

Friday Night Maid Part 3

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On Friday she goes out with friends, he becomes the maid

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Friday Night Maid - Part 3 - by Diane Leonard [I walked towards his side of the bed, stood just out of reach. Took my models pose, leaned back, and said, "Good evening sir. May I stay here for a while? I have no place to sleep anymore." part 2 ending] With that, Roger got this huge smile, jumped out of bed and almost broke the door off as he closed it. He walked over towards me, stood about 5 feet away and began to take in the image. Walking over to me, his hands began to touch me softly. I stood there not sure what to do. His hands untied my sash, and opened the robe, exposing my exquisite baby doll. He used his fingers to touch my breasts, and test the flesh. His caressing brought my nipples to extreme protrusion and erectness, the nipples clearly visible thru the sensual material. "Yes sir, they are about as real as I can be. My wife told me that I was to be here with you tonight. That tonight, she and I were girlfriends and that she and her man would be together in the master bedroom and that I was no longer the maid but her girlfriend until tomorrow morning, and that I had my man waiting for me too. Roger, will you be my man. Please?" Roger smiled, slipped his arms around my waist and pulled me close. I looked at him, as his lips came towards me. My breathing quickened at the expectation of more. I raised my arms, put them around his neck and as our lips met, I exploded. My body rocked from it. Something inside blew up and not only trembled me, but filled my panties. I could feel the fluids start to run down my thighs a bit. The kiss was soft. His lips only barely touching mine as his arms and hands slipped around me and pulled me slowly into his soft tender embrace. My hands came to rest on the back of his shoulders, my fingers near the short hairs on the back of his neck. I could feel my breasts pressing his hard chest. Roger was no Tom, but he fit exactly what I liked in a man. He was artistically cute with boyish charm. My eyes were closed, and I was feeling like I had known him forever. I just relaxed and let my body go with the flow, and flow it did. I allowed my body to fold right into his, letting his arms and hands guide me to just how he wanted me. I was leaning back a bit I parted my lips slightly and he got the hint, and slowly inserted his tongue into my mouth. I took it, as his hands began to fondle my ass, pulling me tightly into his crotch. He was still only wearing his shorts, and it was very clear to me that he was very happy to see me. He began to softly rub it on my lingerie-clad tummy. I was truly happy right now. We stood there for what seemed like an eternity, but turned out to be only 15 minutes. We were like 2 teenagers at the movies. I am sure you remember those days. Young, innocent, so eager to explore and feel

things you have never felt before. When we came up for air, I felt so flushed. I lost my balance and caught the edge of the dresser to keep from falling, and Roger sat back and sat on the bed. His eyes glazed over. But I knew he was happy. The huge smile on his face told me. "Diane, I don't know what to say. You make me feel, well, so excited. You are a beautiful woman. Your breasts, thighs and how that baby doll fits you in just the right places." He reached out, caressed my cheek and then took my hand and led me to the bed and sat down and gently pulled on my hand. I swiveled and sat next to him. His eyes wandered from my eyes to my toes, stopping at all the good places in between. "Diane, I am so happy you are here with me now. Will you really be with me tonight?" Just as I started to say yes, we both heard a loud squeal from the master bedroom. We looked at each other, knowing what that meant and smiled. "I guess they are at it already Diane." With that, he moved in and kissed me again, his arms engulfed me and as we kissed, we both scooted up onto the bed, and I lay on my back and he moved next to me. I lay my head on his arm/shoulder, and as his lips descended upon mine; his free hand began to wander. Touching, caressing, stroking me in the most delightful ways. His kisses were soft, tender, yet masculine and wonderful. I felt so perfect in his arms, like it was destiny that I am there with him. It's not easy to describe the feelings his lips and fingers awoke in my body. His lips moved down my jaw line, and began to playfully tease my ears, neck and shoulder. I had never felt like this, and I never ever wanted to feel any other way My long painted fingernails softly stroked and teased his hardback. As his lips moved to my new breasts, I found that my fingers looked so perfect when resting and teasing his masculine skin and how delightful they looked as they ran through his hair, pulling his head into my breasts as he nibbled and sucked my now totally erect nipples. I closed my eyes and wondered what we looked like to anyone watching. I knew in my mind that if I were watching, I would find it totally erotic. I just reveled in the sensations his lips and fingers brought to my newly feminized body. There was nothing I wanted more than to feel him on top of me, as any woman would want her man. I found myself almost purring, little gurgles from my painted lips escaped as he delighted me in every way. As his fingers found my gartered thighs, I thought, its almost here, and I parted them, and allowed my man access to my womanly charms. To my total delight, his fingers treated my now pantied crotch as I anticipated he would any female he touched. His fingers were soft, tender, caressing, stroking, pressing softly, almost in unison with his hungry mouth suckling my now womanly breasts. I found myself wanting more and more with each touch, each kiss. My hips began to push my pantied crotch against his hand, pressing, moving, in tune to some internal counter that I never thought about. I could imagine the view, a man, laying next to a woman, his hand on her panties and her rubbing herself wantonly against his hand. I can't imagine how much more I could take before I had to have him, but I tried to restrain myself, but it was not working. I wanted him so much, I needed him, and there was no doubt. We spent over an hour with me on my back and him next to me, he was patient, loving, attentive, sensual, and just about anything and everything a woman could want in a man. But I could not wait. I found my hands urging him to move. Little pulls and urgings that he finally got the hint. He raised up again, softly kissing me on the lips. My arms now up around his neck and shoulders and as he moved his body, my legs parted wide my outside knee raised, and with slow, deliberate movements he let me know he was the man and

that I was now his woman. My parted legs now accepted my man between them and for the first time in my life, I had a male lover between my girlish legs, and I felt wonderful. My parted legs accepted his body between them. Like they had a mind of their own, the feet lifted and the legs wrapped around his upper thighs, toe hooking into his legs. I felt so perfectly content. His manhood was so hard, pressing against my panties as if it knew exactly what I really needed, and what he needed, and I was more than willing now to provide that service for him. I was ready, in mind, body and soul. There was no longer any doubt. His body pressed me down into the bed like I had always dreamed of it being. My arms were up around his neck, fingers in the short hairs of his neck, and my new breasts felt wonderful. I had never felt anything like this before. It was electric. His lips moved from mine, and he looked at me with such love. "Tonight has just begun baby girl." And with that his lips moved down my jaw line, little kisses to my ears. I started getting goose bumps. My entire body was on fire. Was this how women feel when a man does this? I was enjoying it all. My ears, my neck, shoulders and then he moved down towards my breasts. His lips and tongue flowed across my cleavage and found a way under the material. My legs released him and he started to slide down, his hands now working the cups down, and my new bare breasts with hard nipples appeared to him. "Diane, they are wonderful" and with that his lips and tongue began to explore my new flesh and extremely tender nipples. I could only gasp as his teeth began to nibble on one. I barely heard the screams and sounds from the master bedroom as Roger began to pleasure my breasts. My hand found his hair and began to move it as I watched him suck my breasts. It looked so right as my fingers moved his head this way and that, pulling him into me tightly. His hands caressing, squeezing, making them big and puffy for his lips and tongue to find and enjoy. I began to make little sounds. To my surprise they were so girlish. So feminine. Between gasps little mewls of terms of endearments and pleasure. Watching this masculine man toying with this body clad in all virgin white was amazing. He pushed up the bottom of my baby doll, exposing my panties and garters. He made no attempt at anything but licking along the elastic of my panties and garter belt straps. Softly, slowly, as if he truly knew what it was doing to me to feel and watch him. I lifted my head and watched as his masculine face and tongue moved slowly down my thighs, and to my feet and back up to my neck. I was quivering as he returned to my lips. He kissed me softly again and then lifted up and looked at me. "Diane, I have waited a lifetime for a moment like this. I feel so wondrously excited." I smiled and caressed his cheek. "Roger, please, make love to me. Make love to me now." As if on cue, another scream of pleasure from the other room. "Make me like that. I need you now, please Roger." With those words, I lifted myself up, and pressed my new breasts against his hard chest and kissed him. Aggressively, wantonly. He got the message. Clearly! His body responded firmly and as I had hoped. He pressed tightly against me, rubbing and pumping against my white panties as my legs now found their way around him again, and pulled him tightly to me, lifting my hips to press harder, if that were possible. As we pressed and rubbed, I managed to push his underwear down and off his body, leaving him totally naked. My right hand snaked between our bodies; I started to rub his manhood. It felt so good. I wanted to suck it, lick it, nibble it, but I could not wait for it to be inside of me. Licking and nibbling would have to wait. I needed it now. "Roger. I need it now. Please, don't wait." As I said it, I turned my head and looked at

the tube of lube that was on the nightstand. He followed my gaze, and knew that I wanted it. He lifted up, smiled, and reached for the lube. I watched as he stroked for me, looking at me with the lust, the desire, and yes, I think there was love there too. "Diane, I think that your first time will be easier if you are on your tummy or on your hands and knees." I remembered all of the videos and photos I had seen and fantasized about, and smiled at him. "Yes, I think you are right." I moved away, and as I got on my hands and knees, I remembered the mirrored wardrobe doors. They showed a woman, dressed in virginal white, on her hands and knees, looking in the mirror watching a very handsome man applying something to his engorged manhood. I watched as Roger wiped his hands and moved between my legs, his hands caressing my ass through the baby doll. I watched as he lifted the hem, exposed my panty-clad ass and softly rubbed. "Diane, this will hurt, I won't lie to you. I want you to know this is going to be done with love. I promise to be gentle." With that, his hands caressed my hips, and slowly pulled the panties down to the tops of my thighs, exposing my smooth, hairless behind. I had often delighted in the feel of slowly pulling my panties off, and feeling the elastic of the waist band move slowly down over my ass, but as Roger did it, it was like a million little sexual charges going off. He was deliberately, intentionally slow, allowing the soft material of my panties to slide erotically across my ass until they reached the cupping right under the cheeks of my ass. Not even reaching my thighs. I tried to speak, but I could not. I just watched as this man, MY MAN, slowly moved between my legs and took that magnificent lance and began to rub my body with it. I felt it pressing my virgin entry and I tried to relax. I pushed back, hoping it would slide in. I felt the stretching as it tried to enter my newly cleaned out womanhood. I was about to loose my virginity. I wanted to. I needed to. I wanted to give it to him. Suddenly, I felt him. With one push, he not only got the head into me, but because I was empty, he went all the way in. Totally! As his hips joined my full round ass, I screamed. Loudly. But, it was not me. It was high-pitched, girlish, and very high. I turned and looked in the mirror, and it was a woman. Her man starting to make love to her. Slowly, intently, smoothly. I began to giggle at the sight. Her pert breasts jiggling with each thrust of his love muscle. It was like watching a movie. A movie that I was staring in. I felt each movement and yet watched it intently in the mirror. I watched as his left hand ran from my hip along my side and began to caress the girl's breast, MY breast. I knew that this would not last long. The first one never does, but it was so glorious. His thrusts became more urgent. "Diane, I don't want to cum yet, but I can't stop myself. Oh, Diane, here, yes, yes... oh my gawd YES." And with that, he filled me with his wonderful seed. I watched as this man, filled his woman with his spunk. I felt the heat of his cum filling my tummy. I exploded inside like nothing I had ever experienced before. The heat ran from my breasts to my crotch. My panties filled with fluid. But it was so different than anything I had ever experienced before in my life. This was so internal. I collapsed on the bed, Roger falling with me, laying on my back, still impaled on his lance, our breathing ragged. How I loved feeling this. Feeling this handsome man on top of me. I could not wait to know what it would be like to be on my back and feel him on top of me, looking down into my eyes as he impaled me on his muscle. I would not have to wait long. As he regained his breathing, he began to kiss my neck, my ears and started caressing my arm and sides. "Diane, that was so wonderful. I have never felt anything like this in my life. I hope that it was as

wonderful for you." "Yes. I can't explain it but yes." I could hardly breathe with his weight on me but it was so delightful, I could manage. **** And so it started. I did things that night that I never thought I would dare to. We made love like two teenagers in heat. In fact, I guess we were mentally. I delighted in learning oral skills I had only dreamed about, and watching a man make love to me like I had never experienced before. There was something special about me getting out of bed, getting a warm wet washcloth and lovingly washing him, and then starting all over again. I so loved the experience of feeling his manly flesh in my mouth. How special he made me feel. There really is no way to describe the feeling. We had both discovered something that had been missing in our lives for longer than either of us ever thought. What we began at 1:15 am, we were still doing at 4:30 am. I was snuggled up under Rogers arm, my small breasts pressing his torso, my wig long gone and my natural longish below shoulder hair mussed beyond any recognizable style. I woke softly; with out the realization of what had happened for about 5 seconds, and it all came flooding back. A delightful smile crossed my lips. That taste, the smell, it had really happened. My body ached so delightfully. It was 6:30 am when I woke. I slowly moved away from him, trying not to wake him, and as I pulled the covers back, I was only wearing my cupless bra, garter belts, stockings, and well-soaked and stained panties. The panties mussed quite a bit, but still in place. The baby doll and robe long gone as I noticed them tossed on the armchair next to the bed. As I moved my legs over the edge of the bed, I looked in the mirror. Even in my totally messed up look, I only saw woman. She looked saited. Happy! Fully pleased. She had a smile that could only mean one thing. She WAS well and fully pleased. As I got up, Roger stirred a bit but did not wake. I walked over to the bathroom and as I turned on the light, I got a very big surprise. I found my black maids uniform, clean undies, a note and a Polaroid photo. I turned and closed the door, and I picked up the photo. It was taken sometime during the last couple of hours. It showed Roger and I. We were asleep, but not covered by the sheets. He was on his back, his arm extended, with my head on his shoulder/chest snuggled up tight my right hand holding his manhood. The photo showed a woman with her man, sleeping after a wonderful night of pleasure. I blushed thinking that my wife had come in and pulled back the sheets and took the photo of us, but my nipples again became engorged and sensitive as I looked again and again at this woman and her man asleep in bed. They looked so happy. I picked up the note. It read: "Dear Diane, You will make coffee and then bring it to my bedroom along with orange juice and toast at 8:30 am. You will knock, and announce yourself, asking permission to enter. For now, this is MY bedroom. I have a guest and you will address him as Master and myself as Mistress. I am the Mistress of the house and you are my servant. My personal ladies maid. And that is how you will behave today. You will be inspected and expected to appear totally female, as a maid should be. I have no idea what time my guest will leave, so be prepared to serve all day and tonight as well. Your guest is welcome to stay as well if he so chooses. He will carry visitor status. Not equal to Tom but you will obey. Mistress Susan PS, you and your friend looked so adorable at 5 am, I could not resist taking some photographs. I left one for you." I could not believe it. She had more photographs? What now? I examined myself in the mirror. My make up would need major repairs and my hair, well; I might be able to work something with it. My wig needed major work so I just would have to use my shoulder length hair. I spent the next hour

getting changed and fixing myself back up. New stockings, panties, and then slipped into my uniform again. The feeling of dressing in it, always thrilled me, excited me. I had never put it back on after a Friday night. This was a new, delicious feeling. I always loved the feel of new stockings slipping up shaved smooth legs, and how the tops gripped my thighs so tenderly, erotically. The way the stocking tops were always on display when I walked and moved in the uniform. They were only hidden when I stood up straight and did not move. My hands stroked the stocking covered legs and the Goosebumps were always there. It was such a wonderful feeling. The added tickles of the petticoat under the short uniform skirt just added to the attention distractions. I so loved being a woman, and now, after a night with Roger, well, part of a night anyway, I felt more womanly than I ever had before. My bare nipples rubbing against the material of my uniform were so sensitive from a night of Rogers playful loving; I felt every thread of the fabric. I fluffed up my breasts and made sure that they were all puffy to ensure the most cleavage visible in the low cut uniform. I wanted to show off as much as I could, especially for Roger. I finished off with a fluff of hair, since I left it down, I hopped my wife/Mistress would not be mad or upset. Hopefully she would understand why I did it this way. After examining myself in the mirror I was truly happy with the appearance. I turned out the light and opened the door. Roger was still asleep. It was 8 am, and I did have half an hour. I slipped out of the room and got the coffee going and laid out the bread and things I would need and then returned to my new lover. He was still asleep so I went into the bathroom, got a warm washcloth, pulled back the covers and as I caressed his flaccid manhood with my long painted fingers I began to wash his marvelous flesh. He stirred and started to fill from my attentive caresses. When he was clean, I leaned over and began to kiss his flesh. The warmth and attention of my lips and tongue woke him and his hands began to caress my head. I so loved his responses to me. We had only known each other for a few hours, but I felt like I had loved him forever. As I looked up into his eyes, I began to suck him in earnest and as expected he came with a rush and a low grunt, flooding my painted lips with his love. As he finished, I licked and then washed him clean, rose up, kissed him and explained what I had to do. I laid out his clothing on the foot of the bed and as I was going down stairs. I got the photo and gave it to him and kissed him. "We had visitors while we slept," and with that, I was gone to get my wife/Mistresses and her new lover and my new Master their coffee. It was 8:15 and I left and walked down to the kitchen and finished the tray held two cups of coffee, 2 glasses of juice, 4 pieces of toast, the Creamer, sugar, jam and silver wear. OH.. and with that I went to the garden, got a red rose from our bushes and came back, put it in a glass and with that, walked to the master bedroom door. I watched the hall clock and at exactly 8:30, I knocked, softly. "Mistress? Are you awake?" end part 3