

# Friday Night Maid - 1

By Diane91020

Published on Lush Stories on 18 Aug 2008

*On Friday nights she goes out with friends, He becomes the Maid for the night*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/friday-night-maid-1.aspx>

Friday Night Maid - By: Diane Leonard

I am a Friday night maid. After a week of hard work, I relax by dressing up in a sexy maids outfit and serving, pleasing and pleasuring my wife. While she is out dancing with her friends, I am dressed up as a Friday uniform waiting for my wife to return home. She doesn't like my fetish, but this agreement, once a week seems to work for us. But this last week was to be totally different.

It started out like any other Friday night session. I got home from work and took a quick shower and a short nap. I was tired from a hard week at work and slept longer than usual. My wife had already dressed and left with her friends for a night of dancing on the town.

I start with a deep cleansing enema, so that I am totally empty inside. This followed by my favorite part, a warm bath. Foaming, scented, and very mentally relaxing. This allows my mind to relax and enjoy the start of another wonderful evening. While in the bath, I shave my legs, trim around my crotch, shaping the tuft of hair into a pretty little heart shape. I closely shave my face, making sure to be perfectly close and smooth everywhere. It works well, and I feel wonderful as I rinse off and pat myself dry. Girls NEVER rub. Sensual scented lotion applied everywhere and I am ready to start my transition.

Sexy black lace French cut panties, matching back hook bra is put on and I relish the pleasure of the feelings that the material brings me. My nipples swell and become erect as I position myself in my panties to show a very femme front. Once tucked away, I place my silicone inserts into my bra and make sure the nipples show thru the lace right in the middle of the cups. Looking into the mirror, I softly caress my breasts and hips, loving the feeling of once again; being the girl I so cherish being.

Now that I am in my scanties, I apply my make up. Deep dark eyes, colors around, lined and powdered. Smooth foundation, rosy cheeks, and finally well lined, bright red lips with excessive lip-gloss to make them all shiny and wet looking. I apply the sealer so that the lips will not smear during

my evening of play.

My nipples are so erect they itch. As I walk out into the bedroom, my silicone breasts bounce so delightfully. I love the look and feel of my now 38C breasts. Just the right size for my body frame. I am tall, 6'1", 175 lbs, hazel eyes and my hair is always reddish auburn. At this time I use wigs, but one day, I hope to use my own hair. The wig has bangs and is unlike any other I have ever owned. My wife got so mad when she found out what I paid for it, but calmed down after a few months. This will be the first night she will see me in it. The hair is loose and hangs down below my shoulders.

I get out my waist cinch. Its black, cotton back satin. It goes from right against the bottom of my bra, a little high in the back, and then to just above my heart shaped crotch hair. It is high on the hips so that it pulls in my waist line so much. As I tie it off, I look in the mirror and wonder at how shapely I am now.

I get a brand new pair of lace top stockings and my two black lace garter belts. I always wear two. One foreword and one backward so that I have 4 garter straps on each leg. I slip the garter straps thru my panties and let them dangle. Putting on off black, lace top stockings are so sensual, almost orgasmic. I always position myself so that I can watch myself, my face and how I look in the mirror as I enjoy the sensual feeling of the material slipping up my newly shaved and pampered legs.

My wife always objects to my painting of my toenails. She says it just reminds her when I am not dressed that I do dress. I have always taken the time to make sure they are the most sensual shade of red I can find. They look so sexually enticing peeking through my sheer stockings.

I stand and as I attach my garters to the stocking tops, I wiggle my toes and enjoy the visual effect it has on me mentally. Those are my toes. I can't wait for the rest of this to happen.

Now that my stockings are on, I sit and finish my nails. My false nails are long, bright red and pointed. My wife says that only real women, modern girls are allowed to have the new, and stylish squared off tips. (sigh)I love my new nails but still, the rounded tips do tend to run my stockings. My wife will not allow me to wear any jewelry other than earrings. They are pierced, gold, and tiny dangly ones. They are not very long but they do tend to draw attention to my neck and face.

I go to the closet, Diane's closet, and remove the maids uniform from the closet and remove it from the plastic cleaners bag. My wife insists on me taking it to the cleaners. She says if I am to wear it, I must make sure it's clean. Her thoughts, I am sure, were to embarrass me into not dressing because I had to take things out for cleaning. Sorry honey, it did not work.

I hang it on the hook on the back of the bedroom door, and slowly, almost religiously remove the

plastic bag. This new uniform is the sexiest I have ever dared wear. It was custom made for me. It is of the best soft satin, jet black and very shiny. It has traditional white lace around the neck, hem, and short puffy sleeves. The lace is not overly large, just enough to show. I unzip the back and pull it from the hanger. I softly shake it out, and then step into it, slowly raising it up across my legs.

I always get goose bumps at this point. Slipping my arms into the bodice, I finish setting it into place and then reaching around and zipping the very tight, fitted dress onto my now shapely body. I take the extremely femme apron, with the lace trim and tie it around my now cinched, tiny waist with a very large bow in the back. I check the mirror to make sure it's perfectly tied. I reach for and step into the full petticoats, which puff out the skirt.

Finally the finishing touches. My white lace wrist cuffs, neck choker, hairpiece and my jewels, my black 5-inch stilettos patent leather pumps with ankle straps. The finishing touch is perfume, obsession, neck, cleavage, inside of thighs, back of knees, and ankles.

Finally, I am ready. I stand, and glide (I have lots of practice in this pair of heels) to the mirror. My eyes are drawn to the impressive cleavage I can create with my fleshy chest, held tight by my black lace bra. The neckline barely covers the lace of the bra and the skirt is just set at the bottoms of my stocking tops when I stand still, but when I walk or bend, the stocking tops will show. My wife loves to tease me that I am in need of a man to show me that wearing skirts, that short cause side effects. I giggled when she said that. I did not want her to know that I had thought about that many times. But, alas, I am always afraid to tell her my fantasies since she would probably divorce me and leave. I love her so, and I only want to please and make sure she is happy.

I am finally fully dressed, feeling so sexy in my uniform. Like in the cartoons or the fetish art work. Unlike other Friday nights, I feel that I did a magnificent job on my make up and feel I look truly erotic. Its already 9 PM, and I begin my duties, which included, lighting candles all over the house so that Susan would think romantic thoughts when she got home. The duties, which I have assigned to myself, included cleaning the last of the kitchen, vacuuming, dusting around the upstairs, making the bed, finally satisfied with my work, I return down stairs at just past 11 PM. I get a glass of white wine and sit at the kitchen table and relax a bit. The sounds of the soft jazz wafting thru the house when suddenly I hear a knock at the door and then the doorbell.

What the hell am I going to do? She always lets herself in. I get up, check the mirror. I seem to look OK. I walk to the door, peer thru the viewer, but something is blocking the view. I can't see who is there. The knocking and doorbell keep going, finally I hear her voice, "Diane, open the door. Don't embarrass me with my guest!" A guest?

Reluctantly I open the door wide, say good evening and stand waiting as she and this magnificent

man walk in. He is 6'6" if he is an inch, 250 but no fat at all, maybe 40, dark hair with a hint of stylish gray at temples, CEO executive looks. That suit must be \$1,000 bucks. It fits his masculine body so well. She just smiles, uses her finger to push up on my chin like I am gaping and she walks past me and he says, "Good evening Diane. Susan has told me so much about you. I am pleased to meet you." And with that, he hugs me softly, and kisses me softly on the lips, and walks past me into the sitting room with my wife.

"Diane, close the door and bring us some wine." I quickly shut the door, and scamper to the kitchen get the bottle and 2 glasses and return to the sitting room where they are seated on the sofa, not intimately close, but not far either, barely 12 inches separate them on that 8 foot couch.

I serve the wine, they are talking sex talk, what turns them each on, and they begin to touch each other softly, tenderly like she use to like me to do. They are ignoring me completely. I am truly the maid standing at the ready, near the end of the sofa, hands folded in front of me, legs together and feet in a models pose waiting to find out what is going on. I didn't have to wait long.

"Diane, this is Tom. We met at the club tonight and hit it off right away, but not in a way that you think. I want you to know that I found your secret stash of fantasy stories and web sites and the photos you have put your face on. Tom is a psychologist. We were talking about our both being in the medical field, with my extensive nursing background; he told me that he specializes in some interesting areas. Would you like to know what they are Diane?"

"Yes, mam, I would like to know."

"Well, one of his interests is in the area of sexuality. He has treated many children that show some transgender indicators, as well as adult males who crossdress and those who show an interest in associating or dating them. Well, you can imagine how I felt when he told me this. We have talked about you all night and when I told him about our Friday night arrangement, he asked if I would allow him to come home with me to see this in person. How could I resist such a charming man? I mean, after all, he was so nice, bought me dinner, and took me back to the club. Well, I just gushed. I welcomed him to join me." She then caressed his thigh and I could now see that he was so sexually aroused that his manhood was clearly visible thru his pants. He was huge by the indications.

"Susan, I must tell you that Diane is truly a beautiful woman. I mean look at her. Standing tall, straight. Look how poised she is in her heels. I presume they are 5 inch heels, yes?"

I nodded, embarrassed at what was happening, but then I was no longer in control, Susan and Tom were. I was simply the maid. They were talking about me as if I were ONLY the maid.

"Well, we have a few choices to make here, don't we Susan. I mean, with Diane looking so beautiful and sensual, we just can't let her stand here can we."

"No, I don't think that would be good Tom. Diane, go into your study and bring out the good camera, tonight, we take photographs of you. I have some wonderful ideas."

Camera? I never thought, but had always dreamed of it. When I came back, they were kissing and caressing on the sofa. Again they ignored me, and I just stood there with the 35 mm camera. For the next 30 minutes they had me posing, dusting, bending, serving them drinks, and taking photos of me while I did all these things. We went thru 3 rolls of film. Photos of my stocking tops, panties, down the front of my uniform as I served, never showing the faces of the people I was serving but always making sure that when my face could be visible, it would be clearly in the photo.

About midnight, the doorbell rang again. Startled, I looked at Susan, as if to say what should I do? "Silly girl, go answer the door and be quick about it." Turning on my heels, I could feel Tom's eyes on my ass and legs as I walked towards the door. I stood, looked thru the eyepiece, and there was a man there. I opened the door, and asked, "May I help you sir?"

His eyes opened very wide, and a smile grew and he was suddenly beaming. "Yes, I am looking for either Tom or Susan. Is either of them here? I am not sure I am at the right address. I wrote it down quickly." He is fairly tall, still shorter than me in my heels, very cute, mid 40's, almost like an artist. His hair is wavy, like you could run your hands thru it and never muss it. It would return to where it was. Whom may I say is here?" Suddenly I hear Susan say, "Diane, let him in NOW!" I step aside and allow him to enter, close the door and then say, "Follow me sir" and I begin to walk towards where they were. Now I am totally confused. I can feel his eyes on me, and put an extra sway into my steps as I walk, my petticoats swirling so erotically around my thighs.

The new man walks towards Tom and shakes his hand. "Thanks for calling me and inviting me over, but I don't know why you called. I mean we had our session today, and I am feeling ok."

"Roger this is Susan, our hostess and the lovely maid there is Diane." He shakes Susan's hand, and looks at me and smiles, and nods. "Please sit down Roger, Diane get Roger here a glass for his wine," Tom says, as if he is in control of the house now. He is acting like the husband, giving me orders and things to do.

I leave and return to the kitchen, wondering what is happening. I mean now I am here, dressed as the maid, I have 2 men here and my wife is totally enjoying herself. She is beaming, glowing, like a sexual glow. She has not taken her hand off Tom's thigh, only to shake hands with Roger.

I walk in and they are talking softly, I can't hear them until I am closer and I hear the final comment . . . "well, if you care to, or want to, then I am sure neither of us have any objection. But again that is your choice Roger. That is why I called you. I knew that this might fit into what we have talked about many times. Your sessions seem to be leading in this direction."

Roger's eyes have been on me since I returned, I bend from the waist, serving him his glass of wine, and his eyes are completely glued to my cleavage. His smile is larger still, if that is even possible. I return to the end of the sofa and stand, clearly in Rogers view. He is eating me up, alive, undressing me as if I were just a model or something. Wondering what I had on under this outfit. I can see his eyes on my legs, and I find myself moving so that the skirt moves, and exposes hints of my stocking tops. I can't help it. It's almost like the stories I have read. I began to tingle. I remember a story I read and saved. Similar to this one but not exactly. In the story, the wife brought a man home and made her femme hubby service him and then she slept with the man the rest of the night and the hubby was sent to the guest room to sleep alone. I clearly have no idea what is happening here. For now, I will just stand here and see where we go.

Susan leaned over, whispered something in Toms ear, and then smiled. "Yes Susan, that may be the way to go. Diane, excuse yourself and go make sure that the guest room is made up with fresh linens and pillows. Now scoot along and get that done. Hurry girl, don't make me spank you."

Susan must have found that story, but this is not how it was going. I mean, we have two men in here. Are they both going to sleep in the king size bed in the guestroom? I have so many thoughts running thru my mind as I make up the bed and fluff the pillows. I turn down the covers, like in a hotel, and when I am satisfied that it will please Susan, I return to the sitting room.

Susan and Tom have moved very close now, and he has his arm around her shoulders, his fingers tickling the outer portion of her left breast. I can see she is aroused. Her nipples are clearly visible thru the soft knit top she has on. Her hand is now ON his cock. Softly stroking and rubbing. He is nibbling her neck and ear as I walk in, they both look up and smile, and he then starts talking again.

"Diane, I want you to go to Rogers car, get out his over night bag, and take it to the guest room. Then I want you to return here for further instructions.

I have to go out side. The neighbors could see me. But what would they see. Just a sexy maid I hope. I excuse myself, go out to the car, and remove the small bag from the front seat, as I was leaning in, my skirts came up and as a car drove by the young kids inside, slowed way down and started hooting at me. My ass was fully exposed and the young men could see it. I rose up and they saw me, whistled, and drove off. I guess I looked ok. I returned to the house, put the bag in the guest room and returned to the sitting room.

Tom's hand was inside my wife's top now, caressing her 36C breasts, her eyes were closed. Roger just sat there watching, rubbing his pants at the show that was being put on.

"Oh Diane, you are back, good. Stand in front of Roger, and let him touch your legs, or anywhere else he wants. You may not refuse anything with him. Do it NOW girl."

Slowly I step in front of Roger, and his smile is large, his manhood is growing and I am excited. I have only dreamed of something like this. But I never dared believe it.

Roger's hands started at my knees, and caressed softly, stroking, caressing, teasingly slow, up my leg. His right hand now under my petticoats, on my thighs. I have no idea if he knows that I am what I am, but I am enjoying what his hands are doing so much, I do not care anymore. Both of his hands run around behind me, start caressing my ass, thru the sexy lace French cut panties. I can feel myself become aroused and excited. I can feel myself growing wet with excitement. The itching in my nipples is driving me crazy. I start to caress my breasts thru my uniform and Susan yells, "Diane, stop that this instant. Only Roger may be allowed to touch you, not yourself. Do you understand girl?"

"Yes mam." My hands drop down to my lap, but Roger's hands continue the teasing touches and caresses. My knees are weak. I glance over at Susan and Tom, his right hand has now slipped up under her skirt, and I can see his fingers rubbing her panties, pressing the material into her body. Her panties are clearly soaked. Her hand is also busy, his fly is open, her hand inside rubbing him. Clearly he is at least half again as large as I am, but then for now, I don't have one. I am just the maid, waiting, to serve and please.

I can feel Roger's hands on my panties now. Softly rubbing, exploring, his face a wondrous show of emotions. He looks over at Tom with an unspoken question. Tom smiles and then says, "Diane, lift your skirts in the front. Put your hands under your petti's and let Roger see your panties. Do it now girl."

I can't believe I am doing this, but I am. My hands blindly slip under my full skirt and petticoats and pull the front up totally. Exposing my brand new French cut black lace panties. Roger is delighted and reaches in and pulls the front of the panties down and discovers my heart shaped bush. He leans in and kisses it softly, running his tongue thru the hairs, as far down as my pubic bone. My knees go weak and I find it hard to stand but I do. I never thought it would feel this erotic.

I mean, here I am, fully dressed as a French maid, a horny mans image, of how she looks, long hair, low cut top, short skirt, sexy undies, stockings stilettoes. A man sitting in front of her as she stands with her skirt up, and him exploring under it. And my lovely wife, making out across from us, with her own

man. Both sexually intent on pleasure. I have no idea, what the hell I should do. Put my foot down, say stop this now, resume my role as head of household, or live out the fantasy. I am so sexually charged.

Just as Roger is starting to slip my panties down off my ass, Toms says, " That's enough for now Roger. Diane, take Roger up to the guest room and make sure he is comfy and ready for bed and then come back here to me. Roger, you will not touch her sexually, you may kiss her once, on the lips in thanks for helping you prepare for bed but then, you will send her back. Take no more than 15 minutes. Diane, do it now."

I went with Roger and showed him the large guest room, and as he came in he asked if we could talk. "Yes Sir, I will answer your questions."

"Tell me, are you really her husband? Are your breasts real? Have you ever been with a man, I mean sexually? I have so much to ask."

With eyes cast down I reply, "Yes sir, I am her husband, only the flesh you see is real, I wear inserts, and no, I have never even been seen by a man before. Please, allow me to help you prepare for bed," she said, "I have to be back in less than 15 minutes."

He smiled and nodded. I stepped up, and started unbuttoning his shirt. My hands were trembling and I had trouble with his buttons. As I opened his shirt, his chest was so hard, manly, and masculine. With his shirt open, I licked my lips and touched his skin. The muscles were so obvious. Suddenly realizing what I was doing, I stopped and removed his shirt and went to the closet and hung it up. He was just standing there, watching me in my stilettos. I could feel the heat on my back. I returned and unbuttoned his dress slacks and asked him to sit on the bed.

I kneeled and removed his shoes and socks and after folding the socks neatly, and placing his shoes to the side I started to stand up but he put his hand on my shoulder, keeping me there for a moment.

"Diane how do you feel right now, there on your knees in front of me?" he asked as he eyed my generous cleavage, looking down into the top of my uniform.

"I feel, afraid, but excited. I have never felt submissive, but have always felt like I was more a passive romantic. Please sir, let me complete my task so I can get back to them."

He smiled and stood up, then taking my hand, helped me up to my stiletto clad feet and put his arms around me and hugged me softly, but firmly. I could feel his hard chest pressing my breasts and his manhood pressing down my petticoats and skirt. He was not huge, but I could feel that his size was



nice. He pulled away and softly kissed my bright red lips, and said, "Continue Diane."

I pushed down his slacks and he sat again, and I pulled them from his legs and again went to the closet to hang them up.

"Sir, do you sleep in anything special. I am required to assist you in complete preparation for bed."

"No Diane, I just wear my underwear. Please go and thank your Mistress for allowing you to assist me in getting ready for bed. Diane, have you ever curtsied when dressed in your uniform?"

Suddenly I realized that I had not done that at all since they got home. I lowered my eyes and then with my hands at the side hems of my tiny skirt, I pulled them out, put one foot behind me, and did a curtsy. "I am so sorry sir, Please forgive me."

He stood, walked over, kissed my cheek and said, "Diane, you never have to do that with me, but I was curious. Now please, scurry along, and return to your mistress."

I smiled, thanked him and as I turned, I made sure to put an extra wiggle into my walk. I really liked him. He was so kind, cute, and well, really sexy. He smelled so good. I could not get his scent out of my mind, and when he walked to me in his white jockey shorts, he was so hard and erect; I could not help but notice.

As I came down the stairs and entered into the sitting room where Tom and Susan were sitting, I was surprised that Susan's blouse was fully open and her front hook bra was unhooked. Tom's pants were open and his manhood was exposed and they were both laughing and touching each other.

"Mistress, I have returned."

They looked up, smiled and started to put them selves back in some visual appearance of normalcy.

"Diane, go to the master suite and prepare the bed. Tom and I will be there shortly."

Tom and I will be there shortly? I don't know what is happening, but other than being upset about the thought that they are both going to the master bedroom, they have been making out. I am strangely excited, leaking yet I don't want this man in my bed. Not with my wife, but what can I say? I mean, the maid can object? Is she testing me, teasing me, taunting me with Tom's obviously masculine body and way of being?

I go to the master suite and turn down the king size bed. Now I wish I had not put on fresh satin

sheets. I had a total different outcome for this nights ending. The satin sheets are a soft pink and so sensual feeling.

I was leaning way over the bed, my ass in the air, fully exposed by the petticoats when I felt a strong hand caress my ass and then probe between my cheeks, pushing firmly into my virgin ass. I yelped and stood straight up spinning quickly to find Tom with a huge smile on his face and my wife giggling fully enjoying my embarrassment.

"Diane, help Tom get ready for bed. Undress him, I want to watch you undress him and to know that you are preparing him for me. That you know that soon, he will be in our bed, making love to your wife. I also want you to know that for now, HE is the master of the house, not you. After all, how could a sexy little maid be the master of the house?"

She giggled and then sat in the large love seat in the corner and crossed her luscious legs. The legs that I always enjoyed pleasing. But tonight, that was not to be. I could feel my cheeks start to burn with embarrassment as I turned and removed Toms suit coat. I felt so weak next to him. I have never had to look up to a man, and never as a woman but being 2 inches taller than me in my heels, really set me down.

I turned and hung up his coat in the closet, returned and removed his tie, and his shirt. If I thought Roger was masculine, then Tom was far above. It seems that he lifts weights, has a classic inverted triangle. His shoulders and chest were huge, hard and pumped. I looked up at him as I held his shirt and tie, and I just stared. He smiled, nodded and said, "Yes Diane, you can touch my chest. I know you will never have one like it and if things go as I presume they will, you never will want one like this."

I reached out, putting the palm of my hand on his chest. It was so hard, and his tiny nipples were hard. I could not resist. I leaned in and kissed each one softly. As I pulled back I was flushed and embarrassed that I had done that and quickly turned and hung up his shirt and tie next to his suit coat. His clothing dwarfed my male things in the closet. He was so masculine. I could not believe this was happening.

I returned to him and asked him to sit on the bed. He did, and I kneeled and started removing his shoes and socks. As I did this, he was talking to me.

"Diane, how do you feel right now. Do you feel like a woman? A maid?; Are you sexually excited? I bet you are. I bet your panties are very wet right now, on your knees in front of the man who will soon be making love to your wife, and not just once, but all night. Does that excite you?"

I was blushing; knowing that most of what he said was true. My panties were soaking wet and I could not believe that the story line in so many of my stories were now coming true.

"Yes sir, I do feel like a woman, and your maid. Yes, I am very excited and yes I can feel how wet my panties are. I am afraid of what will happen with my wife and you. I don't really want her to be with you sir, but I respect her as the Mistress of the house and as the maid, I have no other choice but to agree to the decisions she chooses to make. But yes sir, I am very excited that you will bring immense pleasure to my wife tonight."

End part 1