

General Factotum



MONICA GRAZ



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GENERAL FACTOTUM

By **Monica Graz**

CHAPTER 1

I was seriously unhappy to the point of depression when I met Linda. It was totally unexpected of course since I am not the flirting type and I am naturally too shy to initiate a chat with an unknown woman.

It was as if everything was planned to happen that particularly warm and balmy Friday night. I was sitting alone in my favorite bar with the funny name 'joker', since my two closest friends were busy and couldn't join me in our steady Friday night outing, our '*jour fixe*' as we called it.

I was enjoying my glass of white chardonnay when I sensed a female presence next to me. It was mainly the perfume that attracted my attention taking me away for a moment from my gloomy thoughts. I

2 Monica Graz

slightly turned and I saw a smiling and warm face looking at me. I smiled back instinctively and nodded slightly.

“Hi, I am Linda” she said in a very natural and relaxed manner offering her hand to me. I was quite surprised, women shake hands rather rarely, especially in bars but I was quick to react taking her hand and saying at the same time, “Please to meet you Linda, I am Paul.”

Her hand shaking was strong and firm, again quite unusual for a woman. She looked at me in the eyes as she continued chatting, “I can assure you it is not my habit to chat with unknown gentlemen but I was somehow intrigued by you. It is not such a common sight for a man to sip wine in a bar, at least in the quite macho town we live.”

“I hate beer and strong drinks don’t agree with my stomach” I answered back rather intrigued by her remark.

Soon we were chatting like old pals. Linda was a very straightforward person asking direct questions which required clear answers. Later I realized that at the end of this unforgettable evening she knew much more about me and my private life than I knew about her. She had a unique way to extract information.

Two hours later we were both quite tipsy when I asked her to come to my small apartment for a night cup. She accepted eagerly adding that she would love to see my place. When we stood up to go I realized for the first time that she was clearly taller than me even in her completely flat shoes.

We drove in her fancy SUV since I had to sell my car last week to raise some money to cover urgent expenses. Unemployment wasn’t fun by that stage; my

financial resources would be exhausted very shortly and I would face a rent problem by next month.

But as I was sitting next to a very beautiful lady inside a fancy car, assisted by several glasses of wine I was feeling quite euphoric. I haven't had that experience before; for the first time in my life I was picked by a woman!

My apartment was very clean and tidy since I spent a few hours this morning doing my housework. Linda instantly noticed that.

"Wow, I am impressed, what a tidy place and it smells so nicely, not that cheap cleaning stuff some cleaners use. You must have an excellent cleaner." Linda said clearly surprised by the sight.

I answered with a mischievous smile throwing for the first time a hint of my preferences and preclusions, "Unfortunately I don't have the option of a cleaner, not enough funds for that. I do the cleaning in my apartment; in fact, I spent several hours this morning cleaning, that's why you see it so tidy and fresh smelling."

I stopped to look at her; she clearly was interested, then I added, "But I have to admit that I like housework, it gives me a satisfaction when I see the finishing product of my efforts, I sometimes think I must have been some sort of domestic worker in my previous life." I thought this last remark was bigger than a hint but the wine helped me being bolder.

She looked at me with fresh interest, but before she was able to say something I added, "My God, I am not a proper host, I forgot to ask you what you want to drink. Some more wine, tea, coffee?"

She smiled at me and said, "Not any more wine I might get a hangover tomorrow, but can I ask you if

4 Monica Graz

you have any hot chocolate? It helps me to sober up after a long drinking night."

"As a matter of fact I do", I answered back, "I am a hot chocolate lover as well."

I went to my kitchenette to prepare our hot drinks and Linda followed me. She was looking around checking everything. She was clearly the observing type. When I opened my pantry door to retrieve two mugs she instantly spotted my work apron hanging behind the door.

"Is that your apron?" She asked in a playful voice?

"Yes it is", I answered truthfully. I decided to be quite open with her, she wasn't the type of person you could lie or play little games; she was too straight forward for that. "I use it when I do messy jobs around the house, I feel more protected then."

"Protected from what?" she asked innocently. "You certainly could wear your old jeans and a T-shirt to do your messy jobs; most cleaners do that nowadays."

I decided to go all the way with Linda, the worst that could happen would be for her to get angry or annoyed or even scornful with me, but somehow, I felt that her reaction would be not negative. Call that a trannie's intuition!

I simply said, "Though we just met or even because of that I want to be frank with you. I am very fond of aprons and lots of other feminine clothes. You see Linda I am an occasional cross dresser."

I stopped preparing the hot chocolate and turned to look at her.

Her expression didn't change at all; she simply smiled at me and said, "Wow, what a straight forward confession. I like your straightforwardness; I am flat-



tered that you confided such a personal feeling and tendency to me.”

Suddenly, a new world opened for me, I wasn't rejected or ridiculed, and Linda acted positively to my 'confession'.

She interrupted my thoughts by saying, “Please finish preparing our hot chocolates so we can park comfortably on your sofa and talk, I am quite intrigued by what you just said.”

It was nearly two in the morning when I stopped talking. She was a good listener and her questions were precise and to the point. I told her that I was a heterosexual cross dresser since I remember myself; that I adored everything feminine and I admired and respected women. I told her that I studied hotel management and I had quite a good job as an assistant manager in one of the top hotels in town but I was made redundant because the hotel was cutting down in costs and that I was looking for a job during the past two months.

I never mentioned though that I was fired because I was caught by one of the hotel maids dressed in her working clothes in one of the changing rooms thinking that I was alone and safe since it was late at night. She simply returned to retrieve something important from her locker. Bad luck indeed but also a totally stupid movement from my part.

Of course, there was a mini scandal at the hotel and I was dismissed with a summary decision from the management. And as expected, I was refused a reference letter and that made my job hunting much harder now.

I also told Linda that I was a competent cook and housekeeper since I had to learn the basics during my

hotel management course and my internship afterwards.

She was clearly intrigued when I told her that I had no immediate family in town, all my relatives where in another part of the country. I only mentioned my two good friends, Alex and Mathew both friends from my college days.

By that stage I was quite exhausted and Linda looked tired too. Probably I should offer to put her up her for the night but I was worried she might take it wrongly.

She excused herself to visit the bathroom and she came back smiling mischievously at me.

"Is the nightie behind the door yours?" She asked, the smile still framing her handsome face.

When I nodded affirmatively blushing slightly she added, "Very good and practical choice, something that I would choose to wear. A sensible cotton long night gown is very comfy at night."

She thought for a moment then suggested: "Would you mind very much if I spend the night with you here? It's very late and I am too drunk and tired to drive."

"I meant to ask you that but I didn't dare," I eagerly answered. "Of course, you can stay, I'll give you my bed and I can sleep in the couch, I just..."

She interrupted me with her hand. "You don't have to move out of your bed, we can share the bed but we both are going to behave. We can be two girl friends sharing."

That last phrase of Linda excited me tremendously but I had to behave. I kept my voice as cool as possible when I said. "Of course, we can share and cuddle also. I promise to be a good person." I nearly said 'girl' but

something stopped me, I was still uncertain about Linda.

“Great,” she exclaimed. Could you please lend me one of your nighties?”

We were so tired that we collapsed within minutes. During the night, I kept touching her body but I was very careful not to wake her up. I never stopped thinking her last phrase, *‘we can be two girl friends sharing’*; it was a phrase that kept coming back to me all night.

CHAPTER 2

The smell of fresh coffee woke her up. I was already toasting bread when she joined me for breakfast. We both sat around the table in our nighties feeling slightly alien to each other; it was quite bizarre as a sight.

Linda decided to break the ice, “Have you any plans for the weekend Paul?”

I couldn’t lie to her, I had no plans whatsoever. I was not looking forward to a rather bleak weekend and another job hunting anxious week.

I simply said, “No plans Linda, I am all yours.”

“I like that, you can be mine then for the weekend.” She said rather seriously now.

I was excited again; Linda was getting more assertive by the minute. She didn’t give me time to think because she added, “I am going to have a shower, you can wash and tidy up and then we go to my house and plan from there.”

She was nearly ordering me already! I managed to say, “Yes, Linda, that’s a good idea. Let me give you some clean towels.”

"Thanks sweetie," she said as she was getting up to go to the shower. She stopped as if she thought of something and added, "Would you like to pack an outfit of your female clothes and some other accoutrements so I can meet your other side?"

I looked at her speechless, I haven't expected that. She raised an eyebrow and smiled, "You seem surprised by my suggestion, I thought you would love to appear in your other persona."

I found my voice giving her a tight smile, "I'd love to do that Linda if you are prepared to meet Paula."

She answered, eyes narrowing in pleasure, "So this is your femme name? Paula? I must say is not very exciting, too near your male name. If we continue to see each other I would probably rename you if you don't mind, we'll find a more suitable name, but I must meet first your other side, then the name will pop up naturally."

I gave her another tight smile; she was no match for me this lady, too assertive and strong minded. And yet I was up in the seventh heaven, I thought I was in the middle of a wild dream.

I was blushing as I answered her, "I better rush then, I have to finish my chores, decide what to take and then shower as well."

'Good,' Linda smiled like a Cheshire cat, "Since you shower last you can also tidy up my mess."

I was tempted to answer with a 'yes Madam, as you wish Madam' but I decided against it, it was too early to reveal my submissive side to Linda; I'd rather live to her the initiatives. Somehow, I had the feeling we were heading the same way from opposites sides.

Soon we were driving in Linda's luxurious SUV. I was sitting next to her clutching my 'Paula's' bag feel-

ing unusually high. All the gloom and doom had abandoned me, I was in the middle of a dream, those things don't usually happen to unlucky guys like me.

Linda's voice brought me back to reality, "We talked a lot about you last night but you know very little about me so I should probably tell you a few things that you have to know."

She stopped and gave me a side look. Her Cheshire cat smile was in her face.

"You probably have worked out that I am a well-off person. I live in a big house in an up-market suburb. I live alone with my two beloved Persian cats Jasper and Jay. I also had until very recently a live-in Filipina maid who unfortunately had to go back to her country for family reasons. I work in my family business in the city as a stoke broker and all in all I live a very intense and busy life."

"I am impressed," is all I managed to say truthfully and not ironically, thinking at the same time what on earth a girl like her is doing with a guy like me.

She must have read my mind because she continued in a calm voice, "You said it last night Paul that I am an open and straightforward person so I'll be frank and to the point with you."

"I would appreciate that Linda," I answered back not exactly knowing what to expect and yet full of positive anticipation. Probably a work proposition?

"I am not looking for a boyfriend Paul; you probably understood that last night when I avoided having sex with you and you were such a darling sharing so graciously the bed with me."

You should have known the effort I made not to touch you, I thought to myself.

Linda continued, "What I need is a 'general factotum' a favorite expression of my father." She sent an amused side look at me thinking that I wouldn't know what she meant.

And she was right of course, since I automatically asked, "A what...?"

"A general factotum, a person *to do everything*, from the Latin '*fac totum*' She was nearly laughing from my reaction as she continued, "I have a big house, two animals I adore, a large garden including a solarium; I need a housekeeper and/or secretary and you appear to be a prime candidate if my intuition is correct and it usually is."

I noticed that she added that last phrase without any modesty. She was obviously very certain of herself and her ability to judge and choose correctly.

It is a work proposition after all! But general factotum, housekeeper/secretary, in other words some sort of domestic worker? Isn't that something like a dream coming true? Was she suggesting that I can work for her as a female? I was lost in utter confusion when her voice brought me back to reality.

"I can tell you have lots of questions Paul and I am sure I'll be able to answer them all in the next few hours. I leave the highway now, in another few minutes we will be in the house."

CHAPTER 3

Large forbidding house, this is the impression I got as soon as we stopped in front of the main entrance. We had to go through a large gate monitored by cameras and then a short drive brought us in front of the

12 Monica Graz

house. I would call it a Hollywood mansion, from my experience of films and soapies.

Linda deactivated the alarm and we moved in surrounded instantly by two immense and fluffy Persian cats.

"Hello Jasper, hello Jay, hello little darlings, have you missed me, I know, I know, I abandoned you last night." Linda was talking and patting them at the same time, you could instantly tell how fond she was of them.

She was still talking to them when she pointed me with her finger, "This person here might be your new companion guys, and I'll tell you the name when we decide for one, but you should be kind to him."

I looked at her aghast; I was a nameless person for the cats.

She smiled at me benignly, "Don't be offended sweetie, those two animals are very bright and I don't want to confuse them with your real name not just yet anyway since we might give you another one if you decide to come and work for me, so be patient and follow me to the kitchen, before you get the guided tour, I am dying for a fresh cup of coffee.'

We moved to a spacious and well equipped kitchen and she immediately said, "Let me show you where I keep the coffee things so you can start preparing one, do you know how to use an espresso/cappuccino machine?"

She was asking me to prepare coffee in her own house; she was already testing my abilities to be her..., what she just called it? Ah yes..., her 'general factotum'.

"Of course, I know all kinds of espresso machines, don't forget I am hotel trained," I answered certain for my abilities to handle the little machine."

"Very good then I'll have a double cappuccino," she said and went to check the cat food arrangements.

She turned her head adding, "And of course you are welcomed to have one yourself, you are *still* a guest in this house."

I didn't miss her last remark; she was clearly preparing the ground for some sort of business proposition.

She continued making small talk as we had our coffee mostly about how wonderful her recently renovated kitchen was then suddenly she came to the (much anticipated) point.

"Now sweetie, I want you to go and change to your feminine clothes, I am dying to see your other side, it will help me to decide which way to go with you."

She stood up and motioned at me to follow her. At the far end of the kitchen there was a corridor leading to a service entrance as she called the back door of the mansion and four other doors, two at each side of the corridor. She opened the first left door and we entered to the lounge of a small two room apartment which I instantly assumed was the maid's quarters. The thought of it instantly sent shocks of excitement to my body; I tried to stay calm and not reveal my intense feelings so I turned to her saying innocently, "That's a sweet little apartment, it must be the housekeeper's premises."

"You guessed correctly sweetie," she said equally innocently, 'My recently departed Filipina maid Jasmine was staying here, she left in such a hurry that she

abandoned some of her belongings, I'll sort them out myself and send her the more personal items."

She pointed to the bedroom next door, "You can comfortably change there, there is a dressing and a mirror and of course an adjoining shower toilet facility. Now hurry up sweetie, I am dying to meet the girl that will emerge from this door in a little while."

She stopped for a minute then added, "And please don't exaggerate and appear as a total tart, I want to see a modestly attired girl, someone who could be suitable for what I have in mind."

She smiled warmly at me, "Now surprise me pleasantly sweetie, I'll be in the day room that adjoins the kitchen."

It took me an hour to complete my transformation. I was quite experienced putting make up on, a job I was doing for several years so I could follow Linda's suggestion and not overdo it. I loved subtlety myself; I never was keen on the exaggerated 'drag queen' look.

When '*I emerged as a girl*' as Linda mentioned before, from the maid's apartment I was dressed in a simple white blouse black skirt outfit like a slightly old fashioned secretary. I had 2in black pumps on and clear pantyhose. My 36B breast forms and pulled in waist gave me the most desired feminine look. I had a brown page boy wig on and discreet earrings in my pierced ears.

Mincing in small steps I crossed the kitchen and arrived in front of the door of the day room. Linda must have heard me coming because she said pleasantly, "Do come in sweetie and let me see how you look."

I hesitantly entered and said in my adopted slightly husky feminine voice, "Here I am Linda."



She raised her eyes from her book and looked at me with obvious curiosity as I was trying to be as natural as possible, a small silly smile framing my made-up face.

“You definitely look better than I would expect; I obviously underestimated your experience in transforming yourself. Your make-up is very subtle as I asked you, your clothes conservative, in fact you look like a 60s secretary, your hair...”

She paused for a moment to think and added, ‘Your hair is clearly a wig and this is your weak point. Your natural hair is longish and could be set in a more feminine manner, but this is something we can discuss later.’”

“Do you think I could pass as a female on a day to day basis?” I asked quite earnestly thinking that Linda was the first ‘real’ person to see me fully dressed. I say ‘real’ because I visited some professional ladies in the past in my feminine persona, ladies who were totally indifferent to my looks, interested only to collect their fees.

Linda looked at me more carefully now, she asked me to walk across the room and then to go and sit opposite her.

I tried to sit in a ladylike manner because I knew that all my movements and mannerisms were closely monitored.

She was enjoying herself when she opened her mouth again. “Can I ask you a favor sweetie, it is nearly lunch time and I am getting a bit peckish but first I would love a drink. You will find in the fridge an opened Chablis bottle, could you get me a glass and of course have one yourself if you feel like, then we can continue our chat.”

"Yes, Linda," I said, "that is a great idea, I would love a glass of wine myself, I think I need it."

I came back carrying a tray with two glasses. As I offered her a glass she said casually, "I like the fact that you brought the wine in a tray, I can see that you know how to serve, your hotel training is clearly there for you."

After a few sips she said to me, "Please try not to interrupt me until I finish what I have to say to you unless of course I ask you a direct question. You don't mind that, do you sweetie?"

"Of course not Linda, I am really keen to hear what you have to say," I answered quickly thinking at the same time that she didn't use my real name ever since we entered this house; I was constantly a 'sweetie' for her.

"Yes, you can pass as a female and quite easily too, after a few minor alterations of your figure."

She could see that I was dying to ask what sort of alterations she meant and added, "Don't worry nothing permanent, mainly fix your natural hair properly with some possible hair extensions, make your breast forms more permanent, make sure that your body is completely free of hair, and probably treat your thin face hair with laser beams at a later point; but of course nothing will happen unless I have your full consent.'

She had a sip of her wine and continued having my full attention of course.

"I offer you a full time live in position in this house as my 'general factotum' as I mentioned to you before. You will work six days a week Monday to Saturday except for a free afternoon in the middle of the week, either Wednesday or Thursday depending on my social obligations. You will be off duty on Sunday and

back to working mode early on Monday morning. I will provide a written list of your duties but I can outline here the basics. You must do maid's and secretary's duties in this house. You will clean, do the laundry and the ironing, cook and make sure that everything runs smoothly. You will also keep the bills and be responsible for whatever maintenance is needed to notify the right people. And of course, you will do all the house shopping."

She did notice the concern in my eyes because she immediately added, "Don't worry sweetie, it is much simpler than it sounds. Once you get the knack of it all it will be like a piece of cake for you. You don't have to deal with a big family and noisy children just me, my two cats and my occasional guests of course."

She stopped and asked me, "Any questions so far?"

I grabbed the opportunity she gave me to ask the most important question I had so far, "Am I expected to live and work as a female if I am employed by you?"

"I was going to come to that but since you asked the answer is a clear yes. I want to employ you in your female persona and that will certainly require some major adjustments in your life."

She stopped for another sip of wine and continued with a smile, "And I have the right name for you, do you want to hear it sweetie?"

She was playing with me like cat and mouse. She obviously could sense my inner excitement and turmoil and she was enjoying a mild teasing.

"Yes Linda, I would love to hear it," I said using again my husky feminine voice. The prospect of acquiring a new female name made my stomach flutter.

"You are going to be Jenny if you become my employee. I have a soft point for names starting with J, my

two cats Jasper and Jay and my previous maid Jasmine are all J creatures. So, do you want to be my new J creature and become Jenny?"

I was a creature for her now! And I loved the name Jenny; it was so plain and yet so clearly female. In fact, it was a working woman's name and that excited me even more.

I simply said, "I love the name Linda, it is so perfect for the position you are offering me."

"Jenny, it is then!" she said in a triumphal voice and continued, "But let me finish my job offer to you and then you can ask more questions."

Another sip for both of us and she spoke again in a less teasing and more business-like tone of voice, "You will be very well paid if you become my Jenny, considerably above the wages for domestics and secretaries but there are certain other conditions. You must sign a proper three-year contract and you have to change your name officially to Jenny. I want to do everything by the book, my family is well connected and quite respected in this neck of the woods and I wouldn't jeopardize the family name for a matter as little as that, my father would be able to dishonor me."

She saw concern again in my eyes and added, "Don't worry about the formalities, our legal department will sort out everything for you, my good friend and company lawyer Jennifer Kent will organize everything."

Another name starting with J, I thought, is she also one of Linda's J creatures as well?

I hesitantly said, "Can I ask another question please?"

She made a nod with her head and I said, "Aren't you concerned Linda that you are going to employ a

cross dressed person? Your family and all? I am not that confident that I could fool everybody, not at the beginning anyway."

"Another good point Jenny, I like the fact that you are a bit like me and you go instantly to the core of the problem. Of course, I know that you will need some assistance and some coaching at the beginning plus several visits to a beauty parlor to make you presentable to people like my parents and other important guests. So, to start with you will meet only a few of my trusted friends; Jennifer the lawyer is one of them, friends they will be aware of your true identity and you are going to practice interacting with them. Also, you will gradually start going out for errands and the major shopping as Jenny, after your paper work is done and you acquire more confidence."

She looked at me more shrewdly now, "The question is Jenny...", she said and added laughingly, "I am glad that I don't call you sweetie any more."

"The question is Jenny," she repeated "Are you willing to go through all that? Are you prepared to assume a female role and job responsibilities for the next three years? Are you strong enough as a character to say goodbye to close friends and presumably relatives and start a new phase in your life, a working woman's life?"

I had to answer that, not so much for Linda's sake but for me. Was I really prepared for all that?

I was inundated with all kinds of thoughts and feelings. The dead end in my career, the persistent unemployment with no immediate prospects for a change and running out of funds very shortly, those were the practical matters that should make me consider seriously Linda's proposition.

On the other hand, I was much shaken emotionally. I have been a closet cross dresser all my life, I had my submissive inclinations all my life, I was dreaming to find a woman like Linda all my life. And suddenly all those dreams could materialize with a simple yes to Linda's proposition. I could live and work as a female for the foreseeable future, a three years' contract Linda mentioned. Probably that would be good for me for another reason. I could decide on my own on real life conditions if I would be able to play that role, if I would be able to stay excited and willing to be someone's 'general factotum' in other words someone's servant.

Linda saw me thinking and said, "I can understand your hesitation Jenny dear, it's a major step for you, I can even feel for you, you must have conflicting feelings. So, don't answer me until you are ready. In the meantime, could you please refill my glass and you certainly need another drink yourself."

"Of course Linda, right away," I said gratefully. I picked the tray and the two glasses and headed for the kitchen; this small break gave me more time to think.

In the kitchen, I took my decision, I was going to accept the job whatever the consequences; the alternative was too bleak even to think about it. As I walked back carrying the tray with the drinks I realized that I was mincing more than usually and when I spoke my voice was huskier than usually, "I made my decision Linda, I accept your job offer, consider me as your employee from that moment on."

"Let's drink to that Jenny!" Linda said very joyfully. "Somehow, I am convinced that you are not going to regret your decision, and somehow I feel that you are going to adapt to your new role like a duck to water I think I could bet safely on that!"

I knew she was right. I felt somehow liberated; I didn't have to pretend anymore. We clinked glasses and she gave me a hug saying, 'Welcome to the Burton family sweetie.'

At that moment, I realized who she was. Gosh, she was part of the most prominent family in town, the Burton family; bankers, entrepreneurs, major shareholders, investors and so on... I was just employed as a cross dressed 'general factotum' by the most eligible lady bachelor in town the daughter of Eric and Lucinda Burton.

I looked at her with new admiration and awe saying, "My God I just realized that I am employed by a very important person, I never suspected that you are a member of THE Burton family."

"I am indeed and probably you should start being more formal with me," she said half jokingly but there was an element of truth in it.

And she continued, "Now to practical matters Jenny; I am starving suddenly after all that wine and I am about to check your cooking abilities in impromptu conditions. Would you be able to put up something quick, say within twenty minutes, for us to eat? Consider it as a first test." She concluded in the same half joking mode.

"Of course, Linda," I answered with respect in my voice this time, "I am certain I can organize something quick, I better go back to the kitchen."

"Make sure you find an apron to wear, I would hate to see this pretty white blouse of yours soiled with food."

"Yes Miss!" I said nearly automatically this time. She didn't seem to notice my change of tone to a more formal one, probably it was automatic for her to accept

it; after all I was her employee from now on and a rather lowly one for that matter, a mere 'general factotum'. God, I couldn't stop thinking of that word.

CHAPTER 4

She was impressed how quickly I managed to prepare the *'impromptu'* lunch which consisted of smoked salmon, a green salad with my own special vinaigrette, German pumpernickel bread and more white wine, this time a German gewürztraminer. I still had my apron on when I served the food which provoked her reaction.

"Where on earth have you found this very utilitarian and yet feminine apron Jenny, look at this ruffle around it, I don't remember seeing it before; did you bring it with you?" She asked with genuine surprise in her voice.

"No Linda," I said in a worried voice, "I found it in the maid's apartment, there is a drawer full of them. I am sorry, probably it was indiscreet of me to start opening drawers in a room that is not mine."

"No worries sweetie," She said briskly, "I haven't told you yet but those are going to be your living quarters from now on, so you have every right to start exploring your premises."

I was going to stay in the maid's quarters after all; the mere thought sent thrilling jolts across my spine. I am going to be a maid really and truly; the term 'general factotum' is simply an intellectual term for the job. More flutter in my stomach.

Linda noticed an obvious blushing on my face because she asked worryingly, "Is something wrong sweetie? Suddenly you seem agitated; I hope you are

not upset you are going to reside in the housekeeper's premises."

"No, not at all Linda, in fact I like the apartment it is very cosy and the bathroom is quite luxurious. My current apartment is much humbler than this one as you probably recall."

She relaxed and added, "Come along then, remove your apron and join me for lunch, whatever you prepared looks very inviting."

Lunch was fun. With the help of wine, we continued chatting amicably with Linda. In fact, she started talking about herself as if she needed someone to confess.

"I should tell you a few things about myself sweetie," She said suddenly, her eyes slightly out of focus. "You see Jenny dear I am still in search of my sexuality, I am not certain if I am Arthur or Martha as an Australian friend used to say; if I am gay or straight or even bisexual."

I was stunned by her abrupt openness. So far, she was asking the questions and suddenly she wanted to confess.

"Is that a problem for you Linda?" I asked with genuine interest.

"It could become a problem if I am not careful enough. I come from a very conservative family and I must keep appearances. My parents already are hinting about getting married soon and they keep suggesting possible eligible bachelors but I simply say I am not mentally prepared for that step yet."

Another sip of her wine and another unfocused look, "My mother asked me the other day why I hide my boyfriends from her and I simply answered that there is no one now."

"But we live in the 21st century and homophobia is a bit passé, isn't it?" I said rather strongly.

"Not among certain circles my dear Jenny, not among conservative minds like my parents. They never say it openly, they are too smart for that, but deep down they are as homophobic as any Iranian mullah or fundamental Christian. In particular, my father."

I felt rather uneasy with her revelations. Why she tells me all that. And she just hired me, an emerging trannie, as her cross dressed general factotum!

She saw or felt my uneasiness and gave me a reassuring smile. "I know that I probably worried you sweetie with my conservative parents etc, but I didn't take the decision of employing you in a light-hearted manner, I think that I can provide answers to all your concerns."

"I like girlie boys and you clearly are one of them. I feel already very relaxed with the Jenny persona; you are going to be a roaring success and I mean it," she added emphatically.

"But," she continued and her voice was dry as the wine we were drinking, "We are going to make two persons out of you, the formal uniformed maid for people they don't know your identity, like my parents and their acolytes when they are visiting and the more informal general factotum when among real friends."

She looked at me for a reaction and she must have got it from my expression since in her last sentence she managed to answer the question I wanted to ask from the very beginning, '*Am I going to be a uniformed maid?*' And Linda just said it; it was a condition of the job! But somehow, I was still cautious to reveal to Linda my true submissive nature and my love for maids' uniforms.

Her voice brought me back to reality in a shocking way, "I know the reason you lost your job at the hotel as an assistant manager, I asked my lawyer Jennifer Kent to run a check on you and she just sent me a message to my mobile, after all I want to know who really is the person I am about to employ, my daddy explained to me how important it is to check the past of all employees." She stopped to look at me her eyes narrowing in pleasure. She was clearly enjoying that.

I just felt the blood drain from my face. I should have expected it; an important person like Linda Burton would and should really check my past before she was going to let me stay as an employee in her own personal space.

She raised an eyebrow and smiled, "Don't panic dear Jenny; that piece of information Jennifer Kent gave me might facilitate and accelerate the whole process of your transformation and adaptation to your new conditions. In a way, it makes my decisions concerning you easier, I know now that I deal with a submissive cross dresser who loves to parade around in a maid's uniform. So, we both know where we stand Jenny don't we?" Her grin as she finished the sentence was pure delight.

All I managed to say was, "I am truly sorry I didn't tell you everything from the very beginning, that would be the correct thing to do, but I was worried you might reject me," I said in a humble voice and I continued, "Now you know everything about me Miss, I have no other skeletons in my closet." I tried to finish my sentence with a sense of humour that was noticed by Linda.

"Consider the case closed Jenny," She said briskly, "Now back to practical matters. Let's continue planning your working weekend, don't forget you are still

on a trial period I haven't seen yet your cleaning skills and your knowledge about laundry and ironing. So, you can clean the table and tidy up the kitchen and then report back to me with some fresh coffee."

I was dismissed like a servant already. I stood up and started putting on a tray the used plates and glassed.

As I was about to go back to the kitchen Linda added, "And to clear another issue because I can see you are a bit confused how to address me I can tell you this. When we are alone you will address me 'Miss Linda' or simply 'Miss', but in the presence of other people I am always Miss Burton for you."

She stopped and added her eyes narrowing again in pleasure, "And in those rare moments of privacy that might arise in the future, don't count on them though, I might be simply Linda for you."

I blushed all over as she said that and with a 'Yes Miss' I retreated to the kitchen with my tray.

She came in the kitchen a few minutes later as I was doing the dishes wearing my new-found apron.

"I just had this idea Jenny," again the Cheshire cat smile, "since you are so fond of housekeeping uniforms, after you finish here and before you serve the coffee go to your premises and pick a housekeeping dress of the many Jasmine was using, I don't think there will be a size problem, Jasmine was a big girl quite unusual for a Filipina and you are a small girlie boy so you will fit in one of them, you will find them all in the closet, make sure that you pick a clean one and then add to the outfit a half white apron, that will do the trick."

I could feel my heart beat a fast-steady thud beneath my ribs and excitement vibrated through me

like an electrical charge, all symptoms of a sexual arousal which I tried to hide desperately by pushing my body towards the sink pretending I was busily doing the washing up. Of course, I knew already all the dresses Jasmine was using, I checked them all before as I was inspecting the premises. I knew already which one I was going to wear, a cotton light blue stripy one.

Trying to hide my emotional state I said in my pretend husky female voice, "That would be great Miss, I would love to try on one of the housekeeping dresses, after all I have to get used wearing them."

She suddenly approached me from the back and took me by surprise as she put her hand in front of my apron feeling my erection. Her lips grazed my cheek and her warm breath tickled my ear as she said, "I thought so, you are excited by the mere thought of wearing a maid's uniform, that's my girl!" And she went back to the day room without any further comment.

CHAPTER 5

I was feeling like a different person as I was carrying the tray with coffee half an hour later, dressed for the first time in my life as a legitimate maid. I had made a cup for me as well though I wasn't certain anymore if I should be taking liberties of that kind. I was a domestic employee and I was about to serve coffee to my employer.

Linda was very warm again as I entered the room after I remembered to knock at the door.

"Ah Jenny, there you are, let me look at you as you hold the tray." She said with a tight professional smile. She was about to appraise the new help after all.

"Yes, you look fine; you will do nicely as my new general factotum or maid for all works to be more specific. You are simply and practically dressed, not anything tartly or slutty in your appearance, average looks, great legs, but we should do something about your hair quite urgently, you can't do housework with a wig on, you are going to Wendy's on Monday for hair extensions and other modifications. I better make an appointment today."

"Wendy's?" I asked with surprise in my voice.

"Yes, she is my beautician and confidante about fashion matters. I am not such an elegant person myself, you must have noticed that, so occasionally I ask Wendy for advice about my looks and clothes, she is a wonderful person and friend, she will transform you beautifully," she said enthusiastically then she added, "You better give me that cup of coffee it will be stone cold in a moment."

I served the coffee and then asked timidly, "Can I have my cup of coffee with you here Miss?"

"Yes, of course sweetie, when we are the two of us you can be more informal though gradually as you will be more influenced 'by the servant's etiquette' as I call it, you will feel more uncomfortable sharing a cup of coffee with me, but now let's have our coffee together and then I'll take you around the house for the housekeeper's tour; all you have seen so far is the kitchen and its surroundings. I'll show you where everything is and how I'll expect you to work."

I sat at the edge of the chair, being conscious for the first time of my uniform and how unnatural it looked to sit down and have a coffee with my employer. Linda was right; I soon wouldn't be able to do that with or without 'etiquette' and the uniform was a strong 'know my place' reminder.

I was stunned with the immensity of the house when Linda took me around. In the upper floor, they were four bedrooms all having their en suite bathrooms. The master bedroom, was twice the size of the other three, had a luxurious bathroom dominated by a sunken Jacuzzi and a walk in closet the size of a normal room. In the ground floor there was a huge living room very handsomely decorated, a dining room with an immense table to fit twelve people and of course the spaces I already knew, kitchen, day room, servants quarters, laundry and ironing room.

I was very conscious of what I was wearing when she took me out in the back garden. It was windy and I tried to keep my dress down but my little white apron was freely flowing something that amused Linda who was wearing a sporty track suit outfit.

A medium size swimming pool with four lanes and a little house, probably changing facilities and toilet was at one end of the immaculate garden. At the other end under a wonderful shady pergola there was a round table, chairs and a barbecue corner.

I was impressed! Really and truly a beautiful house. How on earth I was going to maintain all that? I was about to ask Linda but as usually she guessed my thoughts and said, "Don't panic Jenny dear, you will be able to manage the house quite well; you will be cleaning on a rotating basis and according to the use of various spaces. You don't have to clean daily the unused rooms and bathrooms or even the living and dining area. Your job will be to do carefully my bedroom and bathroom with a change of sheets and towels twice a week; I find it excessive to change sheets and towels daily, not environmentally correct."

She motioned to me to go back in, the wind was quite strong. She went back to the day room, I could

tell this was her favourite room and asked me to sit down again.

“Of course, I want the kitchen in a spick and span mode always and I mean it” She said in a firm voice and continued, “This is the space I am very particular about. Every time you cook or use it for any other reason you must clean behind you instantly, I hate dirty countertops and I can get very upset if I walk in a messy kitchen, am I clear on that Jenny?”

That voice was quite bossy, I could feel a considerable change of tone there; the kitchen for some reason unknown to me was her focal point.

“Yes Miss, you are very clear and I take your suggestion very seriously Ma’am.”

My tone of voice was obviously so full of awe that Linda’s attitude changed again, “I am sorry sweetie if I frightened you before but I have some bad experiences from my previous maids. I am afraid I took after my mother in that aspect; she is a kitchen aficionado herself. The only difference is that she knows how to cook and she uses her own kitchen on a regular basis with the skivvies cleaning after her of course. In my case I never cook so I leave all kitchen activity to you dear Jenny. In fact, I hope I can rely on your cooking abilities when I entertain, I hate to use caterers.”

She worried me again. I knew how to cook and I could prepare some quite intricate dishes but I must admit I never had an experience of preparing a whole dinner party without any assistance.

She sensed again my uneasiness; my face expression must have been obvious because she added before I had the chance to an answer, “Of course I am talking about a dinner for four, max six people, after that you will certainly get assistance from outside.”

Relief in my face expression and an easier answer this time, "Yes Miss, I can cope comfortably with four to six people; that will be fine." And then I added, "And of course you have such a wonderfully equipped kitchen that I am looking forward to explore. I hope you have brochures for all this equipment and fittings, I intend to do my home work quite seriously."

Linda was very pleased now, I could tell from her tone of voice, "That's my girl! I knew that I hired a jewel in my house, I sincerely hope dear Jenny that you will not disappoint me."

She passed again a dual message, 'I am happy that I hired you because you seem good, but don't you dare to disappoint me!' That was the message she was sending me. It was the carrot and stick method or simply Linda had a split personality? Too early to say, I guess time would clarify all that.

CHAPTER 6

I spent all Sunday cleaning and getting acquainted with the house except for a brief period that I had to prepare a light meal for Linda and her lawyer friend Jennifer Kent who was expected for lunch at one o'clock.

Under Linda's instructions I was dressed more formally clearly to impress Jennifer. Linda found a dove grey cotton dress that fitted perfectly and a full white apron with straps crossing in the back and attached to buttons in the apron strings. I had flat white canvas shoes with little sockets barely visible and a white ribbon around my real hair which I managed to fix with my little experience to a more feminine bob.



“This is the correct morning uniform for a live-in maid according to my mother and I agree with her. Nothing fancy in this outfit, clearly a comfortable ensemble for a domestic worker,” she said casually and then added, “Remember Jennifer Lopez playing the hotel maid in the film ‘Maid in Manhattan®’? The grey dress she was wearing is like the one you have on, so your dream to dress as a hotel maid is finally fulfilled.”

Her last remark left me speechless, Linda was unique in creating constant little thrills for me; she could read me like an open book.

I thanked her for her consideration but I slightly complained that I looked silly with my not very nice hair and how I would be able to appear in front of her guest like that. She dismissed my worries in a rather condescending manner. “Jennifer knows about you, in fact she is the one who discovered your liking for maids’ uniforms so you shouldn’t worry how you look. You are simply a male maid for her about to be transformed. In fact, I prefer her to see how you really look as a girlie boy, then she will be able to help with her suggestions when you go to Wendy’s for your transformation, I rely on her opinion she is good like that, I am certain you will adore her.”

I was quite apprehensive and very much aware of my appearance when I rushed to get the door just minutes before one. I was about to meet Jennifer Kent, the first guest coming to the house where I was employed as a live-in maid! The whole idea was quite surreal and hard to conceive. In the past few hours I was in a virtual reality mode.

I opened the door and came face to face with a very pretty woman. I moved to the side to let her in and said in a low hesitant voice, “Please, do come in Miss.”

She gave a low whistle when she saw me and said cheerfully, "Hello Jenny, I am Jennifer Kent, you do look like a traditional Burton family maid in that uniform."

"Thank you Miss," I answered awkwardly and before I could say anything else Linda appeared followed by Jay and Jasper.

Jennifer hugged and kissed Linda quite warmly, I could instantly sense that those two had a special relationship, some sort of hidden eroticism was in the air, I could feel it.

But the cats demanded attention and Jennifer started caressing and talking to them.

In the meantime, I was standing in an awkward manner by the entrance, hands folded in front of my apron, not knowing what to do. Should I withdraw discreetly to the kitchen, should I ask Jennifer if she wanted a drink, or should I try to be part of the conversation?

Linda solved my 'problem' because she turned to me and said briskly, "Two glasses of white wine please for Jennifer and I and then you can finalise the lunch preparations; we will eat in about half an hour."

That's it; I was dismissed and sent to the kitchen to fetch the drinks. For the first time since I arrived in this house about twenty-four hours ago, I felt like a true servant. My submissive genes were having a party inside my body!

The lunch was quite informal but I wasn't asked to sit with them, I had to eat my salad in the kitchen. Only when I served them coffee Linda asked me to join them in the day room with my cup of coffee.

"Come in sweetie, take a seat," Linda said to me amicably and continued, "By the way lunch was excel-

lent, light and tasty, you obviously have a flair for cooking." She paused for a sip of her coffee and then added, "Jennifer and I were talking about you and we formed a plan of action, do you want to hear it?"

"I would love to hear it Miss." I said cautiously feeling like a Guiney pig in the hands of two mad scientists.

Jennifer took the lead and started talking. "Jenny dear, Linda outlined to me the verbal agreement you had with her yesterday and your consent to become her live in 'general factotum' as she loves calling you. I am the one who is going to handle the formalities of that agreement both legal and cosmetic."

"And I want those formalities to be over in two weeks' time. I want my general factotum to be fully operational at the end of this period." Linda added humorously.

"You make me feel like some sort of machine," I said spontaneously in my contralto voice acknowledging her funny remark.

Both ladies laughed but Jennifer brought me back to reality, "I expect you will sort out your apartment and tell your friends in the next couple of days that you change course in your life. You can use any excuse you see fit, like that you found a good job in another part of the country or abroad, this is your call. You follow so far?"

"I already thought of that," I answered hastily, "My landlord will be happy to see the back of me, incidentally I'll need some money, an advance probably, to pay him off."

"That can be arranged, Jennifer will look to that tomorrow," Linda said briskly.

"I'll also tell my two friends, the ones who didn't turn up on Friday and they gave me the chance to meet you Linda," I said looking at her, forgetting temporarily how I should address her properly. "If they only knew how my whole life is about to change so dramatically!" I said more to myself than to the two of them.

"Why don't you tell them the truth," Linda said provocatively.

"I couldn't do that Miss Linda," I said with emphasis in my voice, "I would be terribly ashamed to tell them."

"You shouldn't really be ashamed," Jennifer said "There is nothing shameful in what you are about to do. I know it is not conventional but all you really do is let your other side, probably your 'real side' come out to light."

Linda frowned as she spoke again a bit impatiently this time, "Come on you two, we are not debating philosophically here, we try to organize Jenny's next steps."

"I am sorry Miss," I said "It's all too new to me."

"Right" Jennifer said, "Tuesday you are going to Wendy's for a serious makeover. You must become a more realistic Jenny; you should pass comfortably as a female for your own sake as well. By Wednesday I'll have all the necessary documents for you to sign. You should appear in front of a Commissioner of Oaths for the official change of name, and then I'll organize your new social security number."

"Monday two weeks from tomorrow, I want Jenny to be here in her morning uniform working formally for me, and then I'll ask my parents for an afternoon tea. Do you think she can be ready and properly coached by then?" Linda asked looking at Jennifer

She already turned me to a 'she' and that turned me on once more. I never was a 'she' before but I had to be one from now on.

"She will definitely be ready by then," Jennifer also adopted the 'she' form, as she answered to Linda, then she turned to me and added, "I trust you are going to be a very willing pupil. Can I rely on you for that Jenny?"

I was again in deep water, in a few sentences they organized my new status.

So be it I said to myself and I answered more eagerly than they expected, "Yes Miss Linda, Miss Jennifer; I will be a good pupil, I want to take advantage of the unique opportunity you two offer me to fulfill a lifetime dream."

CHAPTER 7

Makeover

Tuesday morning Jennifer picked me with her car from Linda's mansion for my appointment with Wendy. The day was quite warm and I was dressed very simply, just a cotton summer dress, a light cardigan and sandals. Light makeup and my own hair again fixed in an amateurish way. I knew I looked quite androgynous but both Linda and Jennifer insisted that I shouldn't mind about that, Wendy was fully informed about me, I had nothing to worry about.

I told Jennifer that I gave up my apartment yesterday; I picked all my stuff and brought it to Linda's house. Linda very kindly gave me a small utility van that the gardener uses so I could bring everything to my new premises. She was amused when I mentioned

to her that under Linda's strict instructions and supervision I carried all my male clothes to one of the guest rooms upstairs where she locked them in a cupboard. I could keep a unisex track suit in case I had to appear in an emergency in male clothes. She clearly wanted to distant me from anything male.

I also mentioned that I had a goodbye drink with my two pals in the pub where I met Linda on Friday. I told them that I found a good offer for a job abroad and I was leaving in the next couple of days.

"So, you are as free as a bird from now on Jenny; no commitments or other obligations anymore?"

"That's correct Miss," I said hesitantly and added, "though I do have to keep the contact with my parents and sister who fortunately are based far from here, so this is not my immediate concern."

"I am glad to hear that sweetie: just relax and let yourself free to enjoy your imminent transformation, we are nearly there." Jennifer said jovially.

We arrived in front of a classy building in one of the best parts of the city and Linda parked in a private parking underneath. We took the lift to the 2nd floor and entered a luxurious reception area with a large semi-circular desk and the obligatory pretty girl sitting behind it. "Can I help you?" She asked with a smile as I was trying to hide myself behind Jennifer.

"We're here to see Ms Wendy, she's expecting us" Jennifer said and continued, "We are going upstairs so you can let her know we are here."

The girl looked bewildered but Jennifer's tone had removed any suggestion that she could question her. I dutifully followed Jennifer as she went a level up and entered a private room at the back of the building. She clearly knew her way around.

A few minutes later a short, slightly plumb blond haired woman bustled into the room and smiled, "Hello, hello sorry to keep you waiting. Jennifer dear, a pleasure to see you again."

She turned to me and introduced herself, "Hello I am Wendy, the owner of this little place." She gave a sharp laugh as if she had made a joke.

"I am Jenny," I said hesitantly with a bashful smile.

"I know all about you dear," Both Linda and Jennifer briefed me about what has to be done."

She turned to Jennifer adding, "And I am assuming we don't want anything ... permanent done today?"

I couldn't escape noticing the emphasis on the word 'today'.

Jennifer said, "You can definitely assume that Wendy." And seeing my slightly anxious expression she added, "Don't worry Jenny dear, Linda wants you to look proper but nothing irreversible is going to be done for the time being." Then she concluded, "I better go, I have millions of things to do, I'll be back in about three hours, is that OK Wendy? Will be Jenny ready to go by then?"

Wendy said that three hours would be fine, then turned to me and said with a twinkle in her eye, "Now dear, would you like to step into my parlor?"

Without waiting for my answer, she took me by the hand and led me into another room which was spacious and had a hair dressing type chair to one side facing a mirrored wall. All the usual sort of equipment seemed to be there; hairdressing, make up and other things I didn't recognize. Wendy swung the chair around and gestured for me to sit in it. She pulled a stool over and sat opposite me.

"Linda told me that you are about to be employed as her new live in maid/secretary, in fact she used a word I can't recall, it was quite foreign sounded to me."

"Yes," I said smiling, "She calls me her general factotum." There was something in Wendy's style that made me feel comfortable, I could trust this woman, I could probably confide to her as well.

"That's right," Wendy said, "I remember now, the word is Latin for 'maid of all works'; Linda is such an eccentric." She chuckled as she concluded, "Mind you, if I had her money I would be a great eccentric as well."

We both laughed happily, we were pals already and then she got serious again and said, "You have potential dear, soft facial features, small hands, very little body hair, I would call it feminine fuzz, all in all a nice figure for a successful makeover."

She picked the phone to talk to the receptionist and ask for some coffee for both of us then said in a casual manner, "Could you please undress down to your panties? I want you to remove everything including your bra and breast forms."

I was puzzled and a bit uncomfortable but I did remove my loose-fitting dress, breast forms and bra.

Wendy noticed by breast forms, "They are of excellent quality, you must have spent quite a bit of money for those dear." She said as she went to a cupboard to retrieve some piece of clothing.

She came back and said enthusiastically, "Now let's give you some curves." She held up what I instantly recognized as a corset. She wrapped it around my torso and began to lace it up at the back.



"Now, let's just tighten this a little," she said as she yanked on the laces.

"Gosh!" I exclaimed as the breath was forcibly expelled from my lungs.

She chuckled. "Not used to wearing a corset, are you?"

"You could say that," I said in a weak voice trying to catch my breath. "I always thought that I was slim enough to be able to dress in my feminine clothes without that sort of restriction." I added with an effort.

"Better late than never dear," She lifted my breast forms and slipped them into the cups of the corset. After some adjustments, she stood back and nodded, "Looking good."

Then as if she remembered something she took a bottle from the top next to the chair I was sitting saying at the same time, "I almost forgot, Linda asked me that I should glue them on, you must get used carrying them around, since your centre of gravity will change slightly." She chuckled as she finished her sentence.

Within minutes I had my breast forms glued firmly to my body. "The solvent to remove them will be given to Linda via Jennifer, so if you want to remove them you have to get permission from your employer," Wendy added before I could even ask the question.

I was looking in the mirror in front of me my new very curvy shape when Wendy held up a black dress.

"Consider this as your first LBD," she said with a flourish.

"What's that," I asked puzzled.

"Your little black dress darling," Wendy said gingerly as she helped me to slip it on and get it over my breasts. It was figure hugging and due to the corset, it hung closely to my new narrow waist and the hips that

I suddenly seemed to have sprouted. She checked my shoe size and went off to find something suitable.

She came back bearing a pair of black shoes. "I'm guessing you probably aren't up for high heels, so a good pair of flat court shoes will do, don't you think?"

I was in no position to argue so I slipped my feet into the shoes and they seemed to fit well and were quite comfortable.

"Look at your outfit in the mirror," she said gently.

I turned in the mirrored wall and looked at my figure. "Scary," I said in a low voice.

"Why's that?" Wendy asked.

I shrugged. "From the neck down, I look like... I look like a woman."

She nodded. "You do my dear, you do. It looks good doesn't it?"

Spontaneously I tried to pull the dress down and Wendy burst into a fit of giggles.

"What's wrong?" I asked, my voice sounding a bit petulant.

She shook her head. "Nothing darling, it's just trying to pull your dress down made you look so feminine."

I blushed and looked at the floor a bit embarrassed.

"When I am through with you will look real, not a grotesque sissy girl, you do want that don't you? I gather that Linda is going to expose you to the real world as a true female maid."

"Yes, I do want to look real," I said eagerly "I wouldn't be able to cope with the embarrassment of an exposure; I am too coward for that.

"Before we proceed to the next stage of your makeover I'll tell you a story about the LBD which you

wear now." She had a sip of her coffee and continued, "Some years back I spent a whole year in Paris doing an advanced course in cosmetology. I don't know if you have been to Paris, of course it is a fantastic city, but it is also the centre of fashion and good taste in particular in women's haute couture."

"I have been to Paris as a student, but of course I was not familiar with the fashion world. But because I always had a keen interest in women's clothes I remember spending endless hours flannelling and window shopping in front of the various expensive boutiques. I also found a shop specializing in very chic up market domestic uniforms." I said intrigued about her story.

Wendy smiled at me and continued, "I tell you this little story because I know your keen interest in domestic uniforms and how eager you are to wear one. So to continue with my story, I became friendly with a very chic lady who was running a small 'atelier de couture' something like an expensive seamstress workshop where rich ladies were going to order their custom made clothes. One day..."

The phone started ringing and she stopped to pick it up, she spoke briefly to her receptionist to confirm an appointment and looked at me in a mischievous manner.

"Go on, I am totally intrigued by your story," I said feeling very conscious of the tight dress I had on and my new boobs protruding prominently as I was sitting in what I would call a feminine mode, knees together, legs in an angle."

"I was there one day when a young bourgeois lady came in to try a black dress she had ordered. The lady was very beautiful and the dress looked great on her. Suddenly she turned to my friend and said a phrase in

French I never could forget; she said, *'Il y a deux façons de porter une robe noire... avec un collier de perles ou un tablier blanc'*. Do you understand any French Jenny?"

"I'm afraid not Ma'am, I never progressed in school above the 'bonjour, bonsoir', phase," I said, "but please do tell me what it means."

"What this lady said dear Jenny in an exact translation is, 'There are two ways of wearing a black dress, either with a necklace of pearls or with a white apron.' Do you get the meaning of it.?"

"Of course I do, the black dress makes the lady but the maid as well." I said excitedly as if I solved a difficult math problem.

"More than that," Wendy added, "It can turn a lady to a maid with one simple movement. So, listen how the story finishes. To prove her point that elegant lady asked the seamstress to give her a small white apron which she firmly tied around her slim waist. It was like magic, she was transformed especially because she changed her arrogant attitude as well. She became more servile, a smile in her face ready to accommodate. We both felt it; we could start ordering this person around."

She chuckled as she finished her sentence and added, "But between you and me dear Jenny, this lady was a bit of a masochist/fetishist. She enjoyed playing that role and she deliberately provoked this incident. Like you for instance. For your own personal needs, sexual, intellectual, psychological, whatever, you are ready to change from male to female from a professional man to a simple female domestic."

She made me feel uncomfortable because she spoke the truth. I was deliberately and happily changing myself from an alpha male to a beta female if this can be a politically correct term.

Wendy felt my uneasiness because she said cheerfully, "I am certain you are going to be happy in your new position, you want it and Linda is a very nice person, she will be an excellent employer for you and if you stay close to her you might solve your life's problem."

"Thank you for your encouraging words," I said truthfully but Wendy was moving ahead already.

"Right! We still have lots of work; let me tell you what happens next. I'll call in one of my hairdressers to take care of your hair, not extensions today, just to wash it and style it, you have lovely thick hair. Then another beautician will take care of your eyebrows, you nails and a third person will pierce your ears so you can wear a pair of golden studs. I think that will be all for today, you will be able to go back home much more convincing. Then I will need you here a few more times to sort out your hair extensions and have some deportment lessons, how to walk to sit to curtsy, to put make up on and lots of other little things of a working woman's life, in particular a woman that will be involved with manual work like you."

I was overwhelmed of what I just heard, all that work to be done just to become a lowly factotum. And all that money Linda was willing to pay on my behalf. She must have liked me a lot to go that far with me.

"And finally," I heard Wendy's voice, "You must practice your new voice, I'll get a vocal specialist for you, it's not that hard as you think, it is all practice and determination."

"I am astonished of the amount of work you are going to do for me," I said half jokingly, "I never expected all that drastic intervention."

"And nothing permanent or irreversible my dear," Wendy added, "I follow Linda's and Jennifer's in-

structions. But that doesn't mean that you can get away with sloppiness, you must try hard to be a presentable and functional female general factotum in two weeks' time."

CHAPTER 8

One month later...

"Jenny dear, my parents are coming tomorrow for afternoon tea, my mother is dying to meet this mysterious new maid of mine. Do you think you are ready enough to handle them?"

The question came from my employer Miss Linda Burton as she was getting ready to go to work. She had just finished her breakfast and she was glancing at her morning paper when she casually told me that.

I was expecting it to happen any day for the past two weeks, ever since my transition period finished and I was a full-time employee at Miss Linda's residence.

So, I cautiously answered and questioned my employer at the same time, "I think I am Miss, but do you think I can do it? I am a bit fearful of them, they appear very forbidding."

"They are not at all forbidding Jenny," Miss Linda said slightly annoyed, "They are formal and old fashioned and they expect to see a properly trained and respectful maid; I think you can play that role to the full now."

"I am sorry Ma'am, I didn't mean to be rude but I have to act very formally and I am not certain I am all that experienced yet."

"It is simpler than you think sweetie," she said still using occasionally that endearing term for me, "You

simply forget about my father, he won't pay much attention to a domestic, they are invincible to him."

She had a last sip of her coffee and added, "As for my mother, she will talk to you, try to assess you as a servant, see if you move and act correctly. And you answer all her questions as briefly as possible, she will be pleasant enough with you but she will never let you forget your place."

She paused and looked at me playfully, "Somehow dear Jenny you will realize to the full when you meet my mother what it means to be a maid servant. And because I know how you feel about that you might end liking it. Your submissive genes will kick on."

She did it again, she provoked my feelings; she knew very well how to handle me.

I answered, this time more positively making an extra effort with my new contralto voice, "All right Miss, I will try my best to be as correct as possible, but you have to tell me what uniform to wear and what to serve with the tea, I never served a formal tea before and I might have to do some shopping, I was planning to go shopping today anyway."

"That's the spirit," Linda said cheerfully and added, "I must rush now dear but check your e-mail after a couple of hours, just before you are about to go out, I'll send you written instructions about tomorrow. I'll ask also Jennifer to join us, my parents enjoy her company and her sense of humor and you will feel more comfortable with Jennifer around. I know how much you like her"

She left very quickly leaving me behind to deal with my morning chores. My life was very repetitive, my tasks very mundane and yet every new day was a challenge for me. I was getting a great pleasure deal-

ing with this immense mansion, never a moment to rest.

I sat down to have my morning coffee, another small ritual I developed ever since I became a live-in maid. I tried to write my shopping list but my mind drifted away to everything that happened this past month. I still couldn't believe how extended my transformation was. I instinctively felt my hair tied back in a neat girlish ponytail. My hair extensions were weaved in so perfectly that nobody could detect any difference between my real hair and the artificial extensions now all uniformly dyed in a light brown color. I saw my reflection in the decorative mirror opposite the kitchen table. A rather plain looking but quite dapper uniformed female domestic looked back at me, nothing exaggerated, a light makeup and a bit of lippy was enough to maintain the correct maid's image, the image that hopefully Miss Linda's parents would approve tomorrow.

Wendy and her staff did a great job. My appearance was considerably altered, my face features were softer, my eyebrows were pencil-thin and delicately shaped and my figure more feminine with the assistance of a very particular waist cincher. I was well accustomed to the constriction this caused on my body; it was almost familiar by now.

But my 'best asset' as Miss Linda was calling it was my new contralto voice. Wendy's voice specialist was a great help, she made me understand from the very beginning that all the efforts to pass as a female could instantly collapse if the voice was the 'wrong one'. I followed her instructions to the letter and I spent hours at home rehearsing my new voice. As a result, I was confident enough by now to answer the telephone

and to deal with the outside world doing my shopping and other errands.

A look at the kitchen clock brought me back to reality; I had to tidy up the house before my midday shopping trip. I hastily finished my coffee and I headed for the cleaning cupboard to retrieve the vacuum cleaner. As usually I was going to start from the kitchen and then I would move upstairs with my cleaning utensils to deal with my employer's bedroom and en suite bathroom; she wasn't exactly the tidy type Miss Linda, her bedroom looked quite messy every morning. But this was after all the reason I was employed; to clean up the mess of my employer and her guests and pets. And speaking of pets, I had to deal with the cats, cleaning their litter trays and checking on their food now that they had their morning nap. Jasper and Jay were very precious indeed but also lots of extra work for me. When I vacuumed, I could see how much hair they were shedding, they both were long haired cats.

CHAPTER 9

The parents are coming to tea.

It was approaching 5.00 o'clock and everything was ready. Following my employer's instructions, I was conservatively but elegantly dressed. I was wearing a knee length A-line dove grey uniform dress with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves. A flouncy white eyelet lace apron was modestly covering the lowest part of the dress. A white cap was adorning my hair. I was a picture of a 50s or 60s maid as Miss Linda told me. *'My mother will adore you Jenny'* were her exact words.

I had to bake scones and prepare a full scale 'Devonshire tea' with cream and strawberry jam. I was

waiting nervously in the kitchen when I heard the bell ringing.

I straightened my apron and cap and rushed to the door full of trepidation. My heart beat increased considerably as I opened the door to welcome the parents but instead I faced Miss Jennifer, a broad smile in her face.

"Wow, what a sight! The perfect 50s maid!" She exclaimed as Linda appeared behind me to greet her.

"She is quite a sight, isn't she?" Linda said as she was kissing Jennifer in both cheeks. They were quite fond of each other those two. Sometimes I couldn't stop thinking that there was something more intimate there but it wasn't my place to make a comment.

"She is indeed; your mother is going to love that look, she might try and steal her from you." Jennifer said jokingly but Linda took it more seriously because she answered in a rather peeved mode, "Jenny is my Factotum, and only mine. I might give her on a loan if needed to help my parents two Filipinas but she belongs to this house. Isn't that the case Jenny dear?"

I had to answer quickly as the melodious bell started ringing again, "Of course Miss Linda, I am employed by you and I belong to this house."

"Glad to hear that sweetie. Now rush and open the door my parents are here."

I opened the door and came face to face with Miss Linda's immensely rich parents, Eric and Lucinda Burton, a truly elegant couple in their early to mid 60s.

I slightly curtseyed and moved to the side to let them in. They both rushed in to kiss their daughter first and Jennifer after, completely ignoring me. For the first time I felt so invisible. That clearly was the fate

of a maidservant as I was learning fast during the past few weeks.

They all moved to the main sitting area chatting amicably. I could hear the voice of Mrs. Burton exclaiming as she met the two cats Jay and Jasper. Yes, I thought again as I went back to the kitchen to prepare the tea, I was the last in the pecking order of this house

Mrs. Burton finally paid some attention to me as I started serving the tea fifteen minutes later.

"You look very dapper Jenny," she said casually as I was very carefully filling her cup with Earl Grey tea, her favorite according to her daughter. "It is Jenny, isn't it?"

She added chuckling, clearly knowing that her daughter changed my name so it could start with J.

"Ye, Ma'am that's my name, thank you Ma'am," I answered without stopping my serving.

"Linda has been talking a lot about you," she continued while Mr. Burton had a lively conversation with Miss Jennifer. "She keeps telling me that you are a natural at your work, an exceptionally good General Factotum' as she likes to call you."

"I am happy that Miss Linda believes that Ma'am," I answered quite truthfully because I knew how desperate I would be by now if I wasn't lucky enough to meet my employer and have this job.

"Tell me a bit more about your previous work experience Jenny," Mrs. Burton continued as Linda looked sympathetically at me."

We fortunately discussed that option with her so I answered without much thinking, "I was working as a hotel maid before Ma'am, and I was part of the domestic staff in one of the 5 stars' hotels in the city."

“That sounds interesting Jenny; you must have acquired quite an experience at such a place.”

“I did Ma’am, though I prefer my present work, I like working in a house much more, it can be quite stressing working in a hotel, very often all of us cleaners and maids have to face rather difficult conditions with the hotel clients and the senior staff.”

“Indeed you have,” Mrs. Burton said more indifferently now; I was sensing that I was about to be dismissed.

And within seconds I heard Linda’s voice as she turned to her mother, “Yes, mother Jenny confessed to me that her work at the hotel could be quite stressful at times.”

Then turning to me added, “Could you please go and fetch more hot water Jenny, I can see that the teapot needs refilling and Daddy here didn’t have his cup yet.”

“Of course Miss, right away,” I said with a slight curtsy as I turned to go back to the kitchen.

I slowed my pace down hearing Mrs. Burton’s cultured voice as she was addressing her daughter, “Your maid is unbelievably old fashioned Linda. I could borrow her if you don’t mind of course, for our coming celebration party next weekend; she could be a great help assisting my two Filipinas.”

I couldn’t hear Miss Linda’s answer because I already was back in the kitchen but I felt rather uneasy. I could sense that another exposure to the outside world was imminent.

And indeed, that was the case because as soon as Miss Linda’s parents departed she announced to me that next weekend I would be working as a maid ‘on loan’ at the Burton’s family residence.

She dismissed all my worries and protestations by telling me that I was more than ready to be fully exposed to the outside world.

"You should be more confident by now Jenny," she said as I was serving her evening meal. "You passed my mother's inspection with flying colors and I must tell you, this is quite an achievement."

She had a sip of her wine and looked at me in a cheeky way, "Go and get a glass and come and share some wine with me. I'll tell you what you should know about going to work at my parents' house. It is only a week away so I might as well prepare you psychologically."

Soon I was sitting opposite her in the dining room table, rather uncomfortably I must say. Sitting in my maid's uniform opposite my employer sipping wine wasn't exactly easy for me after all the training I received in the past few weeks.

Linda was very relaxed and easy going as she was talking to me, "My parents celebrate their 40th anniversary so it is quite an important event they organize next Saturday. There will be a 7.00-9.00pm standing reception for about 100 guests with champagne and canapés and then a sitting dinner for the close family, about 14 people if I remember well."

I certainly was impressed but also scared as I heard that. "Wow, that's a lot of people Miss. I heard earlier your mother saying that she has two Filipina maids. Is it possible for us three to cope with all those people? Will we able to manage?"

She smiled mischievously, "So you overheard us talking like a true servant, weren't you Jenny?"

I blushed all over when she said that but she ignored me and continued, "Yes, she has two Filipinas

as live in maids which she immensely trusts but there will be a catering company involved for the reception with proper waitressing etc so you shouldn't worry about that."

"I'm glad to hear that Miss. Why am I needed then?" I asked rather impertinently. Clearly the wine was making me bolder than usual.

"Don't take liberties maid," she said in a pseudo strict tone of voice and continued more seriously, "Let me tell you though a few things about my mothers' two Filipinas. The older one is called Rosario she is in her early forties and she is employed by my parents for over 15 years, I remember her when I was a teenager still living at home. The younger one is her niece and arrived from the Philippines over a year ago, she is in her twenties and her name is Angelita."

"Rosario, what a funny name!" I said in the same impertinent tone, "It reminds me of a catholic implement."

"It is a catholic implement Jenny but also a very popular female name in the Spanish speaking world and don't forget that Filipinos, especially women are very strong Catholics. But my mother's Rosario is a very strong and territorial character like my cats in this house. She will make your life quite difficult if you don't follow her instructions and orders, she is the Alpha cat in my parents' house."

She was amused by my worried look because she added, "You shouldn't worry at all for if you don't show any arrogance and follow her orders. I'm certain she will boss you around but we both know that deep down you like that. It will be a new experience for you to be under the orders of a Filipina maid."

It would be indeed! I thought to myself shivering from an unusual excitement. My trip to the unknown was taking another significant turn.

CHAPTER 10

WORKING IN THE BURTONS' RESIDENCE

On Friday Miss Linda, had kindly agreed to drive me to her parents' residence. I nearly begged her to do so, I was extremely shy to go on my own and of course there was no public transport to the residence and I was still not able to afford a car, I was still collecting money for that.

She came back from work at around three in the afternoon to pick me. The weather was quite mild and I was dressed very simply in a summer frock and a cardigan. I had packed a small bag with my day uniforms, a blouse and skirt outfit, a nightie, some underwear and my modest cosmetics.

On the way, she told me a bit more about Rosario. She had a rather difficult early adult life, she was some sort of a 'fallen woman' when her parents rescued her from the clutches of a porno network which was pushing young foreign girls to prostitution. Miss Linda's mother who was active in various Christian charities was touched by her misadventures and decided to give her another chance for a new life. Rosario was completely devoted to the Burton family ever since.

As we were approaching the house she told me that a female chef named Joyce would be there during the weekend to prepare the food for the sitting meal so I wouldn't be the only outside 'help' in the residence. The only difference was that I would spend two nights there more like a live-in maid. The chef on the other

hand would go at the end of the day and come back the next morning.

The house looked quite majestic sitting in the middle of a well-kept garden. We arrived in the front door and Linda sent me in the back of the house where the servants' and traders' entrance was.

"You are on your own from now on Jenny. Try to follow my advice and be humble and cooperative with Rosario and you will be fine. Now run to the back door and present yourself, I'll just say a quick hello to my mother and go back to work."

"Thank you, Miss, for bringing me here. I'll certainly try to follow your advice, I don't want any trouble and as you mentioned the other day it is a new experience for me in this new world I entered as your Factotum."

"See you tomorrow night then," she added and walked to the front door using her key to enter as I started walking to the back of the house. We were living in two different and parallel worlds now.

I hesitantly arrived at the back door and knocked timidly. Nobody seemed to respond and I knocked again more firmly. This time the door opened and a young Filipina dressed in a maid's morning uniform, light blue dress and matching bib apron looked at me in an inquiring way. This must be Angelita I thought instantly

"Yes?" She asked rather boldly.

"I am Jenny, Miss Burton's maid and I am here to help," I said politely.

"Oh, you are not Filipina; I think Miss Linda have Filipina maid," she said in her accented bad English rather surprised.

“Miss Linda had a Filipina maid called Jasmine before me but she had to go back to Philippines for family reason. I replaced her a few weeks ago,” I said getting a bit impatient with her interrogation.

At that moment, I heard another woman’s voice equally accented but with better English asking, “Who is it Angelita?”

“She say is Miss Burton new maid.” Angelita answered turning back to face the other maid who just appeared. This one must be Rosario I thought.

I looked at her and I instantly felt her piercing black eyes looking intensely at me.

“So, you are Jenny, Miss Linda’s new maid, I heard all about you from Mrs. Burton. She told me a couple of days ago, that she was quite impressed with you.” Her English was nearly perfect and the tone of voice sounded quite normal but somehow, she made me feel rather uneasy; I could tell that this woman had a strong personality.

Angelita turned to Rosario and said something very fast in an unknown language to me.

Rosario kept looking at me as she spoke back to Angelita in English, “I told you many times girl, stop speaking Tagalog to me; you will never be able to learn proper English. And to answer your question yes, I new that Jasmine went back to Philippines but I forgot to mention it to you. Now run along you have lots to do, we have a big party tomorrow remember?”

“Yes Tia,” Angelita said calling Rosario ‘aunt’ in a more respectful tone now as she left to go back to whatever chores she was doing.

Finally, Rosario turned to me and said, “Come in Jenny, don’t stand at the door, I’ll make some coffee, would you like some?”

"I would love a cup Rosario, thank you." I said as I came in to a large ultra modern kitchen.

My initial impression of Rosario's strong personality was confirmed very quickly as we sat down to have our coffee. She was a very straight forward person and much to the point. She knew exactly what she was going to use me for and she said it very quickly in no uncertain terms.

"You seem to be a very strong and healthy girl Jenny, there is something masculine about you that I like. I can tell that you will be able to do some heavier work around the house, something that Angelita is not good at, she is such a frail girl this one."

She saw my stunned expression because she immediately added, "Don't take me wrong there, I don't mean to be rude to you, it is simply a sign of someone who can be good at certain things and I know exactly what you can help us with."

I was still quite stunned with her directness and a bit worried. Did she detect something on me? Why she was calling me a masculine girl?"

I managed to keep my calm and answered, "I am here to help as much as I can Rosario. Miss Burton explained to me that I should follow your instructions and do whatever you think is appropriate for me. So please tell me."

"I'm glad to hear that Jenny. I believe you brought some uniforms with you. At the far end of this corridor to your right is the laundry room, go and change there and as soon as you are ready come back here and I'll assign some work to you."

I looked at her speechless. She was talking to me as if she was my employer!

All I managed to say was, "Yes, Rosario, I have a uniform, I'll go and change and be back here as soon as possible.

A few minutes later I was back to the kitchen dressed in my light blue uniform dress (an old one I inherited from Jasmine) and a rather plain half white cotton apron.

Rosario looked at me critically and said, "I recognize that dress it belonged to Jasmine. I am impressed that you can fit in it."

"Probably I'm smaller than you think Rosario but also Jasmine was a big girl for a Filipina according to my Mistress," I answered cheekily.

"Yes, and she was proud of that," Rosario continued still looking critically at me.

"That apron won't do for the work I have in mind for you, too small and flimsy; I'll get you something more functional."

She came back in seconds carrying a full stripy blue cotton apron, quite old fashioned looking. I had some difficulty putting it on struggling with the straps that had to crisscross in the back and be buttoned in the apron strings. At the end, Rosario had to help me.

"Haven't you seen an apron like this before Jenny? They used to be very popular a few years ago; clearly you are too young to remember them."

She didn't give me the chance to answer because she said in a rather hurried manner, "Enough of chit chat, we have work to do, follow me to the main living and sitting areas, where you will start by cleaning the windows, I hope you are not worried of heights and tall ladders."

The reception areas were immense and tall windows were framing the large spaces. My heart sank when I saw the amount of work waiting for me.

Two hours later my whole body was in pain from the stretching effort so I was greatly relieved when Rosario asked me to stop and go back to the kitchen.

I was absent minded when I started going down the ladder carrying carefully my cleaning implements. When I turned to go back to the kitchen I came face to face with Mrs. Burton who was looking at me, in an amused way.

"Good afternoon Ma'am," I said as I instinctively tried to curtsy though it was not easy with all the cleaning implements I was holding in my hands.

"Hello Jenny, I can see that Rosario put you seriously to work and look at you now, quite the working girl and such a difference from the up market old fashioned maid I met in my daughter's house."

"I'm a maid Ma'am and I do what I'm told to do, I simply follow orders Ma'am,"

She tried to understand if I was facetious or ironical but she couldn't detect anything of the sort in my very respectful behavior because she added, "I'm glad you have the correct approach to that Jenny, my daughter managed to train you quite well, I'll tell her that."

"Thank you, Ma'am, I'll go to the kitchen now, Rosario needs me there."

"Off you go then and thank you again for helping my domestic staff Jenny."

Not waiting for an answer, she turned and headed for the upper level of the house climbing fast the grand staircase. I was curious to visit that part of the house which was still unknown to me. Would Rosario send me there for some cleaning?

Back to the kitchen I met Joyce the Chef as Rosario called her, who was busy preparing tomorrow's formal meal. For a moment, I thought that I would be assigned as her assistant cleaning after her etc but Rosario had other ideas.

"Is it true Jenny that you had been a hotel maid before you started working for Miss Linda?" She asked casually.

"Yes Rosario," I answered as truthfully as possible, "I have been a hotel maid for a couple of years before I was employed by Miss Linda; but why you ask?"

"Being a trained hotel maid you must be an expert in cleaning bathrooms so this is your new assignment in this house. There are several bathrooms and toilets as you probably have guessed. Angelita will assist you but I want you to be in charge, Angelita is still quite inexperienced. I want you to be extra careful with the guests' toilets that will be used extensively tomorrow."

My heart sank as I heard that, there must be more than ten bathrooms and toilets in this house.

"Go and find Angelita, she is already working in the guests' toilets by the entrance of the house. She will guide you around; she knows where all the bathrooms and toilets are in this house. I have to stay in the kitchen to help Chef Joyce, she needs me."

"Yes, Rosario," I said and left thinking that after all I was going to see the rest of the house because of the toilets and bathrooms cleaning. I looked at my watch, it was already past 5.00pm and I was tired and messy looking but I had to continue working. I sort of smiled secretly thinking that Miss Linda was right after all, I was under the direct orders of a Filipina maid!

CHAPTER 11

SPENDING THE NIGHT IN THE BURTONS' RESIDENCE

It took us nearly 3 hours to clean all the toilet and bathroom facilities in the Burton residence and by the time we were back to the kitchen the family had already finished their dinner served by Rosario and chef Joyce had gone home for the night.

Angelita looked spent and rushed to her room to change and have a rest. I went to the kitchen disheveled looking and hungry, waiting for Rosario to tell me what to do next. All I needed now was a good shower, something to eat and a bed to collapse.

Rosario appeared looking quite fresh in a nice summer dress. I was surprised to see her out of uniform but she explained to me that the rules of the house were that after serving dinner they were not on duty anymore.

She looked at me sympathetically, "You look a mess Jenny, I know I gave you lot of work and Angelita just told me that you were a very good cleaner and she learned a lot from you today. She said that you are as good a maid as any Filipina and you should take that as a compliment."

I was excited in a sinister way when I heard Rosario saying that. "If I continue working next to Angelita and she keeps using Tagalog words I will probably learn Tagalog before she manages to learn English and then I'll be more like a Filipina" I answered half jokingly.

"I quite like that idea," She said in a cryptic way, "You probably should come more often to work in this house and then Angelita could teach you more."

"I already learned a new word," I said.

"Which one?"

"*Epron* with an e," I proudly answered

"That's an easy one Jenny dear," Rosario said chuckling, "And speaking of that, look how dirty your *epron* is, imagine if you'd had on the white one you brought with you." She stopped and looked at me then added, "I expect you would like a shower and then something to eat."

"Yes, please Rosario," I said eagerly, "I feel quite dirty and I certainly am quite hungry so that would be very nice."

"You can use the shower and the small WC that exist by the laundry room. They are used occasionally by the gardeners. You can also change there and I'm afraid that you must sleep there as well. There is a portable cot with all the necessary bedding and towels in one corner; unfortunately, there is no available room at the servants' quarters now."

I didn't like that, there was no privacy in the laundry room, anybody could step in and see me but I had to accept it and said politely, "Thank you Rosario, I appreciate that, I'll get my bag and change to something more casual then I'll join you to the kitchen."

I was weary but alert at the same time as I entered the small shower cubicle leaving my clothes outside. There was no privacy at all and I had to be very careful. From a distance, I looked female enough with my attached breast forms and slimmer body but I couldn't pass in closer scrutiny, my male genitalia were the obvious give in.

I wrapped a towel around my body as I came out of the shower and I hastily removed it to put on a pair of clean panties when I heard Rosario's voice.

"I suspected that much from the beginning Jenny dear, I suspected that you were a boy in drag. Years of forced experience taught me to recognize one when I see one."

I looked up in shock; where on earth Rosario was, I couldn't see her. I finished putting my panties on and I started fumbling with my bra when I saw her walking towards me a Cheshire cat smile framing her face. She clearly was standing all that time in a dark corner of the utility room watching me.

"Let me help you dear, you should be more experienced by now putting your bra on but you must be nervous now that you realize Rosario knows your true sex."

With experienced movements adjusted the bra around my fake breasts and buckled it easily.

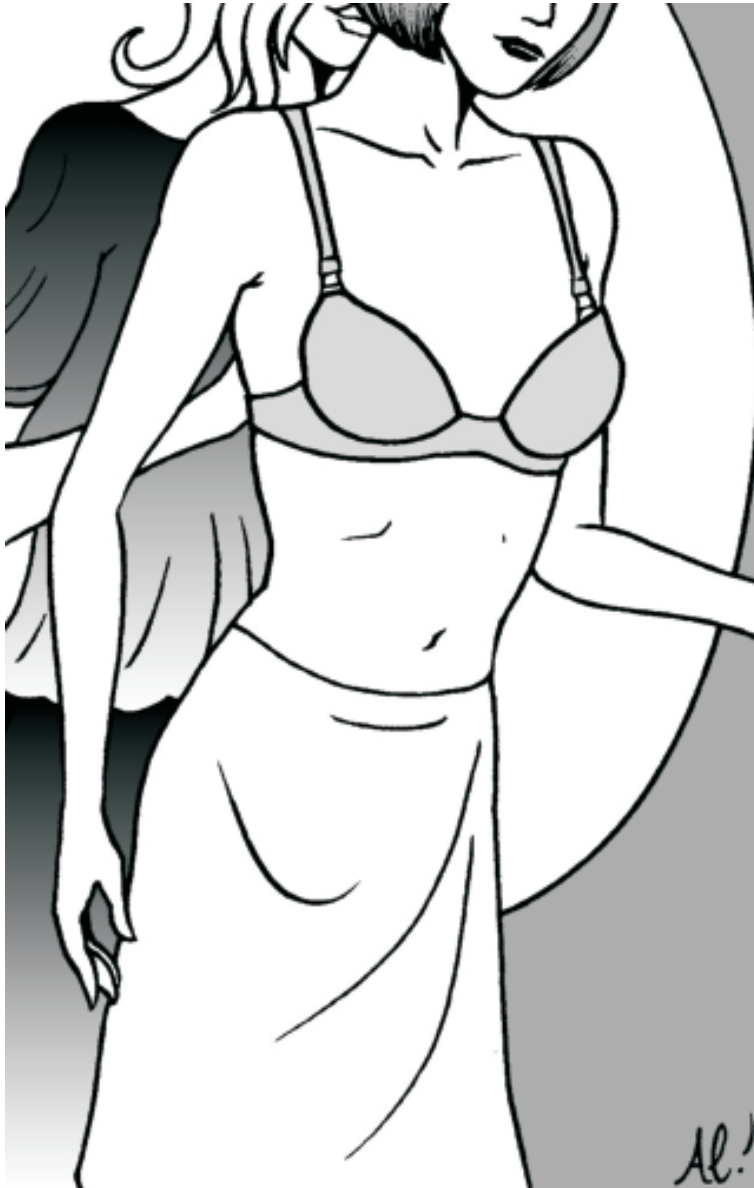
Blushing all over I dressed myself quickly in a blouse and skirt outfit and managed to face Rosario still sporting a knowing smile. She signaled me to follow her to the kitchen.

We ended up with a much-needed mug of coffee in hand sitting around the kitchen table. I looked uncomfortably around to see if Angelita was present.

"Don't worry about Angelita Jenny, she is in her room resting, she is not strong enough this girl, housework is not her cup of tea I'm afraid," Rosario said as if she had read my thought.

I somehow relaxed and said, "How did you guess Rosario, I thought that my disguise was quite successful. At least this is what Miss Linda was telling me and I passed the test of her parents with flying colors; I thought I was safe enough."

"As I told you I've been around trannies and submissive types like you in what I consider now another



life, quite some time ago. So, I developed a sixth sense in 'reading' people like you. I'm sure Miss Linda talked to you about my past and how her family rescued me from the worst and helped me to get my life back even as a humble maid."

"Yes, Rosario, Miss Linda mentioned your past, very briefly though without any details. I only hear it from you now that you were involved with trannies and submissive types as you call them."

"I don't enjoy talking about that phase of my life and I usually change the subject but I'll tell you just this one thing," Rosario said seriously and continued, "I was working in a rather upmarket brothel catering to the executive types with money and there were boy-girls working as prostitutes as well, mostly Asian of course, Thai or Filipino and very pretty."

I was very interested in what she was saying. She stopped, looked at me as if to judge me once more, then chuckled and said, "But the part that I found most unusual was that we had three male uniformed maids running the brothel like a luxurious hotel. They were not Asian but white men in their 20s trained to do the job. They were dressed conservatively in dove grey uniform dresses, white aprons and soft white canvas shoes moving around noiselessly cleaning the mess we were leaving behind. I used to admire those girly boys for their commitment to the job. Those I call submissive trannies and clearly you are one of them. Isn't that the case Jenny?"

I blushed all over again as I felt a pang of excitement. Rosario picked my vocation quite well even better than Miss Linda; this is exactly who I am, a submissive trannie.

I simply answered still blushing, "Yes Rosario, you are right, I am one of them. Nobody forced me to be a maid, I became one on my own will!"

I said the last phrase with a certain empathy because Rosario smiled mischievously adding, "And that's why I think you might be useful to me Jenny."

I looked puzzled. How I could be useful to her?

"You see," she continued, "I plan to ask Miss Linda to give you permission to come and work in this house two days a week, probably Tuesday and Friday. Miss Linda seems fine with that, she mentioned to me the other day that you can manage easily her house and your other chores in the remaining four days, Sunday being of course your day of."

"Do you really need me in this house Linda? The two of you are not enough? I see that the house looks very well kept," I asked still puzzled.

"Yes Jenny, I need you for the heavier work because Angelita is not copying well with that. As I told you she has a weak disposition." 'Rosario said and continued more assertively now, "And of course she needs her salary which all goes to Philippines to help our large family, she can't afford to lose that money. So, you simply are our rescue remedy."

"I see what you mean," I answered partly excited. A second job as a maid? What a career in front of me!

"Yes," Rosario continued as if she hadn't heard me, "Miss Linda said that if you don't have any objection she will allow you to come and be our fellow maid here twice a week."

I looked at her as my excitement started mounting, "Ok, I'll do it Rosario if Miss Linda has no objections." I said in a higher pitch voice not being able to hide my emotions.

Rosario of course hasn't miss that and pressed my excitement a bit further, "I'll make a good Filipina out of you very soon Jenny. Being with Angelita twice a week for many hours will make you learn Tagalog and soon you will be the best Filipina maid. You would like that wouldn't you Jenny?"

She knew how to press my buttons this one. "Yes, I would," I simply said my voice still in a high pitch cracked with emotion.

In an unexpected move, Rosario stood up and came and hugged me. I hugged her back as she started whispering in my ear, referring to herself in 3d person, "Rosario will take good care of you Jenny and she will teach you all the secrets of being a good maidservant since this is what you want."

In a sudden and out of control emotional outburst as all my submissive genes were kicking on, I detached myself from her embrace and did a curtsey saying, "Thank you Ma'am, I'd love that Ma'am!"

She was clearly pleased with my spontaneous move and chuckled, "Make sure you don't call me that in front of Angelita or our employers Jenny, but when we are just the two of us, yes, I would expect you to call me Miss Rosario or Ma'am."

Blushing deeply, I answered in my new found higher pitch voice, "Yes Miss Rosario, I'll remember that Ma'am!"

She looked pleased as she finally said, "Let's call it a night then and go to bed, it is going to be a long and hectic day tomorrow and we'll be up at the crack of dawn. Good night Jenny, I hope you will find your little cot in the utility room comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Rosario. Good night."

CHAPTER 12

RECEPTION AND DINNER PARTY AND...

I removed my formal black and white uniform, the one that Miss Linda gave to me this morning. I put my cotton nightie on and lied down on my narrow cot in the utility room.

I was dead tired physically being on my feet from six in the morning until now, more than 16 hours with an hour break for a quick shower, lunch and change of uniform. My thoughts were spinning around. The reception and the dinner party that followed for the close family had all been a blur to me and I tried to bring back the events of the day, the longest and most unusual day of my whole life.

During the morning under Rosario's guidance and following her instructions to the letter I worked on lots of last minute chores. Caterers were in and out bringing food and drinks and Chef Joyce was deeply involved in her preparations. I had the feeling that I was part of a modern version of 'Downton Abbey'!

In the middle of all that commotion, Miss Linda arrived carrying a parcel which she gave to me a big smile on her lips.

"This is for you Jenny dear, it's your formal black and white uniform to wear tonight, like the ones Rosario and Angelita will wear. I ordered it especially for you."

I was lost for words. I looked at her and instinctively dropped a small curtsey, "Thank you Miss, you made me very excited, a formal uniform for me? I can't believe it."

“Yes Jenny, you certainly deserve it. You earned it with your eagerness to be a proper maid. Rosario is very impressed with your work.”

She stopped briefly and looked around noting all the buzzing activity and added, “I better let you go you have work to do but before I go I can tell you, Rosario mentioned to me that you agreed to come and work in this mansion two days a week. I’m glad you agreed, you will be a great help to her. We’ll talk the details at home. See you tonight doll, properly dressed for the occasion. Bye for now

Finally, everything was ready and at 7.00pm the guests started arriving in large numbers. Angelita and I dressed in identical formal black and white uniforms were standing by the door taking coats or the occasional present. Rosario was behind the scenes coordinating everything. Watching her all day long I realised what a great organiser she was.

I was also assigned by Rosario responsible for the guests’ toilets. I had to inspect them in regular intervals and try to keep them clean and presentable.

Thank God, I had nothing to do with serving drinks and circulate with trays of finger food. The caterers were responsible for that.

By 9.00 o’clock all the guests have finally gone and the 14 ‘inner’ guests and relatives sat down to the formal dinner. Linda and Jennifer were among them. Both came to say hello as I was standing by the toilets and to compliment me for my performance that evening.

“Born a servant this one,” I heard Jennifer saying to Linda as they were walking back to mingle with the guests. Linda chuckled and turned to look at me with a reassuring smile.



Rosario said to me that I had to stand at one corner of the dining room and watch her as she was doing the formal food serving. She asked me to watch carefully how she was approaching the guest with the food platter and how later she was retrieving the used plate. A specially hired sommelier was doing the wine. I was totally fascinated watching the whole process and I was also extending my ears trying to catch snippets of conversation.

Angelita on the other hand was asked to stay in the kitchen and give a hand to Chef Joyce in case she was needed.

By midnight everything was done and all the guests have gone. Mrs. Burton came to the kitchen to thank us all for the fine performance and finally we could sit down and have our dinner with the very luxurious leftovers. By that time, we all were starving and the food plus a glass of excellent red wine were more than welcomed.

As I was trying to bring back the events of the day my eyes were closing and soon I was fast asleep and my reality became one with my dreams.

I woke up with the voice of Angelita talking to me in Tagalog, "*Magandang umaga Jenny. Kamusta!*"

I abruptly stood up on my tiny cot checking that my nightie wasn't revealing anything. Rosario warned me already, Angelita had no idea who I was.

"Understand what I say Jenny?" She continued in her pigeon English, "I just said, *Good morning Jenny, how are you?*"

"Yes, Angelita I remember those words from yesterday. Today you will teach me more if you want," I said feeling a peculiar mixture of amusement and excitement.

Somehow, I was hooked in what Rosario whispered to me yesterday, *'I'll make a good Filipina out of you!'*

"Put uniform on and come to kitchen for breakfast, Tia Rosario says that we have to bring house in good shape today." She said and left.

I soon joined them in the kitchen dressed in my not that clean morning uniform. I had to do a big wash tonight at Miss Linda's house.

I spent a very unusual Sunday bossed by Rosario. She clearly enjoying having me around and she knew how to keep me on my toes. When we were just the two of us I made a point of calling her Ma'am or Miss Rosario something that she seemed to enjoy immensely. An unspoken erotic feeling developed between us something that kept me in an excitement mode through out the day.

By the late afternoon, it was time to go back to my employer's house. As Mrs. Burton announced to me when she came to thank me and say goodbye, Linda called her and asked her to book a taxi for me.

When I tried to thank her she simply said, "We all thank you Jenny for your work in this house and when I say all I mean my husband and I and of course Rosario and Angelita. You were an immense help to them. And of course, I'm looking forward to see you coming twice a week to help my maids. I am indebted to Linda for that and of course to you that you accepted so graciously."

"I am happy to come Ma'am, I like working next to Rosario and Angelita, I need that sort of interaction. Sometimes at Miss Linda's house I can get a bit lonely."

She looked sceptical as if she hasn't thought of that. "Yes, I see what you mean Jenny, a maid's job, if she is on her own, can be lonely sometimes."

She said that and she added as she turned to go, "Your taxi will be here in a few minutes so pack whatever you brought and Rosario will see you out. Bye for now."

CHAPTER 13

Two months later...

I was down on my hands and knees cleaning thoroughly under the bed in Rosario's room when I heard her coming in. I tried to stand up but I felt her hand on my shoulder pushing me to stay down. I simply turned and looked at her with my docile eyes full of admiration.

On Tuesdays both Mr. and Mrs Burton were out of the house for the whole day, Mr. Burton at work of course and Mrs. Burton doing all her charity activities and meeting with her upper-class lady friends for lunch and society gossip in one of the top hotels in town.

Rosario was not in uniform as it was her habit on Tuesdays. Instead she was dressed casually but elegantly. She was playing very convincingly the lady of the house in the absence of the Burtons.

"When you finish cleaning my room you can give a thorough tidying up and cleaning in Angelita's room. That girl is very messy and her room looks like a dump."

I looked at her in surprise, "But Ma'am I've never cleaned her room before. Shouldn't she do it herself?"

“There is always a first Jenny and don’t argue with me please. Once her room is clean and tidy she will be forced to keep it that way, I’ll see to it. Angelita will be away for another two hours at least, I sent her out on some errands. So, you have plenty of time to do it properly. And I’ll be around if you need my advice.”

“Yes Miss Rosario,” I answered in a more respectful tone this time.

“Good, I’ll be in the kitchen, I’ll make some fresh coffee, you can join me for a cup when you finish here.”

She turned and left not waiting for my answer. I automatically accelerated my working rhythm, I needed that cup of coffee.

As I was folding her clothes to put them away I realised that I was completely under her spell. I couldn’t say if it was love, admiration, expectation for a new excitement or a combination of all the above but I was certainly hooked by her and the two days I had to work in the Burtons’ residence were the high lights of my week.

I was finishing cleaning her small ensuite shower-WC facility when I heard her voice form the kitchen saying something in Tagalog,

“Jenny dumating, kape ay handa na.”

I knew enough already from my lessons with Angelita to understand that she was saying, ‘Jenny come, coffee is ready’.

“Salamat Ma’am,” I answered using the word thank you in Tagalog.

A few minutes later I joined Rosario in the kitchen adjusting my maid’s cap and apron on the way. She could be very critical if I looked dishevelled.

"Ah Jenny, there you are," she said casually as I picked a mug and went straight to the coffee machine.

She checked me carefully as I sat down and added, "I quite like this new uniform of yours, very functional and not at all flashy, has your employer bought it?"

"We went together the other day to the uniform shop and she bought for me four dresses in various colours," I said proudly, "The mint green one I wear now, a pale blue, a lemon yellow and a pink one, all pale colours for morning wear."

"She is very generous with you Miss Linda, she spoils you." Rosario said half-jokingly.

"Yes, she is, but on the other hand a uniform dress is my nearly permanent attire those days. I go shopping in uniform, I come by bus to work in this house in uniform and only at weekend I can wear more casual clothes," I answered quite defensively.

"Don't pretend that you don't like it girl," Rosario said a smirk in her face; "I can tell how pleased you are when in uniform. I see you looking at yourself in the mirror all the time, fixing your cap or adjusting your apron, you are born to be a servant dear Jenny, you thrive in that role."

I couldn't stop blushing when I heard her saying that. She never ceased to amaze me this woman, she was so astute in her remarks and she could read me like an open book.

She saw me blushing and gave me a reassuring smile. "In my country, we believe in reincarnation and I am nearly certain that in a previous life you were either a female slave or a serving girl. This is what is coming out now so strongly."

"It's very interesting what you just mentioned Ma'am", I said in a small but excited voice not forget-

ting to address her properly, "Because I often have very strong dreams of being in such a condition, dreams that they can go centuries back, as back as the Roman Empire period!"

"Wow that is fascinating!" Rosario said with a renewed interest in her voice, "So I was right when I said that I would make a good Filipina maid out of you, I do have the right material in my hands."

I lowered my head still blushing as I said in a quivering voice, "You make me very excited Miss when you say that. Yes, I would like that very much, and learning Tagalog with Angelita's help is very much within that frame."

"That's right, learning Tagalog is part of your Filipinisation program if I can use that expression and I want you to increase your efforts by doing some homework. I'll guide you to some on line programs that are quite efficient. And going online you can improve your accent as well." Rosario said quite excited herself and before I had the chance to say something she added, "And something else Jenny, from now on when you work next to Angelita you will speak to each other either in Tagalog or in Pidgin English the kind of English she uses. Can you do that?"

Even more excited now I said in my acquired high pitch voice, "Yes Ma'am, I speak only Tagalog or bad English when work next to Angelita, like two Filipinas together Ma'am."

"That's my girl," Rosario exclaimed, "You have to sound more uneducated if you want to become a proper Filipina maid."

And she continued with mounting excitement looking at me with her bright piercing black eyes, "And Jenny I want you to remember something else as well; Miss Linda is your employer, she pays you and all that

and you must be her general factotum as she calls you, but I am your Mistress and mentor and you are my protégée. Is it clear enough what I'm telling you and can you accept it?"

I looked at her with awe and admiration. I was enchanted by this woman, she was my personal benign witch and I couldn't resist her will. Blushing all over I spontaneously stood up and curtsyed saying in a whisper, "Yes Miss Rosario, I accept you as my mentor and Mistress. I admire and respect Miss Linda, she is my employer and pulled me out of my depression but I feel differently towards you, I feel like I belong to you."

She stood up clearly touched by my response because she hugged me and whispered teasingly in my ear, "Yes Jenny dear, you are mine now and make sure to remember that even when I'm not around to supervise you."

Then in a normal tone of voice she added, "Now, finish your coffee and go to Angelita's room, you have to give it a very thorough tidying up and cleaning before she is back. Then there is the master bedroom upstairs to attend to, change of sheets and a good cleaning especially in the bathroom, Mrs Burton is very particular about that as you know. Don't dawdle girl, you haven't got all day."

"Yes Ma'am," I answered curtsying again. I had the last sip of my coffee and run to Angelita's room.

EPILOGUE

Six months later...

I rushed from the kitchen to the living room to the sound of the small crystal bell that Miss Linda was us-

ing in the past few months to summon me, wiping my hands on my apron.

"Ah, there you are Jenny," she said in a pleasant but rather indifferent tone and continued, ignoring my small automatic curtsey and the 'Yes Miss Linda' answer.

"I'm afraid that time has come to terminate your employment in this house Jenny dear. My life is about to change drastically and you cannot be part of my new arrangements."

I felt my knees buckling and I must have had a horror and anxiety expression on my face because she hastily added, "It's not as bad as it sounds, I probably broke the news to you rather abruptly so please hear me out and don't interrupt until I tell you so."

"Yes Miss," was all I managed to say.

"You have probably guessed by now that there is a man in my life. You met him a couple of times in this house always in the presence of other people because I wanted to keep our relation secret. The only person who knew from the beginning was Jennifer," she hesitantly said.

I stayed silent as asked and she continued in a more determined manner, "The other day he proposed to me and I decided to accept. I made the big jump ahead Jenny and I hope for the best." She looked at me as if asking for my approval but I kept my silence looking expectantly in a 'please tell me more' expression.

"After our wedding, he will obviously move in this house and I'm afraid I can't keep you any more as my maid regardless how much I value your work as my general factotum. I can't really keep a boy/girl in a live-in condition after he moves in. Sooner or later

your identity will be revealed and that will be very embarrassing for us all. Do you agree so far?"

I had her permission to speak so I tried to sound happy as I answered, "Congratulations Miss! I'm so happy for you and I wish you with all my heart to be happy in this new phase of your life."

I stopped briefly but she was still expecting an answer to her question so I added, "And yes I agree with you, I can't stay as your maid after your wedding. But how are you going to cope? Are you going to hire another maid and what about me, do you have any suggestions Miss?" I answered with a question.

"As a matter of fact, I have." She said simply.

I looked at her expectantly as she continued, "You are moving in a couple of weeks as a live-in maid to my parents' house. My mother loves you and you certainly appear to get on very well with Rosario," she said a cunning smile in her face, adding at the same time, "If you agree of course, I can't force you on that."

I looked at her with my mouth aghast, "But there are two live in maids already there Miss. Your parents don't need a third one and anyway there is no available room for a third maid."

She laughed as she looked at my anxious but expectant face, "You are right Jenny, there is no space for a third maid but what you don't know is that Angelita is going back to Philippines to get married. Her family found someone for her. So, you are going to be hired as the second maid."

"Wow! This is serious news." I said feeling a mounting excitement, "Angelita is going? Rosario never said anything to me and I saw her only yesterday."

“Rosario thought that I should break the news to you as your legitimate employer,” Miss Linda answered still a mischievous look in her face. “And to answer your other question I am going to hire another Filipina as my maid, Rosario found one who recently lost her job. Jennifer is doing her papers as we speak.”

She stopped and looked at me again, “And speaking of Filipinas I think you gradually become one of them and you seem to enjoy it. The other day that I was visiting my mother I heard you and Angelita both giggling trying to communicate in... what is called their language?”

“Tagalog Miss.”

“Yes, Tagalog and coming back to our subject you haven’t said yet if you agree to my proposal. Do you want to take that job in the Burtons’ residence?”

“Of course I do Miss,” I said very formally now, “And thank you for organising that for me. I would be devastated at this stage in my life if I was out in the streets again looking for something to do.”

“You are too much of a jewel Jenny dear to let you go and I’m extra glad because I’ll have the chance to meet with you quite often and who knows when we’ll be doing a dinner party or reception in this house I’ll be able to get you on a loan from my mother. Isn’t that a turning of tables?”

She chuckled with that thought as I was thinking how life can play funny games sometimes.

She checked her watch, “Oh my God, I’m running late, so much to do during the next couple of weeks. I have to rush now.”

She looked at me again in an more relaxed look, since the mini crisis was over, “You can go back to your chores Jenny, I want this house in a pristine mode

when the new maid comes to take over. You have to set an example for her.”

She stood and approached me as I was getting ready to go back to the kitchen. She gave me a big hug saying teasingly, “I might have a new maid soon but it won’t be the same. You are my one and only general factotum and my unique boy/girl. Thank you, dear Jenny, for everything.”

The moment was quite erotic for both of us because I saw her eyes watering. I nearly started crying myself as I said in a cracked voice, “Thank you Miss for giving me such a chance to fulfil my dream and thank you for letting me be your general factotum. I loved and still love every moment of it.”

Without another word, we parted. She rushed upstairs to get ready and I went back to the kitchen looking down at my front buttoned light blue dress and white apron and thinking if Miss Linda would ask me to leave my uniforms behind for the new maid or... But then I thought that Filipinas are usually small so I would probably take them with me because of size. With that positive thought, I entered the kitchen where I knew by now that I really and truly belong.

END