

The Maid

I had just graduated from high school and, the job market being what it is, I wasn't having much luck finding a job. But my mother told me one day that her friends Marianna and Thomas were looking for a live-in maid. Working through a regular agency would be too expensive, they said, but they didn't want to hire someone they couldn't trust, so they asked whether my mom knew anyone. She immediately thought of me, so I was soon at their house, being interviewed for the position.

I didn't really know them very well. Come to think of it, my mom and dad didn't know them very well either. But they were respected professionals with good incomes, so even if they didn't want to pay top dollar, I figured I could do better than minimum wage. They both seemed very nice right from the beginning of the interview, so I quickly felt at ease.

"We're both very busy with our jobs," Marianna explained, "so we really don't have time to do household things. Are you comfortable with cleaning?"

"Oh sure," I said. "I always clean up around my own house. The only difference is that now I'd be getting paid for it!"

They laughed. Then Thomas continued, "Can you cook at all?"

I frowned. "Well, only really basic stuff: burgers, steaks, spaghetti, chicken --"

"That's perfect!" he interrupted. "We're not looking for a fancy chef. When it comes to dinner, we just want someone to cook and then clean up afterwards."

"As long as I get to eat some too, I'm fine with that!" I said.

They chuckled again. "Let's talk about your wage. We were thinking" The amount she mentioned made my jaw drop.

"Oh, that's... that's what? Per month?"

"No, no, dear. That's what we want to pay you per week." It was well over four times what I had hoped for at best. She continued, "And, of course, we would also give you your own room and as much as you'd like to eat, free of charge."

I forced myself to shake the look of shock off my face and said, "That ... that would be fine. So, I have the job then?"

Then there was a pause, while they looked at each other. I thought they were subtly signaling each other whether I had the job – although I did catch something odd in their expressions. Finally, Marianna looked back at me and said, "There's one more thing. We've heard a few things about you."

"What kind of things?" I asked, worried. I tried to remember anything I had done that might concern them about a potential maid. I couldn't think of anything.

"You see," Thomas took over, "your mom talks about you a lot, somewhat indiscreetly if you don't mind my saying so" (I blushed, but he continued), "and as a result Marianna and I think you have some special ... qualifications for this job."

"What qualifications?" I asked warily.

Marianna looked me right in the eye, and said evenly, "We want a maid and a cook. But we also want a 'house-slut': someone who will service Thomas or me, or both of us, sexually – whenever and however we want it. Your mother complains that you are promiscuous – although she always adds, 'Thank God she at least makes the guys use condoms!' " She chuckled at her own imitation of my mom, before concluding, "So you sound perfect to us."

I stared at them blankly. "You want a ... did you say 'house-slut'?"

"Exactly. But you ALSO have to do cooking and cleaning. Are you interested in the job?"

I collected my thoughts for a moment, then said, "Isn't this illegal?"

"Quite Of course, if you run and tell anyone what we've said --"

"I wouldn't," I blurted out. And I knew that I meant it, although I wasn't sure yet why.

"Good, but if you did it would be your word against ours. And if you record yourself having sex with us without our permission, we'd just say, 'We pay her as our maid, and she voluntarily fucks us. There is nothing illegal about that.' Oh, and it's now a felony to tape someone having sex without their permission." Somehow, while saying all this, Marianna managed to keep smiling in the most pleasant way, as if she were explaining how she wanted me to clean her clothes. "So," she said, still smiling, "do you want the job?"

I seemed to be having an out-of-body experience while I heard my mouth say, "Yes."

I was so nervous my first day at work that I was trembling. Marianna was at her office, but Thomas was doing some paperwork at home, so he took some time out to show me where the cleaning supplies were, and to discuss dinner. In a few minutes his charming manner and winning smile had me completely relaxed. He went to work in the den. I cleaned, I organized a few bits of clutter, I cooked, and after Marianna got home I had the most delightful dinner with the two of them, who joked and bantered with me and with each other. They were obviously tired after dinner, so they sat with their arms around each other in a recliner and watched TV while I cleaned up. By the time I was done, they were both asleep. I turned off the TV and went to my room, setting my alarm for when I knew they both had to be up in the morning. Then I went to sleep. The next day I felt happy and energized as I made them breakfast. This time Thomas went into the office while Marianna planned to work at home. As I cleaned up the dishes, I started to think that the last part of my job interview had been some weird practical joke. Maybe they just wanted to see if I have a sense of humor? They did like to tease each other a lot. Yes, that was probably it. They probably figured I was just playing along. Whew!

I headed into the family room, planning to vacuum it, when I was startled by Marianna's sharp voice behind me. "Caroline!" she barked. "Get over here!"

I turned around and scurried over to her. What had I done? I wondered. Had I knocked over something valuable while I was cleaning? I didn't think so. I had been so careful! Oh, I couldn't lose this great job after just one day!

"Did I do something wrong?" I sputtered. "I'm sorry if I --" I didn't even see Marianna's hand come up and grab my hair, but I sure felt it when she jerked me to my knees in front of her. She was wearing a cute, short, pleated skirt, which she quickly hiked up, revealing her bare, shaved pussy. I barely got a glance at it before she shoved my face into her crotch and angrily ordered, "Lick it! Lick my pussy!" I was too startled to do anything at first, so she tightened her grip on my hair and brutally rubbed my face against her hairless mound. "I said LICK IT, you bitch!" I finally got the idea, and started tonguing her moist, open slit. (I'd never eaten out another woman before, but there was no time for me to be shocked about THAT. And objecting didn't seem like an option anyway.) After a moment, she said, "Stick out your tongue, long and hard, and tongue-fuck me!" I complied, and she jerked my head back and forth, completely indifferent to my comfort, as if I were just a face with a dildo attached. I could barely breathe, so I was grateful when she said, "Now flick my clit with your tongue!" Her voice was less angry now, but more guttural. If the pussy cream all over my face and running down her thighs didn't tip it off, I could have told by her voice that she wouldn't last long. I danced the tip of my tongue over her clit, quickly pushing her over the edge into a screaming orgasm, during which she pulled my hair even harder than before.

When she was through, we were both panting, and her legs were trembling. She released her grip, and then stroked my hair to smooth it. I looked up at her and was surprised to see that lovely smile I was used to. She leaned down and kissed me softly on the lips, then affectionately gave my cheeks a couple of quick licks, before saying, "That was VERY good Caroline! I knew we picked the right girl for the job! Oh, and you've been doing terrific with the cleaning and cooking too!"

Not knowing what else to do, I nodded and said, "Thanks."

"I'm going to go clean up, and then I have to get down to some work. Why don't you do the same."

"Okay," I replied, still in a daze. I had a very intense feeling of some kind on the way to the downstairs bathroom, but I couldn't identify it at first. Fear, outrage, disgust; No, it was lust, Intense lust. The wetness between my legs was very evident. Marianna must have sensed it, because I heard her voice behind me again, this time very gentle, asking, "Are you horny, Caroline?" I looked back at her and nodded. God, she's going to fuck me, I thought. I'd never had a girl before, but I was so horny I'd let anyone eat me right now. But she said, "Don't worry. I'm sure Thomas will want you when he gets home." With that she smiled and headed toward the upstairs bathroom. The rest of the day up to dinner was utterly bizarre – precisely because it was so normal. I did all the things I had done the day before, and when I ran into Marianna in the house she was the smiling,

pleasant woman who had interviewed me, not the lust-crazed dyke-dominatrix who used me like a dildo with legs. Dinner began with similar to the joking and banter of the night before, and I again found myself feeling very at home. Near the end of dinner, though, Marianna smiled at Thomas and said, "Marianna did a great job today, Thomas."

"Yeah," he concurred. "The food is great and the house already looks much cleaner!"

Then Marianna said, "No, I meant that she has a tongue like an aardvark."

She and Thomas laughed at this, and at first I just blushed, but then I found myself laughing too. As the laughter died down, Thomas smirked at Marianna and said, "So you tried her out without me, huh? That wasn't very nice."

Marianna squirmed with mock petulance and said, "Well, I was really horny and you and I fell asleep early last night so I didn't get any then!"

Thomas kept smiling. "That's no excuse. You'll have to be punished for this."

"Really?" Marianna sounded intrigued.

"Yes, following dinner."

As soon as I was through cleaning up, Marianna took my hand and led me upstairs, that same beautiful smile on her face, with Thomas following. I had noticed that they had an unusually big shower in the master bathroom. I understood why now. We undressed and got into the shower together. There seemed to be no rule about how to do it. At first we all washed ourselves. Then I felt Marianna's soft hands lathering my tits, making me coo with pleasure. But she took her lovely hands away to stroke Thomas's hard cock while he rubbed her ass and they kissed. I'd never watched another naked couple make out in real life. It was hypnotizing. Without either one of them climaxing, they separated, and Thomas knelt in front of me and started exploring my pussy, as if he owned it: pulling the lips apart (pretty easy given how aroused I was); inserting first one finger, then two; his fingers were covered in my pussy cream, gently caressing my clit. This was accompanied by Marianna softly lathering my back. I wanted this to go on forever, but it stopped abruptly as Thomas announced it was time to go into the bedroom.

I admired his tight ass as he went toward the closet. Marianna took my hand and led me to the bed. When we sat down she smiled at me and said, "This afternoon I was in charge, but tonight is Thomas's turn. He'll be dominating both of us, okay?" I nodded. "I know it's a little scary the first time, but I'll be here to help you through it. I'll be like your big sister." Then she kissed me softly on the lips. I felt so close to her at that point that my heart ached.

Thomas came back toward us, and my heart started to pound as I saw that he had some kind of whip in his hand. Marianna started nuzzling my neck and hair and ear. She was breathing heavily as she whispered, "That thing he's holding is called a 'flogger.' He's going to hurt us with it, baby. He's going to hurt both of us. But I'll help you and be gentle with you." Oh god, I thought. How did they know I wanted this so damn much?

"Bend over the beds, you fucking sluts!" Thomas growled. There Marianna and I were, side by side, with our arms on the bed, our asses in the air. I tried to look back over my shoulder to see what Thomas would do next, but I felt the flogger come down hard on my back. "Don't look around, bitch!" he barked. I almost cried from the pain, but Marianna kissed my cheek and whispered, "its okay." I instinctively held her hand, so I felt her jump as the flogger landed on her ass.

"Who told you that you could talk, whore?!" As Thomas continued to flog her ass, I looked into her eyes and saw the deep pool of pain and longing there. I ached to be in that pool.

After a minute or so, Marianna came down to earth, opened her eyes to look at me, and smiled. She whispered, "Let me show you how to ask for more," before raising her voice to Thomas: "Bastard!"

Her head arched back in pain and delight, as Thomas hit her with more speed and intensity. I could tell that she was in another world now. I couldn't stand not being there with her. I mumbled something.

"What?!" Thomas asked fiercely.

"Fuck you!" I repeated.

As the flogger hit me a feeling spread out across my body. It was neither pleasure nor pain, but something more wonderful than either. For a moment everything stopped: words, thought, other sensations, even time. After what seemed far too short a time, I returned to my body. But almost as wondrous as what I had just experienced was the feeling of Marianna alternately kissing my hand and sucking on my fingers, all the while intoning, "Good girl, you're a good girl." I leaned my head against hers and said, "I love you, baby." "Oh, I love you too, sweetie." The beating stopped, and I heard Thomas order, "Kiss each other, you sluts!"

I lifted up my head and looked timidly at Marianna. I'd done so many things with Marianna already today, but somehow kissing was ... different. More intimate. Marianna read my expression and said, "Do it for him, sweetie. It doesn't mean anything. It's just putting on a show for him." I was still a little unsure, but I nodded, and our lips met. Our kissing was affectionate and sisterly at first, like my earlier kisses with her. But soon I found that our hands had entwined themselves in each other's hair, and the tips of our tongues were greeting each other, first in her mouth, then in mine. We drew ourselves up on the bed and lay on our sides so we could kiss more easily. I carefully kept my body from touching hers, though. That would have been too much. At the very periphery of my awareness, I could hear the smacking and grunting noises of Thomas stroking the shaft of his cock while he watched us.

Then I felt the tap of the flogger, first on my ass, then on Marianna's. It really was a tap this time. It hardly even disturbed our kissing at first. The tapping moved all over our bodies – shoulders, legs, tits, stomachs, even our pussies. It felt like a caress. But then the blows became more intense. And they were unpredictable. Sometimes one tap on her ass, then one on mine. Sometimes two taps on my tits, then one on her pussy. We both started to tremble in anticipation and twitch in response. Our bodies, now covered in the sweet musk of pussy cream and fresh sweat, rubbed against each other. I sighed as my hairless pussy with its open lips accidentally slid up her thigh. We instinctively tried to protect each other from the blows of the flogger. She clutched me to her to keep him from hitting my tits. But we also knew that we both loved the pain, so we understood when the other shoved us away precisely so he COULD hurt us some more. We were a tangle of arms and legs grasping and straining for satisfaction.

Finally, Thomas said, in a tone that surprised me with its softness, "Now, Marianna. Take what you need."

Marianna guided me onto my back, and with tears starting to run down her cheeks, said, "Please, baby. Let me do this. I need it so badly!"

I nodded, kissed her forehead, and nuzzled her hair. "I'll do anything for you darling."

She straddled my right thigh and started rubbing her pussy against it as hard as she could. "Oh god!" she moaned, sobbing. "It's so fucking good!"

I kissed her tears away, pushed my thigh between her legs as hard as I could, and caressed her moist back. Thomas was beating her ass very hard, much harder than I thought anyone could enjoy, but Marianna obviously did, because she had a screaming orgasm within a few seconds, before plopping down on top of me.

Thomas stopped the flogging, and the two of us just lay there, her panting, me caressing and nuzzling her. I felt so close to her, and so happy to be able to give her something just for her pleasure. Then I realized: it wasn't just for her pleasure. My pussy was wet and aching for friction. Her thigh had been rubbing a little against my pussy at the same time that I had been getting her off. And I wanted more. I felt selfish, but I involuntarily started to push my crotch against her thigh.

Marianna smiled and said softly, "It's easier to push against if I'm on the bottom." She rolled onto her back and put out her arms for me. (I noticed that Thomas was watching intently, slowly stroking his cock, and obviously saving his orgasm until I was humping her leg.) I hesitated again. "It doesn't mean anything," she said again. "Just pretend my leg is a pillow or something." I tried to think that way as I straddled her leg. Oh god! It felt great as I started humping it! We pushed against each other fast and hard. I felt our bodies slip against each other, and I looked down into her eyes, and I knew she was lying: it did mean something. We held each other's gaze until I creamed all over her leg.

I didn't have as much time to recover as Marianna, though. Thomas insistently pulled me off of Marianna and tried to mount her. But she chuckled and said, "Give the new girl a try!" He smiled as he pushed open my legs and easily sank his dick into me. I enjoyed the relaxing feeling of being fucked after I had already cum. It was hard quick fucking. He grabbed my hair, and I was surprised to discover that I could get turned on again after just creaming. Thomas snarled in my face. I started to really get into it again, but Thomas had already held back through quite a display, so it wasn't long before he shot his load into my pussy.

As Thomas lay on top of me, Marianna leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. As if reading my mind, she said, "Don't worry. There'll be more."

About the Author

 Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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