**Maid for a Night**

by jastes22

**Part 2 - Power Play**

There was a long, painful pause as Lindsay let the words sink in. One by one, they each looked at me, examining my body like they’ve never had before. I held my breath. What were they thinking? Did they think I was some slutty schoolgirl, desperate to get her clothes off? Were they surprised?

No…they were excited? I wasn’t sure, but I could tell their breathing was rapid and their hearts were thumping. Any boy with the prospect of seeing a girl half-naked would be excited, I was sure, but it was more than that. They were excited because it was going to be me, their friend, who was going to be half-naked in only her underwear. They knew me, had hung out with me, and knew my fears and dreams. It was going to be so much more intimate than watching some random girl strip. The intimacy of it all came at once, and I blushed and crossed my arms in front of my chest.

As the boys continued to examine me, fantasies running through their heads, I was sure, I took stock of my own body. Since it was supposed to have been a casual party, just a few games, I hadn’t dressed up, opting for a comfortable Barbie T-shirt and a loose plaid skirt. The skirt was a little shorter than I was used to, and felt a little daring at the time, knowing that I would be sitting on the ground much of the time and would need to sit in a way to not accidentally flash one of the boys.

Little did I know how moot that worry was going to be.

My T-shirt bulged slightly from my well-endowed chest—not too small, but not so big that my tits sagged, though I still wore a nude-colred bra that snapped in the back. For the life of me, I couldn’t remember what kind of panties I had put on this morning, though I would know soon enough.

Everyone would know soon enough.

“Actually, hold on, Taylor,” Lindsay said.

I moaned softly, whether out of irritation or relief, I wasn’t sure. Was she going to say this was all a joke, something to make me sweat a little and then laugh about a little? Remember when Taylor almost willingly stripped down?

Lindsay turned to the boys. “Taylor is our maid, yes, but this was my bet, so my rules apply. That means no pictures and no touching,” she said, and paused for a moment. “At least…not without my permission.”

At first, I was relieved. Lindsay was my friend—she would make sure nothing got out of the hand, and the fact that there was to be no evidence made me breathe easier. But then I realized what her words insinuated. I was her maid. I didn’t even have control of my own body. My body was not my own. For the night, she owned me.

She had all the power.

“Of course, this is all assuming Taylor is obedient and does everything we tell her.” She turned to me. “Go on, Taylor. In fact, I’ll even let you decide which piece to take off first.” She flashed a grin. “I’m nice like that.”

I whimpered. She was going to let me pick? She had just established that she controlled me. If I willingly went along with it, I would be giving up any sliver of power and control I had to her.

She was going to strip me metaphorically before stripping me literally.

“So? Which one will it be? Your shirt or your cute little skirt?”

I blushed. “M-my—” I coughed, my throat suddenly very dry. “My shirt.”

“My shirt, please.”

“W-what?”

As a maid, you should be respectable. Say ‘please.’”

“Oh. Umm…I would like to take off my shirt, please.”

“Please, Miss Lindsay.”

I couldn’t believe it. She was actually going to make me say that? It was so humiliating.

I swallowed, feeling the hole I was digging get even larger. “I would like to take off my shirt first, please…Miss Lindsay.”

My friend grinned and clapped her hands. “Very good, Taylor! Yes, I give you permission to take off your shirt.”

I waited for just a moment. She had to be joking right? This was all just a joke, a way to embarrass Taylor who didn’t even like to change in the girls’ locker room?

My heart threatened to explode as I reached for the sides of my T-shirt. I looked at Lindsay one more time, not sure what I wanted her to do, but to do something.

Nothing. I was on my own. Beaten down and without option, I started to lift.

Each inch of skin that I exposed seemed to crackle with static, and It seemed like I could physically feel four pairs of eyes on me, making my stomach heave as I breathed hard to keep my fingers moving.

I reached the top of my ribcage and hesitated. Any further and my bra would be visible. Any further and I would reach a point of no return.

Lindsay reached out and touched my bare skin with her fingers, dragging her fingernails lightly across my stomach. I flinched and almost stepped away at the touch, but instead leaned in, the sensation oddly comforting.

“Go on,” she said.

I gritted my teeth and yanked the rest of my shirt off, throwing it to the side. My tits bounced slightly at the sudden force and sagged only slightly, now held up by only my nude-colored bra. It was a snug bra, held together by bra straps and a snap in the back, but it still felt way too revealing. I wrapped my hands around my stomach, but it wasn’t enough. I felt completely exposed.

I looked at the boys briefly. They were in awe, and completely silent, watching me—and my chest— with transfixed attention. Having their complete attention on every inch of my body was almost enough to make me freeze. Before I could stop myself, I reached for the zipper on my skirt. Anything to just get this over with.

“Wait,” Lindsay said. I held in a groan. “You’re a maid. I think you’re enjoying this too much for you to be doing your job correctly. I think you want to get rid of your clothes.”

She paused and looked at me, daring me to deny it.

I wasn’t sure what to say. Obviously that wasn’t true. I didn’t want to lose my clothes. But it wasn’t completely false, either. Holding the boys’ entire attention with my body was terrifying, but it was also titillating. And there was going to be no evidence of tonight, not if they followed Lindsay’s rules and I was obedient. I wanted to push the boundaries a little, just to see what was on the other side, in this small-scale experiment. Just a few friends. Nothing public. With all the swarming emotions inside of me, it was like a traffic jam inside my throat. So much that nothing could get through.

Instead, I remained silent.

Lindsay grinned, obviously pleased with her little victory of getting me to admit through my silence that I consented to her treatment. “So, in order to lose your skirt, you’re going to have to earn the right to it.”