a professional smile. "We've

made great progress, but to extend the trial effectively, we need to implement the standard observation policy. It's a key part of the service: clients participate unclothed during sessions to ensure full transparency in the process. This way, you can learn the methods hands-on without any barriers."

Mei's eyes widened, her petite frame freezing mid-step as she held a stack of sorted papers. "Unclothed? You mean... naked? That can't be right. I've never heard of that in a cleaning service."

Lily nodded calmly, as if discussing the weather. "It's routine for all our clients. It promotes efficiency and trust—no hidden spots or distractions. We'll lock your clothes in the entry closet for the duration of the session, and you can dress again when we're done. It's all outlined in the service agreement you initialed."

Mei hesitated, her cheeks burning with a flush that spread down her neck. The idea seemed so out of place, yet Lily's tone made it sound like the most expected step, just another checkbox in the protocol. Glancing at the clock—she had a virtual meeting in an hour—Mei bit her lip and slowly nodded. "Okay, if it's standard... I guess I can try it for today."

With that, Lily guided her to the bedroom, where Mei stripped out of her clothes, folding them neatly on the bed. Her smooth, porcelain skin prickled with goosebumps as the cool air hit her bare body, her small breasts and slender hips exposed in the familiar space that suddenly felt alien. Lily collected the garments without a second glance, locking them in the hallway closet with a small key she tucked into her uniform pocket. "There we go. Now, let's get to work."

From her home office next door, Katrina peered through a discreet gap in her blinds, a satisfied smirk playing on her lips as she watched the scene unfold in Mei's living room window. Mei, now the sole nude figure in the house, moved awkwardly at first, her arms instinctively crossing over her chest as she followed Lily's instructions to dust the shelves. Lily, fully clothed in her authoritative uniform, directed with gentle firmness: "Reach higher, Mei—that's it. See how the transparency helps you spot every detail?"

As they progressed, Lily began sorting through Mei's closet, pulling out older clothes and setting them aside. "These are unnecessary duplicates," she explained matter-of-factly. "Part of the efficiency protocol is streamlining your wardrobe. We'll dispose of them properly— donate or recycle as needed." Mei opened her mouth to protest, but the vulnerability of her nudity made her voice small. "But those are my favorites... Alright, if it's for organization."

Unbeknownst to Mei, Lily bagged the items and, during a quick break, slipped them next door to Katrina, who added them to a growing collection in her guest room. The inversion was underway, subtle yet relentless, with Mei assisting in her own diminishment while Lily and Katrina exchanged covert texts: *Wardrobe

phase initiated. She's complying beautifully.*

By the session's end, Mei retrieved her clothes from the closet, dressing quickly with a mix of relief and lingering unease. Yet as Lily scheduled the next visit, Mei found herself agreeing without much pushback. It was, after all, just part of the service.

Chapter 4: Financial Oversight

The sessions had become a daily ritual for Mei, each one starting with the now-familiar click of the closet lock as Lily secured her clothes away. By mid-morning, Mei stood bare in her living room, her petite body exposed to the soft hum of the air conditioner, nipples hardening slightly against the chill. At 23, her smooth Asian skin flushed easily under the weight of her nudity, a constant reminder of her growing dependency on the service. Lily, ever the picture of composed authority in her form-fitting maid uniform that hugged her tall, buxom frame, moved with purpose, directing Mei through the chores.

Today, as they polished the kitchen counters side by side—Mei reaching awkwardly to avoid brushing against Lily's clothed arm—Lily set down her cloth and pulled out a sleek tablet from her supply bag. "We've optimized the physical space wonderfully," she said in her calm, reassuring tone. "Now, it's time for the financial housekeeping add-on. It's a standard extension of the service, designed to help clients like you achieve debt-free living. You'll need to provide your bank details so we can review and streamline your accounts."

Mei's hands paused mid-wipe, droplets of cleaner trickling down her bare forearm. "My bank details? That seems... personal. I thought this was just about cleaning."

Lily smiled patiently, her green eyes unwavering. "It's all interconnected. Clutter in finances leads to stress, which affects your home environment. Hand over your login credentials—it's routine, and everything is confidential under the service agreement. Think of it as us tidying up your budget, just like we do your shelves."

Reluctant but cornered by her vulnerability—standing there nude while Lily remained fully dressed and in control—Mei fetched her phone from the counter. With trembling fingers, she unlocked it and recited her banking app details, watching as Lily input them into the tablet. What Mei didn't see were the subtle reroutes Lily initiated: small transfers disguised as "service fees" funneling into an account under Katrina's name, along with adjustments to Mei's direct deposit to skim off portions for "optimization reserves."

As the session wrapped, Lily reviewed a preliminary report aloud. "See? You're already on track for savings. We've flagged some unnecessary expenses—like that gym membership you barely use—and redirected funds accordingly. All standard for a balanced life."

Mei nodded uncertainly, her bare feet shifting on the cool tile. The changes felt invasive, but Lily's matter-of-fact delivery made it sound like the most expected progression, just another layer of the help she'd come to rely on.

Later that afternoon, after Mei had dressed and headed to her bookkeeping job—her mind swirling with vague unease—a knock echoed through her door. It was Katrina, looking effortlessly chic in a silk blouse that draped over her curves and designer jeans. "Just checking in, neighbor," she said with a warm smile, stepping inside uninvited. "Lily tells me things are going splendidly. You've got the place looking spotless!"

Mei blushed, smoothing her work skirt self-consciously. "Yeah, it's been helpful. Though some of the rules are a bit... unusual."

Katrina waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, that's just how they operate—efficient and thorough. Come over for tea sometime; I'd love to hear more about your progress." She glanced around approvingly, her eyes lingering on the organized space that was slowly being stripped of Mei's personal touch.

A few days later, Mei accepted the invitation, crossing the lawn in her modest attire to Katrina's opulent home. The contrast was stark: gleaming marble floors, plush furniture, and walls adorned with art that screamed luxury. As they sipped chamomile tea in the sunlit kitchen, Katrina praised the service effusively. "It's transformative, isn't it? Soon, you'll wonder how you managed without it."

Mei smiled weakly, unaware that her dwindling bank balance—now quietly feeding Katrina's coffers—was paving the way for the next phase. From her vantage, Katrina savored the irony, texting Lily under the table: *Financials secured. Proceed to relocation prep.* The web was tightening, and Mei, still clothed in this moment of false normalcy, had no idea how exposed she would soon become.

Chapter 5: Home Surrender

Mei's bookkeeping job had become a blur of spreadsheets and stress, compounded by the nagging alerts on her banking app. Her balance, once comfortably modest, now hovered dangerously low—unexpected "fees" and "optimizations" siphoning away funds she couldn't quite account for. Each morning, as Lily arrived for their session, Mei stripped as per the now-ingrained routine, her nude body a symbol of the service's deepening hold. The petite Asian woman's smooth skin prickled with unease, her small frame moving through the chores with a mechanical obedience, while Lily's tall, buxom presence loomed in her uniform, directing with unwavering calm.

On this fateful afternoon, after a session of scrubbing floors on her hands and knees—her bare curves exposed to the open windows—Lily straightened up and addressed Mei directly. "Your financial review shows we need to activate the

temporary relocation clause. It's a standard measure in the service to minimize living costs during optimization. You'll move into supported quarters nearby, just until your budget stabilizes. Pack only essentials; the program allows minimal items to avoid excess baggage."

Mei's heart raced, her hands instinctively covering her chest as she stood nude before the clothed maid. "Relocation? But this is my home. I can't just leave everything."

Lily's expression remained professional, as if explaining a simple errand. "It's all in the agreement—temporary and beneficial. Think of it as streamlined living. We'll handle the details."

Reluctantly, Mei gathered a small suitcase, tossing in a few changes of clothes, her laptop, and some toiletries. But as she zipped it shut, Lily inspected the contents with a critical eye. "These extras aren't essentials," she said, pulling out most of the clothing and the laptop. "The program provides what's needed at the new location. We'll dispose of the rest responsibly— donate or store as per protocol." Mei watched in stunned silence as Lily bagged the items, her protests dying on her lips amid the vulnerability of her nakedness.

With the suitcase reduced to bare necessities—a toothbrush, a single towel—Lily escorted Mei out the door. Mei had been allowed to dress for the short walk, slipping into a simple sundress that felt foreign after hours of exposure. They crossed the lawn to Katrina's house, where the door swung open to reveal Katrina herself, elegant in a flowing maxi dress that accentuated her Caucasian beauty and confident poise.

"Welcome, Mei," Katrina said warmly, ushering them inside. "Lily filled me in on the relocation. It's part of the service's support system—I've got the perfect spot for you in the servants' quarters. It'll help you focus without the burden of maintaining your old place."

Mei nodded numbly, following them through the luxurious halls to a small door at the back. The servants' quarters were sparse: a narrow bed with crisp white sheets, a tiny dresser, and a single window overlooking the garden. No decorations, no personal touches—just functional basics.

"Now, as per the relocation mandate," Lily interjected smoothly, "you'll enter and remain in full vulnerability mode to build trust in the new environment. Clothes off, please—they'll be secured during your stay."

Mei's cheeks burned as she complied, peeling off the sundress in the cramped room, her petite body once again the only nude form amid the fully dressed women. Katrina and Lily watched without batting an eye, treating the act as the most routine expectation. "There, that's better," Katrina said approvingly, taking the dress and locking it in a nearby cabinet. "Settle in. Dinner prep starts

soon—Lily will show you the ropes."

As the door closed behind them, Mei sank onto the bed, her bare skin against the cool sheets, the weight of her surrendered home pressing down. The "temporary" phase felt anything but, yet Katrina and Lily carried on as if this was the natural next step in the service's grand design.

Chapter 6: Maid Training Initiation

Mei awoke to the soft chime of an alarm in the sparse servants' quarters, the thin blanket slipping off her bare skin as she sat up. The room's minimalism—a narrow bed, a small lamp, and the locked cabinet holding her sole sundress—served as a stark reminder of her "temporary" relocation. At 23, her petite Asian frame felt even smaller in this confined space, her smooth curves exposed to the cool morning air that raised faint goosebumps along her arms and thighs. She had slept nude, as Lily had instructed upon leaving the night before, citing it as the initial step in the service's immersion protocol.

A knock echoed at the door, and Lily entered without waiting, her tall, athletic build commanding the room in her crisp maid uniform. The black skirt hugged her hips, the white blouse straining slightly over her buxom chest, exuding an air of unshakeable authority. "Good morning, Mei," she said briskly, carrying a tray with a simple breakfast of toast and tea. "Time to begin your formal maid training. As per the program's guidelines, you'll remain nude at all times indoors. It symbolizes your dedication to service—no barriers, full commitment."

Mei's hands flew to cover herself instinctively, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson. "Nude all the time? Even when I'm not working? This is getting too much—I didn't sign up for this."

Lily set the tray down on the dresser, her expression unchanging, as if Mei's objection was a minor footnote. "You did, actually. The agreement covers progressive immersion for optimal results. It's the expected next phase. Eat up; we start in ten minutes."

Reluctantly, Mei nibbled at the toast, her bare body perched on the edge of the bed, feeling the fabric's texture against her skin in a way that heightened her vulnerability. True to her word, Lily returned promptly, leading Mei out into the main house. Katrina was already in the living room, lounging on a plush sofa in a elegant silk robe that draped over her toned Caucasian figure, her auburn hair cascading loosely. She glanced up from her coffee with a approving nod. "Ah, perfect timing. Lily, start her on the basics. Mei, you'll dust the shelves and handle the laundry today. I'll coordinate the schedule."

As Mei moved to the bookshelf, feather duster in hand, her nude form stood in sharp contrast to the clothed women—Lily bustling nearby in her uniform, Katrina observing from her seat. The duster's soft bristles tickled her skin as she

reached high, her small breasts lifting with the motion, every stretch exposing her further. "This feels wrong," Mei murmured, pausing to glance at them. "Can't I at least wear an apron or something?"

Katrina smiled indulgently, crossing her legs. "No need— the nudity mandate is standard for trainees. It builds efficiency and focus. Keep going; you're doing fine."

Lily supervised closely, correcting Mei's posture with a gentle touch on her bare back. "Straighter, Mei. Now, fold the laundry over there." Mei complied, bending to sort Katrina's delicates from a basket—silky lingerie and fine blouses that mocked her own lack of covering. The task dragged on, her exposure constant under their casual scrutiny, treated as nothing more than the routine of the day.

Midway through, Lily gathered Mei's remaining belongings from the suitcase—a few undergarments, a hairbrush—and bagged them efficiently. "These are surplus now," she explained matter-of-factly. "Storage fees are covered by Katrina as part of the support system. We'll dispose of them to keep things streamlined."

"But those are all I have left!" Mei protested, her voice rising as she stood bare, hands clenched at her sides.

Lily patted the bag. "It's the expected progression. Trust the process—you're in good hands." With that, she handed the items off to Katrina, who tucked them away without a word, solidifying the erasure of Mei's old life.

By evening, as Mei retreated to her quarters, exhausted and still nude, the training's grip felt unbreakable. Katrina and Lily exchanged satisfied glances in the hall, the takeover advancing seamlessly under the guise of helpful service.

Chapter 7: Daily Duties and Humiliation

The days blurred into a relentless rhythm for Mei, her life now orbiting the opulent confines of Katrina's home. Each morning began the same: the alarm's soft buzz pulling her from sleep in the servants' quarters, where she lay nude on the narrow bed, the thin sheet offering no real cover for her petite Asian body. At 23, her smooth, porcelain skin bore the faint marks of constant exposure—subtle tan lines from brief outdoor tasks, her small breasts and slender hips perpetually bare as per the immersion protocol that had become her unyielding reality.

Rising without a stitch of clothing, Mei padded quietly to the kitchen, her bare feet silent on the cool marble floors. The mandate was clear: prepare breakfast for Katrina, a task that started her day in full vulnerability. She cracked eggs and toasted bread, her nude form bending and stretching as she reached for utensils, the clatter of pans echoing in the empty space. The aroma of coffee filled the air, a small comfort amid the exposure that made every movement feel scrutinized,

even when alone.

Katrina descended soon after, elegant in a satin nightgown that skimmed her toned Caucasian curves, her auburn hair tousled from sleep. She took her seat at the breakfast nook, accepting the plated meal with a casual "Thank you, Mei," as if the sight of her nude servant was the most ordinary start to the day. Mei stood by, hands clasped behind her back to avoid covering herself, waiting for any adjustments—more sugar in the coffee, perhaps—while Katrina ate leisurely, her eyes occasionally flicking over Mei's exposed figure with detached approval.

Lily arrived mid-morning, her tall, buxom frame filling the doorway in her standard uniform, the fabric taut over her athletic build. "Morning duties commence," she announced briskly, overseeing Mei as she transitioned to cleaning. Mei vacuumed the living room, her bare skin prickling under the hum of the machine, then scrubbed the bathrooms on hands and knees, her petite backside elevated in the process. Lily directed with precise instructions: "Missed a spot there—lower, Mei." The clothed maid's presence amplified Mei's isolation, her nudity the sole deviation in an otherwise pristine household routine.

For errands, the rules allowed minimal coverings only when venturing outside—and even then, sparingly. When Katrina needed groceries fetched from the driveway delivery, Mei was sent in nothing but a sheer apron that barely concealed her front, the ties fluttering as she hurried back indoors. "It's efficient," Lily explained when Mei balked. "No need for full attire for quick tasks." Neighbors might glimpse her through the fence, but inside, the mandate reverted to complete nudity, reinforcing the protocol's grip.

A new rule emerged that afternoon: progress inspections. After lunch, Katrina summoned Mei to the living room, where Lily waited with a notepad. "Stand here, Mei," Katrina directed, pointing to a spot in the center of the room. "Arms at sides, chin up—it's time for your daily check." Mei complied, her nude body on full display as the two clothed women circled her, Katrina's gaze appraising her posture, skin condition, and overall presentation. "Turn slowly," Lily added, noting details like "Nails trimmed adequately" or "Skin hydration sufficient." They treated it as a standard maid protocol, discussing improvements casually —"Perhaps more sun in the garden tomorrow"—while Mei's cheeks burned with humiliation, her exposure feeling like a spotlight on her vulnerability.

As the day wore on, the tasks grew more intimate. After the inspection, Katrina settled on the sofa, kicking off her slippers. "Foot massage, Mei—part of the relaxation duties." Mei knelt nude at her feet, her small hands working the arches and toes of Katrina's pedicured soles, the contact sending unwelcome shivers through her bare form. Lily observed, offering tips: "Deeper pressure there; it's expected for comprehensive service." Katrina sighed contentedly, flipping through a magazine, the dynamic shifting ever so subtly toward deeper

control— Mei's touch a bridge to further submission.

By evening, as Mei prepared dinner still unclothed, the weight of the routine pressed in. Protests had faded to whispers, met always with the same refrain: "It's the standard way." The enslavement deepened, each humiliating duty weaving tighter into the fabric of her new existence, with Katrina and Lily presiding as if it were all perfectly routine.

Chapter 8: Complete Takeover

Mei's existence had distilled into a seamless cycle of servitude, her petite Asian body perpetually bare within the walls of Katrina's home. The servants' quarters, with its unadorned bed and locked cabinet, had become her world—a space where she slept nude each night, the cool sheets clinging to her smooth skin as dreams of her former life faded like distant echoes. By now, the 23-year-old bookkeeper's protests had quieted to silent resignation, her small frame moving through the house with a graceful obedience born of routine.

One crisp morning, as Mei prepared Katrina's breakfast—standing nude at the stove, her slender hips swaying slightly as she stirred oatmeal—Lily arrived for what would be her final oversight session. The tall, buxom maid entered the kitchen in her uniform, the fabric accentuating her athletic curves, carrying a folder of documents that sealed Mei's fate. Katrina joined them shortly, dressed in a casual yet luxurious cashmere sweater and leggings that hugged her toned Caucasian figure, her auburn hair pulled into a effortless ponytail.

"Progress report time," Lily announced, spreading papers on the counter. Mei paused her tasks, her bare breasts rising and falling with anxious breaths, hands at her sides as per the inspection rules. The documents revealed the culmination of their plan: Mei's modest home next door now legally transferred to Katrina's name through a series of "optimization transfers" and forged signatures handled discreetly by Lily. Bank accounts emptied into Katrina's holdings, her old job notified of an indefinite leave via automated emails, and personal records adjusted to reflect a voluntary entry into the "service program."

"Your old life has been fully optimized away," Katrina explained calmly, sipping her coffee as Mei stood exposed before them. "It's all for your benefit— no more bills, no more stress. This permanent arrangement is the service's successful outcome. You'll continue here, full- time."

Mei's eyes widened, her nude form trembling slightly. "Permanent? But my house... my job... that's everything I had."

Lily nodded matter-of-factly, tucking the papers away. "It's the expected resolution. The program consolidates resources for efficiency. Your duties remain the same: serve meals, maintain the home, and now, tend the garden in the backyard during afternoons."

With that, Lily's role phased out. She handed Katrina a final key—to the servants' quarters— and departed with a professional farewell, leaving Mei alone with her new owner. Katrina wasted no time reinforcing the shift. "Start with the garden today," she directed, leading Mei to the French doors. The backyard was private, enclosed by high fences visible only from Katrina's property, but the open air amplified Mei's vulnerability.

Stepping outside nude for the first time in this capacity, Mei's porcelain skin warmed under the sun as she knelt to weed the flower beds, her small hands pulling at roots while her bare backside faced the house. Katrina watched from the patio, lounging in a chair with a book, occasionally calling out adjustments: "Prune those roses next—lower, Mei, get right in there." The garden tasks stretched on, Mei's exposed body dusted with soil, sweat glistening on her curves as she watered plants and raked leaves, every movement a display of her total surrender.

Indoors, the full-time nudity mandate persisted without exception. Mei served lunch bare at the dining table, standing attentively as Katrina ate, then cleaned up afterward. Evenings brought more intimate duties—drawing Katrina's bath, where Mei knelt by the tub to wash her feet or back, the steam rising around her own unclothed form. Katrina treated these as routine, praising Mei's "dedication" with casual touches—a pat on the head or a brush along her thigh—that blurred the lines of service.

As night fell, Mei retreated to her quarters, the door locking behind her with a soft click from Katrina's remote key. Curled nude under the sheets, she reflected on the completeness of the takeover: no home, no finances, no escape—only this life of exposed devotion. Katrina, in her master bedroom, smiled at the security feed showing Mei's form, the enslavement absolute and unquestioned, the "maid service" a flawless facade for her new reality.