

**Live-in Pet**

**Crimson Rose**

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*Housekeeper wanted. Live-in not required but preferred. Excellent pay and benefits. Apply in person only.* When Celeste read the ad she saw her way out from under her parents' tyrannical rule but did not want to get ahead of herself on the off chance she did not get the position. With no car of her own despite being twenty-two, she wrote the address down, showered, put on her Sunday best and then hiked to the bus stop a quarter mile away. After three transfers and a half mile walk, she arrived at the closed wrought iron gates of the mansion sitting hundreds of feet off the road.

"No solicitors," a female said, her voice coming from the intercom to the left.

"Um, I'm here to apply for the job, not to sell you anything."

"Are you over the age of eighteen?"

"Yes Ma'am. I'm twenty-two."

"Do you have housekeeping experience?"

"Not working for anyone else, Ma'am, but my parents have made me keep house since I was thirteen."

"I have to ask, why are you walking?"

Celeste sighed. "My parents are basically tyrants what control everything I do. To better do that they refuse to let me get a car so I had to take three buses and walk nearly a mile to get here. I don't want to sound like a sob story, but I could really use this job if only to get away from them." With an initial jerk the gates spread open.

"I'll give you an interview but I can't promise you'll be hired."

"That's fair."

"Then come on in."

"Thank you." Walking down the driveway, she heard the gates sliding closed behind her. *Don't fuck this up, Celeste*, she thought as she approached the mansion. The heavy wooden door swinging open before she could knock, she was greeted by a green-eyed redheaded woman wearing a curve-hugging latex dress with a metallic purple sheen and matching strappy heels.

"Come on in."

"Thank you."

"I'm Brianna Lancaster and you are?"

"Celeste Maxwell."

"Nice to meet you Celeste. Given what you said I assume you're looking to live here?"

"That would be ideal. Especially since I don't have a car."

"Well, we have plenty of rooms and do prefer our help to live on the estate."

"We, Ma'am?"

"My wife and I."

Just then, Celeste saw two women – one a petite brunette with almost anime large eyes and the other a tall, slender blonde, both wearing latex maid suits but it was the leather cuffs around their wrists and ankles that caught her attention. Eyes moving back up their bodies, she saw the collars around their necks. Butterflied forming in her stomach, she gulped back her apprehension.

"Grace, Skye, this is Celeste. Is there any cleaning left to be done so that I can test her capabilities?"

"There's only one room remaining, Mistress," the brunette answered.

"Which one?"

“Um...”

“It’s okay, you can say it.”

“Yes Mistress. The only room in need of cleaning is the dungeon. We were just about to collect the cleaning supplies to do it ourselves.”

“How long will it take the two of you to clean it?”

“At least an hour, Mistress,” the blonde answered.

“I would like the two of you to take Celeste down. Direct her on what needs to be cleaned and how it needs to be cleaned but do not help her beyond that. Celeste, you have two hours to clean the dungeon to my standards. If you can do it you’re hired and we can go over the details. Fail and I’ll pay you for your work and see you on your way.”

“Dungeon? As in bdsm? You want me to clean up after some sort of sex party or something?”

“Yes, yes and yes. Of course, you can always leave now but I can assure you that you’ll never get another job like this one.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not. Are you going to put a collar and cuffs on me?”

“Only if you accept the position.”

“I see. And I have to clean your dungeon to get it?”

“That’s correct. Complete it in time and we’ll talk terms, fail and I’ll give you three hundred dollars for your trouble. Ladies, get your supplies and take her down to the dungeon.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“This way, Celeste,” Skye said. “I’ll warn you it was a pretty wild party last night so there’s quite the mess to clean up.”

“Right.”

“Lots of sex toys to wash,” Grace added.

“Did you tell her the rules, Mistress?” Skye asked.

“All part of the test,” Brianna answered.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Rules? What rules? Celeste asked as she followed the two maids through the living room in the direction of the kitchen.

“You’ll see,” Skye answered. “Just remember, this is the absolute best housekeeping job you’ll ever find.”

“Um, okay. Are you going to lock me in the dungeon and have your way with me?”

“We’re not going to rape you if that’s what you’re asking,” Grace replied. “We’re not going to touch you at all. Not while working anyways.”

“Believe me, this was as weird for us the first time as it is for you but you have nothing to worry about. Mistress is a very lovely woman and amazing employer who cares a great deal of everyone she hires. You’ll be well taken care of here.”

“You had to clean the, um, dungeon to get the job too?”

“We did. All of us did. It’s actually how she weeds out those actually looking for a job from those that just want her money.”

“I desperately need this job which is the only reason I’m agreeing to this.”

“Right. Well, this is the supply closet,” Grace said, opening a door in the huge open kitchen. Stepping inside, she and Skye began gathering bottles of chemicals, buckets, mops and rags. “The Mistresses are very particular about how the house and dungeon in particular are cleaned so pay attention because we’ll only tell you once.”

“Can you get the door for us?” Skye asked.

“Sure.” Opening the door Skye nodded towards, Celeste stepped back and let the two women descend several steps before following after.

At the bottom of the steps, Skye continued. “Do you like anal?”

“Excuse me?”

“Anal sex. Do you like taking it up the ass?”

“Um...”

“Be honest.”

“I wouldn’t say I like it exactly.”

“But you’ve taken it up the ass?” Grace asked.

“I have.”

“When was the last time and what’s the biggest you’ve ever taken?” Skye asked. “Be honest, we won’t judge.”

“What’s this got to do with cleaning house?”

“Everything. Now please answer the questions.”

Putting her pride on the back burner and ignoring the voice telling her to get the hell out of there, Celeste sighed. “It’s been a few months and the biggest I’ve ever taken was three fingers. No, Four. But only once. I normally only use two and three if really horny but one time I managed to get all four in.”

“All the way to the knuckles?” Grace asked.

“As deep as they would go without adding my thumb as well.”

“Nice. Did you like it?”

“It was okay. Like I said, I don’t really like anal but I’ll do it on occasion.”

“If you don’t like it then why work yourself up to four fingers?”

“Like I said, I normally use two or three. As for why, I don’t know. I just get the urge and I do it. Now why am I telling you about my sex life?”

“Because all housekeepers must wear plugs up their asses,” Skye answered. “When we go in you’ll pull your skirt up over your hips, take your panties off and then bend over the spanking bench so that we can insert it for you. And before you ask, yes, we must do it.”

“What the fuck? Seriously? What if I can’t do it and don’t take the job?”

“Then you go home with three hundred bucks and a butt plug. I know it’s embarrassing, but we’ve all gone through it. Trust us, we’ve seen and done a lot working here and no matter how perverse your fantasies you’ll never be judged.”

“Besides, if you accept the job you’ll be trained as the Mistresses’ pet and that includes wearing a tailed plug so you might as well get used to it now.”

“H-How many housekeepers do they have?”

“There are eight of us now but there’s been as many as twelve,” Grace answered.

“You have plugs up your assed right now?”

“We do.” Sitting her supplies down, Grace raised her dress up over her hips and then turned so that Celeste could see the rectangular base of the toy keeping her stretched all day long. Reaching back, she grabbed and with a quick tug yanked it free.

“JESUS!” Celeste exclaimed at sight of a mammoth toy wider than her fist at the thickest part.

“Mine isn’t as big as hers but I’m getting there,” Skye said as she pulled her dress up and then tugged the plug from her ass. “You’ll also be given a collar and cuffs. The collar must be worn at all times here and off the property, but you only have to wear the cuffs here.”

“Though you can certainly wear them elsewhere if you choose,” Grace said as she pushed the toy back into her ass.

“Um how much does this job pay exactly?”

“Sorry, hun, but that’s something you’ll have to discuss with Mistress Brianna. Now, let’s head on in. And remember, skirt up, panties down and bend over the spanking bench.”

“I don’t even know what that is.”

“I’ll stand by it while Grace gets the toy and lube,” Skye said. “This way. And welcome to the team.”

“I haven’t accepted the job yet.”

“Honey, if you’re willing to clean a dungeon after a party then you’re definitely going to accept the job,” Grace said as she picked her supplies up.