Content warning: slapping, verbal abuse, mean hypno stuff, more traditional capitalism mc stuff, union breaker character. You should know this stuff isn't my politics but to be clear: unions good, pinkerton types vile. Support workers' rights.

Laura smiled wide as she strode into work for the day. She wore her cute maid uniform- the thing which had inspired her to work there initially- with pride as she always did. It fit her quite well, even if the way that it emphasized her considerable bust made her feel embarrassed from time to time. She walked into the employee break room situated in the back of the establishment- the Daybreak Cafe, a sort of American chain cafe type of deal staffed by young adults (mostly women) dressed as maids- ready to work for her shift. She deposited her belongings in her locker and grabbed her pen and her paper notepad. The other girls sat around waiting for the day shift to start, most of them on their phones. Laura left hers at home by accident that day, so she instead took a seat along the wall next to a slightly older employee and rested her chin in her hands.

The cafe opened in half an hour but the manager had not arrived yet. Being the only one both scheduled to work that day and in possession of a key to the kitchen, their absence made things…difficult. None of the workers currently killing time in the lounge showed any signs of stress about it, though, even some of them fidgeted with agitation once every few minutes. Laura's eyes took turns between watching her coworkers and the clock. She wondered whether the manager would get there so late that they would have to delay serving certain products.

It had happened to them before. The customers always hated that. Laura supposed the sort of audience to choose to specifically visit a diner where the staff had to dress as maids, she probably ought to expect not to be especially forgiving. The girl she'd taken a seat next to rolled their eyes and muttered something.

"Hm?" Asked Laura impulsively, before realizing the words probably hadn't been directed at her.

"Sorry," Laura's coworker said as they looked up from their phone. They had shimmering green eyes that Laura felt resembled the scales of a dragon maybe, or perhaps a mermaid. Those eyes, and the almost goldlike shade of dyed blonde in their hair, made their face easy for Laura to look at. She'd always felt that they had a natural air of majesty that made them really cool. "I just said that they're almost here. That's what they said in the group text chat, anyway." The coworker stretched, making their bountiful, overflowing chest jiggle a little under their stifling uniform. Laura never had the courage to read the nametag situated on their uniform strategically atop their left breast, but if she did she'd see that their name was Ion.

"It's no issue," Laura responded meekly.

"First day of the week after we unionize and the manager's late," said a woman just a few feet away sitting at a desk. Laura looked to see who it was, and had to physically force herself not to pump a fist with excitement to see she guessed right. The woman, a twenty six year old undergrad named Marissa, chuckled. She was heavier-set than Laura or Ion, and Laura hoped that the woman didn't notice how every time something spooked Laura she instinctively stepped towards Marissa for safety. "Do you think upper management is tearing her a new asshole?"

"I doubt it," chimed in Arnil, the second newest employee after Laura. Arnil smiled a mischievous little grin, her legs dangling playfully off the side of the table where she sat. She held the title of the smallest and second youngest "maid" at the Daybreak Cafe (losing in the latter only to Laura by a matter of three months), which Laura suspected would make her the most popular server if not for her snarky attitude and lack of a large chest. "They definitely chewed her up about that and spat her out already, lol." Ion and Marissa both performatively rolled their eyes a little bit, which only made Arnil giggle more. The twin ponytails of soft brown hair dangling from the sides of her head like wispy, poorly maintained spirits danced whenever her head moved, which Laura found quite cute.

"In any case," said Ion, their bright eyes practically shimmering as they stood up, "we really need to get ourselves some keys to the kitchen." Laura nodded along, her memory of being locked out way too close to opening fresh in her brain (and painful, at that). "This shit's really getting on my nerves. Yours too, I take it?" Everyone (or at least, all three of the other servers present) nodded along and sort of tiredly voiced their agreement.

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The door to the cafe opened. While one could not see it from the break room, the heavy wooden door and attached bell made sure one could hear it. All four present servers got to their feet, ready to either request an early customer wait until they opened or berate the manager for taking so long to get some keys made. Sure enough, the manager- a woman in her late twenties with a slight build and an anxious expression- walked to the kitchen door and swiftly unlocked it.

"Tally ho, maidies!" She cried, looking even more flummoxed than she usually did. Ion and Melissa brushed past her to begin readying the kitchen. Trailing behind them, Laura and Arnil shared a worried glance. The knowledge that their last performance review had been worse than usual weighed on them heavier than it seemed to for their seniors. "Oh, and be sure to empty the coffee machine before you start it this time?"

"You didn't empty it last night?" Melissa called out from inside the kitchen, her voice joined by the sound of the machine coming to life. The manager turned with an irritated scowl, which spooked Laura but not Arnil. As the second youngest maid slinked into the kitchen, another sound greeted Laura outside- the coffee being dumped out.

"Don't be a pedant," remarked the manager. "And remember to SMILE! We have an inspection today, because *some* people have been breaking protocol!" Her eyes darted jerkily back and forth between the three employees in the kitchen. Laura remained outside, a concoction of fear and nervously making a barrier of itself that barred her from entry. "And this one's a trainer! She has a REPUTATION, if you catch my drift."

"Oh?" Snarked Ion, their hands busy recording the temperature of the fridge. They turned their head forty five degrees towards their manager. "Is that why we have that mandatory meeting after work?"

"Yes!" Hissed the manager. "The last thing I want is some nepo baby strolling into my store and acting like she owns the place?"

"As a nepo baby, she kinda *does,* though, right?" Sniped Arnil with the kind of expression that thirsted for a fight. "Certainly more than you do~." The manager rolled her eyes and began chewing on a thumbnail.

"Just do your damn jobs," she intoned through a heavy grimace. She chewed on her thumbnail a bit longer, arms crossed, and stared into the kitchen irritably. "And don't be rude to the customers." Everyone rolled their eyes but answered nonetheless.

"Yes Ma'am."

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Laura gulped. She'd just returned from her lunch break across the street to find a beautiful, busty young woman waiting for her with their arms crossed to accentuate their chest. Their body- with its long limbs, butter smooth flesh, wavy locks of thick, luxurious light brown hair that flowed in a wild mane to their elbows- and their striking black and gold maid outfit made them look like they might be a coworker. Their eyes, expression, and stance said otherwise.

"Where have you been, young lady?"

"T-taking my lunch break," Laura answered, feeling herself wilt under the gorgeous stranger's piercing gaze. She felt like a doe caught in the sights of some majestic predator she'd never encountered before, her limbs frozen and her mind frantic. To make matters worse, the terrifying knifelike edge of their gaze drove her eyes down to avoid confronting it- straight into the girl's cleavage, which their outfit proudly displayed. She tried not to notice the beautiful black and red bra she could see bits of, or the way that the stranger's big soft pillowy boobs seemed to heave softly as their owner breathed.

"Your lunch break, hmm? What time is it?"

"T-two thirty. Ma'am."

"Two thirty. Not prime server hours, but not far off. And that means you began at two o' clock, correct?"

"Y-yes Ma'am-" Laura stammered, something akin to fear (or arousal maybe?) forcing her to show reverence to this beautiful young woman. "N-no, I'm sorry Ma'am, o-one fifty…" she felt spill out of her mouth practically without her input. Fear took root in her stomach, and regret. Some shame too.

"One fifty, you say?" The young woman asked with an insulted look on her face. "That's forty minutes ago. Are you working a double?" They asked, their voice shifting into a coo almost reminiscent of a mother bird. Seeing a branch, Laura wished she could reach out, desperately, to catch herself-

"No, Ma'-"

"Don't call me Ma'am. Do I LOOK like a ma'am to you?"

"Well u-uh, n-no? I guess not?" Answered Laura, her heart hammering. She didn't wanna get in trouble!!

"You will call me Miss. Understood?"

"Y-yes Miss. Thank you for correcting me Miss."

"Now then…you are *not* working a double?"

"No miss."

"And you left for break…when?"

"One fifty, Miss."

"And it is?"

"Two…thirty…" mewled Laura, suddenly feeling ashamed of herself. Her hands clasped behind her back and clung tightly.

"Did you…eat that entire time?" Asked the stranger. Again her voice lost its predatory slicey quality, as if she were searching for an excuse to be kind. Her face softened into a look of concern, of…care, almost. "It's important to feed yourself. No shame in that." Again, Laura felt herself hurtling past a tree branch. She reached desperately for it- this one she could use, this one could save her…!

"N-no Miss." She said to her own horror, her mouth contorting as spoke as if acting with a mind of its own. "I just forgot how long it takes to walk back…"

The stranger's face turned razor sharp, her mouth a disappointed snarl. "If this happens again you're getting disciplined."

"D-disciplined?" Whimpered Laura, any fight she might have held fading from her mind. She felt herself on the verge of tears. "L-like written up?"

"No," the stranger almost sang. They reached out with a single, perfectly manicured hand and used it to caress Laura's face. Her body told her the stranger's caress felt safe and cozy, but her mind felt danger blasting her from every inch of the stranger's soft, inviting skin. "I'd hate to see this wonderful little face of yours blemished in any way," they purred. "Seeing it get all scrunched up with stress if I wrote you up… that wouldn't do, would it? I could hardly send your mother's hard work home to her all puffy eyed and red."

"M-mhm!" Laura agreed on instinct. She forced a smile to try and convey that she really didn't want that.

"So I'll just have to find some other way. Unless, that is, you screw up badly enough. Then…well…" the stranger traced the shape of a hand across Laura's cheek with one nail. "But, like I said, I have a soft spot for delicate little sweeties like you. I want us to get along, understand?"

"Y-yes Miss. Thank you Miss."

"Oh, good. I didn't need to tell you." The stranger's hand snaked forwards and cupped Laura's head behind her ear. "Some girls have trouble thanking trainers for the help. Ungrateful things, aren't they?"

As the stranger spoke that last part, she stepped forward and seized hold of Laura's skull, pulling her in. The stranger's breasts and Laura's own smooshed together, making her feel trapped and overwhelmed. She had smaller boobs than they did…

"Yes," Laura agreed without knowing what she'd just agreed to. The stranger let go and laughed.

"Name's Lucille. Now run along to work before I get madder."

"Y-yes Luc- I Mean Miss!" Laura ran past, but not fast enough to avoid a kiss on the cheek as she went. She thought she felt something on her butt too. That was probably just her imagination.

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Everyone in the break room sighed in defeat.

"God, I hate this bitch," Arnil growled, her arms crossed and her legs kicking more angrily than usual. "Who does that owner's baby think she is?" Laura nodded along silently. She disliked the ice cold aura of fear that fell over her every time she noticed the inspector somewhere. She seemed nicer than she could be, but she was still so…mean. And cruel, even!

"Bitch chewed me out for not smiling enough," muttered Ion. "My smile is immaculate! She wouldn't know sincerity if it hit her with a bus."

Before Melissa could get her words in, the manager poked her head in to make an announcement.

"You're all working a double. Get to work!"

Everyone flashed looks of anger and confusion at each other. This had never happened before!

"Let's just leave," said Melissa. She stood up.

"I need the hours though," whined Arnil, something…*off* about her eyes. "Please don't leave me with that bully?" Melissa stopped and snorted. After a moment, she sighed and submitted. Neither Laura nor Ion had the spirit to leave Arnil either…even if Laura felt afraid, herself.

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All four servers from the day shift, plus the three that came in for dinner, stood in a line. In front of them the stranger stood, now wearing a distractingly short skirt and with half of her buttons undone so her bra was even more exposed. Poor Arnil had been slapped, and she didn't have any bruising but she was obviously upset.

"Absolutely disgraceful!" The stranger shouted. She glared at each of the servers in turn. "I'm going to have to whip you all into shape! From now on, you're all working double shifts every day, got it!?" No response. She turned her steely gaze on every server, and each in turn squeaked out a shaky "y-yes Miss!" Even Melissa and Ion succumbed to her piercing pink irises.

The week continued. Sure enough, everyone got a text that night with the adjusted schedule. The stranger watched them like a hawk, berating them when they messed up or let their cheery facades slip. This policy endured even in the break room, and even outside of work hours. Maids she caught frowning got a stern talking to; maids who got an order wrong got bitten. Maids who messed up too many times, she slapped. Girls who caught errors she missed…were rewarded. Everybody hated her, but her praise and kisses felt so nice that it tempted Laura to tattle every time she saw Arnil roll her eyes at a rude customer or Ion forget to jiggle their breasts. She wanted the gorgeous stranger not to be so mean to her!

The stranger slowly changed their uniforms. A bit of thigh here, a navel there. Required certain kinds of bras. Shorter skirts, brighter colors. She began offering to dye good maids' hair, which the team resisted even though Laura really wanted it. She seemed to get even meaner over time, though, when her incentives failed. She made her presence more inescapable, she brought an attitude with progressively less silk and more poison.

The employees met after work. They consulted. They decided to oust her. She had to go. They hated her presence, her insults, her changes. They wanted nothing to do with her.

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"We held a vote," said Melissa, Ion backing her. "We want you GONE. Immediately." Every pair of eyes in the room glared at the stranger, full of hate. They stood in what used to be the manager's room. The wall now sported a garish collection of plaques with colorful, ripped panties nailed to them and names written across the bottom. The team had never felt any need to comment on this wall, nor had they noticed the lack of their old boss.

"You…hate me?" The stranger quibbled, her lip shaking. A part of Laura felt bad. Her body remembered the sharp slap it had taken the day before and relished in seeing *her* scared for a change. The others felt similarly.

"Yeah," smiled Arnil, "get the fuck out."

The stranger hung their head. The others all stood to leave. Laura in particular couldn't wait to get home and eat some of her mother's home cooking. They got halfway out the room, but the stranger snapped her fingers. The sound froze all of them in their tracks. One by one, compelled by some obligation, all backed and returned to their original position. None spoke. All watched. The stranger raised her head, frowning, and clasped their fingers. They wrang their hands as they contemplated how to say what they planned to, then at long last they spoke.

"If you all want me gone so bad, I'll leave. But…I want to speak to you all one last time, once each. There's no harm in just hearing me out, is there?" She lifted her big soft breasted with her crossed arms and everyone adopted half of a vacant smile.

"No…harm…" Arnil whispered to nobody.

"Hearing you…out…" Ion said gently.

"I…no…" Melissa trembled. "....yes…"

"Just listen one more time…" said Laura, happy to give her guilt an outlet and dispel it. All four stared intently at the stranger's beautiful busty bosom as it bounced and bobbled beautifully. All four relaxed and smiled wider.

"You owe it to me, don't you? To hear me out?"

"Owe it…to you…" said Laura. She really did owe it to the beautiful stranger. She'd hear them out and say no. That would be that.

"Owe you…" whimpered Arnil, who sounded unsure of herself.

"Owe you…" sighed Melissa.

"No…" muttered Ion.

"In private, of course. One at a time."

Laura and Arnil nodded along without resistance. The other two seemed uncooperative.

"You two, the young ones. Go home, okay? To the apartment I rented."

"The…apartment…" mumbled Laura, already getting her keys from her locker. The work apartment let the stranger monitor them at home, but it was closer and more convenient. She'd planned on going there anyway. Double shifts were exhausting, after all.