

Cross Dressing Tales by Saskia Slips

Part 3 -The Girls night in



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Willem and Martha continued their cross-dressing games whenever they could fit them in with Martha's shifts. That was providing Martha wasn't holding a girls' night. A new development was that Willem's wife Jane had become friendlier with Martha and often went to Martha's house in the evenings for an hour or two. But, again, never on a girls' night.



Willem was convinced that "girls' night" was a euphemism for "lesbian orgy". He wondered if Simone was invited to the girls' nights. He was also curious about what happened when Jane made her visits to Martha.

One Tuesday, Jane announced that she was going to visit her sister in Dorset at the weekend. She didn't ask if Willem wanted to accompany her because Willem and her sister detested each other. Willem could hardly wait to tell Martha they would have the weekend free for girlie games. "Well, I have the weekend off, but my lover, I have arranged for a few girlfriends to come over. So, sorry, Willie (God, how he hated being called that), no frilly action this weekend."

Martha's weekend started on the Friday evening when three cars arrived and parked outside her house. The lights burned late that night, although there was little noise. In the morning, as Jane was preparing to leave for Dorset, Martha called round. She was dressed casually, which meant tight jeans and a T-shirt, which was quite a sight over Martha's ample chest and behind. "I have to call into work for a few minutes to return some keys," she announced. "Would you like a lift to the station, Jane?" Jane readily accepted the ride and went off with Martha. About half an hour later, Martha returned, and Willem noticed she drove straight into her garage but thought nothing of it.

Willem had a quiet Saturday and rather regretted that all his feminine clothing was kept at Martha's house. He was curious about the goings on next door but resigned to being excluded from the "real" girl's night. For all Willem knew, they could be quite innocent gatherings. Although he very much doubted that.

That evening at about 10 o'clock, there was a knock at the door. It was Martha. She was wearing a lacy black skirt, a sheer black blouse and what were probably red stockings.





Her breasts were straining against her dress, only held in by a lacy red and black bra. She was also wearing what looked like a black lacy corset. The red and black lingerie showed right through her sheer black blouse. She was exuding sex, as usual. There was alcohol on her breath, but she appeared to be in perfect control, as usual. " I need a big favour, Willem, my love," she began.

Willem's heart flipped over. Now what! Well, he was sure it would be interesting, probably humiliating and undoubtedly exciting.

Martha rushed into her request. "The bloody silly maid is pissed! I got her from an agency and can't get another tonight. I need help from Mina. I'll make it worth her while. There's a lot of fun to be had, and the maid was just about to start the party games. You'll love it, I promise."

Willem was burning with curiosity, but, as usual, Martha had him worried. He was going to agree, but Martha was now running a hand over the front of his trousers, her idea of encouragement. It worked, of course, and Willem let himself be led off to Martha's house.

They entered by the front door. The noise level suggested everyone was in the lounge at the rear, and Martha led Willem up the stairs to her bedroom. Lying on the bed was a voluptuous young lady with long blonde hair and wearing a skimpy black French maid's uniform with very frilly white petticoats and panties. She was also wearing black stockings and suspenders. She appeared to be very sleepy. As Martha began to remove the girl's stockings, she began to explain.

"We were about to play Stick Something in the Dyke, and one of the girls, Jane, has drawn tongue. But before she could stick it in this dyke, the dyke collapsed!"

"When we go down, Jane will be blindfolded, so you'll be a big surprise for her." Martha was now reaching under the girl's skirt to remove her frilly panties and suspender belt; as she did so, she muttered something about a double surprise. Before Willem could ask what she meant, she was indicating that he should strip off and get into the maid's clothes.





Removing the maid's dress was surprisingly easy because the girl suddenly seemed to have recovered from her excess of alcohol and was cooperating in removing her clothes. Martha handed Willem a pair of breast forms as the girl handed over her bra. The girl was now naked but didn't seem to care. She helped Martha dress Willem as he became Mina once again. First were the lacy suspenders, stockings, and then the panties, which Willem found delightful to touch. Mina was getting excited, but Martha discouraged this with a sharp backhand across his erect penis. "Control yourself, girl!" snapped Martha, "you'll need your strength soon." Mina winced and, with the help of the naked girl, Kathy, got her petticoat and dress on. Kathy smoothed the uniform into presentable order.

"Come on," said Martha as she led the way down the stairs. She called ahead to announce their imminent arrival. In the lounge were six women, some in skirts and blouses and some just in their lingerie. Not all generic women, because Mina saw that Simone, Martha's cross-dressing brother was one of them. Simone was a redhead this evening.



She wore a dark blue bra with gold lace trim and a matching half-slip. A lacy blue stocking top was visible in the slit of her slip. Simone appeared a magnificent bosom. Mina was getting stiff in her maid's costume.





Sat next to Simone was a lady in a frilly pink petticoat with brown stockings; her breasts were fully exposed. Her hand was up Simone's slip whilst Simone played with her breasts.



Two more women were near the sofa, one standing in a red half-slip and black bra. The strap of a lacy suspender belt showed through the wide lace of her slip. She was admiring her friend on the sofa, playing with her slip that was peeping out from under her skirt.



This lady was curled up in the sofa, wearing black leather boots and a black pleated slip. A yellow slip with a wide lacy hem could be seen caressing her sheer black hosiery. Mina wondered if she was wearing tights or stockings. She suddenly stood up.



Her friend lifted her red slip to show her frilly black knickers and stocking tops.



The lady in the black skirt and yellow slip leant over her friend and pushed her red slip up higher. As she did so her skirt rode up exposing her yellow slip. She was wearing stockings and suspenders, not tights.

They were very engaged with each other's breasts.

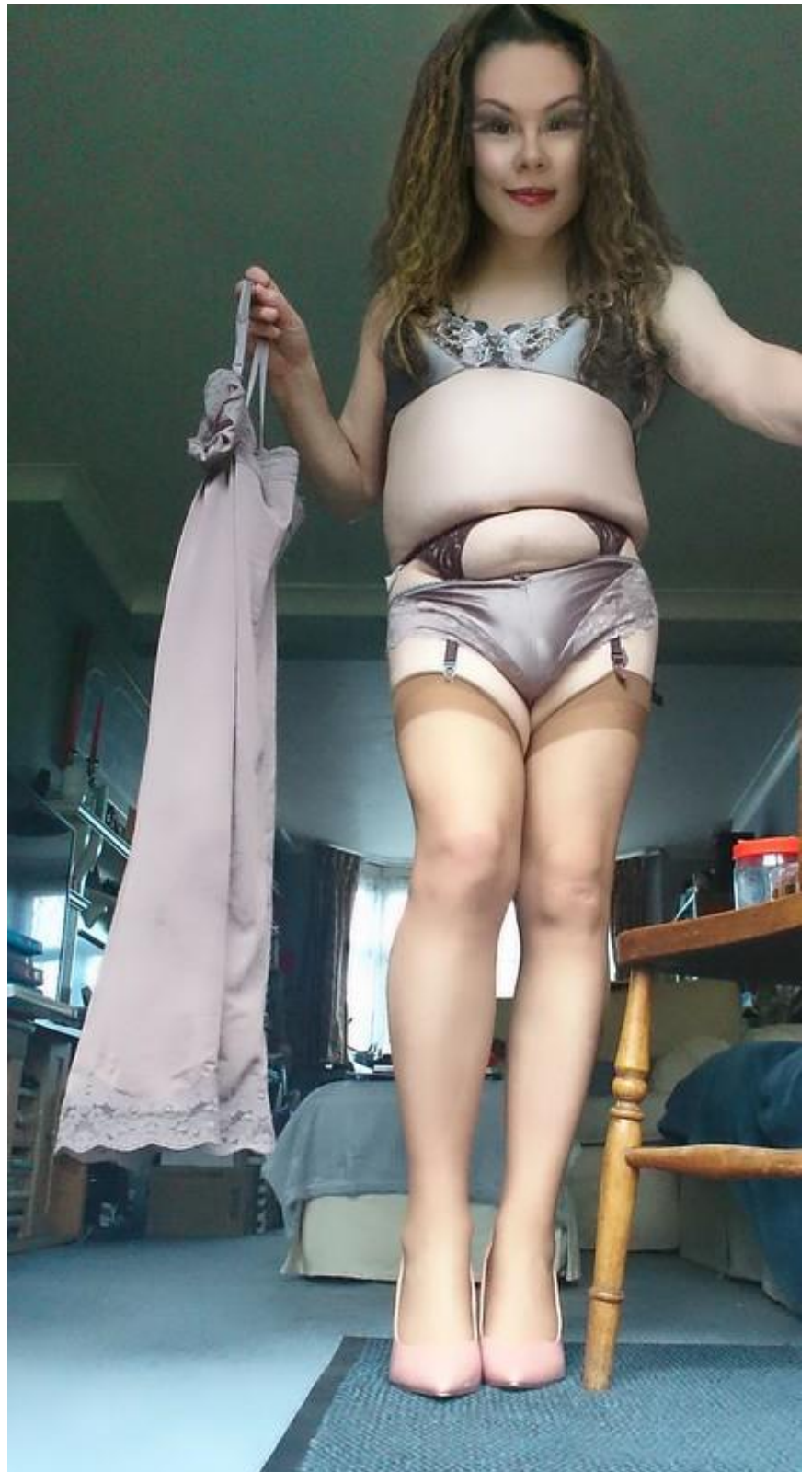


She must have felt over dressed as she then took off her blouse and skirt, looked at Mina, smiled and turned back to play with her friend's breasts. As she did so she pulled the black panties to one side and shoved her fingers in her friend's pussy. There was a squelching sound.



The other two women were an interesting sight. The first was standing a brown full slip and pink heels. Mina was not sure if she was bare legged.

She then took off her slip to reveal that under the slip she was wearing brown bra and panties with brown fully fashioned stockings attached to her suspender belt. She dropped the slip and put her hands were resting on the shoulders of the room's final occupant.





She was kneeling with her back to her companion. Her head was covered with a pink satin hood, which may actually have been a pair of bright pink knickers. Around her neck was a dog's collar, and the attached chain lead led to her companion's wrist. Her pendulous breasts were bulging out of her pink satin bra, and she was wearing a short pink slip over brown dotty stockings. This had to be Jane, the initiate to Martha's clan. Mina thought that she looked disturbingly familiar. A thought quickly dismissed as too fantastic.



Martha now removed her own dress to reveal a black lingerie was not a basque but black camiknickers, She wore this with red stockings and suspenders.

Martha and the naked Kathy manoeuvred Mina in front of the kneeling Jane. Standing on Mina's right, Martha took hold of the masked woman's left hand and held it against her vagina. She solemnly announced, "Now is the time to complete your initiation into our sisterhood. Now is the time to stick your tongue in the dyke. Tongue the maid's cunt."



With that, Martha lifted the panty hood just enough to expose Jane's mouth. As she did, Kathy quickly pulled Mina's blue panties down to her knees. Martha was guiding the woman's head forward. The woman's tongue was licking across her lips, and Kathy's shoulder pushed Mina forward.

The woman stretched her tongue out and touched the tip of Mina's very masculine clit. She tried to pull back, but Martha firmly pushed her head forward. She closed her mouth, and Mina's clit pushed into her lips. Martha was dripping with excitement.

The woman relaxed her lips, and Mina's penis slipped into her mouth. The woman's tongue began to explore the end of Mina's prick and to suck on the end. Her hesitation quickly evaporated, and she began to suck with enthusiasm.





Martha pulled down her black cami-knickers to reveal her red and black panties and bra. The fingers of Martha's left hand plunged into her own cunt. She took half a pace forward and pulled the panties off the woman's head.



This wanton slut Jane was his Jane, Willem's wife, Jane! Prim and proper Jane who had given up on sex years before. Willem was surprised beyond belief. He had suspected that Jane might be playing Martha's games, but he had thought her to be in another county tonight and had never imagined her indulging in fellatio. But Willem was too far gone in ecstasy to think too much of anything besides the welling juice in his balls. Jane was perplexed. Her mind was clouded by overwhelming sexual excitement, and from her position, on her knees and so close to Willem that she was not entirely sure of who she was looking at.

The others in the room were entranced by the sexual electricity between Jane and her cross-dressed husband, Willem/Mina. They had lost interest in caressing each other and were masturbating furiously as Mina exploded into Jane's mouth.



Simone came at that exact moment and shot a stream of spunk across the room. Martha collapsed to her knees and took Mina's dripping cock as Jane fell back. She took a long lick along Mina's cock and said, "Now you two are playing again; you won't forget your friends, will you?"





"No chance of that," said Jane as she stood up and embraced both Mina and Martha. Jane continued in a credible Bogart impression, "This could be the start of a beautiful friendship."

The End of Part 3

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12th April 2023

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