

Cross Dressing Tales by Saskia Slips

Part 2 -The Visitor



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Willem and Martha lay together while they recovered from their exertions. After a quarter of an hour, Martha got off the bed and stood surveying the room. "What a mess! And look at these wet panties!" she exclaimed. Willem didn't know how to answer, so he just looked at Martha in her slip. A damp patch on the slip was down to Willem, and there were two pairs of cum soaked panties on the floor, but what did she expect him to do about it? Martha dropped her slip and bra on the floor on top of the panties.

"This is a job for the maid," she declared.



"What maid?" asked Willem.

She crossed to the draw that Willem remembered containing some frilly petticoats. She selected some things from the drawer and announced, "My new maid. Willem - ina!" Before he could react, she produced a black and white maid's dress, some frilly white panties and a fluffy white petticoat. She handed these to Willem and ordered, "Go to the bathroom, wash your sticky cock, and put your uniform on, Wilhemina. In the top drawer, you'll find black stockings and a suspender belt."



When Martha said a Maid's dress, Willem imagined a black satin maid's costume, just like he had seen other trannies wearing online. This was a bit more modern. Although he had never worn a maid's costume, he was a little disappointed but the petticoats and lingerie would feel nice.



Willem usually didn't take orders from anyone, but this might be fun. So he went into the bathroom, removed his slip and stockings, and then the basque. He placed them to one side and then used the bidet to wash Martha's drying juice from his cock. Returning to the bedroom, he found Martha reclined on the bed.

She had removed her slip and retained just her black stockings and blue suspender belt. She lay on her back with her legs slightly apart. Nothing was hidden was Willem's view, not her glorious chest nor her hairy pussy. His cock was rising again.

Martha sat up and went into her offended mode, "Wilhelmina!" she scolded, " How can you perform your maid duties with that thing sticking out? Put on your suspenders and stockings, and then we'll do something about that!"

Willem selected a lacy white satin suspender belt from the drawer and put it on with a pair of brown seamed stockings. He was really rampant now. Martha climbed off the bed, gravity giving her large breasts a sensual and slightly pendulous swing. Rummaging in her drawers, she said,

"Let's get that clitty under control," as she pulled a pair of black Directoire knickers out of the drawer. "These are on the small side," explained Martha, "but they will hold your clitty in close."



Feeling that he needed to keep some control, Willem said, "No, it's a cock, not a clit!" "Are you sure?" she asked, "I didn't think girls had cocks."

"I'm not a girl; I am a man who loves female underwear."

"Well, I want a maid, and maids have clitties. But if you don't want to wear that maid's outfit ..."

"Okay, you win. It's my clitty, but can we cut the Wilhelmina stuff?"

"Of course, we can, Mina. Now, do you want your clitty strapped up or down? It is a very nice big clitty, by the way."



Accepting Mina as a minor victory, Willem allowed Martha to pull the big tight knickers up his legs. Tucking his clit upwards against his lower stomach. The knickers were rather old, and the satin had snags and runs, but they felt terrific on Mina's thighs and clit. They stretched from his waist to several inches below his stocking tops.

"That'll keep you from showing off your tentpole, Mina. Now put on your silky ruffled panties."

Mina pulled the lovely panties on; they reminded him of Betty Gable's maid's outfit in the movie "My Blue Heaven". He wished he could feel them on his clitty, but the Directoires prevented that, although they were fabulous to touch.

Martha handed Mina a skimpy white bra that just fitted his masculine chest but had small cups that held his little man-tities very well. Obviously not Martha's, he thought.

"We need to fill those, we will have to use stockings for now but we need something better."

She rummaged around in her stockings draw and pulled out some spare stockings and pushed them into the loose cups.

"That will do for today."

Mina's bra cup's now took on a much better shape.



Then the petticoats, firstly a smooth satin slip with a lacy hem.

"Sit down!" ordered Martha, pushing her dressing table stool towards Mina. Martha stood behind, and as she reached around to pick up her make-up paraphernalia from the dressing table, her breasts rubbed against Mina's back and neck. Mina luxuriated in the caress of Martha's nipples and made no protest while Martha applied lipstick and eyeshadow to her maid.



“Now your maid’s petticoat.” Martha fluffed a creamy white petticoat that a lot of volume.

From somewhere, she produced a wig, which completed Mina's transformation and a pair of low brown heels.

“These were my sister’s shoes, I think they might fit better than my heels.”





“I want to check your seams, turn round, Mina.”

Mina turned the other way. Hmm, lift up your petticoat.”

“Not bad, I think you have worn my seams before, they are nice and straight.”

Mina smiled and dropped her petticoats back down.



Martha took the maid's black and white dress off the hanger and unzipped the back. She helped Mina into the dress and pulled up the zipper for her. The petticoats were a mass of frills.

"Now, Mina! Get this place tidied up and sort out my undies for washing. After all, you made them all wet and sticky, and you've always shown an interest in my washing," ordered Martha. "Don't worry; you'll be well rewarded." Mina got to work. She was a little resentful at first, but she loved the maid's outfit, especially the feel of the petticoats, which, despite her two layers of panties, were exciting her cock, no, her clitty!

While the maid got on with her housework, Martha got dressed again. Retaining her stockings, she added a deep suspender belt, matching black bra and panties and a lace-trimmed black slip. Mina was hard as a rock again, and the constraining knickers were simultaneously both exciting and a little painful. Martha left the room.

Willem, couldn't give a sod about tidying up, but he decided to humour Martha. He loved the maid's clothes but not her duties. Martha had other ideas. She returned to the room and announced, "Mina, you dirty, lazy tart, if you don't do a good job, I will flog with my riding crop!" Mina didn't like the sound of that and wondered what he had gotten himself into. This cross-dressing and shagging Martha was fantastic, but he didn't want to get into S&M. Then Martha purred, "But good maids get rewarded with a good fucking. Tell me, Mina, have you ever been fucked in your sissy cunt?" It took Mina a second to realise that Martha meant her arse.



"No, never," said Mina, with a touch of indignation.

"So, you're a sissy virgin!" exclaimed Martha. "We'll have to do something about it. It was always the master's privilege to deflower the maids. You have a mistress, not a master, so I suppose I'll have to do it."



Mina almost went into panic mode; what had she gotten into? Then she noticed a tent pole in Martha's lovely black slip and what looked like the tip of a penis showing under the lace trim of the hem. Mina was confused, excited and a little afraid. She realised that Martha had a strap-on cock over her black panties.

It had meant to have been an illicit wanking session with Martha's undies, but it had gone crazy. Mina had gotten in deeper than she had ever wanted to. She had had fantastic sex and been dressed in wonderful feminine garments that alone would have brought her to orgasm. That was a dream come true, but being buggered had never been on Mina's bucket list.



However, it didn't look like Martha would take no for an answer. "You need some training Mina. You'll thank me later, my dear," said Martha. "Now bend over."

Mina lent over the bed and could feel her dress and mass of frilly petticoats being pushed up her back to expose her white slip. Martha ran her hands over the thin silky slip. Mina could feel her clitty getting hard again under all the layers of nylon

Suddenly her white slip was yanked down to expose her frilly satin knickers. Then the two pairs of knickers, the pink satin French knickers and the black directoire knickers were yanked down as well, exposing Mina's clitty and virgin bottom. Mina felt Martha dollop a load of something cold and creamy on her arse. Thank God for that thought, Mina, lubricant!

Martha reached around with one hand and took hold of Mina's clitty, which was hard as iron despite her frightened state. Mina liked that. With her other hand, she guided her plastic penis into Mina's bum.

It hurt, but not as badly as she had expected, and because Martha was wanking his clit in time with her anal thrusts, it was a captivating cocktail of pain and pleasure. Mina came in a very few minutes, all over

Martha's hand. Martha withdrew, and Mina dropped into the chair while Matha licked Mina's spunk off her fingers. Martha bent down and kissed Mina's clitty.



Stroking Mina's face, she gently said, "Well, you've had a surprising time today. I'm sure you've enjoyed it, but I sense you resent the loss of control. Would you like to assert your dominance by pissing on me?" That was going too far for Mina. "No, thank you! Let's shower together and clean each other up?"

So, that was Willem's introduction to Martha's world. She was obviously very experienced, and that included cross-dressers. Willem realised that she had been pushing the boundaries to find out how far he would go as Mina.

Over the next few weeks, Willem visited Martha as often as he could. There was no repeat performance of their first full-on encounter, but Mina was treated to some quick blow jobs in panties and the occasional fuck in a silky slip, stockings and lacy panties.

One weekend, Willem was asked to stay clear as Martha had some personal business to attend to. Of course, Willem kept a close eye on Martha's house and saw that she was entertaining three ladies of similar age to herself. The curtains were closed all weekend, except on Saturday afternoon, when Willem saw them, all go out together in a car. He risked a quick visit, using his spare key. A quick survey released nothing more unusual than a relatively large amount of lingerie lying about, and only one bed, Martha's extra-large bed, appeared to have been slept in.



On the following Monday, Willem asked Martha how her weekend went. "Oh, very well," said Martha, "we had a lovely girls' weekend. Maybe Jane will join us next time?" The idea that his wife would join in a lesbian orgy weekend was beyond Willem's comprehension. Before he could reply, Martha said, "Jane told me she is away Wednesday night at her sister's." Willem had been about to bring the subject up himself, but Martha had beat him to it. "You must come for dinner. Would you like to stay the night?"

Obviously, Willem said, "Yes!" And Wednesday evening, he turned up at Martha's door right on time. Willem was dressed in his smart/casual man clothes. Martha was dressed in a button-fronted floral dress, with a hint of lace showing beneath the hem and seamed stockings with dots. "Do come in," she said, "Let's get you dressed properly before my other guest arrives."

"Other guest!" stuttered Willem.

"Yes, my sister Simone. She's looking forward to meeting Mina. Don't worry; you're not the maid this time."





With that, Martha led Willem upstairs to her bedroom. Mina's outfit was laid out on the bed. Black sheer stockings, a lacy black suspender belt, black French knickers, a black bra with a set of breast forms (where had they come from?) and a black nylon half slip with deep lace edging. Then there was a typical little black dress. Martha ordered Willem to strip completely. He did so without hesitation and stood there with a rampant cock in his excited anticipation.

"Oh, dear," sighed Martha, "That's got to go."



With that, Martha reached down and put her hands up her skirt. She pulled down her white lacy panties and stepped out of them. Bunching her panties in her right hand, she used it to take hold of Willem's cock and commenced to stroke it firmly. Then she knelt and took the tip of Willem's pantie-covered cock between her lips, and suddenly, Willem wasn't erect anymore!

Wiping her hand clean on the soiled panties, Martha helped Willem become Mina, first the suspender belt, then the stockings, knickers and bra. And for the first time, the breast forms in the bra. Mina thought that the silky black French knickers trimmed in white lace were wonderful. She was getting stiff again as she pulled the big knickers up over her sheer black stockings and growing stiffy.



Then the black half-slip.





Martha had found some suitable black shoes. Mina slipped on the heels.



Mina put on the black dress, it had a lovely lacy black top, the bra showed through the lace on the shoulders. Martha added a white pearl necklace.

“That will break up the whole block of black colour.”



"Sit down, and I'll sort out your make-up."

Martha applied it with more attention than before, and then a brown wig appeared. Mina was delighted at how she now looked, so femme and so pretty.



Mina was amazed at the transformation when she saw herself in the mirror. She was quite the lady. The dress really suited her.



Martha and Mina went to the kitchen. Martha got a bottle of white wine from the fridge and opened it. Mina was acutely aware that Martha had no panties on. Soon there was a knock at the door. Martha answered it and let Simone in. Simone was introduced to Mina. Martha's sister was obviously the younger sibling by several years.

She was also of a lighter build but about the same height. She had medium-length auburn hair and wore a navy-blue pleated skirt with a very lacy, sheer blue blouse that showed a dark coloured and well-filled bra. She was also wearing black tights and pink high heels. Was there a hint of lacy slip, peeping out from under her skirt?



Although Martha had not mentioned it, but Mina fully expected this gathering to turn into a threesome. The idea of sex with two women had Mina getting very excited again. Mina also knew that Martha would get the action going very soon.

Mina could not help noticing Simone's pink high heels and a lacy blue slip peeping out from under her navy-blue pleated skirt. Mina was starting to get hard at the thought of playing with another slip lover.

Simone sat next to Mina while Martha served the white wine, in very generous quantities. Simone's arm was soon around Mina's shoulders, and Marth's sister seemed very interested in Mina's new tits.





Martha stood up in front of the other two. She unbuttoned her dress and threw it back on her chair. She stood there in her light brown full slip for all to admire, especially Mina, who remembered that Martha had no panties on. "Come on, you two, let's see your slips," demanded Martha.

They needed no more prompting. Simone and Mina were on their feet in a flash, and almost as quickly, their dresses and skirts were off. All three stood in a close circle in their silky slips. Mina's black slip had a tent now too.



Mina noticed that Simone's half slip was navy blue with a very lacy split that revealed lacy blue stocking tops, not black tights, and a suspender strap. Simone had a large cleavage and a very lacy blue bra that was a perfect match for her slip. It was a beautiful set of matching lingerie and very sexy. Mina also noticed a distinct tent in Simone's slip. That must be a strap-on, Mina thought, remembering her initiation with Martha.



Martha stepped behind Mina and pulled her French knickers down to her knees.



Then she pulled Mina's slip up so she could get hold of Mina's rampant clitty. She held it out, and Simone dropped to her knees and took Mina's clitty into her mouth. Simone certainly knew how to give a blow job. Mina was in heaven with two attractive mature women working on his cock/clitty. Simone's tongue was caressing Mina's balls and then switching to the tip of his bell-end before taking his whole penis into her mouth. Martha's handheld Mina's knob at just the right height for Simone's decisive sucking action.

A worry about Simone's strap-on slightly tempered Mina's ecstasy. Where was that going?





Simone's work on her clitty suddenly produced the expected result, and Mina came in a flood of white juice that filled Simone's mouth to overflowing. Simone stood and embraced Martha. Martha kissed her sister full-on, and Simone passed some of Mina's semen over to her. Both sisters stood before Mina, with Mina's spunk dripping down their chins and onto Martha's slip and Simone's bra. Mina couldn't believe that she was getting hard again so quick.



Simone announced, "My turn!" and stepped out of her half-slip to reveal her very loose-fitting gold and navy-blue French knickers. French knickers with a big tent pole. Martha pushed Mina down onto her knees. Simone pulled her right knicker-leg to one side, and to Mina's amazement, a massive penis fell out. No strap-on, pure man-meat. Mina then remembered Martha saying she had a cross-dressing brother; hello Simon!

No time to think. Simone's monster clitty was in her mouth. Mina was so excited that she eagerly sucked and slurped on Simone's member. From the corner of her eye, she could see that Martha had collapsed back onto the sofa and was frigging her exposed cunt with her hand. Mina cupped Simone's balls and licked the tip of the penis before sucking it back into her mouth. The lace of Simone's French knickers was caressing her cheek. Mina was hard yet again!

Simone's load of hot spunk exploded into Mina's mouth just as Martha sprayed her lady juice over the sofa. Mina dropped back onto the carpet, and Simone fell back into a chair. Simone's juices followed down Mina's chin and onto her slip. She had never felt so naughty and so excited before. It was not their last session that night. It was a very sore Willem that limped home on Thursday morning.

The End of Part 2

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