Maid

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The truth is that she would never have married me if I was not passive. That is not to say that I was not a masculine man. I was, back then. I loved sports and I hung out with the guys. I was only interested in women. In fact, women were my weakness.

I enjoyed sex, but never so much as when I brought a woman to a climax. If a woman was early, that was enough for me. I would orgasm immediately. I even learned to use my tongue, and if I used my hand we could still cum together.

I think I have always worshipped women. My mother was beautiful and I adored her. Pleasing her was my sole objective growing up. I would fetch and carry for her. Her smile was enough for me. I was happily her servant. My father disliked this behaviour in me, and only tolerated it because it pleased his wife.

When I met Hannah I had found somebody that I could devote myself to. She was pretty and clever. The truth is that she was smarter than me, and had already established her own marketing business, where I continued in the marketing department of a large company.

We were married and our future looked to be a happy one. I told everybody that I had the perfect wife. She told everyone that she had the perfect husband – a generous lover and good around the house. But the truth is that I was a disappointment to her.

I did everything for her. And what I didn’t do I would have done. I brought her breakfast in bed on weekends. I polished and vacuumed. I would hurry home from work to cook a meal for her, and clean up afterwards. Whatever she wanted I would get it for her.

I thought that she would love me back as my reward, but instead I started to feel a distance growing between us. I remember I was painting her toenails once and she seemed happy that I would do this for her, but then I looked up and I saw a look in her eyes – almost contempt.

She started to make fun of me. She bought me a frilly apron. I wore it because she wanted me to. The she bought a full “French Maid” outfit and had me hang it in my wardrobe as a joke. Sometimes if I did something that she though was too subservient she would say: “Thank you Louise”.

Then I lost my job. There was a downsizing and I was expendable. It was a real blow for me, as others hired after me kept their jobs. My esteem was at an all-time low. It seemed like the only way was to re-double my efforts to please Hannah. After all, she was the breadwinner and all I could do was to support her and enable her to work well for both of us.

But she was not pleased. It was not the loss of my income that she disliked. It was because it was clear that I was a failure in my job. I thought that she might turn me out, her disgust for me was so obvious. I was so terrified of losing her that I cried a little. Just a little. I was still a man and not inclined to crying, but I let a few tears go.

She told me to put the French Maid outfit on. She saw me in it and laughed, but then she held me tightly in her arms and said: “Don’t worry darling. I would never lose my Louise.” I was so relieved that I shuddered.

She bought me some other clothing suitable for “Louise”. Dresses in black, blue and grey, with white collars and aprons. She told me not to cut my hair and to keep my face closely shaved. I had a white hair band which I should wear.

At this point I did not feel “feminized”, it was just that I was wearing cleaning clothes. Somehow I really believed that if I was dressed like this I could do a better job. It was as if all men cannot see a spot of dirt on something, when any woman can. Somehow dressing clean and smart gave me an eye for cleanliness. The fact that they were women’s clothes should have bothered me, but it didn’t. I felt that my wife treasured me. They were just my cleaning clothes.

She gave me pills to take. She told me that they were for my skin and hair, and they certainly seemed to work. My skin became soft and my hair silky. Of course, I am not so stupid that I did not work out what they were, but she wanted me to take them, so I did. I wanted to show her that whatever she wanted me to be, I would be that person.

We still had good sex, but increasingly I used my tongue. I suppose the pills may have been part of the problem, but I just never got as hard as I used to. I should have noticed that she craved penetration, but when you are at work down between the legs, you cannot see your partner’s face so well. It was only a matter of time before she would look elsewhere for satisfaction.

In the meantime, I still functioned as Louis outside home. I would dress normally and sometimes catch up with my male friends. We had my parents around. I think that my father could detect that I was, in his view, getting worse – becoming more passive and servile. In particular as my hair was getting longer and (as Hannah insisted) I was washing it every morning with special shampoo. It was far too soft and shiny, and I could see him staring at it. I would reassure my father by engaging him in debate on some sporting issue. That worked for a while.

Then Hannah brought Brad home. She had been out drinking after work and she was drunk. Brad was too, but less so. He had got her home, so I was grateful for that, but I was in uniform with my hair up. Until that night, nobody but Hannah had seen me dressed that way.

“This is Louise,” she said. “This is my maid I told you about.”

I expected a look of disgust from Brad, but instead the look I received was one of curiosity and perhaps even approval. I had thought to pull myself up to my full (by modest) height, and, despite what I was wearing, assert myself a 100% male. The idea was ridiculous. He just laughed and I was effectively disarmed. I just stood there, with my hands together at my waist, as if waiting for instructions.

“I think she could be really pretty,” he said. “Why don’t you let her be pretty?”

“Do you think so?” Hannah asked him, looking me up and down.

That night was one of the worst of my life. Not only did Hannah sit me down and put a full face of makeup on me and put curls in my hair, but she had me serve her and Brad and then wait in the living room while they had sex in our bed. I cried myself to sleep on the couch, but I did hear him leave in the early hours.

Hannah came to me in the morning. She told me that she was sorry. She said that she had too much to drink and Brad had charmed her. She lovingly removed my make up with cream. It was almost like the first time she had ever done something for me. We hugged each other. It was almost as if the night before had never happened.

As we ate breakfast together she said: “I think that Brad was right. You could be really pretty.”

“Do you want me to be pretty?” I asked. “If you want me to be I will do my best.”

This all sounds so stupid now. It was just that we had a moment that morning that assured me that everything would be OK. That all my misgivings about Hannah not loving me anymore were only imagined fears, and that we could stay together if only I could become the person she wanted me to be. A more beautiful person.

So, within a few days I had subjected myself to the facial treatments and the injections, and more pills. I gave no thought to the consequences. I just did what she asked.

I barely noticed the changes at first, except those I could not hide, like my chest and what was happening in my crotch. But my male friends noticed. They were puzzled and not friendly about it. The truth is that they were working and I was not. Most of them now had children or something on the way, and Hannah and I did not. I was just growing more distant from them. And being told: “You look like a fag” does not promote a lasting friendship.

My parents noticed too. My father seemed disgusted but not surprised, that I had dropped what seemed to him to be the last vestiges of my masculinity. He barely talked to me. He asked Hannah: “How can you live with a girly man like this?” But she told him that she loved me. That made the loss of my father’s respect bearable. She still loved me and that was all that mattered.

My mother was far more understanding. She encouraged me to “be the person you want to be”. With my father out of the room she suggested that if I wanted some ‘girl time’ we could go shopping together. Hannah agreed and offered to find me a dress that would fit so that my mother and I could go out together as two women. The only reason I did it was to be able to walk about without being stared at or abused.

It happened about a week later. It was the first time that I had ever left that house in women’s clothes. Hannah had found a dress, and under it I had her underwear with padding in the bra. And there was pantyhose, shoes with a slight heel, and a handbag with appropriate contents. I was well turned out, but terrified.

But I became increasingly comfortable and my mother and I had a great time. As I have said, I adored my mother and that day, I felt closer to her than ever. She introduced me to the assistant in the lingerie shop as “my new daughter, Louise”. This person seemed to understand and I was fitted for a new bra and gel inserts were provided “until you grow into the cups”.

We both had makeovers at the cosmetics counter and after that we had lunch together. My mother gave me tips on deportment and encouraged me to work lifting my voice to a higher octave. I could not have had a better teacher than my mother. She is without doubt the most feminine woman I have ever known. Hannah is more loud and aggressive, and I felt that I could not be that kind of woman.

I started to realise that everything that I adored about my mother I was now involved in. Her glamorous appearance was something that could not only be admired, but emulated. I had always thought that she carried herself with a certain style, and I now understood that. I also understood how a woman can be admired, from the point of view of a woman. I could feel people looking at me, and I imagined them to be thinking ‘that is one classy lady’. It was a lift. I was starting to win back some self-esteem, but a completely different direction.

When I got back home and put my maid’s uniform on, it was a real let down. It was like that movie “Maid in Manhattan” – I spent that day as a woman of class, and had to go back to a life as a servant.

After that I really looked forward to outings. If Hannah asked how the day went, I would tell her what I bought (she was paying after all) but I would not tell her how much I enjoyed myself. I never mentioned that fact that I had admiring glances from men, as well as women who like my style.

About two months after Brad had first appeared at our house she invited him back, for dinner. I served them both a wonderful meal, while I snacked on a little in the kitchen. Somehow this time it seemed so different from the previous time with Brad. Then I was a man without honor, now I was a woman who took pride in her appearance, as well as her housework.

I could not help but notice that my appearance fascinated Brad. I might even have been guilty of flirting with him a little.

When Hannah went to the toilet Brad asked me quietly: “Would you be willing to serve me and a few friends a lunch next week, at my house? It would be a private arrangement. Please don’t tell Hannah. And I would make it worth your while.”

I was pleased about the idea of making some money on my own, as I was basically dependent on pocket money from Hannah or money from my mother. Plus, I was pleased that Brad had recognised my talent and ability in the kitchen and around the house. I gave him information on how to contact me.

As before, Brad ended up having sex with my wife, but I was somehow more relaxed about it. I watched TV and painted my nails. Plus I knew that I had my own private arrangement with Brad.

A couple of days later I met Brad at his house to look at facilities. His house was huge and had all the modern conveniences. He had some suggestions for what we would eat. He gave me an envelope with some papers and cash, and instruction on when the guests would arrive the following Friday. There was more than enough cash for all the ingredients and he said I could keep the rest. He was very specific about what he wanted. That is the way I like it. If I am told I will not get it wrong.

I discovered later that inside the envelope with the recipes were some printed sheets titled “How to prepare for anal intercourse”. It had some suggestions for food the day before and instructions on how to prepare and enema using a hotwater bottle and a tube. And of course, a guide to dilating an anus and how to receive the real thing..

I was not sure whether this was intended for me, so I secretly called Brad at home. He told me: “After my guests leave next week I may want to reward you if you have done a good job, so follow the instructions. You will won’t you?”

I just said: “Yes sir.”

I did not tell Hannah anything about it. I loved her and I did not want to be unfaithful to her, but she had something going with Brad, so why couldn’t I have something as well? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for … the other goose.

And there was something about Brad that I liked. It was not just that he now looked at me in a way that made me feel good, but that he respected my skills and devotion. If he wanted to express his feelings for me in some physical way, then it seemed fair to allow him to do that.

This is not the first time in my story where I stop because you are in disbelief. What was I thinking? I am not sure that I was, much. I think that I was finding new pleasures and building confidence. An important part of that is to be desired. I guess I thought that if Hannah were to leave, it need not be the end of me.

Mid week I started on my high fibre diet, and after going to the toilet I used some candles that I had bought to do some dilation. Then on the Friday morning I went shopping and then took a shower and gave myself the enema.

I went around to Brad’s house and used the key he had given me. I dressed not in the maid’s outfit, but in a pretty sundress adding a frilly apron. I attended to Brad and his guests by making martinis just as my father liked his. I cooked the lunch meal and it was perfect. I served the meal, with a wine match, and that was perfect too.

I did hear one of the guests whisper: “Is the waitress a guy?”

Through the door I heard Brad reply: “Not just the waitress, but the cook too. Men make the best chefs, and this one also makes a great waitress, and housekeeper, and maid.” They all laughed, but I just felt proud that Brad thought I was so good at what I did. Hannah never complimented me like.

After lunch he saw the guests out and then came back into the kitchen where I was washing dishes, in my sundress and apron, and in heels that I knew made my legs look great. He came up behind me and whispered in my ear: “Have you done what you were told to do?”

I just said: “Yes sir. Clean as a whistle and oiled up.”

He was so strong that he lifted me easily and carried me to the bedroom. I just giggled. He lay me down with my knees on the floor and my chest on the bed. He lifted my skirt and pulled my panties to one side. I doubt that he even noticed my shrivelled cock and balls. He checked that I was lubricated with his finger. Then he stuck his cock in my ass. He went right up to the hilt and then started driving in and out.

He asked me whether I was liking what he was doing, and I said I was, even though I wasn’t. At least not then. But within a number of strokes I started to feel really good. Then I started to get excited and I began to make some noises. Almost animal noises, but I tried to keep them squeaky rather than grunty. That seemed more appropriate to my position. When he came in my ass I came too. Even though my penis was floppy and not so big, I ejaculated in my lacy panties. I had plenty to clean up afterwards. He went back to work and I let myself out after I was done.

He came around to our place on Sunday evening too. He was talking to Hannah but he was looking at me. I whispered to him in a private moment that I had given myself another enema after lunch that very day, when I heard he was coming. I could tell what he wanted.

After I had cleaned up fully following our dinner, Hannah received a call from a client who had just seen an item on the news with public relations consequence. I wish I had a hand in it, but it was chance. Brad said that Hannah should go back to her office to deal with it, and that he would be leaving as well. But after she drove off he came back. I opened the door for him and I kissed him on the lips. We ended up in a vigorous embrace in the hall. We went straight to the master bedroom and he fucked me again.

The following week he engineered for Hannah to be called away so we could do it again. But whether by accident or design she came back in the middle of our love-making. She burst in to see me underneath Brad, my dark hair out and around my face, my titties jiggling underneath me, her boyfriend impaling me and hooting with satisfaction. I just smiled at her. As she slammed the door behind her, Brad and I came simultaneously. It was the best ever.

So, I moved out leaving Hannah, and I moved in with Brad. I had some changes made to give him and option of two entry points, and we almost always make love face to face these days. But apart from that, l still do the cooking and cleaning and devote myself to keeping my man happy and satisfied.

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| He asks me to put on my maid’s uniform from time to time, which I am happy to do. He takes charge and I do whatever he wants me to do. I like it that.  I like it too, when he makes love to me. That is what I like to call it. He may call it something else. But when his inside me, squirting into me, it feels like liquid love.  I thought that Hannah was the love of my life, but I was wrong. She was just a step on the way to me meeting Brad – somebody who truly appreciates the real me.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019  Authors Note:  Last year I had a request from “Bobbi” to write a maid story. Then yesterday I read a maid story I loved by Dianna Young. So, this is for both of you. | https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/23/aa/d8/23aad8f022e69dc16fdc3804f4ae2899.jpg |

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