

From Isabelle Rioty's diary, 25 years old, novice maid in the Alton Manor.

January 16th 1542

I've lived a lot of bad things with this cursed family, but THIS is getting really tiring.

This manor is a place I would recommend to no one at any rate. Count Frederic Alton is a busy man who hates being disturbed during work hours but any noise is enough to get him mad. And Countess Miriam Alton wants the manor to sparkle day and night forcing us to work at night too. They have three children but those are narcissist brats.

First, there is Lionel Alton, the first son, 31 years old. As the heir of the family, he is way too full of himself and spend his time flirting with the maids disturbing us in our work. And of course, when he disturbs his father, the blame goes on us. Just great! Long live to your house Daddy Alton!

Then we have Oscar Alton, the second son, 29 years old. A real jerk! That guy must suffer from angry issues and often shows violence against the maids when he has some nerves to pass. Of course, it often ends up with broken furniture leading the countess's wrath on us. After all, it's not her son's fault if he gets mad ... It must be us who got on his nerves. You stupide bitch, a good way to save your house would be to give your children some education, don't you think?

And last but not least ... Louise Alton, the third child and only daughter of the Alton manor, 26 years old. I will be honest with all of you ... I can't bear that bitchy attitude of hers. She always orders the maids around as if we are her personal slaves and complains at any refusal. But the worst part is that I cannot find a way to get rid of her grasp if she comes to me.

You know? When you work in that kind of environment, you develop some survival instinct. For the count, as long as no noise is heard, he won't bother give us a single glance, which is for the best. For the countess, if our job is done properly, she won't complain too much. As for the 2 sons, I found a way to make them lose interest in me. For Lionel, all was needed were three boring dates for him and he never flirted with me again. For Oscar, I've suffered a month by not reacting to his shit, then he finally got bored of me.

But that bitchy Louise, there is nothing I can do. This is simple, each time she needs something, she asks the first made she sees. But for some reasons, if we are several maids on the same task, she would always choose me for her cores! I have to find something against her next time she thinks I'm her personal maid.

February 12th 1542

Alright, here is what I knew about Louise before my investigation:

- *Like her brothers, she likes to be the center of attention. Usually by whining when things don't go her way or by complaining of how her life is so too hard. (Try to silently satisfy a vixen with 3 brats getting in your way and we can talk about how hard is your life)*
- *When she needs something, she asks the nearest maid she finds for some help but, for some reasons, if several maids are presents and I'm part of them, it's usually me who have to take the job ... (I hope for the other maids they're not the one pushing me in her arms)*
- *She also often wears implants to look bustier. Usually resulting with the Count and the Countess complaining about her look and the lady yelling that she wears whatever she wants. (Really boring)*

But now, I think Lady Louise is keeping a secret from everyone in the manor.

To begin with, Louise Alton is the only member of the family with no personal maid assigned to her and she would reject any recommendation. Which is why the work falls on us instead ...

Then, I tried to let her complain so I could learn of a weakness, but all I could get is some useless drama about her life such as her fiancé being unattractive, the count favoring Lionel and the countess coveting Oscar while she's nothing but a girl to send away, her dresses and jewelry being unworthy for a lady of her prestige, how the painter messed up her portrait, how hard and boring her work can be.

However, she also pestered on the cold weather in the maze at night. And when I asked her what she would do there, she would just say that it doesn't concern me. Well, I guess it's part of her secret.

By observing Louise, I've noticed she wears her implants about twice a week and the following night, she would take a stroll in the gardens. She never wears her implant the next day.

But then there's also that episode during one of her complains. She wasn't wearing any implants and her breast was a B size maximum. But as she was venting or her bad luck, I noticed her bust was a little bigger than a C size. I tried to deduct the exact size but then I could observe her dress getting tighter and tighter on the top. The discovery was cut short as Louise excused herself and freed me from her grasp. I was probably hallucination, but could it be that she was wearing her implants all this time.

Anyway, I plan to follow her outside and learn her secret during one of her night walks. Since she always goes outside with her implants, she's probably meeting someone. Once I have the evidence, I can get rid of her for good.

February 27th 1542

I am the incarnation of shame ...

The plan started perfectly that night, as I managed to snick out of the building during one of Louise's escapades. And for my luck, the moon was bright enough to fill the garden with a weak, yet sufficient light for what I had to do.

Tonight, I had one objective! Learning Louise's secret and using it to keep her away from me.

As expected, I noticed my target leaving the house and rushing toward the maze. I could tell she's not the sportive type with the way she was running out of breath, her massive "breast" held in her arms. However, she was clearly panicking. I started to understand these strolls are not for a pleasant time, but I wasn't ready for what would happen next!

While following her, I was expecting a secret meeting with a man, or some stolen treasure she hid in her cleavage. But then, she stopped at a dead end, and just sat in a corner, alone, lit by the moonshine, while I hid in the shadow, unseen. I could hear her moaning and cursing as she tried to get rid of her dress. It was a shock when she discovered there was no implant at all. Elise was sitting here topless with two massive natural balls of flesh, as big as melons, hanging from her naked torso.

But those weren't satisfied, as they still slowly grew until their tender skin reached Louise's laps. I could hear the poor girl sobbing while her breath was getting deeper and deeper.

I don't know why, but I couldn't bring myself to look away. It felt weirdly interesting. And if it wasn't enough, she had to press her assets with her harms, letting cute little laments out of her mouth until her respiration fastened. Facing that, I couldn't prevent myself from getting that tingling between my legs. The brat pressed her breasts again and again and pinched her nipples, faster and stronger, desperately trying to contain her voice. I couldn't resist it, and before I could notice, my finger was already in my pants, searching a way to release the tension coming from my inside. As we both stimulated ourselves, I notice some milk dripping out of her nipple, then the flow got stronger letting and more liquid leaking out, following the curves of her flesh. Louise could not keep her voice low any longer while pressing her sensitive tits, and I couldn't stop the urge to let my juice out of its wet cavity.

With honesty, it was a great sensation, but only then did I realize what I did. I've never felt so good and shameful at the same time. I checked quickly on

Louise, the girl wasn't done with her milk, but the containers lost a lot of volume.

Anyway, I left the maze and got back to my room without anyone noticing. The mission is a great success (minus some little details about myself), but now, I have a good idea of why she wouldn't reveal that part of her to anyone.

For the time being, I continue to work as nothing happened, even if I struggle to not remember that night every time I cross Louise.

As usual, she complains about her interactive fiancé, her unworthy family, and her boring work. And of course, there is always that discussion about those "implants" of hers. I guess Louise has kept the secret well until now.

I haven't followed her since that night, but this evening, her bust got some volume. That means tonight, she will leave the mansion again, and I plan to follow her again.