Friday Night Maid - Part 2

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On Friday nights wife goes out with friends, he becomes the maid

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Friday Night Maid Part II - by Diane Leonard
As I finished folding his socks, he stood up and looked down on me. "Diane, remove my pants now, but do not get up after you do, just fold them and lay them on the edge of the bed."
I reached up, removed his belt, and lay it on the bed. I opened his trousers and as they slid down his legs, I notice that he was wearing boxer shorts and that his manhood was semi erect and poking through the slit in the front. Embarrassed, I looked down and folded his pants and lay them on the edge of the bed.
He stood up, my face directly in front of his crotch, his growing manhood protruding out of the slit in his boxers. I am like a deer caught in the headlights, I can't move. I turn my head, and look at my wife, she only smiles and beings to rub her thighs and up to the bottom of her panties. Her fingers are rubbing now, softly, sensually. Doing what I long to do, but right now, I do not have a choice. I turn back and then look up at Tom. He is like a Greek God, standing tall, masculine and rampant.
"Diane, I know you want to touch it. Caress it. Your wife has told me about the stories you read on the Internet. This is no longer make believe. No longer fantasy. This is real. This is now. Take my cock in your right hand, hold it, and stroke it. Feel what a Real mans cock feels like. Show me how a woman like you takes care of a man like me."
I reached up, softly caressed the flesh in front of me. It was so big, and I could tell, not nearly as hard as it could get. My wife was just watching in the corner. A huge smile on her face, her right hand busy under her skirt, her left caressing her breasts. It was an amazing sight. As my fingers with the bright red tips wrapped around him, he started to grow. I could feel the heat. For some reason, my panties were getting very wet. I could feel the cool material pressing

me, and I knew from experience what that means.
I looked up at him through the bangs of my wig, and he just smiled. I knew what I had to do. My fingers and hand got a mind of their own and started stroking him softly. He was already at least 7 inches and still growing. I was so close; I could see the fluids start to emerge from the slit. I really wanted to know what it tasted like. So many of the stories had described it, but you can never really know until you do it. I just had to. I started to close my eyes but then realized that I really wanted to watch this up close.
My tongue slipped out of my lips, and started to softly swirl around the huge soft, smooth head. I was amazed at how it felt on my tongue. I mean the fleshy head seemed to blend with my tongue. Giving way to my pressing. It was so smooth, and the feel of the ridge around the head was so sensual. I could feel my nipples harden and grow more erect if that were possible. I needed more and I confirmed that I was now going to learn to be a cocksucker. I moved in, and with my eyes wide open, I opened my lips and watched, as the furry crotch of my wife's new lover grew closer to my face. His head slowly entered my mouth. I stretched the jaw so low and deep that I thought it would lock and his flesh kept entering until I suddenly pushed too hard and started to gag.
My wife started laughing so hard and loud that I knew I had to stop and gain some composure. I never let go of it with my lips and finally started slowly working it back and forth. Getting use to the feel, and where it was. I was enjoying it. The taste was as wonderful as I had expected or dreamed about, but just a little more tart than I thought. But I loved it. I started sucking softly as I worked it back and forth.
I kept pushing deeper, I started hitting the back of my throat but kept control of the gag reflex.
I was almost there. I needed to feel the short hairs rubbing my nose. I needed to inhale his scent. I finally got tired of just part of it, and took a deep breath and as I got to the back of my throat, I just pushed as hard as I could. I felt a pop and suddenly, my nose was rubbing his hair. I had all of him inside of me. I stopped, and tried to look up.
My wife seemed to stop and started staring at me. His huge tool was completely buried in me. I felt so elated, fulfilled, complete.
Reluctantly, I moved away. I needed air. I took a deep breath and started sucking with all of my desire clearly visible. I started sucking for all my life. Giving everything I had and it took only a

few minutes for me to complete this task. He grasped my head, very tightly and started to pump and with in 20 seconds, he began to spew his wonderful male seed into my now womanly face.
The first 3 shots were quick and enormous. I managed to swallow the first; the 2nd filled my cheeks, the 3rd just made my mouth erupt. I kept swallowing but there was so much, I only managed to contain about 2/3rds of it. Huge ribbons of his seed ran down from my lips onto my ample cleavage and neck. My wife was hysterically happy. She started clapping softly as if asking for more as if the stage play had more to give. Tom was drained and as he sat on the bed, he pulled softly from my lips. Still kneeling, I tried to catch my breath and started to use my fingers to capture some of the fluids from my chin but I heard from my wife, "Diane, don't you dare touch that." I turned and looked at her as she began to walk towards me. Tom finally spoke.
"You never told me how good your new maid was at sucking cock. Has she ever done this before?"
"Tom, you have no idea how many stories and photos, and mpg's she has saved in her computer. Well my little maid, did you enjoy yourself so far? You have so many things to do tonight. I just don't know where to start. But I guess we need to start with cleaning you up."
With that, she grasped my arm, pulled me up and started pulling me to our huge master bathroom.
"Remove your uniform girl. Do it now."
I turned and faced the mirror as I reached back and started to undo the huge bow of my apron and I was shocked at what I saw. There in the mirror was a maid with her masters cum all over her lower face and breasts. Was that really me? I moved my hand and yes, it was really me.
"Diane, I told you take that uniform off!" Shaken out of my spell, I again started undressing. The apron off and folded, I watched as the maid in the mirror reached under her skirt and removed her full petticoat. She gracefully stepped out of it and set it on the counter. She reached behind her self and unzipped her dress and as it fell away, the sexy woman in the mirror appeared in her sexy undies. It was so surreal, I could not believe it was really me in the mirror, with a mans cum clearly visible on my face and body.
My wife stepped up and with a wash cloth, softly removed the cum from my chin, neck and breasts. I could not move as she did this. It was like watching a movie. I stood transfixed. As she finished, she said,

"Diane, remove all of your lingerie, I want you only in your panties. Do it now!" And with that comment, she left the bathroom and closed the door.

I sat on the toilette and caught my breath. This was happening so fast. I mean, I wanted it to happen in my fantasies, but this was not fantasy. It was REALLY happening. I reached down, unstrapped my heels, stood up in my stocking feet and reveled at the pleasurable visual of my painted toes in my stockings. Reluctantly, I unhooked my stockings and sat again and lovingly rolled them down my smooth, shapely, hairless legs. As if by ritual, I folded and placed the stockings next to the apron and began the undressing.

"Well, I guess tonight is over," I thought as I removed my garter belts, and waist cinch. I watched as my painted fingers toyed with and folded and fondled all of my sexy lingerie. I hated removing my bra and breasts, but she did say everything, so I did. I was still standing, watching myself in the mirror when she came back in with a gift box. It was large, and pink with bows.

"Mistress, I have removed and folded everything. It's right here. Should I remove my make-up and prepare to return to my other self?"

"Oh no Diane, your night is far from over. As a matter of fact, it has only just begun." With that, she took my uniform out to the bedroom and Tom could clearly see me standing in my panties. I don't know why but my right arm came across my chest as if I had real breasts and a man was trying to see me. My wife came back in, slapped my hand and said, "Tom is the man of the house now girl. He is allowed to see you in a state of undress anytime. You will NEVER cover yourself from him." And with that, she slapped my face. It was not a hard slap, but it told me that she was in command and that I had no say about it in anyway.

I lowered my eyes and said, "Yes mam. I understand." I placed my hands in front of me and waited.

"Diane, brush your teeth and use mouth wash," and with that she went in to the bedroom again and as Master Tom watched, I tended to my mouth. I could feel his eyes on me as I brushed and my tiny little breasts jiggled. It was embarassing yet exciting. When she came back in she said, "Now sit down." I sat and she began to redo my make up, Lipstick, eyes, almost everywhere. Brushes and the like, she even removed my wig and fluffed out my own hair. I have not had a cut in over a year, and she always complains about it, but I don't ever get it

cut. Finally after about a half hour, she stood back and said, "There, perfect. Diane, stand up and look in the mirror."

Now I know what I expected to see. I mean after all, I was only wearing black panties, but when I looked in the mirror, I could not believe it. There was a female there. One with no breasts but female never the less. Her lips were soft pink, her eyes softened and elongated. Far from my dark blush, hers was soft, inviting. My wife was giggling and laughing as I gawked and stared at the vision in the mirror. She moved when I moved. It WAS me. I felt elated at what I saw. I heard my wife moving around behind me and then she presented me with the box.

"Sweetheart, I know tonight was different for us both, but I always knew it would happen, just never this soon. I bought this for you months ago, but tonight is the night you deserve it. Go on, open it up.

My hands were shaking, I was breathing so fast and shallow, I felt like I was going to pass out. I untied the ribbons and they fell away. The box top was next. I have always loved how a box full of soft sensual things feels when the top comes away and all the soft tissue appears.

I could not make it out but it was white, lots of white. I was giggling like a 16 year old girl on a birthday. Elated, excited, happy. I softly folded the first layer of tissue back and found a 36 cupless satin bra. Only the under wire and straps. I looked at her as of to question but she just motioned for me to continue, which I did of course. As I removed it, I found a pair of Rio back white satin and Lycra panties. Lace trimmed. Under them, I found 2 matching lace garter belts, also in white satin and lace. Victoria Secrets Signature Gold Collection Lace top stockings in my size. White, seamed with re-enforced toe and heel.

I started crying as I held all these things. She had never bought me anything this sexy, this special, and this wonderful. She came up to me, put her arms around me, shushing me softly. "Don't cry baby, its ok. There is more."

MORE? I hugged her tightly, and turned to the box. I thought that the layer of tissue paper was the end but it was not, there was more under it.

Folding back the tissue, there was a pearl and lace encrusted baby doll nightgown. VERY low cut with matching long sleeve robe with tight fitting cuffs. The robe was mostly sheer, but I could see that this was something that a bride might wear on her wedding night as she

sacrificed herself to her man. As I lifted the robe out, I noticed 2 bumped on each end of the box. I pulled the edges back and found a pair or 5 1/2 inch stilettos heels, with ankle straps. They were patent leather and very shiny. The heels were mostly made of gold color metal with no padding on the tips so they would be VERY loud to wear on hard surfaces.

My hands were trembling and shaking. I fell to my knees, kissed her panties and then her feet and started crying again. She again shushed me, and pulled me up saying, "Tonight, we were going to be girlfriends. Maid Diane is gone, and only my girlfriend Diane is here. As a matter of fact, now that you have helped Tom over his easy cum, I think he will last for a long time, and I thank you for that. But now, you have to get dressed. Now hurry. I don't want you in here all night." And with that she kissed my cheek, patted my ass and left the room with a, "call me when you are ready".

I just stood there for few minutes. What was going on? This wild fantasy, my wife, a new man, master really. Strong, assured, confident, tall, very handsome, and a wonderful body that I now know puts mine to shame. His manhood alone is twice the size of mine. And his works better too. I could still taste his tart flavor on my tongue. I shook myself out of my daydream, and started to dress.

The tight cupless under wire bra was very interesting. I have always had a little extra that allowed me to create my fleshy boobs, but this was simply amazing. After I got it on, and slipped the straps up. The white satin contrasted so well with my flesh. I loved it. I reached in and pulled every ounce of flesh I could find into the front of the under wires. As I looked in the mirror, I was elated. I had REAL breasts. No, they were not C cup dandies, or anything, but they were delightfully mine. I bounced a little, they bounced. I shook, they shook. I even leaned over and they swayed. They appeared to be near a delightful full B cup size. A far cry from my little more than A cup.

I don't think my nipples have ever been so hard, but then, they had been hard as nails since I opened the door and found my wife and Tom standing there.

I slipped off my black panties, and softly rinsed my self off, powdered, and then put on and adjusted the brand new soft white panties. They were truly a delight. French cut, satin/lycra, with lace V in front from top of panties down the crotch. I like an arrow pointing the way. Wait, I did not notice before but the lace was sheer.

You can see thru the front of the panties. My flesh and public hairs are visible through the lace, bordered by white satin lycra. I don't know how anyone else feels in these, but I felt like a piece of fluff. Candy, waiting to be enjoyed. With all of myself adjusted, I looked kind of cute. I dared not dally. I got the garter belts, and again, put one on backwards first and then one foreward. As always, I slipped the white elastic straps under my panties.

Like always, my stockings were a ritual. Rolling them up, loving the feeling, being overly careful since I still had on my nails. These were very expensive. They felt so soft, deliciously erotic. The bands were extremely wide, like none I had ever had before. I lovingly attached the 4 straps on each leg to them and as I stood and adjusted the tops, they were about 3 inches below the crotch of my panties. I could just swoon as I touched and caressed softly, looking into the mirror. I turned this way, that way, looked at myself over my shoulder, at how they enhanced the look of my ass, and thighs. Was I to be a sacrifice tonight? I had no idea.

Breaking myself away from the mirror, I slipped the baby doll on. It fit like a glove. There were little pads in the cups and my tiny breasts, filled out and moved in. I now looked like I had C cup breasts. I adjusted the straps, and I really did want to look but I refrained. The hem seemed to be just at the top of my stockings and just below my panties. I was not sure.

I picked up my new heels, they were so pretty. White patent leather, gold steel tips. I slipped into them, fastened the ankle straps and got the robe.

With my back to the mirror, I slipped on the robe. The wrist cuffs were very tight going over my hands and then I noticed that they had very little elastic in them to allow them to get over my hands yet clasp my wrists tightly. I pulled the robe closed, grasped the satin ribbon tie and pulled it closed. The length seemed to be just below the bottom of the baby doll and below the stocking tops.

My breathing quickened. I walked as far away from the mirror as I could. My breathing was so fast, I had to calm down, but I could not wait. I turned slowly, eyes closed. Balanced myself, adjusted my feet, models pose of course, and counted to 3. One, two, Three then slowly opened my eyes, and I held a sight that I could only dream about. I was a beautiful virgin bride. Ready to enter the bedroom of her new husband and consummate her vows. I turned, smiled, touched, caressed, pouted,

kissed, and the woman in the mirror did all the same things. It was amazing. I know, I know, we all look better when we look at ourselves in the mirror as opposed to how we look in real life, but for me, THIS WAS REAL. And I really loved it. No matter what anyone else saw tonite, I saw REAL.

As I walked towards the bedroom door, my breasts started to bounce. I loved it, but I did not become erect, or even semi. I was soft, flaccid. I guess mentally, I had become the woman in the mirror and she would not have what I have, and therefore, it would not enlarge, because mentally, it did not exist. I freshened up my perfume and thought, "Here goes'.

I softly knocked on the bedroom door and softly called out, "Susan? Hello?"

"Yes Diane, come in."

I opened the door slowly and saw her and Tom on the bed. He was still naked, and she was only wearing her lingerie, stockings and heels and he was kissing her breasts, and nibbling her nipples through the thin cups of her under wire bra. Her right hand was around his semi hard member, bringing it back to life.

"Oh Diane, you look good enough to eat," she sat up, pulling him off her breast, and came over, hugged me, kissed my cheek and began to fluff out my hair. She untied my robe and looked. "I just knew it would be perfect on you. I just knew it. Baby, you are going to have so much fun tonight, you have no idea." With that she began to giggle as Tom caressed her ass as he sat on the bed watching us.

I looked over at Tom, and started getting scared. I mean, here I was a bride, or resembling one anyway and she saw me, and really started laughing now.

No baby girl. Tom is all man and he is from now on, all mine. You have your own man waiting for you. He is waiting in the guest room for you. You do remember Roger don't you? Well girlfriend, he is all yours. And trust me, you will experience a lot tonight."

With that, she walked me to the door, opened it and we both walked down the hall to the guest room door.

"Well baby, good luck and have a wonderful night. I know I am going to have one, and want you to have one too. And I trust you will.too."

She started fussing with the front of the robe, and the baby doll night gown. "Hummmm. I think we need to keep it closed so you can open it while he watches. Remember now girlfriend, tonight, you are

not married anymore. You are my girlfriend and your date has been promised some fun tonight.

End Part 2