



Kerry, the hotel maid, as she appeared before the fateful day occurred.

Maid with a Purpose

[Story](#) by JaneDoe-2010, Rev. 1.1b, September 21, 2022

Original concept from an illustration by: [Elenaevil](#) ([Here](#))

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Kerry was a young woman who had just graduated from high school. Fiercely independent, she wanted to get away from home and assert her freedom. Her parents had long ago decided that she was a wild child and a troubled youth. While they tried to lead her down the right path, she always resisted and wanted to show that she wasn't a little girl anymore. After she graduated she decided to move to Las Vegas, Nevada and try to get a job there. She found a cheap, relatively speaking, apartment not too far from the strip with a bus stop nearby which would make it easier to get to work in town.

Kerry loved to dance and hoped to get a job as a dancer at one of the clubs. Unfortunately, she was only 18 and needed to be 21 before the clubs would even consider her. So, she took a job as a housemaid in one of the casino hotels near the strip. She really didn't care for the work, and her uniform was the usual one you might see at any hotel which required its maids to wear uniforms, nothing special. The work was not terribly hard, but it was not easy, and the pay was pretty bad. Still she figured she could pay her bills and survive doing the maid's job until she was 21, or got a better job.

Several times while she was working as a maid, intoxicated guests had ogled and groped her. But she knew, as a now somewhat experienced maid, that unless it was really bad, it was better to ignore them and hope that they gave her a big tip that day. Kerry had discovered that, perhaps due to embarrassment, the ones who mistreated her usually left the biggest tips. Kerry never encouraged any of the drunken men's, and one woman's, advances. She tried to ignore them and just think of it as these people's way of complementing her on her sexy looks and nice personality. But as time wore on the routine was getting old and she began thinking that she wanted to find something more dignified to do.

Eight months had passed, Kerry was still working as a housemaid at the hotel when one day, while cleaning up a suite, she found an unusual looking poker chip lying on the floor. It caught her eye as it had an almost magical sparkle when she spotted it. Kerry picked the chip up and put it in her pocket; she believed that if you found a chip and put it in your pocket it was good luck. Kerry might have been wrong about that idea though, although her luck was certainly about to change, it was not in the way she had expected.

Later that day, one of the male guests pinched her on the bottom. He was a high roller and big tipper that she really didn't like but always tried to just ignore, and then he even tried to cop a feel of her breasts! Kerry was really getting tired of this routine but kept her cool. After she left his suite she began cleaning another suite down the hall, and while working, she made a silent wish, "I wish my life had a purpose! That I was really made for something special!" Suddenly there was a bright flash, and Kerry lost track of time, when she came back into focus something seemed different but she didn't initially realize what it was.

As her mind continued to clear, Kerry found herself waking sexily down the hall back towards the high roller's suite and noticed a squeaking sound as she walked. She was unsure why she was going there and wanted to turn back, but no matter how much her mind tried to turn around and go the other way her body just kept walking toward the man's room. Now Kerry was becoming a bit frightened and when a young couple exited their room in front of her she tried to ask for help, but that only made things worse. She realized her mouth felt dry, and she could not speak or yell, in fact, she couldn't make any kind of sound other than a weird squeaking noise like two balloons rubbing together. She also noticed that her mouth was open, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't close it; it simply remained open in an 'O' shape, like she was shocked as though she had seen something really big.

Normally, she would have hyperventilated, but she soon realized that this was now impossible as she was no longer breathing. Startled at the realization, her hand shot up to her face and she found that her mouth was now lined with some sort of rubber coating like a sack or tube, and she didn't have any teeth. Just as frightening was the discovery that, even though her nose itched a bit, she didn't have any nostrils to pick at and her skin felt rubbery. Now super terrified, she looked down to see that her formerly, very normal, cloth maid's uniform had been replaced with some kind of rubber or latex outfit, that was styled more like some sort of French maid's uniform. Every inch of her body, save for her face and hair, was now covered with some form of the rubbery material. She would even find out, eventually, that even her headpiece was made of rubber, when she finally got a look at herself in a mirror.

Kerry wanted to stop, to scream for help, to do anything but keep walking to her new owner's suite, then she thought, "Wait! What the F%#\$! Why did I think of that asshole as my owner? And what the hell is going on? Why can't I stop walking?" But the squeaky living rubber doll kept walking down the hallway, like it or not, and when she arrived at his door, Kerry knocked then waited for her owner to answer it. She was surprised when a buxom blonde bimbo opened the door, looked her over, and yelled, "Honey, the ServiceMaid love doll you ordered from room service is here! Where do you want it?"

Kerry would have fainted or slapped the bitch, if that were possible anymore, but she could only stand there waiting to be told where to go. That bimbo had just called her a love doll and she wasn't at all happy about it! But the reality was that, now Kerry really was a doll, she no longer breathed or could move by her own free will. A lack of air would never be a problem for Kerry again, which was a good thing, considering what her mouth would be likely be filled with, and often! Then the bimbo said, "Come on in doll! We've been expecting you, and boy do we have plans for you!"

Kerry could only follow her new owner's mistress's orders, and she entered his room, and then stood where the bimbo commanded her. The bimbo said, "Honey, what do we call our new doll? Her barcode says she is SM37246A but we need a better name for her." The man's voice yelled back, "Who cares babe, pick whatever name you like for it!" So the bimbo said

to Kerry, who could only stand there waiting for orders, “I think we will call you ‘Trixie’ the maid! That is a fun name, isn’t it?” Kerry hated it and didn’t think the name was at all fun, rather sexist, but since she couldn’t reply with her true feelings she just stood there.

Kerry felt sick, as her situation was beginning to sink in, she couldn’t move, couldn’t run, might forevermore be referred to as ‘Trixie the maid,’ and be forced to serve her owner in any way he wished, no matter how twisted. Kerry thought sarcastically, “Great I hated the guy before this happened and now he is my owner and I have to do anything he tells me to do!” But, like it or not, soon ‘Trixie’ would be having a 3-way with her new owner and his bimbo. Now that her situation had fully sunk in, Kerry realized that from now on she probably shouldn’t think badly about women that she thought were dumb bimbos, since Kerry was now a highly sexualized bimbo maid sex doll and someone’s toy to play with, to boot!

Kerry longed for a change in her life; she wanted it to have a purpose, and to feel as though she were made for something special. But never in her wildest dreams, would Kerry have thought that a little magic from an innocent looking poker chip would fulfill her poorly worded request. Now she was a living rubber love doll, an object made to serve her owner for as long as he, or she, wanted to keep and use her. Never again would her life lack purpose, but her new purpose would likely be worse than her old life ever was. After around 18 years Kerry was still serving that same owner. She had been called ‘Trixie’ for so long that she couldn’t even remember her original human name, but she knew she hated the name ‘Trixie,’ for some reason. No one knows if the doll experienced any physical pleasure while serving its owner; still, ‘Trixie’ always made her owner very happy whenever he filled any of her three holes. He always pretended that she was enjoying it a lot and showering him with complements on his manhood; it was a good thing she couldn’t speak anymore!

The magic that changed Kerry also changed the world around her; no longer did anyone question how a rubber doll could be ‘Alive,’ move, and do whatever its owner wanted. Whenever her owner showed Kerry to other people, they often said, “Oh, you got one of those ServiceMaid sex dolls! I bet that cost a pretty penny! It sure is nice, can I try it out?” Who knows how long Kerry remained a doll or what happened to her. Her owner may have become tired of her and either threw her away, sold her, or gave her to someone else, or he may have used her until she simply wore out and had to be discarded. Kerry may currently be in someone’s home serving their desires, in a dump or landfill, or could have been incinerated along with the other ‘trash.’ ‘Trixie’ spent untold years as a doll and wherever she is now, know this for certain; from the fateful day that she found the chip and made her wish and onward, it could always be said that ‘Trixie’ the love doll was made with, and would forever have a purpose. And like it, or not, ‘Trixie’ served her purpose, and her owners, very often.

End (except for a picture of ‘Trixie’ on the next page.)



Kerry, the ServiceMaid® living, love doll, on her way to her new owner and life.