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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The New Maid

Wadsworth was counting and polishing the silver when Daisy darkened the door of his office. "Mister Wadsworth, may I have a moment of your time?"

"What is it, Daisy? I'm quite busy."

"It's about the new maid, sir."

"What about her?"

"Are you *sure* she's right for the House?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean?"

"She's just so..." The middle-aged maid hesitated, looking down at her feet and then back up at the butler.

"So...?"

"She's so *French*."

Wadsworth set down the glass in his hand, letting his brows rise a fraction of an inch as he fixed Daisy with a flat stare. "French, Daisy?"

The maid's eyes widened, and she waved both hands frantically. "Oh, no, sir! I've nothing in particular against the French, sir!"

Wadsworth sighed. "Then what seems to be the trouble?"

Daisy hung her head a moment, then straightened. "Perhaps you'd best come with me, sir."

The butler pursed his lips. "Very well."

Wadsworth followed the older maid to the gallery overlooking the atrium. The House had very few staff these days. In fact, aside from Mrs. Ho, the cook, the entire staff was in the atrium since that was where they found Evette, the new maid. She was crouched on her hands and knees, scrubbing the mahogany treads of the grand staircase. Like Daisy, she wore the black and white livery typical of her position. Unlike Daisy, the cut of her dress and apron were rather less... English. Where Daisy's dress hung to her ankles, nearly brushing the floor, Evette's ended at mid-thigh, showing off long, perfectly-turned legs in white stockings with black-ribboned garter belts. The elder maid wore a pristine cotton cap over her dun curls, while the younger's jet-black tresses were adorned with a lacy white tiara. The shoes on Daisy's feet were practical black flats, simple but well-polished. Evette wore stiletto heels, one sharp toe tapping against the lower steps as she scrubbed. Perhaps most significant of all, Daisy's dress rose nearly to her neck, where it ended in a peaked collar, while Evette's bodice barely covered her shoulders and was cut so low that nearly half of her overlarge bosom rippled and quavered as she worked.

From their vantage on the gallery above her, Daisy and Wadsworth stood unnoticed, observing the young maid at work. "You see what I mean?" Daisy hissed in a whisper, almost beyond hearing.

"I'm sure I don't," Wadsworth demurred. Unfortunately, he knew exactly what Daisy meant. He suspected Mister Boddy had insisted he hire the French maid for precisely one reason. Well, precisely two reasons, to be precise.

Daisy stomped a foot in frustration, causing Evette to look around the atrium in confusion. The older maid hissed a sharp intake of breath, holding it until Evette shrugged and went back to her work. "It's not at all proper for an English maid to be so... lascivious, Mister Wadsworth!"

Feigning ignorance again, Wadsworth glanced down at Daisy. "Lascivious?"

Daisy scoffed. "... Voluptuous!"

Wadsworth looked down at the French maid. Evette knelt on a step, working a scrub brush wet with soapy water in long strokes with both hands. Her short skirt failed to fully conceal her bottom as it wiggled with her movement. It was a rather aesthetically pleasing bottom but not one the butler would consider “voluptuous.”

“She appears quite trim to me, Daisy.”

“Bloody hell, Wadsworth! Her tits, man, her tits!”

Daisy’s accent thickened, and her whisper slipped enough to distract Evette yet again. Wadsworth and Daisy slipped rapidly behind opposite pillars, holding their breath until the sound of scrubbing wood resumed. Wadsworth frowned at the maid. “Daisy, I’m surprised at you.”

“It’s none of my fault you’re being so obtuse, Mister Wadsworth. It’s bad enough that woman’s livery is more fit for a house of ill repute than a manor, but I’ve had to let it out twice since she arrived.”

Wadsworth’s eyebrows rose in question, drawing another sigh from Daisy. “She’s... grown... larger over these past months.”

“What, her bosom has swollen? Is she... in a family way?”

“Don’t be absurd, Wadsworth. Even a *French* maid wouldn’t seek new employment while she’s with child and not say so.”

“Then... how?”

“I’m sure I don’t know. Perhaps Mrs. Ho has been giving her a bit too much dinner, or perhaps she has an allergy.”

“Allergy?”

The maid and butler watched Evette work. When she was finished scrubbing the stairs, she carried her water bucket out of the atrium, returning with a jar of polish and a buffing pad. Even at this distance, Wadsworth could not deny the maid’s livery was a bit too snug across the bosom. What’s more, each time she stood to pour more polish from the jar, Evette’s apron looked just a bit tighter.

“Merciful heavens,” Daisy breathed. “Do you see that, Wadsworth?”

“Mmm, yes,” Wadsworth murmured.

"Come to think of it; she's always brought her livery to me for adjusting after floor polishing days."

The butler shifted his stance; his body was responding to the licentious spectacle in a most improper way. Evette made her way slowly across the floor, pausing every few feet to deposit fresh polish on her pad. And every time, her bosom was a bit fuller, a bit rounder. He cleared his throat quietly, saying, "I will speak with Mister Boddy, Daisy. Please return to your duties for now."

As he followed Daisy out of the gallery, a soft squeak from the younger maid drew Wadsworth's eye just in time to see a shell button skittering across the atrium's floor.

"Sacre Bleu," Evette gasped.

Wadsworth watched her chase the button. When she bent to fetch it, her overlarge bosom, now swollen half again as fulsome in the near hour they'd been observing her, dangled and bobbed happily. Mercifully, Evette's modesty was still intact, if only just. The butler made a mental note to seek out a new supplier for floor polish. Scrubbing and polishing the floors was far too hard on Daisy's knees, but the work still needed doing. As he made his way back to his office, images of the voluptuous maid flitted unbidden through his mind. He'd promised to speak with Mister Boddy, but what should he advise? Daisy wasn't likely to let the matter rest. Perhaps the House didn't need two maids...