

Maid in Oaxaca



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MAID IN OAXACA

By Monica Graz

PROLOGUE

Patricia Martinez Torres is a pretty and highly intelligent Mexican woman in her mid-twenties living in New York. Her father Diego Martinez Torres is a high-ranking diplomat serving at the UN Mexican delegation. Her mother Alicia Martinez Torres is 'old money'. She is the sole inheritor of vast pieces of land and properties in the southern state of Oaxaca at the vicinity of the town of Juchitan.

In the district of Juchitan is the land on the ancient Zapotec people whose language and culture still thrive there. One of the many distinguishing characteristics of Juchitan is its population of *muxes* (pronounced *moo-shays*) which means women in Zatopecan dialect, clearly influenced by the Spanish word *mujer* for woman.

But the *muxes* are not biological women, they are people who were born biologically male and were encouraged to dress from an early age in female clothes either because they

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manifested some inclination towards that or because the family had too many sons and needed a substitute daughter to take up female duties within the family, usually with the blessings and the complete tolerance of the society.

Some have their breasts enhanced, others have nose jobs. Quite a number of them are permanently dressed as females wearing the colorful dresses, so popular within their culture. The majority of *muxes* start very young, before their teens and are trained in womanly ways by family and friends, taking their place in Zapotec cultural tradition that predates the Spanish colonizers.

Patricia meets Chris Galliano a free-lancing translator in his late twenties, who occasionally work in the UN's large Translation Department, in one of the many receptions and other social functions she has to attend because of her father's position. They instantly like each other and a mutual attraction is developed between the two and soon they become an item and make plans to move in together.

Chris is a small built rather shy person something that Patricia likes and is attracted to. He is totally heterosexual and adores women. He soon reveals to Patricia that he is an occasional cross dresser and he enjoys dressing up now and then. He also reveals to her that he has a strong desire to be a maidservant because he loves to clean and look after other people.

Patricia is quite intrigued but not very surprised because growing up in the state of Oaxaca she has come across many *muxes* who were and still are an integral and accepted part of the local society.

PART 1 – NEW YORK

CHAPTER 1

I've met Patricia or Pat as she liked to be called in one of the many functions at the New York UN building and it was love at first sight. Her father was serving as a diplomat at the UN Mexican delegation and I was one of the many



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free-lancing translators at the UN building being fluent in English Spanish and Italian.

Pat is finishing her Ph.D. at Columbia University in Social Anthropology and her subject is quite intriguing as I was going to find out very soon.

We started dating and we spent hours talking about anything imaginable. We were both 'citizens of the world' as Pat called us from the very beginning with multi-ethnic and multi-cultural backgrounds.

I had an Italian background from my father and an Irish ancestry from my New York born and raised mother.

Pat on the other hand was Mexican from both parents but her father was a direct descendant of Spanish nobility that colonised Mexico centuries ago and her mother was coming from the southern province of Oaxaca where her family had lots of land and properties. She had Spanish and indigenous blood since her father married one of the local girls belonging to the ancient Zapotec people.

We were already seeing each other for more than a month when the unexpected happened. It was Friday night and we had a very nice meal at an Italian restaurant accompanied by the house red wine, a rich Chianti. We were both getting tipsy touching each other amorously when Pat, her dark brown eyes quite sparkling, had suddenly said, "Let's go to your place Chris, you told me you live alone so let's go and become more intimate, I want you badly tonight."

I was completely taken by surprise because I was thinking to ask her to my place but only after some planning and preparation of the apartment and myself but tonight, I certainly wasn't prepared for that.

I tried to get out of it with various excuses but when I saw the hurt look on her beautiful and expressive eyes, I gave in.

All I manage to say during the taxi ride to my place was, "Please Pat try to be understanding with what you will witness in my apartment, since one or two aspects of my character are a bit idiosyncratic and I never had the chance to talk about them, though I had and still have the intention to do so."

She appeared slightly puzzled and looked at me quizzically. I gave an awkward smile at her and she smiled back saying, "I'm all in for surprises Chris dear. For as long as you are not a serial killer or a child molester, I can accept anything. We both are open-minded and citizens of the world, remember?"

I looked at her and smiling nervously said, "I couldn't agree more," thinking at the same time, 'let's see how open-minded you can be when you discover that I wear panties and I have a closet full of various female clothes'.

Because Pat was about to discover very soon that I was an occasional but very committed cross-dresser!

The apartment was located in the Upper Manhattan not far from the UN building and was all I could afford in that part of New York. A single bedroom place with a comfortable open kitchen living space and a nicely done bathroom was all I had.

The first thing that Pat noticed was how clean and tidy the apartment was, "Nice place you've got here Chris, so tidy and clean" she said in her slightly tippy voice, "You must pay a bomb to a cleaning service for that." She added meaningfully.

I blushed for the first time tonight as I answered hesitantly, "Actually I do all the cleaning Pat, I love cleaning and you are right, it would be above my means to be able to pay a cleaning service. It's not such a big place after all."

"Wow, I'm impressed Chris," Pat said giggling and continued, "I probably would need a person like you to keep me tidy, I am a very untidy and messy person and my mother and our maid always tell me off. I would be terribly embarrassed to show you my room at my parents; apartment here in NY."

And then she added still giggling, "But let's set our priorities first; any chance for a drink, some red wine perhaps?"

"Good idea, I think I have a good merlot somewhere in the kitchen. Go and park at the sofa and I'll join you shortly." I said quickly trying to change the subject but Pat being curious kept looking around.

She opened a tall cupboard next to the fridge that I used as some sort of pantry and immediately noticed the two aprons hanging in the back of the door. Here we go I thought with mixed feelings, now she will start asking more questions.

“I love your aprons Chris. Are you wearing them when you clean or cook?” she said looking at me mischievously.

Blushing again I answered in a more determined tone, “Yes, as a matter of fact I do. The apron makes me feel more domesticated and more inclined to do housework. It is a pleasant feeling for me Pat.”

“She examined them more closely now, feeling the material and looking at the design.

“I quite like them, they certainly have a feminine touch, I’m glad they are not those ugly BBQ type aprons,” she continued as she kept examining the white one with increased interest.

“The white one is part of a maid’s uniform, isn’t it? I’ve seen it before, my parents’ maid has a similar one, it is matching her dove grey dress,” added, a cunning smile on her face.

My God, she is so observant, nothing can escape her attention. Should I tell her that the matching grey dress is hanging in my closet and I love wearing it when cleaning?

Probably not yet, a step at a time I thought as I answered cautiously,

“You are very observant Pat; yes, I bought this apron at a domestic uniforms shop.” I said and added trying to change the subject once more, “Let me open this bottle so we can have a glass of red.”

CHAPTER 2

“So, how serious are you Chris in exploring your feminine side?” Pat asked as we were lying in bed, both wearing matching cotton nighties – both mine of course -after hours of very intense love playing. “I know you are not gay; you certainly have proved yourself tonight but I can also tell that you love being a girl. Would you perceive yourself as a

transgender person, have you ever considered of going in transition mode?"

She looked at me, her soft eyes smiling warmly as she continued talking, "I'm sorry if I ask so many questions darling but I care a lot for you, we are not very long together but I've developed very strong feelings for you."

I looked back at her, my eyes in tears. She hasn't rejected me after all! I fully confessed to her my cross-dressing tendencies, after she saw in my closet all my female clothes and underwear, after she saw my grey maid's dress. On the contrary she wanted to find out more about and why I was like that, squeezing my hand as she was asking those questions.

"Oh Pat, I am so relieved that you accepted my other side, my feminine side. I have these tendencies since I remember myself; helping mother at home and occasionally trying her clothes, fraternizing with the maid when I was a teenager, buying whenever I had the chance and a bit of money pieces of female clothing of all kinds, panties, bras, skirts, blouses and the occasional apron."

Pat squeezed my hand even harder as I kept talking as if she wanted to encourage me to let everything out, "You understood already that I'm not gay, on the contrary I adore women and their world and of course I adore female clothes of all kinds."

I stopped again to catch my breath and wipe my eyes. For the first time in my life I was able to talk so openly about myself.

"I don't consider myself transgender and I certainly never had any tendency to go all the way, operation and all that," I said with conviction in my voice, "But I do love to cross dress. I feel totally transformed when I wear a dress or a skirt and blouse outfit. I feel that I cross an imaginary line and move to a different sphere. You must have noticed already Pat that I'm not effeminate when I am in my boy clothes but I feel that 'I become totally feminine' the moment I feel the dress or the skirt caressing my legs and knees, it's absolutely magic for me!"

I stopped there because I became quite emotional, I nearly had a sob as I finished my last sentence.

“Relax honey, don’t get so emotional. I love hearing your story. In fact, I’m much more familiar than you could ever possibly imagine with what you are describing. I came across lots of similar cases. My PhD is very close to the subject of cross-dressing, masculine versus feminine, gender orientations etc.,” Pat said as I looked at her in total surprise.

“I know you look surprised but my interest in you is real and genuine. I liked you from the very beginning I set eyes on you, the night we first met. Something about the way you walked and looked at people, the shy polite approach when we first started talking, all that was definitely a plus for me. I love men like you and I hate macho self boasting types.”

Pat continued still holding my hand reassuringly.

“You should probably tell me more about your PhD research Pat, I’m curious to find out what you are exactly researching; you made me very intrigued now. And thank you for accepting my other side so graciously.”

“All in good time Chris dear, we are both totally exhausted now and my eyes are closing. Let’s call it a night and tomorrow morning we can have a leisure breakfast and I’ll tell you all about my research.” She stopped briefly and giggled as if she thought of something then added, “Probably you can make and serve breakfast wearing your maid’s uniform, wouldn’t that be nice for you?”

A shock wave of excitement went through my body when I heard her last words; was she asking me to wear my maid’s uniform tomorrow? Wow! All I managed to murmur in a cracked voice was, “I’d love to do that Pat; you can’t believe how happy you made me by suggesting that. Goodnight darling.”

We turned to a spoon like position, our bodies touching through the delicate nighty material and soon we were fast asleep.

CHAPTER 3

I fell asleep thinking of tomorrow morning and what sort of breakfast I could prepare for Pat. Probably I should run down the road to the boutique bakery and buy some fresh croissants and a nice marmalade. I remembered that I had eggs and bacon in the fridge; and I had coffee and cream. The last think in my mind as I was drifting away was the grey dress hanging in the closet.

At about 9.00 I sneaked out of bed, and run to the bathroom. I had a quick shower and put some clothes on to go and get fresh provisions. Back in the apartment I went quietly to the bedroom where Pat was fast asleep. I picked what I needed and went to the bathroom to get changed. I inserted my C breast forms to my bra and then I put on my grey maid's dress. I buttoned it up and looked at the mirror. A boy in a dress was looking back at me but I didn't mind that, this is what I was anyway, a boy in a dress. I touched my lips with a pale lipstick and went back to the kitchen to start breakfast. I put my white apron on making sure that the bow was symmetrical in my back and started to fry the bacon. I was certain that the smell of bacon and fresh coffee would wake up Pat.

I was humming in front the sink washing some cups as I suddenly felt Pat's hands cupping my breast forms and murmuring to my ear, "Good morning my sweet maid. Your breasts feel so real! You look adorable in this dress and apron. Turn around so I can see you."

I blushed as I turned around wiping my hands in a tea towel, "Good morning Pat, you certainly managed to startle me," I said in a higher pitch voice something that was automatic for me when dressed in my female clothes. "Take a seat, breakfast will be ready in a couple of minutes, freshly squeezed orange juice, eggs and bacon, croissants in the oven and some strong coffee in the plunger."

"Wow, you are spoiling me Chris and I'm really starving," Pat said half-jokingly as she sat in one of my two chairs next to the kitchen table, still wearing the nighty she borrowed from me last night. "I could get used to this and

then you will be sorry because I can be a demanding employer.”

She winked at me as she started sipping her orange juice. But I got a new shock wave of excitement the way she was talking to me even if she was partly joking. She already knew how to push my buttons.

“I’d love to be employed by you Miss, I would be a good maid for you,” I replied in the same half joking way but we both knew somehow that there was an element of truth in all this.

“Now sweetie, let me look at you. You look good in that uniform, neat and dapper like a proper maid should be. Of course, you have a boy’s face but your features are soft and you have a fine bone structure, your hands are not big and your legs are superb, many women would kill for those legs, and that touch of lipstick is just right.”

“Thank you, Miss,” I said with a sly smile, still blushing, and trying to curtsy in a rather comical way as we both burst into laughter.

Then I added in a concerned cook’s voice, “Come on, let’s eat before those eggs get stone cold,” and I started serving.

We were in our second cup of coffee when I asked the question that I was dying to ask since last night, “Now Pat, could you please tell me what is the topic of your PhD, I’m very intrigued to find out.”

Pat looked at me and said as if she hasn’t heard my question, “Next time you dress for me sweetie you should wear a wig and a nice maid’s cap and some makeup. That I think would complete the picture. And by the way when you are dressed like this is there a name that you use? I know that Chris can be male or female like Pat for that matter, but I’m certain that you would prefer a definitely more feminine name, all cross-dressers do to my knowledge.”

“Blush, blush again as I replied hesitantly, “Yes Pat, I like the name Cristina, spelled the Spanish way without the h and for short Crissie.”

“I quite like that name,” Pat said approvingly, “Very appropriate and it’s clever that you chose a name that can be

used in both the Anglo and the Latin American world. We have lots of Cristinas and Crissies in Mexico.”

“Now that I know your proper girl’s name, I can answer your question Crissie.” Pat said smiling mischievously.

“Have you ever heard the word ‘*muxe*’ or ‘*muxes*’ in plural? It’s pronounced *moo-shay*,” Pat continued as she was looking at me questioningly.

“No, I never heard of that word and my Spanish is quite good as you know.”

“But because your Spanish is good you must know the word ‘*mujer*’ which of course means woman.”

“Of course, I know *mujer* I said smiling, I try to be one as we speak,” I added jokingly.

“So *Muxe* is *mujer* in the local dialect of the Zapotec people. Remember when I told you the other day that my mother originates from the province of Oaxaca in Southern Mexico. She was born and raised there in the town of Juchitan and she is half Spanish and half indigenous Zapotec. Her family owns vast pieces of land and property there and now as the sole inheritor she is probably one of the richest in the area.”

“That means that I date a rich girl,” I said happily “but I still can’t see what *muxes* have to do with your PhD or my TG tendencies.”

“Let me finish Crissie dear,” Pat replied rather bossily this time, “You see *muxes* are not biological women, they are people who were born biologically male and were encouraged to dress from an early age in female clothes either because they manifested some inclination towards that or because the family had too many sons and needed a substitute daughter to take up female duties within the family, usually with the blessings of the family, in particular the mother, and the complete tolerance of the society.”

I looked at her open mouthed. How come I never heard of that? “Wow Pat, what a story; I’m completely fascinated by what I’ve just heard. I always believed that Mexico is a completely macho society. This is one of the reasons I never really wanted to visit your country.”

“You are right of course about Mexico being a macho society and a very dangerous one for that matter with all those

drug cartels etc. But there is that small part in the Oaxaca province in the south where *muxes* exist and are accepted and in some cases venerated also, especially some old ones.” Pat said looking at me cunningly, and then added abruptly. “And of course, I can see now that you are a *muje* sweetie. I studied them enough to know that you were born to be one yourself.”

At that point I felt a bit worried and insulted, I had to ask her, “So Pat have you been seeing me only as a study case for your PhD? Am I really your Guiney pig?”

She looked at me horrified and jumped from her chair and rushed to give me a long hug. “How on earth you could imagine such a thing my little Crissie? I’m ever so happy that we found each other, you are my ideal male specimen and you have so many qualities that I love and admire. Yes, you are a potential *muje* but that is exactly what I like in you and that has nothing to do with my PhD. I think we are made for each other!”

“I’d like to believe that because I have similar feelings for you. It’s so surreal and yet so exciting that you accept me as Crissie,” I answered, still feeling her strong hands behind my back playing with the straps of my bra and still hugging me.

“I have a confession to make as well since you were so open to me, letting out all your secrets. I’m bisexual, that’s why I feel so comfortable with your girl side. I also like your eagerness and tendency ‘to offer’ and somehow to be ‘of service’. Your eagerness to be a maid is indicative of that. Other people would call you a submissive but being an anthropologist, I try to avoid that term as is not politically correct; I prefer to use the general term carer. That suits my personality as well because I like to be at the receiving end of your caring.”

“I’m impressed,” I said without the slightest trace of irony, “You certainly are very knowledgeable on those issues, sexual, anthropological, cultural, you name it.”

“So, you understand now why I think of you as a *muje*? But I can add here that you are ‘*my muje*’. I want you to belong to me so I can mould you my way with your full consent of course. I wouldn’t even dream of doing anything that

you would oppose. Are you game for that my darling Crissie?”

“I had-again- tears in my eyes as I answered, “Yes Pat, I’m your *muxe*, and yes, I want to belong to you and it’s true what you have just said, we appear to be very compatible.”

“That’s what I like to hear. You are the sweetest and you are mine you are my Crissie!” Pat said, her eyes sparkling. Then in an anticlimax mode she added naturally, “Thank you for the super breakfast, it was the best I had for some time. I am going to have a shower now, and you can clean up here and do the dishes like a good maid.”

As she finished her sentence, I felt another surge of excitement as I received my first order as a maid!

She was heading towards the bathroom as she turned back and said, “Would you mind if I borrow a pair of your panties, and do you have a spare toothbrush? Next time I’ll come more prepared to your place.”

CHAPTER 4

“Do you want to marry me Chris or shall I say Cristina and move in with me?”

It was several weeks later and we were having a nice glass of chardonnay sitting at an elegant café not far from the UN building when Pat asked me the question that was dropped like a bomb. But I knew her well enough by now not to be completely surprised. That was her style all right. She loved to come out with big things out of the blue without any previous warning.

I replied cautiously with questioning eyes, “Wow! What do you actually mean Pat? Are you proposing me? And where to move in? Aren’t you living with your parents?”

She giggled in her usual flirty way, her pretty face shining with anticipation, “Slow down Chris and I’ll explain everything. But first I have a present for you.”

She opened her bag and took out a small box that pushed towards my side of the table. I instantly knew that it was a ring. Was she offering me an engagement ring?”

I cautiously opened the box and looked inside. “Oh my God! Is this for me?” I squeaked like a teenage girl as people turned around to look at us.

“Yes, this is for my darling Crissie. Try it on, I want to see it on you.”

I looked around slightly embarrassed as I slipped it on my finger. It fitted perfectly in the middle finger of my left hand as it was ordered for me. It was small and delicate and made me feel very emotional. Tears started forming in my eyes as Pat took my hand and looked at it.

“It suits you Crissie; your hand instantly becomes more feminine. So, can I presume now that you accept my proposal and you are engaged to me?”

This time my tears were freely flowing down my face as I said in a slight sob, “Oh Pat, you are such a devious person. You took me totally by surprise. But of course, I accept. I am honored that you asked me and I am double honored that you made me feel so feminine.”

As I said that I stood up and gave her a big hug and kiss forgetting the surroundings and all political correctness.

But then I looked back at her still with questioning eyes, “Please, explain to me. What happened suddenly and you made that big step? Something changed in your life that I don’t know? Please, please tell me, I’m dying to know.”

“Fair enough,” Pat said her warm eyes looking mischievously at me. “Try not to interrupt me though and I’ll explain everything.”

We both had a generous sip of our wine and Pat started talking, “Remember a couple of weeks ago we celebrated my 25th birthday. That was the day you met my parents. There was a small reception at their residence and then you took me out to dinner to a nice Mexican restaurant.”

“How can I forget? I was ever so nervous meeting your parents.” I said smiling

“Yes, I remember your nervousness. But at the end they both liked you, in particular my mother who though that you were very polite and not at all trying to show off.”

“And of course, I was so amused seeing their maid Conchita wearing exactly the same uniform I have.” I added with a cunning smile.

“Yes, I saw you looking at her admiringly. If she only knew that you were jealous of her uniform, she would be very amused.”

She stopped and looked at me accusingly, “Please try not to engage me in a conversation, I have to finish my story.”

“Yes Miss, sorry Miss,” I said jokingly.

“That’s my girl,” she replied winking at me then continued, “So a few days later I received a letter from a Mexican solicitor’s firm informing me that the moment I was going to turn 25 I would be able to access a trust that my grand father, that is my mother’s father, created for me when I was a child. They were two conditions in that trust in order to be activated, the first one I mentioned already, to be 25, and the second one to be legally married to a man who is of catholic faith!”

“Wow, that’s so cool,” I managed to say astonished, but Pat raised her hand to stop me and continued, “And that’s how you come in, you are my catholic faith man and I have to marry you to activate the trust!”

“Wow again,” I said, “But is that trust so important to you? Are we talking about a considerable sum of money?”

Pat looked at me and said with a beaming smile, “The trust is worth according to the solicitors close to two million US dollars. It contains various forms of investments and cash, all safely sitting in a Californian bank.”

“That’s a lot of money Pat; you are a rich woman by all means. Are you sure you want to marry a poor guy like me?”

She looked at me annoyed, “You shouldn’t even mention that. You know you are my choice, I told you so some time ago, you are my special person, my *muje*, my girly boy and I already proposed you and you accepted. So be it! You are going to be my bride.”

“Bride?” I asked a mixture of excitement and anxiety in my voice, “What do you mean by that? Like I’ll dress in a white dress and veil and you will be wearing a tuxedo?”

She laughed good heartily as she replied, “I wish it could be that simple my darling Crissie. What I mean is that you will metaphorically be my bride, but during the ceremony I’ll wear the dress and you will wear the tuxedo but under your outer clothes you will wear of course your pretty undies.”

“Oh Pat, I’m so touched,” I said again with more tears on my eyes. I promise to be a good spouse/partner to you.”

She looked at me with her big eyes sparkling, “I’d rather prefer you to be a good housewife to me dearest Cristina-Crissie because really and truly I expect you to take all the housewifely duties and not only the moment we move to our new house. Would you agree to that?”

Blush, blush and butterflies in my stomach. Pat was touching my hidden buttons again. I thought I could be bold again, “I’d love to be your housewife and why not your maid at occasions. You know how much I enjoy wearing my domestic uniform.”

“I know indeed and I’ll remember your promise when we start our life together.”

Then she raised her glass and clinked it with mine, “To our future life together for better or for worse, in joy and in sorrow etc... dearest Crissie!”

Being bold again I winked and answered, “To our future life hopefully for better and mostly in joy Miss!”

CHAPTER 5

Everything moved very fast after that. Within two weeks we were married in a very low-key civil ceremony at the Town Hall. The two witnesses needed by law were Pat’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Torres.

Pat was dressed in a simple but very expensive and elegant white dress and I was wearing a dark grey suit, a white dress shirt adorned with a black bow tie and a red carnation on my jacket’s left lapel. Of course, I was constantly aware of the snow-white feminine underwear I was wearing underneath.

Then the four of us had champagne and dinner at a very upscale restaurant and at about midnight we said good night to Pat's parents and just the two of us ended up at the bridal suite of an expensive hotel where more champagne was waiting for us. I could see that the night ahead was going to be wild. And wild indeed it was. After all that champagne and a very special and varied love making, we both collapsed in each other's arms wearing again matching night gowns. I fell asleep with a smile on my face, thinking how lucky I was that I found that jewel of a girl who as of tonight was my legal wife.

As we were having a leisure breakfast or rather brunch the next morning Pat laid out her plans for our future life together. She definitely had the money and definitely had been taking all the decisions. I was quite happy to follow; after all I was going to be just a housewife as she was reminding me whenever she had the chance.

"We're moving in to our new place in about a week's time" Pat started after a sip of her coffee. "The basic furniture is there, but we'll probably need more furniture and other stuff after we move in and start living in the place."

"I can't believe that I haven't seen it yet," I said looking at her accusingly in a jokey way.

"I did that on purpose sweetie, I wanted it to be a surprise for you," she replied and continued, "But you will have the chance to inspect it very thoroughly in a few days when you are going to give it a very thorough cleaning. Would you be able to do that? You will be able to wear your maid's uniform and feel the real thing, not just pretend to be a maid cleaning your miniscule apartment."

Once more Pat managed to startle and excite me at the same time but I replied cautiously, "I'm not certain that I know how to do a professional cleaning Pat, especially in a place that has been renovated and not cleaned for some time. I don't think I have that experience. I would need some coaching for that."

She looked pensive as she answered, "You have a point here Crissie dear; I tend to forget that though you like to play the maid you never really had the experience to be a proper one."

She stopped and then clapped her hands happily, “Eureka!” she yelled, “I think I found the solution to that. I’m going to ask my parent’s maid Conchita to come and help you, or even better to come and be your coach. She will show you the ropes and you will be able to have an advance course in being a proper maid. She is very experienced.

I was all of a sudden very worried and my excitement faded away as I said, “But you can’t do that Pat. Are you going to expose me to your parent’s maid? Then she will tell your parents and I’ll be totally embarrassed. How could I face them?”

“As you face me wearing your maid’s uniform sweetie. You are not embarrassed in front of me, are you?” she answered rather coolly, then she mellowed and added, “I think it’s time now to tell you another secret of mine. Both my mother and Conchita know that you are my *muje*.”

I looked at her alarmed, “You told them about my other side? I thought that was our secret and we would keep it like that.”

“Is not that simple dear. You see, when I announced to my mother that I’m going to marry you, she asked me the question that all mothers would ask their daughters, ‘why you picked this guy, he is out of your league, you could do better than that’.”

I was hurt when I heard that, but Pat was just pragmatic. Her mother was right, I wasn’t such a catch for her daughter, I was a rather poor guy with no great work or other prospects.

“Probably your mother is right,” I said in a sad small voice, “I already asked you that myself. Why would you marry a loser like me?”

She laughed heartily but her voice was firm when she spoke, “and I said to my mother exactly what I said to you. I married you because you are my *muje* you are my non macho guy, you are someone that will be there for me in a supportive role and you are someone who will never cheat on me. So, you see I had to tell her about your proclivities and tendencies. At the end she agreed with me.”

I looked at her skeptically, "In other words my various weaknesses and the existence of a strong feminine side are becoming my assets for you?"

"Yes Crissie dear; those are your assets from the very beginning and you better remember that." Then she added smiling cunningly, "As for Conchita you shouldn't worry at all. Conchita has a son who is a *mujete* and at the moment stayed behind to look after the family, now that his mother has to work in US. So Conchita will be fine with you. In fact, I think you will enjoy working with her and you will improve your Spanish, in particular your Mexican Spanish. That will be useful when we'll visit my country."

Another sip of coffee and then I had another question, "But you left your father completely out of this. How I'll be able to face him in the future when I become more feminine in my appearance? Look at me now, my hair is considerably longer, my eyebrows are plucked and I have clear varnish on my nails. He probably should know, don't you think?"

"You don't have to face him as Crissie in the immediate future and you won't be seeing him that much anyway. He is at the moment a single-mindedly person pursuing his diplomatic career and very soon he will be eligible for promotion which means another position as a full scale ambassador at some other part of the world." Pat said reassuringly

"That means also that they'll have to give up their apartment in New York if they move to another country. Just as well that you got this new apartment for us. Aren't we lucky?"

"Indeed we are!" Pat said happily. In fact, I never stop thanking silently my grandfather who created my trust more than twenty years ago."

She stopped for another sip of coffee, and my mind drifted away as I was looking at both of us, a smile on my face, as we were sitting finishing our brunch wearing, not for the first time, our matching nighties.

Her voice brought me back, "And I just realized how free of relatives and commitments you are as a matter of fact. Your mother died many years ago and your father has

moved back to Italy and remarried there. You are such a free bird yourself.”

Her words brought back tears to my eyes, “Yes Pat I’m a free bird but now I have you and I would love to become your *caged bird* because I belong to you now.”

She stood up and gave me a long and supportive hug, “Yes my Cristina -Crissie, you do belong to me and I will always be there for you.”

CHAPTER 6

“Wow! It’s much bigger than I thought,” I said to Pat as we finished the guided tour of the apartment, “Three bedrooms with ensuite bathrooms, a vast sitting dining area, a very well-equipped kitchen, a laundry room, even a maid’s room with its own WC- shower facility. Did I forget something?” I said in an admiring voice.”

“No, that’s about it,” Pat answered but immediately added, “You shouldn’t forget the back service and traders’ door. The door is connected with the service elevator. I like that, is so old fashioned.”

“How are we going to use that? I asked in a half innocent voice.

“We’ll talk more about that at a later stage,” Pat said dismissively and continued, “At the moment let’s make the immediate plans. Tomorrow you start the cleaning and hopefully you will be done in a couple of days with the coaching of Conchita.”

“And how are we going to organise that?” I asked half expectantly half hesitantly thinking about my ‘official debut’ as a maid tomorrow.

She opened her bag and gave me a set of keys, “This is your personal set of keys Crissie, three keys are in the key ring as you see, main building entrance, main apartment entrance and traders’ and domestic staff entrance. Be here tomorrow morning at 8.00. I’ll join you with Conchita within the hour. Conchita and I are going to do some shopping beforehand, we need cleaning material and other stuff for the apartment and she is compiling a list tonight.”

I took the keys with a beaming smile, “My own set of keys, thank you Pat, I feel very privileged.”

She raised an eyebrow and smiled back, “Don’t feel that privileged sweetie, those keys come with certain obligations as well. You are going to understand that soon when you take full responsibility of this place.”

She didn’t give me the chance to answer because she continued in a rather bossy manner, “Now, listen carefully. Tomorrow when we arrive with Conchita I expect you to be properly dressed ready for work. You will wear your functional uniform and try to be as femininely presentable as possible. Don’t overdo it with makeup though, you are going to work hard and you don’t want mascara running down to your face. Would you remember that?”

She smiled again but in professional manner as if she was instructing a subordinate. The familiar feelings of stomach fluttering were back, her bossy manner and the way she was addressing me sent waves of pleasure through my body.”

I gave a weak smile and replied hesitantly, “Yes Miss, I’ll remember that.”

She winked cunningly at me. “And since you addressed me as Miss just now, I would like to tell you that tomorrow in front of Conchita you will have to address me as Miss or Miss Torres. She is always formal with me, and addresses me as Señorita or Señorita Torres in Spanish of course. This is the old fashioned Mexican way and it would be unfair to her if you were casual towards me. You are both going to be my maids tomorrow and I’ll be your employer.”

I blushed as I heard her telling me those things. I wasn’t certain if that was the result of embarrassment or excitement or most probably both. She was constantly planting submissive seeds inside me; she was constantly stimulating all my senses.

She saw my reaction because she added winking again, “I can tell that you clearly like what you hear from me Cristina dear. I can see that you are ready to let completely out your feminine and supportive side. You are going to be such a great wife and maid to me!”

Blushing again I said, “Si Señorita Torres!”

CHAPTER 7

I was dressed and ready as I looked for the tenth time at my reflection in the hallway mirror. My front buttoned dove grey dress with its white piping around the short sleeves the collar and the two front pockets, covered by a functional white full apron, my white flat canvas shoes, my white band to keep my longish hair back and my modest makeup with a touch of lipstick gave me the look I wanted, the look of a professional and dapper female domestic.

On impulse I gave a small curtsy in front of the mirror saying in a small feminine voice, ‘My name is Crissie and I am employed by Miss Patricia Martinez-Torres as her housemaid!’

At that moment I heard the bell in the front door. ‘My God, they are here!’ I thought as my heart started fluttering from excitement. One last look at the mirror, a slight straitening of my white head band and then I walked briskly to the door and opened it purposefully.

Pat, a beaming smile on her face was standing there all fresh and beautiful in her morning outfit of jeans and T-shirt. Behind her Conchita wearing a similar to mine grey dress without the apron was carrying many parcels of various cleaning materials.

I gave a small curtsy and smiled back. I spoke in Spanish, “*Buenos dias Señorita Torres, buenos dias Conchita!*”

Pat was surprised with my Spanish as she answered happily, “*Hola Crissie, què tal?*”

Then she added in English, “Good girl Crissie, you must insist on your Spanish today with Conchita, her English is very limited.”

“Yes, Miss Torres, I’ll remember that,” I replied not forgetting my place and addressing her formally since she was presently my employer.

Conchita put down her bags, an exhausted look on her face. She looked at me and said in rapid Spanish, “*Hola chica*, could you please carry those bags to the kitchen, my arms are killing me.”

Pat looked meaningfully at me as if she was saying, 'now follow Conchita's requests and instructions without any fuss'.

I quickly said, "Yes, of course, I'll take the bags to the kitchen and please join me there, I just made fresh coffee."

As I was picking the bags to carry, I turned to Pat, "Would you like some coffee Miss?"

"Yes Crissie, coffee would be nice, I'll have to give you both instructions of what has to be done today and tomorrow."

Pat left after half an hour. We had our instructions and Conchita decided that we should start the cleaning from the bedrooms. She asked me to remove my white apron and made me wear a pinafore or overall style apron that was covering my grey dress front and back. It was made of a blue cotton gingham material and as she explained to me it was traditional for a maid in Mexico to wear it when involved with heavy duty cleaning like we were doing now.

The apartment was filthy and full of dust because of the recent redecoration. As we were working together, she was explaining to me in rapid Spanish the way we had to clean thoroughly and methodically. It was hard work and soon my back started to ache and my knees were slightly trembling.

She was watching me with an eagle's eye and was giving me orders and instructions continually calling me *chica* (girl) all along. Only once she used my name when she said to me, "Let's take a break Crissie and make something to eat. I brought some fresh bread and cheese; you can go and make sandwiches and some fresh coffee."

"Yes Conchita." I said relieved for the break, as I removed my rubber gloves and wiped my sweaty hands on my gingham pinafore.

"Make sure you wash your hands *chica* before you touch the food," she added bossily.

We were ravenous after all that manual labor and I never enjoyed a sandwich as much as this.

We were back to work doing windows when Pat returned for inspection.

Conchita explained to her what was done so far and she praised me for my eagerness to learn but she said very openly that I was not at all experienced and I had a lot to learn.

And then she added meaningfully, “But Crissie is born a *muxe* and she will learn fast. She will become a good *mucama!*”

Pat looked at me as I was disheveled and dirty, my gingham pinafore full of stains and chuckled, “Look at you, the picture of a hardworking Mexican *mucama*.”

“*Mucama?*” I asked, “What that means Miss, I never heard that word.”

“Of course, you wouldn’t know it; it’s a Latin American word, the equivalent in Spanish is ‘*criada*’. I’m certain you would know that word Crissie.”

“Yes Miss, *criada* means housemaid in proper Spanish.”

“That’s correct sweetie,” Pat continued, “Now you better go back to your chores, you have to finish today’s work, bedrooms and bathrooms, all windows inside out and give a nice polish to the wooden floors. That means you will have to do it on your hands and knees. Conchita will explain everything,” she concluded an amused look on her face.

I realized then that Pat was getting a certain pleasure in asking me to do all those menial jobs.

But I kept that thought to myself and simply said, “Yes Miss Torres, I’ll finish my last window and then we’ll start the wooden floors.”

Pat looked at her watch and added, “In fact I’ll be back in a couple of hours to pick Conchita. We both sleep in my parents’ house tonight and are back here bright and early tomorrow. As for you Crissie you can spend your first night in the apartment. You can make the bed in the maid’s room next to the kitchen and sleep there. Have you brought a nightie with you?”

“Yes Miss, I thought of that and I packed in my bag a nightie, a change of underwear and my basic cosmetics.”

“How thoughtful of you,” Pat said smirking.

“But, I don’t have a change of uniforms Miss, so I guess I’ll have to wear the same working clothes tomorrow.”

Pat smirked again, “Ah, you are wrong in this one sweetie, I thought of that myself as a good employer and I bought you another uniform dress, you will find it hanging in the closet in the maid’s room.”

My eyes sparkled from pleasure, another uniform dress for me? “Oh, thank you Miss, you are such a good employer, I never expected that.” I exclaimed and as I finished my sentence I gave a small awkward curtsy.

Pat laughed and Conchita who was witnessing the whole scene started moving her head and muttered to herself, “*Ella es una verdadera sirvienta!*”

Pat continued roaring with laughter, “You heard what Conchita just muttered Crissie? Do tell me in English please, I want to hear it from you.”

I blushed all over; Pat loved teasing me and clearly enjoyed my embarrassment.

“She is a true servant, that’s what Conchita said Miss.”

And who is she, this true servant?” Pat asked still enjoying herself.

I thought to become bold myself now that everything seemed to be out in the open, in front of Conchita too. ““This is me Miss, Crissie your maid, you *muxe mucama!*”

This time Pat approached me and gave me a big hug, “That’s my girl, that’s my chica,” she said as she winked her eye to Conchita giving her a meaningful look.

Then she clapped her hands, “That’s enough chatting girls, back to work now both of you, when I come back I want the wooden floor in the three bedrooms to be all clean and shiny.”

“Yes Miss Torres,” we both said in unison but only I tried again to give a small curtsy, Conchita simply bowed her head slightly.

CHAPTER 8

I had an uneasy sleep during my first night at the new apartment. I felt quite lonely in my small single bed at the tiny maid’s room. I was missing Pat terribly; I would have loved to share the bed with her in the master bedroom but

she had decided differently and at the moment she was the boss. I was of course dead tired and my body was aching from the manual labor but my mind was busy trying to absorb the novelty of what had happened today.

I couldn't stop thinking of my first day as a full-time maid in real working conditions. Did it really happen? Was it real that I was married to a lady who was willing and happy to let me be her housewife and maid? Was it real that I was totally dependent on her? She was holding the purse and I was feeling somehow like her employee!

And yet I felt satisfied with the turn of events. I felt that Pat was my security and she was going to keep me under her wing. Somehow, she had convinced me that she cared for me and really and truly loved me even under those unorthodox and unusual terms and conditions that framed our relationship.

Eventually my mind eased and I was drifted to a deep sleep. As expected, my last thought was at my new uniform dress hanging in the small closet, the dress that I would wear tomorrow during my second day as a full-time maid. *Una verdadera sirvienta*, a true servant, as Conchita said.

I was up bright and early the next morning and after a quick shower and dressed in my underwear, I picked the new uniform dress and examined it once more. It was a light blue polycotton dress very similar to my grey one but in lighter material, more for summer use. It would match better my blue gingham pinafore which I had to wear again for the heavy cleaning.

Fully dressed and ready for work I moved to the kitchen and made a fresh pot of coffee and then, a mug in hand I went around inspecting yesterday's work. I felt a deep satisfaction looking at the sparkingly clean bedrooms and bathrooms. Is this the feeling of a proud maid and cleaner? Feeling pleased that I was able to accomplish such a simple menial job and yet a job that would enable other people to use and enjoy the space? Is it why Pat kept telling me that I was born to clean and serve and be there to accommodate the needs of others? Was that a normal attitude to life?

God, all those questions and not a clear answer. As I was walking back to the kitchen I stopped once again in front of

the hallway mirror and looked at myself. The utilitarian gingham pinafore made me look like a *muchacha Mexicana* as Pat mentioned yesterday.

I felt sexually aroused looking like that and finally an answer dawned on me. I simply was someone who was thriving being in a submissive servile mode, someone who was destined to be '*the apron wearer*' if that could be considered an acceptable term.

The front door bell ringing brought me back to reality. I looked at the wall clock, it was nine o'clock. Pat and Conchita had just arrived.

I rushed to open the door with a welcoming smile but I froze when I saw an unknown man in a concierge's uniform looking at me.

"Good morning and sorry for the disturbance. Is Mrs. Torres in?"

With a great effort I managed to get some self control and answered in my best feminine voice, "I'm sorry she is not in at the moment, but I expect her any minute now. Can I help you?"

"It's nothing urgent, I just wanted to introduce myself, I am Tony the morning concierge and I would like to welcome Mrs. Torres as a new resident. Probably I'll come back later."

He looked at me more carefully now, taking in my utilitarian servant's uniform and said, "And you must be Mrs. Torres domestic assistant?"

I couldn't hide a thin smile; is that a politically correct way to call a maid those days?

I decided to be more assertive with him so I answered boldly, "Yes, I'm Crissie, Mrs. Torres maid. I finish the cleaning today so as of tonight Mrs. Torres will be staying at the apartment."

At this moment we both heard the elevator door opening at the far end of the corridor and then we saw Pat approaching fast, a concerned look on her face, with Conchita marching behind her loaded with shopping bags again.

"Is everything alright Crissie, who is this person?" She asked looking at me, a meaningful look on her face.

The concierge turned to face her and touching his cap said politely, "Good morning Mrs. Torres Ma'am, I'm Tony, the building's concierge and I came up to introduce myself and welcome you. Your domestic assistant Crissie was explaining to me that she still has some cleaning to do before you move in."

"Pleased to meet you Tony." Pat replied, "And that's correct, Crissie has to finish the cleaning today and we'll be hopefully sleeping here tonight."

Then she continued in a slightly accusing tone of voice, "As a matter of fact I was just looking for you downstairs to introduce myself but I found you here instead, chatting to my maid." Of course, she was implying that Tony, being the concierge, should be at his post down by the main entrance to check who is coming in and stop the possible intruder or suspiciously looking person.

He understood Pat's insinuation because he hastily answered, "Nice meeting you Ma'am, I should better go back to my post now."

He nodded to all of us and started going back towards the elevator when Pat asked him, "What are your working hours Tony?"

"8.00 am to 3.00pm Ma'am, after that the building's main entrance is locked and residents have to use their key and special six-digit code." He said and then as if he remembered something added, "And the domestic staff uses the back elevator that goes to the first basement where the garbage collectors are. Good day to you Ma'am."

Pat gave me another meaningful look as I moved away from the door to let them in.

As we were sipping coffee sitting around the kitchen table Pat turned to me and said matter-of-factly, "I guess you will be the maid in this apartment Crissie since Tony saw you in action. At least during his working hours, you must come and go from the service door and of course wear your uniform when you are out shopping or running errands. This is what maids suppose to do in this up-market neighborhood."

I blushed as I saw Conchita moving her head approvingly, a cunning smile on her face muttering again something like '*verdadera sirvienta*'.

Seeing me blushing all over and slightly winking to Conchita Pat added in a rather amused tone of voice, "I think you enjoy that Crissie, you like the fact that, by pure chance, you are trapped like this; you can fulfil now your dream and be a *sirvienta*, a female servant, in a more serious and permanent way. Tomorrow I'm going to the uniform shop and buy you half a dozen of practical day wear dresses in various pale colors. You will certainly need them for morning wear and your outings."

Still blushing and now excited because once more Pat was pressing all the correct buttons I managed to say hesitantly, "I'm very intrigued by the turn of events, but this is a bit extreme Pat, don't you think? A complete change of status even before we are able to move to our new apartment? I wouldn't like to make you unhappy or embarrassed because of that."

I stopped and looked at her questioningly then added, "But I leave the decision to you, you are my employer after all."

She smirked at me and said, "You are right, I'm your trusting partner but your employer as well, but I'll repeat what I said to you from the very beginning of our relationship. I wouldn't push anything without your full consent but since you give me the option to decide for you, I simply can tell you that yes, I would love to have you as my maid in this apartment at least during Tony's working hours. Are you still willing to do it?"

She looked cunningly at me waiting for my answer.

Feeling excitingly trapped and full of contradicting emotions I said rather formally, "Yes Mrs. Torres, I am prepared to do it. I want to be your maid in this apartment and I'll abide to the rules that go with it."

"Good girl," Pat exclaimed, and rushed to give me a hug as she added mischievously, "I somehow knew it, you are a natural to this kind of work, I was watching you working yesterday with a glee on your eyes."

“Yes, a natural!” Conchita added in her heavily accented English smiling broadly at me.

Then she looked at the kitchen clock and exclaimed as she was urging me to stand up, “*Hola chika, vamos a trabajar!*”

Pat looked at the clock as well and added, “Conchita is right you better start the cleaning you two, the day is short and she will have to go back to my parents house in three hours, my mother said to me that they need their maid back and my maid can cope with this apartment after all that coaching yesterday and today.”

Conchita who understood Pat’s comments said in her accented English, “I show Crissie the basics today and let her finish on her own. She is a good *servienta* and she learns fast.”

Pat smiled at Conchita’s remark and said to both of us, “Right girls, back to work and you Crissie make sure that the apartment looks immaculate when I come back; I’m certainly going to inspect your work. I’ll be at the university library working on my PhD until about 7.00pm.”

“Yes Mrs. Torres,” I said feeling once more very humble, thinking already about the coming inspection. Then I added hesitantly, “Shall I prepare dinner as well?”

“No Crissie, you will be exhausted by the end of the day with all that manual labor so I’ll treat us to a Chinese take away. Just make sure that there is some chilled white wine in the fridge.”

She was out of the apartment as Conchita started to explain to me in her colloquial rapid Mexican/Spanish today’s cleaning schedule.

CHAPTER 9

“You should probably glue your breast forms to your chest, so you wouldn’t have to keep your bra on when you are in bed with me. I would love to play with your boobs when in bed together; though false, they feel very real to me.” Pat murmured.

It was our first night together in the new apartment and she was in a chatty mode and was whispering to me as we were lying in bed at the master bedroom after our intense love playing.

I was more than pleased and excited as she kept talking to me. She was pushing me steadily in order to establish and promote my female persona and that kept me on a sexual edge all the time.

“I would love to have my breast forms glued on my chest but that means that Crissie is becoming a more permanent feature in our lives. It that accepted by you as my spouse and employer?” I answered hesitantly fishing for a yes of course.

She sensed my hint and said more firmly still in a whispering mode though, as if someone nearby could hear us, “This is an order from your employer girl and to prove you how serious I am you will find in the bathroom a special glue with instructions how to do it. So, do it first think in the morning, before you put your uniform dress on.”

“Yes Miss Torres, as you wish Miss Torres,” I answered with a smile but my voice was cracked and full of emotions. Pat was bossing me in her own particular way and I loved it.

“And you said it yourself a minute ago. Yes, Crissie is becoming a permanent feature in our lives, Crissie is here to stay.” Pat continued always in a whispering mode, “And I think you enjoy it as much as I do. You enjoy being in skirts and I love you to bits because of that.”

“Oh Pat, you make me so excited and happy. I have such a great need to belong to you, to be your ‘*muxe*’, wife, maid or slave if you want me to be one!”

“Yes darling, I love your devotion to me, but slave? That might be a bit farfetched in our modern world but you could be one if we were living in another era.” She stopped and giggled as she added, “Probably you were a female slave in one of your past lives, probably in Ancient Rome since you have an Italian background.”

“Yes, I think you are right” I said with conviction, “I probably was a female slave in my past life. But I must say, since I totally depend on you for my existence, I somehow feel like a modern day slave.”

“Now you just touched a delicate matter Crissie darling. I have been thinking about it since you agreed to marry me helping me to activate my grand father’s trust. Without your assistance I would still be living with my parents and you would still be in your modest little apartment trying to make a living as a translator.”

“You are right to that but where is the delicate matter? I helped you but you helped me as well.” I asked with curiosity

“Well, I am your employer now and you work at this apartment very diligently as my maid. You practically do everything; you clean you cook you do the laundry and ironing, you go out to do the shopping and you wait for me in the evening with a glass of wine in a tray as I can in from the university library. In other words you spoil me to bits. I think you should be paid for that.”

I tried to protest saying that this was not necessary since she was giving me money for all the house needs but she stopped me with her hand.

“I think you should maintain a certain amount of independence from me, the rich employer.

So, every Friday from now on you will find on the kitchen table your weekly wages in cash. I already checked what the average wages are for a domestic worker so every week you will collect \$350 in cash.”

I was overwhelmed by mixed feelings again. Pat clearly had this unique capability to bring out unusual or unexpected news. I was about to become a paid domestic worker? Wow, what a development. I was married to her and I simultaneously was employed as a domestic worker by her!

“That’s another surprise for me Pat. I’m your partner and you also pay me to be your maid? What an unusual relation we have. But why you give me cash? You simply could deposit money to my account or I could withdraw money from the joint account you said we’ll have together.”

“Ah, that’s a good question Crissie dear. It’s purely symbolic. I thought that since you are not declared anywhere as a legitimate domestic worker, strictly speaking you are

working illegally for me like an immigrant female worker without papers. That gave me quite a thrill when I thought of it and can make your day to day life as a domestic more realistic.”

An uneasy feeling surrounded me as I asked, “What do you mean when you say that my day to day life will become more realistic?”

She chuckled as she answered, “Well, let’s say for instance that you are out as Crissie in your uniform doing shopping or running errands and you are suddenly stopped by the police. They ask for your papers and you have none, unless of course you show them your male driver’s license. That could be embarrassing and humiliating and yet very real. Don’t you think?”

A shudder went down my spine. “Wow Pat. I never thought of that option. That could be really embarrassing. I have to call you so you can come and save me explaining the situation. By that stage of course I would be the laughing-stock. You made me very worried now.”

She squeezed my hand as she said, “You shouldn’t really worry. In this part of the city it happens rarely but if it happens, I’ll be there for you. After all you can easily prove that you are a US citizen. After that it would be only the embarrassment of cross-dressing without any other consequences. Think of it as an extra thrill.”

I looked at her adoringly. Her eyes were closing; she was ready to fall asleep. “I’m truly amazed with you Pat; you certainly have an answer to everything, even the most complicated issues are like a game to you. I think...”

She stopped me with her hand, “Stop blathering on, I’m falling asleep; let’s talk more tomorrow morning during breakfast.”

As she was turning to the other side she said in a sleepy voice, “I have to try and enhance your female persona during the next few weeks. Crissie is here to stay!”

‘*Crissie is here to stay*’ was the last phrase that kept my mind going as I was struggling to fall asleep as well. I was physically tired but I had again so much to absorb!

CHAPTER 10

The feeling was so different, I had boobs! My breast forms were attached to my chest. My posture was different as well; my center of gravity has changed.

As I moved around the kitchen preparing breakfast I kept looking down to my chest as it was protruding prominently pushing my uniform dress and apron bib outwards.

Pat was very pleased as she was helping me gluing them into position earlier in the morning.

All she had said at the time was, "Isn't that nice Crissie? Your bosom is much more realistic now and you would be able to come to bed without a bra, just wearing your flimsy nightie."

She chuckled and added, "And who knows, probably one day you will have proper implants. It is such an easy procedure those days and most *muxes* in Oaxaca have them. Of course, you could always grow your own if you ever decide to a full transitioning and start taking hormones."

Her last remark panicked me slightly because I immediately said, "I don't think I'm ready yet for such a drastic step. I'm quite happy with my false boobs for the time being."

She smiled kindly as always when a delicate matter was rising and simply said, "Of course, it's your decision and your decision only my Crissie, but whatever step you decide to take in the future, I'll be standing next to you."

"Thank you Miss," I said realizing that more and more often now I was calling her Miss or Miss Torres rather than Pat. It was becoming automatic to me and Pat seemed to like it.

I was pouring hot water to the coffee maker when she came abruptly from behind and hugged me whispering to my ear, "Are you pleased with your new boobs sweetie? Aren't they so extra feminine? You should feel more girly now."

"Stop it Pat, I nearly burned myself with the hot water," I said jokingly.



“Oh, my; is that a proper way for the help to address her Mistress?”

I turned to face her. Was she really meaning it or was she joking like me? Her expression was serious but her eyes were teasing.

I played along, “Sorry Miss, I forgot my place, I should know better,” I said and gave a small awkward curtsy.

She clapped her hands happily, “That’s my girl, that’s my maid. You should do that more often. I could teach you how to curtsy properly if you want.”

I blushed all over hearing that as she started giving me another hug, “Only joking darling, but I love it when you try to be a proper servant.”

She stopped and looking at the kitchen table where breakfast was served, she said, “But let’s have something to eat, I’m famished.”

We sat down to eat breakfast together, but as expected, I was doing the serving. Pat from the very beginning said to me that she was against the complete segregation of the help. It would bore her to death to eat alone without the chatting and interacting we always had.

She pointed to her coffee cup, “More coffee please, Crissie?”

“Yes Madam,” I said spontaneously as I got up to pick the cafetière.

“I like that, I prefer Madam from Miss, after all I am a married woman now and that is more appropriate. So, from now on Crissie, you will address me as Madam or Mrs. Torres when you are in maid mode.”

“Yes Madam,” I said blushing once more as I was pouring fresh coffee to her cup. This woman was unique; she knew how to keep me on my toes.

“Remember what I said last night just before we fell asleep?” She asked as she was sipping her coffee.

“Yes, I remember very well your last sentence, ‘Crissie is here to stay’ and I meant to ask you about that.”

“But before that I said that I would like to try and make some improvements to your feminine looks, enhance your female persona as I phrased it.”

“What do you have in mind exactly Pat? I asked uneasily.

“Let me answer your question with some questions of mine, “Are you prepared to continue living your life as a full-time substitute female for the foreseeable future? Are you prepared to continue being my maid and housewife and wear female clothes 24/7? Are you happy with that option?”

I looked down at my dress and apron, I touched my white hair band, all symbols of my current position and I said in a quivering voice, “For as long as you want me to stay in skirts 24/7, for as long as you want me to be your maid and housewife, for as long as you are willing to support me in that role I am happy to be Crissie 24/7 and look after my Madam!”

She smiled coyly and said, “That is exactly what I wanted to hear from you. So, let me tell you what I have in mind and try not to interrupt me until I finish.”

“Yes Madam,” I answered smiling coyly as well.

“I already made an appointment for you to go tomorrow to a beauty salon in Brooklyn. It is owned by a Mexican lady, who comes from the Oaxaca province and my mother knows her quite well. In fact, Conchita goes there occasionally.”

“Brooklyn? That is too far, how...” I started saying and Pat stopped me with her hand.

“I think I told you not to interrupt me. Let me finish and then you can ask anything you want.”

“Sorry Madam, I forgot.”

“So, I already talked to Theresa Lopez, that’s the salon owner’s name, and she will wait for you at 10.00 tomorrow morning. I’ll book a taxi for you to take you there and I’ll pick you myself at about 6.00pm.”

I kept my mouth shut as she picked her mug for another coffee sip, waiting eagerly to hear the rest. It sounded to me that I was about to get a serious makeover but I waited for Pat to continue.

“You will dress simply, as Crissie of course, just a blouse and skirt outfit and some simple low heel shoes. I think you have a jean skirt in your room, you can wear that. Any questions so far?”

“Yes Madam, a few,” I said in an anxious voice. “Are you planning a serious makeover for me? Something that could be permanent?”

“Not really,” Pat said reassuringly, “Nothing drastic, nothing that couldn’t be reversed. They will do your hair that is long enough now, trim your eyebrows, do some semi-permanent eye makeup, don’t be alarmed it usually lasts a couple of months and then fades out, your nails and some minor other things. I think that will boost your confidence as Crissie.”

“I have to admit that the whole thing sounds scary but exciting as well. I never had the chance to visit a beauty salon and I have always been secretly jealous for all those girls that were able to do it.” I said in hesitant voice and added, “But what if I have a sudden need to appear as Chris? For instance, a health issue or a bureaucratic entanglement? Could I get back to be a convincing male Chris fairly quickly?”

Pat chuckled when she heard that, “Well, you can certainly be Chris very fast, just remove your breast forms and there you are. A slightly effeminate looking Chris probably, with thin eyebrows, remains of makeup, a feminine hairdo, but you would be Chris for sure if needed. I’m certain you will be fine; nobody is going to make fun of you, people are much more tolerant those days.”

“I guess my Madam is as always right,” I said smiling in a more confident voice.

Pat smiled back and looked at her watch, “Right, I better get ready, I have an appointment with my supervisor today to discuss some issues concerning my dissertation and you have to tidy up and do some shopping.”

That sent me in anxiety mode once more, I had to go out as Crissie the maid for the first time.

Pat sensed my new worry and said, “You look good Crissie, don’t worry. You don’t have to interact with people. Tony the concierge met you already, and in the local supermarket you pay by card, the one I gave you for the house-keeping expenses. And take with you the shopping trolley, the one inside the pantry. It will help you to carry more staff back.”

“Yes Madam,” I said with a sigh, “I just hope that nobody is going to expose me. I am worried about young people in particular, mostly girls, they can be very teasing if they see through my disguise.”

“Stop being so worried Crissie. You will look very utilitarian in your humble uniform dress. Just keep your head down and walk fast in the street. Nobody will give you a second look. You will understand very shortly that maids tend to be invisible.”

“Thank you for your reassuring words Madam. And since I’ll be doing the shopping do you need anything in particular? I have already made a list to buy some cleaning stuff.”

“This is your responsibility from now on Crissie. This is within your housewifely duties. You decide about all the shopping from food to cleaning stuff.” Pat said, looking a bit annoyed, because she clearly had to go and I was keeping her with my questions.

She started heading for the master bedroom to get dressed but she turned back and added, “Two general suggestions though, or you can consider then guiding lines from your employer if you wish. One, buy cleaning stuff that is as eco-friendly as possible and two buy food that is light and of good quality. I think you should try and lose some weight as well, 5 to 10 pounds probably? That would improve your waist line and your dresses and skirts would look better on you.”

“Yes Madam,” I cheekily replied, “I was thinking of that as well, I’m ever so jealous of your small waist, I wish I had such a waist myself.”

She chuckled as she looked mischievously at me, “Be careful what you say because I might decide to lock you in a stiff corset and then your waist would improve dramatically!”

I blushed as my TG genes kicked on. “I wouldn’t mind that. It would be good for my posture in general.” I said expectantly but Pat dismissed my remark with her hand,

“Stop talking to me now girl, you already made me late and my supervisor is very particular about keeping appoint-

ments. Talk to you later.” She said as she rushed to the bedroom.

A few minutes later she rushed out of the apartment with a simple, “Bye Crissie, and keep yourself out of any mischief, see you tonight at about 7.00pm. Just prepare something light for dinner.”

“Good Bye Madam, good luck with your supervisor.” I managed to say but she was out of the door already.

Soon after I was out myself taking the service elevator and pulling my shopping trolley.

As Pat suggested I was walking fast trying to keep a low profile. My clunky low heel shoes, my light blue uniform dress covered modestly by a dark blue polyester cardigan and the empty trolley I was pulling was screaming from far away, ‘maid out shopping’, so I never got a second look from the passersby. Pat was right after all. A maid in a big city is practically invisible!

Back at the safety of the apartment nearly two hours later I let out a big sigh of relief. It wasn’t that hard after all and the unique feeling of a mixture of excitement and worrying awareness was unparallel to anything that I had felt before.

I put my apron back on and started my chores already thinking of a menu for tonight’s meal. I should try to impress my employer and Mistress; I wanted to prove to her that I was her devoted *muze*. As I was working, I kept thinking about tomorrow and my first visit to a beauty salon for a makeover the extent of which was still unknown to me.

CHAPTER 11

I was more and more apprehensive as the taxi was approaching my destination, the beauty salon of Theresa Lopez.

Pat reassured me this morning that Theresa had specific instructions not to go over the board with my transformation. “She will simply try to eliminate this boyish look you still have when dressed as Crissie. She will enhance your feminine side more, that’s all.” she said to me.

“What shall I tell her if she asks me who am I and how do I know you? Have you told her that we’re married?”

“Yes, she knows everything; she knows that we are married and that you are my *mujer*. And remember that the name I gave for you is Cristina Torres; I think it’s more appropriate for you as my wife to take my surname. At a later stage we might do it legally as well.” She looked at me mischievously as she threw another one of her small bombs and then added, “Theresa is a good friend of our family and very aware of people like you, so you are in good hands.”

‘People like me?’ It was interesting to notice that for Pat I was belonging now to a special category of people. I was wondering if that was good or bad as the taxi driver’s voice brought me back to reality.

“We arrived Miss, we are in front of the address you gave me, ‘Theresa Lopez – Salon de Belleza’. It certainly looks like Mexico around here.”

He was right; all that part of Brooklyn was inhabited by Mexicans and Porto Ricans.

“Thank you very much. You are right, it’s certainly a Mexican area around here” I replied in my best female voice as I was paying him.

I stepped out of the taxi, remembering to move my legs together; my jean skirt was quite restrictive.

I took a deep breath and entered the salon. A young woman wearing a pink front zip smock dress and a black full apron approached me and asked politely, “Good morning Miss, my name is Tanya, how can I help you?”

“Good morning Tanya, I’m Crissie Torres and I’m here to see Ms. Theresa Lopez, I believe I have an appointment.”

Her eyes shone when she heard the name, “Of course, you are Mrs. Patricia’s wife, let me take you to Señora Theresa.”

It seems that everybody I was coming in touch lately knows about me and my particular relation with Pat I thought in a resigned mode, as I followed Tanya to the inner sanctum of the beauty salon.

We entered a small office where behind a desk was sitting an elegant lady in her mid forties. She removed her

reading glasses and came towards me with a beaming smile on her face. She was pretty and petite and she had a Jennifer Lopez look. Then I thought smiling that after all she was a Lopez herself.

“Hello there, you must be Crissie, Patricia’s partner, I am able to meet you at last, Patricia was talking a lot about you.”

Well, another person who seems to know me and my other side. Pat was certainly talking around.

“Nice meeting you Mrs. Lopez,” I answered politely.

“Please, call me Theresa,” she said as she was giving me her professional look.

“You look already fairly good Crissie, Patricia was right; you have some naturally feminine characteristics. That makes our job here a lot simpler.”

“What do you have in mind Theresa? Patricia was very vague when she told me about this makeover. The only thing she specifically mentioned is that whatever you do today will be irreversible.”

“That’s absolutely true Crissie, but it is also true that when my team of three girls finishes with you today you will look much more real as a female.”

She turned to Tanya who was still present and said. “Bring one of our smocks for Crissie to wear and make some nice herbal tea to calm her nerves.”

“Si, Senora Theresa,” Tanya replied in Spanish and left.

Theresa turned back to me and said, “Now, let me explain to you what is going to happen today. My three girls, the three Ts as I call them, will take care of you under my supervision of course. Tanya whom you already met is my reception girl and she is also a competent manicurist pedicurist so she will do your nails. Tina is our hairdresser and she will do your hair and Tessa is our makeup artist and she will deal with your face. When they work on you they will explain in detail what they do. If you have any objections or worries I’ll be around to sort them out.”

She stopped and looked at me with questioning eyes.

“Are there any specific instructions from Pat?” I asked with a worried anticipation mixed with excitement of course.

Theresa recognized my mixed feelings and said, “As a matter of fact there are some instructions and I can give you a quick description of them. She wants your hair painted black and slightly curled; she thinks that a Mexican look would be better for you. You are lucky because you already have an olive skin complexion and expressive black eyes so I have a good starting point.”

A Mexican look? Is it part of her intention to make me look more like a *muje*? Excitement bells were ringing all over me as I looked back and Theresa and managed to say, “That’s sounds interesting, the Mexican look I mean. What else that Mexican look includes?”

She amusingly looked at me; she knew that my question was a fishing one for more details. “Well, I guess the permanent makeup could add to that look. Mexican women and *muje*s love intense makeup.”

“Permanent makeup? How intense this is going to be and how long can it last?” I asked a more genuine worry in my voice now.

“You shouldn’t worry that much about that Crissie. I understand that you like to clean and you often act as a maid to Patricia. For that reason your makeup will be permanent but not that dramatic. A maid should only use discreet makeup. Also your new hairdo will be practical and easy to maintain which is important for a working girl like you.”

She even knew that I was acting as a maid to our apartment? Pat wasn’t great in keeping secrets, but somehow I didn’t care anymore. All those people I was dealing with were very kind and supportive to me.

“Yes, I like to clean and you are right, if you work manually your hair and makeup should be easy to maintain so I basically agree with what you have in mind.”

“And adding to that, my instructions are that your hand nails will be well maintained with clear varnish, but short. As a maid you could easily destroy long or artificial nails.”

“I hope though that my toe nails will be painted a bright color,” I said in a coquettish voice.

“Of course dear. And you can choose the color of your toe nails, no problem there.” Theresa said amicably and then added as if she remembered something more, “And before I forget, Patricia asked me to pierce your ears and add small gold studs. Are you ok with that?”

I never had my ears pierced though I thought a lot about that in the past, even during my boy days. So here was my chance. I could have pierced ears!

“Yes, I am fine with that.” I simply said.

At this moment Tanya came back carrying a pink smock and a steaming mug of herbal tea.

Theresa saw her and said, “Right, off you go with Tanya now. You can change in the changing room and we’ll start with your hair. I’ll see you later and I hope the end result will satisfy you but most importantly your wife and employer.”

CHAPTER 12

It was past five o’clock when my so-called makeover had finished. The last person who had worked on me was Tanya who did my nails and pierced my ears. Having second thoughts I tried to protest mildly on the piercing, but Theresa who was present reminded me that the instructions came from above; meaning Pat of course and that stopped my objection.

I was very apprehensive throughout the transformation procedure because the three girls that worked on me had specific instructions not to let me look at any mirror. So, I was naturally very eager and somehow scared to see the final product.

Finally, Theresa came to me, told me firmly to close my eyes and then took me by the hand and positioned me in front of a large mirror saying excitedly, “You can open your eyes now Crissie and look at the new you. I hope you like what you see.”

I had butterflies in my stomach when I hesitantly opened my eyes. I blinked, as for a second I thought that I saw one of

the girls working there looking back from the mirror; I still was wearing the pink smock dress that was part of their uniform. Then I looked again more carefully and gasped! I was completely transformed. A young woman was looking back at me, with curly jet-black hair, framing a face with soft facial features. I could see the semi-permanent makeup that Theresa had mentioned before plus the gold studs on my pierced ears. Below that my protruding breasts were pushing prominently the front zipped pink smock dress with the black piping around the collar and the short sleeves. The absolute picture of a working girl.

“My God Theresa, this is awesome! I can’t recognize myself.” I said when I was able to find my voice back. “I look so different, so much more real as Crissie. This is unbelievable. I hope that Pat won’t find it too extreme,” I added with some sort of apprehension in my voice.

“I’m glad you like our work Crissie and I shouldn’t worry that much about Patricia’s reaction, she is after all the one who gave me specific instructions how far I should go.”

I kept admiring myself in front of the mirror turning around and looking at my idol from all angles. The thought that I could be one of the employees in Theresa’s salon sent a jolt of excitement though my spine. I could see now that the makeover definitely enhanced my Mexican looks. The black curly hair and my Mediterranean olive skin gave me that particular Latino look. Then I realized that probably that was Pat’s idea all along. Her *muxe*, her creation should look the part!

All that time Theresa was watching me carefully with a smile, “I can tell you like what you see Crissie. I only have two remarks that I’ll mention to your employer, first is the voice, you need more coaching there and I’ll suggest a particular person who could help you and second your facial hair.”

I looked alarmed again, “I thought that Patricia made it clear that there will be no permanent changes and that I could always be able to go back to my male shelf, if needed for any reason.”

“That’s true but we’re not talking about a bushy beard here; you have some thin facial hair, and as you said to me

earlier you shave once every few days. So, all I suggest is some laser treatment to stop thinking about that.”

“Yes, I see what you mean,” I replied slightly embarrassed because it was true, I never had a serious beard and I always was conscious about that and worried when my male friends made little jokes.

“Well, I’ll discuss it with the boss first and then we’ll see,” Theresa said as she looked at her watch, “And speaking of Patricia she called me before to tell me that she will be a bit late. Her supervisor kept her longer than she expected. She will be here at seven o’clock and it is only a few minutes past five now, so you have to wait. You can go and change back to your clothes if you want.”

I looked down at my pink dress with a sad look; I was reluctant to part with it. Theresa saw that and all of a sudden her eyes sparkled, as if she had a thought.

“I’ll tell you what. You have about two hours to kill. Would you like to do some work in the salon? Patricia tells me that you are very good at cleaning. Would you like to give the place a thorough clean? We don’t have anymore appointments for today so the place will be empty and Tanya who is responsible for that job will be eternally grateful to you. How about that?”

Another jolt of excitement through my spine. Yes, I would love that so I said in a neutral voice, trying to hide my eagerness to do it, “I guess I could do it. That would be my way to thank you for the job your girls did on me today.”

“Great,” Theresa said enthusiastically and then yelled at Tanya, “Tanya, could you please bring one of our aprons for Crissie here, she offered to clean the place.”

Tanya appeared in record time, a beaming smile on her face, carrying a black apron which she fastened around my waist after she pulled carefully the bib above my head trying not to disturb my recently done hair.

I couldn’t stop myself, so I looked once more at the mirror. The addition of the black apron completed the uniform and made me look exactly like one of the girls working there. I developed an extreme feeling of inner satisfaction;

somehow I felt that I did another giant step towards where an inner and uncontrolled force was pushing me.

The voice of Tanya brought me back, "Come on Crissie, let me show you where the cleaning stuff is, then I'll explain how you can do the job.

I started by cleaning the counter tops, the wash basins and the large mirrors where I never stopped looking at myself to the point that Tanya had to tell me off. "Stop admiring yourself Crissie, you have to finish what you are doing before your Mistress arrives."

I blushed realizing that everybody in the salon was now calling Pat either my employer or my Mistress; for them I was her employee rather than her partner. That was a sinister feeling for me but deep down I liked it. After all, during the past few days I was feeling more and more like her employee.

"Sorry Tanya, I shouldn't be that vain but you girls did a great job on me." I said as I concentrated more on my job.

I continued with a thorough vacuuming and finally I had to mop the whole place with warm soapy water. I was totally absorbed in my mopping when I heard Pat's voice greeting Theresa by the entrance of the salon.

"Hi Theresa, how did it go? Did you finish with Crissie, where is she?"

I could hear the anticipation in her voice and then Theresa's chuckling as she answered, "Let's see if you can locate her Patricia dear, she certainly is here waiting anxiously for you."

At that point I stopped mopping and turned around to face her. "Hello Mrs. Torres," I said formally, bushing all over.

She looked at me and for a moment I could see that her expression was blank and questioning as if she wanted to say, 'do I know you?' but then her eyes lit as she gasped and run towards me.

"Crissie? Is that really you? What are you doing in that uniform? Are you now employed by Theresa?"

I wasn't sure how to answer that as I kept blushing but Theresa came to my rescue and explained everything.

Pat listened to her smiling all along and then gave me a hug whispering, “Finally they managed to let out the woman that was hiding inside you Crissie dear and I love it. You can be now my lesbian lover,” then added in her normal voice looking at everybody around, “Thank you all for your excellent work on Crissie. She looks much more real now and she can proudly walk the streets without any fear.”

She turned back and looked at me again, this time taking in my uniform as I was standing in front of her leaning on my mop stick still blushing furiously.

Then she said to Theresa, “Looking at Crissie like that, dressed as one of your girls gave me an idea. Would you like to take her in on a part time basis as an apprentice? She could learn a lot here. Your girls could teach her various skills from basic hairdressing to makeup techniques and of course manicure-pedicure. She could become my personal beautician as well.”

Before Theresa had the chance to answer Pat turned to me and asked, “Are you ok with that sweetie, would you like to learn those skills? Your wifely and maid’s duties can’t be that demanding. We are only the two of us and I’ll be out most of the day trying to finish this damned PhD of mine. So you will have the chance to interact with the working girls and the clients here in the salon.”

I realized that I had to answer, as both Pat and Theresa were looking at me expectantly. I was completely mesmerized by Pat’s suggestion so it didn’t take me long to say eagerly, “I’d love to do that providing that Theresa would accept me as an apprentice.”

“Of course I would accept you Crissie, I can tell you have a great potential, I was watching you before as you were cleaning, totally devoted to the task as if you were doing the most important job.”

Pat, a broad smile on her face, added to that, “Thank you Theresa for agreeing to my proposal. I guess you can work out with Crissie days and hours, she is very flexible from my point of view. All I need is a clean apartment, my clothes washed and ironed and a cooked meal. Crissie knows all that and she is clever enough to satisfy both of us.”

As she finished her sentence she turned and winked at me as she did so many times before. I loved that semi-serious semi-jokey side of her. Though she was the one who was making the decisions, she always made me feel as I was part of it. On the other hand I was thinking for how long I had to work as an apprentice in Theresa's salon and I was about to ask but Pat had already the answer for me.

"It won't be for long though, about a month, six weeks at the most? Because I have news for you Sweetie. My supervisor is very pleased with the progress I made with my dissertation and he said that I'll probably be able to defend it in front of the University committee in a month's time. After that we are free and guess what, we can go for a long vacation to my home country. Mexico we're coming!" She exclaimed happily.

"Congratulations!" We all said in unison as Pat came and gave me another hug whispering again to my ear, "By the time we will be going to Mexico you will be an accomplish *'muxe'*, my accomplished *'muxe'* and we'll have a great time."

Tears came to my eyes as I whispered back, "I'm your *'muxe'* and I hope I'll be accomplished enough for my Madam!"

Theresa and the girls came and gave her a hug as she kept talking to me, "I know you love your uniform Crissie but you have to change now; I'll take you out to dinner to celebrate. I know an excellent Mexican restaurant in the area. I feel for some spicy food tonight."

CHAPTER 13

The food was excellent and the wine intoxicating. We both were tipsy and teasing each other.

I couldn't stop looking at the three adorable Mexican waitresses as they were coming and going. They were dressed in long multicolored skirts in very vibrant and vivid colors and tight tops emphasizing their womanly figures. The skirts were what I liked most, they reminded me of the

gipsy skirts that flamenco dancers were wearing in a show I watched a couple of years ago when I was visiting Spain.

“You make me jealous naughty girl as you look at those waitresses in such an admiring way,” Pat said to me accusingly.

I cunningly smiled as I replied, “You should have known me by now Pat. I am jealous of their outfits and in particular of those beautiful skirts. They are so feminine.”

She laughed as she said, “You must know by now because I ‘m certain you must have looked on line already, that the Mexican *muxes* in Oaxaca province love to wear those outfits and very often manage to sew their own skirts. Very competent girls those *muxes*.” She added looking at me meaningfully.

“What now?” I asked in a flirtatious way as I was playing with my newly done hair.

“If you are going to be my accomplished *muxe* before we go to Mexico you must have some basic lessons in sewing. I know that Theresa could help on that as well.”

“How could she help?” I asked as the prospect of getting sewing lessons was turning me on. I already started imagining myself sitting in front of a sewing machine, probably an old-fashioned Singer like my mother used to have. I was fascinated when I was watching her sewing all her clothes.

“Not far from her Salon there is a small workshop where young Mexican migrant girls learn how to sew. Theresa knows the owner, they are friends and she can organize some extra apprentice for you. That could be another ‘accomplishment’ for you. Would you fancy that my sweet?” She asked in a slightly tipsy voice.

“Yes, I would.” I said without any hesitation in my voice. Somehow I abandoned myself to the manipulations of Pat, fully enjoying it though.

“You are going to keep yourself busy my Crissie during the next few weeks; housework, beauty salon, sewing workshop. You will spend more time in a uniform than normal clothes. You would like that though, wouldn’t you?” She asked looking directly at me, her eyes shining with mischief. She knew how to tease and stimulate me at the same time.



“Oh Pat, you are such a tease. You know me so well.” I said looking at her adoringly, “Yes, I would like that. I guess Theresa could and would organize my hours. From what I see I’ll keep myself busy for about twelve hours daily.”

“Join the club,” she answered. “I’ll be working twelve or even more hours myself in order to finish my thesis. We’ll be doing different things of course but I know that you are keen on all those womanly tasks that I organize for you. We said it before; you are meant to be the housekeeper, the carer, the apron wearer.”

She lifted my skirt under the table and started caressing my legs covered by sheer black stockings.

“Let’s get the bill and go home my Crissie. You can abandon your miniscule maid’s bed tonight; I want you to my king-size bed. I want us to make love like real Lesbians tonight. Let’s celebrate Sappho, our eternal lyric poetess tonight. I’ll be Sappho and you will be my female slave who has to please her Mistress!

PART 2 - MEXICO

CHAPTER 14

“We’re flying to Mexico City in a week; I just booked the tickets wéth Delta Airlines.” Pat said casually as I was serving her breakfast.

I nearly spilled the coffee I was pouring and looked at her alarmed. “That’s very sudden Madam. How Can I travel like this? I need to prepare, look at me, I’m all woman now. I have to go back to be Chris again. I have to talk to Theresa; I work there later today. How can É do all that in a week?”

She did look at me with her usual slightly amused or ironical way; I never could tell for sure those days what it was, and said, “Please do slow down sweetie, don’t get overexcited, it’s not such a big thing, I already spoke to Theresa. So, pour yourself a cup of coffee and sit down and I will explain everything.”

As I sat down with a steaming mug in my hands, I realized that I had spelt some coffee on my white apron. I was

about to undo it and go and change to a clean one, but she stopped me with her hand, “No need to do that now, let me finish first because I have to rush to the University. Tomorrow is the day that I submit my dissertation so there is lots to do.”

“Yes Madam,” I said still looking at my apron in an annoyed way.

“Well, here is the plan.” Pat started as she had another sip of her coffee. “Let’s start with the practical issues. You will of course travel with your US passport as Chris Galliano so we have to try and resurrect Chris.”

“That will not be that easy,” I said rather impertinently still looking at my soiled apron.

“Stop looking at your damn apron and listen carefully Crissie, I don’t have all day,” Pat said in an annoyed voice this time.

I could see she was under pressure with tomorrow’s presentation of her Thesis so I blushed and replied in a humbler manner this time, “I’m sorry Madam, I am worried about the trip but I’m sure we can work it out.”

“Of course we can. All you need is a few days in pants so you can get the feeling of them back. It will be ladies’ pants of course but that will do the trick. You will be able to walk in a freer manner and longer strides like men do but please don’t overdo it, I want to see some femininity in you, after all there are lots of effeminate men around and they are not necessarily gay. And of course, we’ll try and match your current face to your passport photo.”

“What about my boobs?” I asked innocently.

“Don’t be silly Crissie, of course you will lose them for a few days, Theresa will remove them today so you will come back with them in a bag.” Pat said chuckling.

I felt sad when I heard that. Losing my breast forms after all those weeks? I was feeling like a woman who was about to have mastectomy for health reasons, a weird feeling I must say.

Pat saw my sad look because she added more sympathetically, “I know how you feel sweetie, but it’s only for a few days. The moment we land in Mexico City you will be

Crissie again within hours. I'll tell you more about that and our plans in Mexico during our flight. We'll be both more relaxed and will have plenty of time to chat." She looked at me meaningfully and added, "And guess what, we're flying first class from JFK to Mexico City international airport. We travel in luxury my Crissie, we both deserve that."

"Wow! I feel very privileged Madam, I never travelled first class before and you must have paid a bomb for those tickets."

"I certainly did and for a moment I thought of sending my maid back in economy with the Hoi Polloi but then I decided that I wanted you next to me as my partner; let's say that it is our honeymoon trip and I take my wife abroad in luxury."

"Oh, you are such an angel Pat, you think of everything," I said as I got up and gave her a hug.

She looked at her watch and had another sip of her coffee as she continued talking, "Back to practical issues then. Because of Tony, you will continue being the maid during the hours he's working, you can insert your breast forms into your bra and go out shopping in uniform if you have to, but after 3.00pm you will change to ladies' pants and a plain top like a ladies' blouse and also wear flat shoes like trainers. Ok so far?"

I nodded, then asked, "But how about my permanent makeup?" I could still see traces of it though it was more than four weeks since I had it in Theresa's salon."

"I thought of that too," Pat answered pleased with herself. "Theresa will work on you today. She will remove your breast forms and then she will wipe clean the remains of makeup; at this stage it is easy to do it because it's already fading. Then she will wash and fix your hair in a less feminine manner. It is long enough now and you will be able to pull it back in a low ponytail like many guys do."

"You never stop to amaze me Pat. Your organizing skills are phenomenal and your instructions always to the point. I don't try to flatter you but you are born to be a leader and an organizer."

"Thank you sweetie, I'm glad you can recognize that. I'm in my element this way and you are one of my by-products

since I love organizing your life as well and you seem to be happy about it.”

She had another sip of coffee and stood up, “I better rush now or I’ll be late, lots to do today since tomorrow is the big day.”

She turned and added in a chuckle, “And could you please take your nails’ kit out? I want my maid to give me a pedicure and manicure tonight, I need to be pampered a bit before my big day tomorrow.”

“Yes Madam, of course,” I said getting the familiar stomach tinkling when Pat was stirring my servant’s genes.

Within minutes she was out and I rushed to my room to change my apron, I was becoming obsessive about it. I replaced it with my Mexican blue gingham pinafore that Conchita gave me and started my housework from the master bedroom and bathroom; I had to change sheets and towels today.

My mind was running fast as I was doing my morning chores. I had to plan my week as well, I had lots to do. I had to say my goodbyes to Theresa and her girls, I had to visit one last time the sewing work shop, I learned a lot there and I met some nice Mexican peasant girls. It certainly was good for my Spanish which was improving daily. Even in Theresa’s salon the girls were talking Spanish to me and I developed an ear for the Mexican expressions and accent.

I also had to say good bye to Tony the concierge who for a month now was trying desperately to flirt with me until one day I said to his face that I have no sexual interest in men and I prefer women. That shocked him but then he looked meaningfully at me as if he was insinuating that I was in a relationship with my Mistress. If he only knew! But we did stay good friends and occasionally he was helping me to load my shopping in to the service elevator.

Then I got worried again as I started thinking about the imminent trip to Mexico in a week’s time. How could I pull that through without being publicly ridiculed?

The reassuring answer came to me; Pat was going to sort it out as always. She was good at that; she wouldn’t leave me alone to face it.

CHAPTER 15

We did our check in without any problems; on the contrary we got a preferential treatment because of our first-class tickets. Our substantial luggage went through, we got our boarding passes and we started walking towards the passport control counters.

I was Chris again but a very effeminate looking Chris. Theresa did her best and my long curly hair was kept back in a very plain looking ponytail. But my eyebrows were thin and very feminine looking and for a keen observer they were traces of makeup on my face. I was worried that the passport control officers would make fun of me but Pat who was holding my hand firmly told me that there was nothing to worry, even if they could see my effeminate looks. It wouldn't have been politically correct to make any comment since I had a valid US passport and I clearly was matching my passport photo.

I was wearing from the skin out female clothes, that was Pat's little joke on me, but at first glance they looked normal for a male. I had female underwear, panties and a sport bra and then pants and a shirt that in reality was a plain blouse because it was buttoning the female way, right over left.

The passport control officer was a black woman who scrutinized me and then looked at my passport photo. She looked at me again and with the faintest of smiles said, "Your hair grew considerably since you took that photo and your eyebrows look thinner. Enjoy your trip to Mexico Sir." And she waved me in without any other comments.

Pat who followed had a beaming smile when she joined me minutes later. "You see sweetie, no problem at all, she couldn't care less who you are, provided that you were the passport bearer."

I let a sigh of relief as I said, "But she saw through me, she made that comment about my long hair and thin eyebrows and gave me a knowing smile."

She dismissed my remark with her hands as if saying, 'enough is enough' and then she came and gave me a hug, "We're on our way my Crissie. New adventures are ahead

for us. You will have a very exciting time in Mexico my '*accomplished muxe*', I can't wait to see you in one of those wonderful long multicolored skirts. You would like that wouldn't you sweetie?"

"Yes I would," I said sincerely as the new phase in my life was all of a sudden unfolding in front of me. I was excited again as I left behind all my passport inspection worries. 'Mexico we're coming' I said to myself and turning to Pat I asked, "You know Pat, we're about to embark for a major trip and I have no idea what is going to happen exactly. For instance, how long are we going to stay? Are we going only to Oaxaca or are we visiting other parts of Mexico as well? Are we going to spend some time in Mexico City? Etc. etc...."

Pat squeezed my hand and said, "You are absolutely right to ask my Crissie, but I've been inundated with my PhD presentation and my mind was elsewhere. Now though that I'm through with it in a successful way I can relax and concentrate more on you as my sweet partner and *accomplished muxe*. So as soon as we board and settle in comfortably in our first-class seats we can chat."

She loved to call me her '*accomplished muxe*, she was obsessed with that expression and I could tell she had a plan in her mind, a plan I knew nothing about, a plan that would certainly evolve upon arrival to Mexico. All I managed to say half-jokingly was, "I'm dying to find out about your plans Señora Patricia."

She chuckled as she replied, "You better remember to call me that way from now on because the moment we land in Mexico you cease to be my sweet partner and you become my full time employee and maid so I will be for you either Señora Patricia or simply Señora or Señora Torres when other people are present."

"Wow, that sounds serious and a bit ominous," I said feeling worried and excited at the same time. What sort of plans Pat had for me?

This time she happily laughed and looked at me with a sparkle in her clever eyes, "Don't worry sweetie, there is nothing ominous in my plans and as always you will have to

endorse them. As I said from the very beginning nothing happens without your full consent.”

She continued, the sparkle in her eyes still there, “And don’t worry, I’m not thinking of selling you as a slave in Mexico, I need you as my slave!

All the usual excitement symptoms appeared suddenly, my submissive genes were kicking again, “Oh Pat, you are so good in teasing and exciting me at the same time.”

“I wouldn’t have said those things if they were not turning me on as well,” she answered meaningfully and added, “Come on, let’s go and have a nice cappuccino before we board. The coffee on the plane is usually atrocious.”

Within the hour we were comfortably seated in our very large and luxurious seats sipping our well chilled champagne in elegant crystal flutes when Pat finally started to open up to me telling what our Mexico plans would be.

“As soon as we land and after we get our luggage your transformation begins,” Pat said

“What do you mean my transformation begins? Where? Inside the airport terminal?” I asked looking at her questioningly.

“Yes sweetie, inside the terminal,” Pat chuckled and continued, “Theresa happens to know the lady who runs the Airport beauty salon and contacted her. She is willing to give you the makeover you need. You go in as you are now in your androgynous clothes and looks and you come out in a dress as Crissie my companion/maid.”

“Thank God I packed a whole suitcase for Crissie. And then what? Are we going somewhere in the City or we get another flight to Oaxaca?” I asked wondering what other surprises are awaiting me in Mexico.

“I think we have to stay in the City for a few days so you can get the feeling of Mexico. You are a city person anyway and you spent almost all your life in New York so Mexico City will not be alien to you. Especially because we’re going to stay in an apartment block similar to the one I rent in New York.”

“You mean a high-rise apartment block with a concierge? Have you rented one already? You certainly move fast Pat.”

Señora Patricia to you Crissie, Pat said quietly, “You have to get used to that. And to answer your question, my good grandfather took care of that as well. He thought that I should have a ‘pied-a-terre’ in Mexico City when visiting and so the apartment is part of the trust. Aren’t we lucky?”

“We certainly are Señora; and I’m lucky that my employer is rich and my job is secured,” I coyly answered.

She smiled back, her eyes sparkling, “That’s my girl. I always will be there for my Crissie. But back to our plans; after the beauty salon and before we reach the apartment, we’ll pay a visit to one of your preferred shops. Can you guess what shop that will be?”

I knew the answer and of course Pat was playing the cat and mouse with me. Blushing expectantly, I said, “A uniform shop probably?”

“Bingo, you guessed well sweetie. We’ll visit ‘*casa de uniformes*’ in downtown Mexico City.

“But I packed my uniforms Señora, you advised me to do so.”

“Correct, but a maid never can have enough uniforms, in Mexico in particular where can be hot and humid and you might need to change often twice daily.”

She was feeling elated and happy as she kept talking, “And anyway the uniforms are slightly different here, the material is all cotton, ‘100% *algodón*’ and usually checked or striped and the color is practically never that boring dove grey or black that all US maids are obliged to wear. You can find here pink, yellow, light-blue or lime green, very cheerful colors.”

“It must be similar to the apron Conchita gave me back in NY, I quite liked that and I liked the feeling of the material, strong and soft at the same time.”

“That’s right, that’s the material I’m talking about and if you are a good girl, I’ll let you choose at the uniform shop.”

“Of course I’ll be a good girl for my Señora,” I answered gingerly.

She looked please with my answer and added, “And to conclude our immediate plans and movements we’ll hopefully end at the apartment after a long and tiring day and we’ll collapse in bed trying to fight our jetlag.

At that moment the flight attendant, a beautiful Latino looking girl wearing a bright red apron on top of her dark blue uniform dress started serving our main meal of the day. The serving was formal in porcelain plates with proper cutlery. At that moment I looked adoringly at Pat because I did enjoy the luxury of the first class something that I normally couldn’t afford even in my wildest dreams.

CHAPTER 16

As soon as we arrived at the airport beauty salon and Pat introduced herself to the manager, a woman called Violetta, we were taken to a back room where my breast forms were glued back to my chest. I instantly felt the difference as my Crissie persona happily resurfaced. I was asked to remove my androgynous outer clothes and was given a pink robe to wear, not as pretty as Theresa’s one and ushered to the front for my makeover.

This time I was more familiar with the procedure so I was quite relaxed when the beauticians were working on me. And there was no English speaking, only rapid Mexican/Spanish which was difficult for me to follow. Fortunately, Pat stayed with me and watched the whole process and she was acting as an interpreter when I wasn’t able to understand.

They did the full works again, hair dyed once more jet black and curled with very old-fashioned looking rollers, pedicure and manicure plus the semi-permanent makeup.

When I looked at myself in the mirror several hours later, I was looking back at Crissie again. But this time the makeup was more dramatic and the hair longer and more feminine looking. My face looked even softer and the thrilling effect on me was stronger.

Pat was watching me as I was admiring myself in the mirror and finally said to me in English, “The transformation ef-

fect is amazing this time honey, far superior to the New York one. Your face is softer and all the sharp edge male features have gone. You look good, not glamorous, but you look feminine enough. You nearly are above the *muxe* level.”

“Gracias Señora Torres,” I said in Spanish and then added in English, “You flatter me Madam, but what you mean above the *muxe* level?”

“Well dear, the majority of *muxes* somehow always look like boys in drag and they don’t really mind it because they are accepted as such by the local society. But you are getting better than that because your features were soft and more feminine to start with. So, all I tell you is that you are a more convincing female now and when in Oaxaca you will blend much more easily with the girls there.”

Blend with the girls there? I was now above the *muxe* level? I was wondering what really and truly Pat had in mind.

I tried to say something but she spoke before I had the chance. “Now sweetie, go to the back room and change, you will find the clothes you have to wear on a chair there. Then we get a taxi and go to the uniform shop. Hurry up now the shop will be closing in an hour or so.”

“Si Señora,” I said as I rushed to the back room. I was expecting to wear clothes that I packed in New York but instead I found a summer dress waiting for me. I picked it up and examined it. It looked like a house summer frock with no sleeves. The material felt like cotton and was printed fabric, a blue background with bright yellow sunflowers. It looked clean and freshly ironed but is certainly wasn’t new. I looked more carefully and found small discoloration spots in the front. Whoever was wearing it before was doing housework in it, a house frock perhaps? I was puzzled as I put it on. It felt comfortable and not too tight and had two front pockets. In one of them I found a thin belt of similar material which I quickly tied around my waist. I instantly went and looked at the mirror at the other end of the room. It definitely was a house frock and I looked like a housewife. No elegance there, just practicality. This is the way Pat wanted me to look?

I looked for shoes and I found by the chair a pair of open-toe wedge sandals. I quickly put them on, exactly my size, and I went back to the mirror. The shoes made me look slightly more feminine but still not elegant. Peculiarly enough the whole look started to turn me on. I was quite humble looking, like a maid on her day off?

And then it dawned on me, Pat already started to create my new persona, my new image of a maid in Mexico, that was her idea right from the beginning!

I was still turned on when I went back to the front and I was blushing all over when I asked her half innocently, “Are those the clothes you wanted me to wear Señora? The dress is used, it even has some discolorations, and it is comfortable but very plain. And the shoes are comfortable and easy to walk.”

Her eyes were very intense and sparkling when she answered, I could tell she was excited herself, “That’s correct sweetie, those are your clothes for your first day in Mexico, something simple and plain, something that a poor maid could wear in her day out. I couldn’t really take you to the uniform shop dressed elegantly; then they might confuse you for the lady and think that I’m the maid.”

She chuckled with her joke and continued, “When we go to the shop stay behind me and let me do the talking. Keep your head down and wait patiently. I’ll explain to them that we just arrived from US and your Spanish is not very good, though you have a Mexican background, from your father but you were born in the States and you spent all your life there working as a domestic from a young age.”

I couldn’t help but smile with her story; she certainly had a vivid imagination. “So, my Italian father becomes Mexican and I have been all my life a poor working girl in the capitalist US?” I asked a hint of irony in my voice. “Isn’t that a bit farfetched Señora?”

She looked at me not knowing if she should be annoyed or amused with my impertinence. She decided to take it lightly, “Come on honey, I know you love playing that role as much as I like creating your new persona. We are together in it, remember?”

I smiled back because I was still turned on by the whole story and said as I looked down at my humble dress and shoes, “You are right of course, I love being dragged down this path and I have faith on you that you will protect me if something goes out of hand.”

She replied her eyes still sparkling, “You bet I will honey, you bet I will! You are fully under my protection now and you should never forget that we are in a rough country.”

Then looking at her watch added, “We better say our goodbyes now to Violetta and her girls who took care of you. I’ll leave a good tip to them and then I’ll call for a taxi.”

During the taxi ride Pat helped me to tie a scarf around my hair; it was big enough to partly cover my hair and when I looked at the small mirror that she always carried in her bag I looked even more like a country girl.

Pat chuckled happily and said, “You do look the part even more now, a good Catholic Mexican girl, like someone who came from a poor village to work in the big city.”

“And you are my city Señora like in the film ROMA of Alfonso Cuarón, we watched a few months ago in New York, remember it?”

“Yes, you are right, I forgot about that, and Colonia Roma as you remember is a neighbourhood here in Mexico City.”

And chuckling again she added, “And I’m certain that you were identifying at the time with the indigenous little maid who was working for this middle-class family, what was her name again? Ah yes, Cleo.”

“Yes, I guess I was, I still remember her gingham apron, like the one Conchita gave me. You know me too well by now to fully understand that.”

At this point she squeezed my hand as she used to do when she was feeling my anxiety and said, “I think we’ve arrived; I’ll ask the taxi driver to wait for us. He is reliable, Violetta uses him all the time for her clients.”

“Si Señora,” I replied formally, getting ready to face the world as a Mexican peasant girl about to become a maid in the big city.

The inscription in front was ‘*CASA DE UNIFORMES – EL GENERAL*’ and the shop looked big. As soon as we entered, I understood why. The shop had all kinds of uniforms from medical to building technicians’ overalls. Pat immediately asked for *uniformes domesticas* and the girl at the reception sent us to the back of the shop.

I instantly spotted the dresses in pale colors and the matching aprons and instinctively started walking towards them. Pat stopped me with her hands and whispered to me, “I’ll do the talking and the choosing, remember, I’m the Mistress.”

“Si Señora,” I replied again, not being able to take my eyes from the racks of dresses and aprons. I never saw before such a variety. Clearly in this country the traditional uniforms were still very much in demand.

A young woman dressed in the shop uniform, a dark blue skirt and blouse outfit with white piping around the collar and the short sleeves of the blouse approached Pat and asked politely what we wanted.

I stayed a good two steps behind, eyes downcast as advised, but I heard Pat’s clear and educated Spanish, “I would like to buy for my maid here six uniform dresses and matching aprons. I prefer pale colours and good hardwearing material, preferably 100% cotton. I would also like to get some plain caps and comfortable shoes. You can see her size; medium would be probably ok.” As she was talking, she looked sideways at me asking silently if I was happy with her choices. I silently moved my head in agreement.

“Certainly Madam,” the saleswoman said respectfully seeing the possibility of a large order, “We do have what you just asked, we are one the biggest retailers in Mexico City and we supply lots of hotels and houses with domestic uniforms all over the country. Let me show you.”

She took us to the racks I had already spotted, one rack had dresses in striped material the other in checked gingham.

The saleswoman picked a light blue striped dress and passed it to Pat.

“This is a very good quality dress, hard-wearing, 100% cotton and easy to maintain, very comfortable for her daily chores. It is usually sold with a matching large working apron of similar material for heavy housework and a smaller white half apron for serving and attending to guests.” She said as she handed the dress to Pat for inspection.

Pat picked the dress and felt the material then she turned to me and said in Spanish, “Crissie, come here and let me see that dress on you.”

“Si Señora,” I said as I approached dutifully.

She gave me the dress and asked me to hold it in front of me.

I did as I was told as the saleswoman added, “She can try it on Madam, it is a medium size and I can see that it will fit well, probably slightly large but after the first wash it will shrink a bit, it usually happens with cotton material.”

“That won’t be necessary,” Pat replied with another meaningful look at me as I whispered to her in English, “I like both the striped and the checked material; could we buy three of each kind please Madam?” Even in my whispering mode I wasn’t forgetting my place.

Pat whispered back, “Yes, sweetie, I can see that you love them,” Then turning to the saleswoman said, “Yes, I like the material and the size seems good on her so I’ll buy three striped and three checked ones in medium size all in different colors please. I leave the choice of color to my maid.”

Then turning to me added in a commanding mode, “Crissie, could you go and pick six dresses from the racks, three striped and three checked ones? And then the kind lady here will complete the order with the matching aprons.”

Si Señora,” I said again and moved eagerly to the racks. I quickly picked three striped dresses in the standard colors for a domestic uniform, pink, light blue and lime green and three checked ones in more daring and brighter colors, red, yellow and lilac.

Within half an hour we completed our order and we were back in the taxi. Except for the uniforms we also bought three pairs of simple sandals similar to flipflops which the

Spanish call *chancletas* and 3 simple white caps that according to Pat I would wear only on demand when for instance I would have to serve during more formal occasions.

Was I going to do that and under what conditions? I was asking myself but I should better ask Pat, as the taxi started for our final destination for the day, 'the Trust' apartment somewhere in downtown Mexico City.

As we were cruising around the city, my eyes started closing as Pat was trying to make conversation with the taxi driver. The jetlag was coming fast on me; this has been a long day with enough excitement!

CHAPTER 17

I woke up completely disoriented and panicking. Where Was I? Was I in some sort of prison cell? And then I gradually started to remember.

This is Señora Torres' apartment in Mexico City and I was sleeping in the maid's room which was tiny, like a prison cell. Even the high window had bars in it!

I looked at my watch, it was 6.30am and I could stay in bed a bit longer, my Señora asked for her breakfast to be served at 8.00 o'clock.

I smiled bitterly when I realised that I stopped thinking of Pat as my partner. She was Señora or Señora Torres in my head. I certainly was adapting to the new reality of my life in Mexico, in particular after the chat we had last night where she urged me to do so and think of her as my Mistress and employer, before we both collapsed in bed. The difference of course was that she went to sleep in a king size bed at a very comfortable bedroom and I came to this tiny room in a bed that looked like a child's bed since my feet were slightly hanging out. Then I chuckled as I thought that the average Mexican girl who would come to work as a maid in the big city would be considerably smaller than me.

I got up and went to an adjoining tiny WC where there was a toilet and a tiny wash basin. There I rinsed my face with cold water. That was the only sanitary facility I was allowed to use as a maid. There was no shower available and

when I asked Señora Torres, she said that the maids in Mexico usually had to wash their body in parts in front of this small basin with cold water. When she saw my expression she laughed and added, “Well sweetie, I’ll make a concession for you since you come from US and you are used to better facilities. You will be able to have a proper shower in my bathroom when you will be there to clean it.”

I was fully awake now so I quickly dressed in one of my new uniform dresses and went to the kitchen to start breakfast.

It was several hours later that I heard her voice from the lounge. “Have you finished in the kitchen Crissie?” She was addressing me in Spanish, the language we were communicating since we landed in Mexico City. From early this morning and immediately after breakfast she was sitting in front of her laptop sending mails and messages, trying to catch up with her Mexican friends and family as she told me earlier.

“Nearly Señora Patricia, I need a few more minutes, I need to wipe the counter tops,” I replied in my slow and careful Spanish, as I was looking at the kitchen clock. It was already noon and I was working solidly for three hours trying to bring the apartment at a certain level of cleanliness.

“Good girl; when you finish, make some coffee and a couple of sandwiches and come and sit with me, so we can chat.”

“Si Señora,” I answered as my adrenaline started to rise. Probably this time my Mistress would explain to me what happens next and when we’ll be going to Oaxaca.

Ten minutes later I joined her carrying a tray with the sandwiches and a pot of fresh coffee. My new uniform dress was covered by the pinafore I loved most, the gingham apron/tabard. We were both hungry and we devoured our sandwiches without too much talking. We were in our second cup of coffee when she finally started talking to me.

She chuckled as she gave me one of her intense looks, “Probably I should start calling you Cleo, you look more and more like the indigenous maid in the film ‘ROMA. And you can take that as a compliment.”

I instantly blushed, from embarrassment or pleasure, I wasn't sure but I simply said, "Gracias Señora, I do take it as a compliment, you know how much I identified with her when we were watching the film, but I prefer my name Crissie."

"Of course you do; Cristina/Crissie is a lovely name for a good catholic girl like you," she said laughing good-heartily.

I looked at her puzzled, "Why you insist on my Catholic persuasion Señora? You know well that I'm not particularly religious."

"Ah, but this is the whole point Crissie dear. During the next few days and before we fly to Oaxaca I'll try and mould you to something even more real in your newfound femininity. And this is what I want to talk you about."

"I understand Señora, or at least I try to understand. I still know very little of your plans." I chuckled and added, "One thing that I just found out though is that we fly to Oaxaca in a week."

"Providing that you will be ready for that sweetie. Otherwise we might have to reconsider. It all depends on you and how good you are going to be in what I have in mind."

"Please Señora do tell me what you have in mind. You've made me very intrigued now."

"Then listen carefully and please do not interrupt. Questions at the end."

"Si Señora Patricia," I said as I was all ears now.

"We did go a long way my Crissie since that day we met in New York, not that long ago," Pat started as she kept looking at me with her clever scrutinising eyes.

She squeezed my hand as she continued, "Look at you now, you seem so comfortable and relaxed as you sit opposite me wearing so naturally your uniform. You are the picture of domesticity."

I tried to say something but she stopped me with her hand "Not talking please until I tell you so."

"Si Señora," I murmured as she continued, "But I want more from you and I know you can do it because it comes naturally to you."

“How you mean?” I tried to say but she stopped me with her hand again.

“During our stay in Mexico City I want you to become more involved with your new status as a part Mexican girl who comes to her father’s home country and tries to embrace the culture. You are a girl of poor background so you arrive in this country as my maid/companion but you still want to find out more about the country where your father was born and raised before he decided to migrate to US for a better future.”

I had questions to ask but I kept my mouth shut waiting for her to continue after another coffee sip.

“During the next few days and until we depart for Oaxaca, I’m going to guide you around Mexico City, after all it is your first time here, but under special conditions. I’ll be the Mistress and you will be my escort/maid and there will be no mistake for that. We’ll do things together and you will not be in uniform but you have to try being the naïve not so educated girl who wants to find out as much as possible about this big and complex City. You will be simply and cheaply dressed and we will be speaking to each other only in Spanish. I’ll be teaching you simple things like for instance what you do and how you behave when you enter a Church.”

I kept silent as my mind was trying to absorb what Pat was telling me. She stopped and looked at me with a renewed interest, “You know Crissie, as a social anthropologist but as your partner as well I’m totally fascinated watching you as you have gradually developed to your current persona. I told you before and I say it again that I get as much pleasure as you do, witnessing day in day out this amazing transformation. But the thing that amazed me more is how naturally feminine you became since you are in skirts.”

She chuckled as she picked a napkin from the table and threw it to the floor.

“Could you pick this up Crissie?” she said a cunning smile on her face.

I looked at her quizzically but without thinking I bended my knees keeping them together and squatted down to pick it.

She squealed with delight as she said, “You see, that’s exactly what I mean. Any man would have picked it by bending down using his waist. You did what any woman would have done naturally. And nobody ever taught you that.”

I looked at her even more puzzled, because the truth is that it was natural to me. Because I was probably in a skirt? I really couldn’t tell.

“And this is only a small example Crissie dear. You walk with shorter graceful steps placing one foot in front of the other, and this tends to exaggerate the movement of your hips. And when you speak your voice is an octave higher without sounding false. I think you are probably bewitched like someone casted a spell on you!”

I raised my hand asking permission to speak like a pupil.

She chuckled and said jokingly, “Permission granted, you can speak girl.”

“I was wondering that myself Senora, if I’m bewitched as you said, because all those

movements you have just described happened quite naturally to me. The moment I

started being Cristina on a more permanent basis something drastically changed inside me.

A different sort of energy took over, the sort of energy I never felt in the past when I

was still Chris. Different sentiments also took over my mind and the need to become a

female servant and cleaner became like an obsession to me. I really and truly can’t

explain it but the fact is that I feel very comfortable in my current position and for as

long as you fully accept and endorse Crissie I’m all yours.” I said in a cracked voice

full of emotion.

Pat looked at me with her clever eyes full of apprehension and said, "I thought that much myself Crissie dearest and although I'm an academic who doesn't believe in supernatural, in your case I simply give up and accept what I see. All I can say is that the change of your persona is coming from deep inside you and you somehow have miraculously managed to wake up some dormant elements on you. So, let us both be happy and accept what we see."

"Si Señora, I agree with you," I answered in a resigned voice.

"So let's move back to the practical matters we were discussing before," Pat continued and added her voice full of excitement now, "During the next few days I want you to blend in with the local women that you see all around you and try to be like one of them. Be proud that you are a woman, walk with your chin up, shoulders back chest out to emphasise your boobs and you will be fine."

She looked at her watch and then turning to me said, "Now clear the coffee things and go and change to your simple frock and shoes you were given at the beauty salon, I'll take you out for some sightseeing and shopping. I better go and change myself."

She dismissed me with her hand as she stood up and walked towards the master bedroom. I hastily gathered the cups and plates and went back to the kitchen.

A couple of hours later we were strolling in a pedestrian road full of shops of all kinds looking at the shop windows.

"Let's go to that shop that has Ethnic Mexican things Crissie, it looks interesting, I can see in the window some skirts that you certainly would love to wear, the gypsy multi-coloured style." Pat said suddenly.

"Si Senora, I follow you," I said with an increased interest as I had already spotted those skirts.

She walked confidently inside the shop dressed simply but elegantly in her jeans and top and I followed like the poor relation wearing the simple dress that was given to me

at the airport beauty salon. The message that Pat wanted to pass was self-evident. She was out with her maid shopping.

“The printed material is so vibrant and the colours are superb. I can see they have short and long ones. Do you fancy any of those Crissie?” My Senora said as she turned looking at me with a beaming smile and a wink. She knew me too well; she could tell I was mesmerised by the style of those ever so feminine skirts.

“Si Señora,” I said full of expectation, “I like both the long and the short ones, those are skirts that I often dream about,” I said blushing all over like a teenage girl.

Pat chuckled as she replied, “Then you can pick two short and two long ones. I feel that I can treat my maid to a good Mexican present today. And the long ones will be handy when we are in Oaxaca where women and *muxes* like to dress in a more traditional manner.”

“Oh, muchas gracias Señora,” I gratefully said nearly kissing her only to remember the last minute that this wouldn’t be appropriate for a maid.

“Come on then girl, pick the skirts you like,” she said and then added with a cunning smile, “You could actually wear one of the skirts now, a short one please; I’ll pick a simple blouse for you, I think it’s time to remove that old dress. Go to a changing room and I’ll find you there in a minute.”

“Si Señora,” I said excitedly as I started looking more closely at the rack of skirts.

Soon we were out of the shop, this time I was proudly wearing my new skirt, its hem a bit below my knees. Under the skirt I had a half-slip with lace at the hem, an extra present from my wonderful Mistress. I was very elated as I was feeling the hem caressing my legs, the perfect feeling.

And when a bit later we entered a Church in order to learn how to act accordingly as a simple Mexican girl, I really felt privileged and lucky when I kneeled in front of the altar next to my Mistress in order to pray. I prayed and there was truthfulness in that because I thanked God for those unique experiences I was offered as Crissie. At that moment I turned towards Pat and touching her hand I said truthfully, “*Gracias*

Señora for offering me that trip and those unbelievable experiences!”

She smiled back at me simply saying, “*De nada*, sweetie, I enjoy that trip as much as you do.”

During the next three days that we were walking everywhere in the City I became more confident as Crissie. For a start I was next to Señora Patricia who was clearly an upper-class lady and everywhere we were going we were treated with the utmost respect. Being behind her and always in her shadow made me more invisible and, in that way, more secure. But on the other hand, I could see how men were looking at me. I was getting this macho bold look that only in a Latino country a woman could receive.

Even my Mistress said to me at one point, “You know Crissie, you are getting bolder and appraising looks from men than I do. There is one reason for that, they consider you as an easier target since you look like a humble country girl out with your Mistress but the most important is that I never saw anyone looking at you in a peculiar way as he could read you as a man behind this feminine persona. You pass as a girl with honours dear Crissie, that should make you more confident.”

I felt very proud when she said that to me and I gave her a beaming smile, “Thank you Señora Patricia for your remarks, I feel definitely more confident now that you mentioned it. Your eyes certainly can judge men’s looks much better than mine. You are far more experienced on that.”

That was the turning point of our trip because at that moment Pat decided that I was ready for the next step, the visit to Oaxaca and the large family hacienda.

So shortly after we walked in a travel agency and she booked plane tickets for us in two days time. Destination Oaxaca airport, flying time 1h 10min.

A new step to the unknown I thought as we exited the agency. I still had no idea what was in store for me there and when I asked Pat she answered in her usual way, “I’ll tell you everything when we are aboard the plane. It’s a short flight but plenty of time to explain to you what happens next

to your Crissie persona. A very large hacienda is waiting for you!”

CHAPTER 18

The flight was indeed very short and soon we were landed at Oaxaca town airport and we took a taxi for the bus station.

I was fully dressed as Crissie, wearing my favourite skirt and blouse outfit and I was pleased to notice that nobody paid any special attention to me. The airport security was not particularly strict for internal flights and nobody questioned my boarding pass where my real name was printed; Chris Galliano could be either male or female as a name.

All Pat managed to say during our flight was that after landing we had to board a bus and drive for another five hours to our final destination, the town of Juchitan at the south end of the state of Oaxaca where her mother’s property and hacienda were.

The bus was fully airconditioned and more comfortable than I expected. Pat saw my reaction and simply said that quite often public transport is much better in poorer countries for the obvious reason that people are in greater need for it.

I smiled benignantly when I heard that, Pat was talking as a social anthropologist again.

But then she started talking again and this time I was all ears, because she started talking about what happens next!

“Right Crissie,” she said excitedly, “Here is what happens next to my pretty maid.”

“I’m all ears Señora; as usually this new phase excites and worries me at the same time. I hope you will be there for me and you wouldn’t expose me too much to unknown conditions. I want to stay under your protective umbrella please.”

Pat chuckled and squeezed my hand as she turned and looked at me. “Of course, I’ll be there for you watching, but this time from a distance. This time you will be exposed to real conditions of domestic and manual work and the envi-

ronment that goes with it.” She said looking at me with her piercing brown eyes, then added, “It will be like an army drill with live ammunition and real bullets.”

“You scare me Pat.” I said in a worried voice, “What do you mean real bullets...”

She stopped me with her hand, “Don’t forget the protocol Crissie, I am Señora Patricia to you at all times and in particular after we abandon this bus. You have to stay in character if you want to be successful and not publicly humiliated as a fake.”

“I’m even more worried now Señora. What do you mean publicly humiliated as a fake? That’s sounds really scary to me.” I anxiously replied.

Her hand now moved and started caressing my skirted legs. “I’m sorry honey, probably I used the wrong words, nothing is going to be scary for you, only exciting and rewarding, so let me explain a bit more.”

“Si Señora Patricia,” I replied as I looked down at my skirt where her hand was still resting.

“Have you ever heard of a Mexican hacienda, Crissie?” Pat started with a question.

“Si Señora, I think it is a big country mansion with land around it something like a ranch in US or an estate in Europe?” I eagerly replied.

“Good girl, close enough.” Pat said and continued, “My mother is the owner on a big hacienda outside the town of Yuchitan. This is where we’re heading.”

I tried to say something but she stopped me with her hand as she added, “Let me continue please. My mother’s hacienda is probably the biggest in the state of Oaxaca and one of the biggest in Mexico. Thousands of acres of pasture and cultivated land and in the middle the impressive main mansion built by my grandfather, the one who created that trust which is the reason we are together today and enjoy that unusual trip.”

“And how am I going to fit in that environment Señora? What will be my role? Am I going to be presented as your *‘muje’* partner?”

She chuckled again slightly more deviously this time, “You simply are going to be one of the maids silly, I thought you would have figure it out by now. I’m sure you are looking forward to be in a proper maid’s uniform again. Aren’t you?”

I looked at her hesitantly, “You know Señora that I love to be in my uniform but how am I going to be presented? Would people know my true identity and the relationship with you?”

“I’m coming to that sweetie. Your Mistress thought of everything,” she continued her eyes shining from excitement. “The Garcias know everything about you; the rest will simply know that you are a ‘*Gringa ‘muxe’*’ connected with me who came to the hacienda to be trained as a proper domestic.”

“Now you lost me completely Señora. Who are the Garcias and who are the rest?”

“Sorry dear, you are right, I run too fast for you. Antonio and Juana Garcia are the couple who are running the hacienda. They are my mother’s closest friends. My mother Alicia and Juana were together at university. They are both highly educated people and my mother asked them to run the hacienda after she was obliged to follow my father abroad in his career as a diplomat. You follow so far?”

“I do Señora, but what exactly the Garcias know about me, about us?”

“When we got married, my mother told them everything, why we had to get married to activate my grandfather’s trust, the condition of you being catholic etc. She also told them that you had gradually become, on your own will, my *muxe* and you took over the running of the house as my wife-maid. So, when we decided the Mexico trip I sent them a message and asked them to organise your so called ‘education in the domestic arts’. They were very happy to oblige because they really and truly see me as their substitute daughter and they would do anything to please me.”

“So, will I be working as a general housemaid in the hacienda or as your personal maid Señora?” I asked as my ex-

citement started to rise again. Once more Pat was pushing all my buttons.

“I’m afraid Crissie you will start at the bottom; you will be a junior maid to start with and the other maids will show you the ropes. Of course, Señora Juana will keep a close eye on you and she will interfere if something goes wrong. But I’ll stay in back stage at least at the beginning. I want you to feel to your skin what it really is to be a hard-working maid in a Mexican household with traditional values. That will be a unique experience for you. This is what I meant when I said before that you will be out in a military drill with real bullets and live ammunition. The difference is that your uniform will be a maid’s dress, your bullet proof jacket your apron and your bullets and live ammunition will be your brooms, bucket and mop!”

Wow! What a description. As my excitement combined with the fear of the unknown was mounting, I asked, “But where shall I stay? Shall I be close to you? Am I going to see you daily? Are we going to spend time together?”

“Slow down girl, too many questions. The answer though is quite simple. You will be staying in the domestic quarters together with the other servants and land labourers and gardeners, the *campesinos* as they are called here. The building is opposite the main house on the other side of the large inner yard. I asked Señora Juana though to give you your own room for a minimum of privacy. But of course, you will have to use the common toilets and showers. Don’t worry though the male and female quarters are separate. You will be staying of course in the female quarters. *Muxes* like you are allowed to do that.”

“And when will I be able to see you Señora? I’ll be much disoriented without you. I’ll be scared.” I murmured, ready to cry.

“Now, now Crissie, you shouldn’t worry, I’ll be right opposite you staying at the mansion. You will see me probably when you are assigned to serve during meal time, breakfast, lunch or dinner. You will see me also when you are sent to clean in the main house.” She said and then added with a beaming smile, “I just had this superb idea, I’ll ask Señora Juana to assign you to clean on a daily basis my room and

ensuite bathroom. That way I'll be able to catch up with you and you will be able to tell me all your news. Don't you like that idea my Crissie?"

"I do Señora," I replied with a sniff, "I'll miss you though, and I'll miss also sharing the bed with you."

"You shouldn't have naughty sexual thoughts during your stay in the hacienda Crissie," Pat said rather firmly. "And I hope you stay out of any little sexual games with the maids or with the male staff for that matter. I'm sure that the campesinos will eye you a lot and try to flirt with you. A half Gringa maid is not such a common sight in this part of Mexico. Because I forgot to mention to you that for all the rest in the hacienda, that is except for the Garcias, you are a half Mexican girl born and raised in US, trying to reconnect with your father's roots. Is that clear girl?"

I was offended when she mentioned that the campesinos will try flirting with me. "You know that I'm not gay Señora Patricia," I said rather indignantly.

She chuckled when she heard me being indignant, "I can assure you Crissie that when you are running around in your maid's uniform doing your various chores, and you feel the male eyes focused on your boobs or on your nice legs and bum, you will get a sinister feeling of pleasure, even more so because you will know that under the disguise is still existing your male persona and you can fool those males. Believe me, it can be very strong that feeling."

Again, Pat the academic was pontificating but I still had questions to ask, "For how long are we going to stay in the hacienda Señora? And aren't we going to visit the town of Juchitan together and meet some of the famous *muxes* there? After all I am a *muxe* myself as you keep reminding me. And am I going to meet Conchita's *muxe son*."

"Questions, questions Crissie?" Pat replied laughing. "I guess you are right to ask all those things, everything in this country is a novelty for you. So let me try and answer those last questions."

I looked at her expectantly as she drank some water from her water bottle. "All that talking and my mouth got dry. Anyway, I'm not certain how for long we'll be in the hacienda."

enda, there is no time limit and we don't have any other commitment for the foreseeable future, so for as long as we enjoy ourselves and I include you on that, we stay. And of course, during our stay we'll visit Juchitan many times and I'll take you to places where *muxes* are hanging out. I'll have of course to ask permission for you from Señora Juana, you will be in her employ for as long as we stay in the hacienda but she will not deny it to me, after all I am the daughter of the boss and the future owner of the place."

She stopped for another sip of water and continued, "As for Conchita's muxe son, Alejandra is her name if I remember well; we'll pay a visit to the house where you will see him/her in action as she takes care of the house and her younger siblings. She is the perfect housewife according to Conchita."

I felt much better when I heard her answers. Life is not going to be that dull after all. We'll have the chance to do some sightseeing and meet those famous *muxes* that played such a capital role to my radical transformation. Everything that Pat asked me to do was more or less based on that '*muxe's myth*'!

I looked at my small and cheap wrist watch, "How long until we arrive to Juchitan Señora?"

Pat looked at her watch and said yawning, "Another couple of hours. Let's try and get a nap. As soon as we arrive, we'll both be in a busy mode again."

"Si Señora," I said yawning myself, "A nap would be good."

But I couldn't really sleep. My mind was busily trying to absorb all that I just heard from my Mistress. Being one of the maids? Start at the bottom and being a junior maid? Living at the servants' quarter? So much to think about.

I was in that semi-sleep mode when I heard Señora's voice. "I think we're nearly there Crissie, I can see the first houses of Juchitan. Let's start getting ready. A car from the hacienda will wait for us. The first person you'll meet is Pedro the driver. A nice guy who is married with one of the maids, Rosa. You will work a lot with her, she is very experienced, you will learn a lot from her."

“Si Señora,” I said simply as I opened my handbag and picked my small mirror to check my looks. A touch of lipstick would make me look fresher.

Pat looked at me with a smirk, “Come on girl, stop titivating, we’ve just arrived.”

She said that as the bus came to an abrupt stop.

CHAPTER 19

“So, is this Crissie?” Señora Juana asked looking at me but really addressing Pat.

She was dressed like any woman of her class and age. Comfortable set of trousers and blouse, sensible shoes and hair kept back in a severe bun.

We were all standing where Pedro dropped us in front of the main house that looked quite impressive.

“That’s correct, this is Crissie, my faithful companion and maid.” Pat replied looking at me reassuringly as if she was trying to tell me, ‘Don’t worry, everything is under control.’

All that was said in English but then Señora Juana turned to me and said in her Mexican Spanish, “I understand your Spanish is good Crissie because this is going to be your everyday language during your stay in the hacienda. Do you follow me girl?”

“Si Señora,” I replied, nearly curtseying, she was quite formidable that lady, “I have been practicing my Spanish with Señora Patricia for some time now and I gradually became more comfortable, especially with the Mexican expressions.”

“I’m glad to hear that because the girls you are going to work with are not particularly literate and very often use local expressions between themselves. But you are clever enough to adapt. At least that is what your Señora keeps telling me.” She said in a neutral voice.

“Si Señora, I am certain I’ll be able to understand them,” I said as with the corner of my eye I saw a girl in a maid’s uniform, very similar to the ones packed in my suitcase, carrying a mop and bucket moving towards the main house.

Señora Juana saw her at the same time because she turned and addressed her in a louder voice, “Ah Rosa, there you are, just the person I need. Drop your bucket and mop and come here for a moment.”

Rosa instantly obeyed and approached us very fast. She lowered her eyes gave a quick curtsy and said in rapid Spanish, “Si Señora Juana at your service!”

“Rosa, this is Crissie, Señora Patricia’s maid and she is going to be part of the domestic staff here for an indefinite amount of time. Take her to her room, the one I asked you to prepare yesterday, so she can unpack, get in a uniform and follow you today as you work. That way she will have the chance to get familiar with the space.”

Then she turned to me, “You heard me Crissie, follow Rosa and she will explain everything. I immediately want you in a uniform similar to Rosa’s, your Mistress tells me you bought a few in Mexico City. Is that clear for both of you?”

She finished her sentence looking first at Rosa, then at me. After that she dismissed us with her hand as we both said, “Si Señora.” Curtseying at the same time.

All that time Pat was looking at us, an amused look on her beautiful and clever face.

She turned to me and said, “You go now Crissie, you have a lot to learn here, I’ll catch up with you later.”

Then turning to Rosa added, “Thank you Rosa for taking care of my maid, she needs a good coaching in all domestic aspects and she is very keen to learn.”

“No problem Señora Patricia, Crissie will become one of us girls in a very short time. I can assure you we need the extra hands, there is lots of work in the hacienda.”

Señora Juanita turned to Rosa and said in an annoyed manner, “That’s enough Rosa, don’t be impertinent, run along now, lots to be done.”

Within half an hour, properly dressed in uniform, my gingham large apron covering most of my dress, I was back by the main entrance moping the marble floor tiles under the supervision and instructions of Rosa.

Everything seemed and felt surreal to me. Here I am at a Mexican hacienda in the middle of nowhere without any other links or connections to the place. My only point of reference was Señora Patricia and at the moment I was not directly liaised with her. That made me nervous. I kept seeing unknown faces coming and going heading at the end of the main hall where I could see a door that clearly was leading to some sort of office space.

Rosa confirmed my thoughts because she said to me, “Yes Crissie, that door leads to the hacienda’s offices. Señor Antonio is the big boss there, everything in this place goes through him and Señora Juana. Without them giving work to us we all would be very poor and destitute.”

“Yes, my Señora has told me about them, they are close friends of her mother Señora Alicia.” I said as I continued mopping with steady symmetrical movements.

“Aren’t you a lucky girl to have such a rich employer. One day your Señora will probably run this place and you will be probably her assistant.” She said and winked at me.

I felt a spark of pleasure as I heard that because she probably wasn’t that much out of the truth. Who knows, if we kept being together with Pat, my Señora Patricia, this could really happen one day.”

At that moment we heard a voice from behind and we both turned startled.

“Ah there you are you two,” It was Señora Patricia’s voice and she was walking towards us. Following her was a tall handsome man with thick grey hair and an imposing grey moustache.

“It’s Señor Antonio with your Señora,” Rosa hastily whispered to me, “We must curtsey when they approach.”

We did curtsey but I clumsily did it because I was still holding the mop. Pat saw me and tried to hide her smile. She was enjoying herself; I could tell from her sparkling eyes.

“So, this is your Gringa maid Crissie,” Señor Antonio said looking at me with an amused curiosity because he knew who I really and truly was, Pat’s cross-dressing husband.

“Yes, this is Crissie and as you see Rosa put her to work already, she will learn a lot here.”

“I’m certain she will, and Rosa is the best teacher; she is our senior maid in the hacienda. And no special treatment for your maid, she is simply one of the hacienda servants now,” he said as he scrutinised e with his piercing eyes

“Of course Antonio, Crissie knows that already, Juana said the same thing when we arrived. During our stay here I want her to be completely assimilated and become a competent member of the domestic staff. I think she had it easy in US so far.”

Then she turned to me and addressed me firmly, “You heard all that Crissie? I want you to make an extra effort and become a competent maid and not only.”

Then back to Señor Antonio adding, “I just had this thought Antonio, I think Crissie should be involved in other activities in the hacienda befitting her low servant status like do some farming or fruit picking or anything else you consider appropriate for your village girls. She should dirty her hands. Being a maid in a hacienda is not the hardest job and I want her to feel it in her skin what it means to be a poor hard-working female labourer. All those poor campesinas out in the fields would find the work as a maid in the hacienda a pure luxury.”

“Señor Antonio looked more amused with Pat’s suggestion. He looked at me in a nearly compassionate way. I guess he was wondering why Pat was so strict with me.

“I can send Crissie out in the fields for fruit picking. In a few days the season for organic strawberries opens and I’ll use about 10 to 15 campesinas for that. Crissie can be one of them for a few days. It is a repetitive and quite strenuous job and she must have a good back.”

My heart sunk when I heard that, fruit picking with the local campesinas? But Pat was very openly excited because she said to Senor Antonio, “That’s a great idea Antonio and will show Crissie how women work in a poorer country. Thanks for taking care of that.”

Then turning to me with eyes full of fire added, “So we have established a program for you Crissie. During the next

few days you will be busy both as a house maid and a farm labourer, *a campesina*. Then you can tell me what you liked or disliked most.” She chuckled with a bit of malice as she said that. I wasn’t certain but I was detecting there a different Pat with an increased power over me. A Pat I hoped, wouldn’t stay like this for long. Probably I was at the moment another of her social anthropology experiments.

Señor Antonio looked at his watch, “We better go Patricia, we have a meeting in Juchitan in half an hour, Pedro will drive us there and then Juana will join us for dinner in your favourite restaurant.”

“Of course Antonio, let’s go,” Then turning to us, “Back to work girls and Crissie I hope I get good reports from Rosa about your work, or else...”

They started walking towards the exit with an unnamed threat on the air. ‘Or else...?’ What she meant by that? A possible punishment? We never went down that path before but Mexico was full of surprises for me.

We curtsayed as they left and Rosa looked sympathetically at me, “Your Mistress seemed to be quite strict with you. Have you done something that disturbed her?”

“I can’t think of anything, probably she wants me to get the full feeling of what it means to be a poor domestic worker and labourer in a hacienda in Mexico. She was right to the fact that conditions for domestic workers in US are very different. You can work hard but you maintain a certain minimum of rights. Here from what I see you are completely at the mercy of your employer.”

Rosa started moving her head as she said, “It’s because we have large families and we need to feed many mouths. To use one of your Gringo sayings, ‘beggars can’t be choosers’. Pedro my husband that you met earlier told me that. He picked it when he was in US for a few years as an illegal migrant.”

Then looking at the large clock in the hall added, “I leave you to your mopping here, I’ll go back to the other side to see what the other two maids, Silvia and Marta are up to; they keep a low profile today. You are going to meet them during our dinner at the servants’ hall.”



CHAPTER 20

The next two weeks were hectic, harsh and peculiarly exciting. The first week I was a full-time hacienda maid. I was doing what I was told; I was a general housemaid doing practically everything, from cleaning the toilets at the domestic staff premises to serving meals at the main hacienda building. I was in uniform constantly and only at the end of the day, after our meal in the servant's area I was aloud to go to my room. By that stage it was usually ten o'clock at night and I was ready to collapse.

The best moment of the day was when I was finally able to remove my uniform dress and apron both of them soiled and smelly by that stage. The warm and humid weather plus my strong and strenuous manual work were adding to that.

My encounters with Señora Patricia were less frequent than I expected but the feeling that she was around and I could see her at least once per day either when serving breakfast or when I was cleaning her room gave me a certain sense of security. My Mistress was around and was keeping an eye on me.

But the only time I could exchange a few words with her in a more private mode was only when I was sent to clean her room and she happened to be there.

So, at the end of first week we came face to face when I knocked at her bedroom door and I heard a simple 'come' from inside. I was surprised she was still there; it was nearly lunch time and she usually was out following her various activities, working together with Senor Antonio or visiting the various parts of the farm.

I entered carrying a bucket with all my cleaning tools and detergents. Without any pretention I curtsied and said, "Good morning Senora, can I clean your room now?" Acting as a lowly housemaid was a second nature to me by now, even when I was facing my 'other half'.

Señora Patricia was dressed and clearly ready to go out but she decided to be chatty with me today, "Good morning to you Crissie," she said scrutinising me with her clever eyes.

“You look quite dishevelled girl; look at those stains on your apron. They did put you to work in a serious mode as I see. Is Rosa a slave driver?”

I was blushing from a mixture of embarrassment and excitement as she came closer to me sniffing the air like a hound dog, “And you definitely have the smell of a hacienda maid, the one I remember from my childhood. A mixture of cheap perfume, sweat and detergents.”

“Si Señora,” I managed to answer, “I do work hard and Rosa is keeping a close eye on me and keeps telling me that I shouldn’t get any preferential treatment because of my connection with you. And I’m not allowed to change my uniform for a whole day and the weather is always hot and humid so I can’t help it. I constantly feel hot and sticky.”

“I guess it can’t be helped; being a manual labourer in this part of Mexico can be uncomfortable but eventually you learn to live with it.” She said rather indifferently but then asked in a more concerned tone of voice, “But do tell me honestly Crissie, are you enjoying the experience so far? Do you feel it in your skin what it means to be a poor working girl in this country?”

“Si Señora,” I replied without too much thinking, “The experience is unique and I could never ever believe, even in my wildest dreams, that this could happen to me. So, to answer your question, yes, I do enjoy the experience.”

Then becoming more impertinent I added, “But I do miss my Señora, I miss sharing a bed with her, being her devoted and personal maid.”

Her eyes became softer when she heard that, “I miss you too Crissie but at the moment the way you are as a hacienda maid, I’m afraid I can’t touch you. All I see in you now is a poor local girl struggling with her life. A girl that I can’t even dream of mix sexually with.”

Then as if something new came to her mind added, “And you haven’t been out in the fields yet as a real village woman, *a campesina*. But as Señor Antonio mentioned to me yesterday you will join the group of strawberry pickers in a couple of days. And then you will be moved to different premises to some huts near the picking fields where those

women stay. You will be provided with different clothes, a long skirt and a blouse with long sleeves plus a head scarf on top of which you will be wearing a large straw hat so you can be protected from the sun which can be ruthless as you already know.”

My heart sunk when I heard that. Did I become someone untouchable for my Señora? Was that my future with her, just a domestic servant with no other rights and privileges?

In her usual manner she detected my inner feelings and said, “It’s not for ever Crissie. I want you to go through those fifteen days in the hacienda. Then you will be back with me. Then I’ll take you to the town of Yuchitan and introduce you to all those *muxes* there. This is the reason we came here to start with. But at the moment you have to strictly stick to your role in the hacienda, being a *mucama and campesina*.”

Then she looked at her watch saying, “I better go, I have a meeting with the Garcias, we have business to discuss. And you can get on with your work. You don’t want Rosa to catch you dawdling.”

“Si Señora” I said curtseying as she picked her bag and started walking towards the door.

CHAPTER 21

“You, Gringa! What’s your name again?” the supervisor, Señor Ramon asked me as he was looking at my fruit picking basket

“Crissie, Señor,” I answered as the sweat was running down my face and my blistered hands were carefully picking strawberries.

“Well Crissie, you have to do better than that. It is already 10.00 in the morning; you are working more than 3 hours and your pickings are very slim. Look around you. The other campesinas are much faster than you.”

“Sorry Señor, I’m not used to that job; it’s my third day and I still try to adapt. It’s very hard work Señor.”

“I know it’s hard, but my orders are to make you work like the other women here, Señor Garcia and your Señora

were adamant. ‘Make her work hard, she is not to be spared’, were their words. So, try harder girl. At the end of the day your basket has to be full. “*Lo entiendes?*”

“Si Señor, I understand Señor, I’ll try harder.”

I wiped the sweat from my face with a dirty handkerchief I kept in my apron pocket and I continued in a faster mode.

I was dressed in the rough clothes they gave me when I joined the group of campesinas working in the fruit picking fields. Long skirt and long-sleeved blouse both made from some sort of rough cotton material that made my whole body itchy, covered by an old stained apron of unidentified colour. A scarf was covering my hair and on top of that I had to add a wide brim straw hat to protect myself from the ruthless Mexican sun.

I looked around me in the vast fields where many more women similarly dressed, probably about twenty of us all together, were busily picking the strawberries and placing them carefully inside the vast straw basket that each one of us had.

I was feeling miserable; hot, sweaty and smelly and I was missing terribly my job as a maid in the hacienda. But deep down I was also feeling a peculiar alertness and excitement. Was that how the slaves working at the cotton fields of the US Deep South were feeling about two centuries ago?

When we finally finished for the day at about five in the afternoon after ten hours of solid work with a small break of half an hour, we all rushed to our primitive and dirty toilet and wash facilities. I had to wash with cold water trying to remove the grime of the day. I felt so small and insignificant as I was pushed in the queue of campesinas trying to approach the wash basins.

Finally, we all sat down to eat at an outdoor facility where food was cooked by another campesina. The food was strong and spicy but after the day’s hard labour was very welcomed because we were all starving.

I kept to myself when we were eating, the other women were busily talking in the local Zapotec dialect and I couldn’t understand a word. One or two younger women tried to

include me but they gave up when they realised, I couldn't follow their conversation.

I could see the big mansion and the other hacienda buildings at a distance but I wasn't allowed to approach them. All campesina women involved with the fruit picking had to sleep in a large shed where bunk beds were installed.

Our supervisor, Señor Ramon had his own private hut where he would return to sleep later. As we were eating, I felt very jealous as I saw him walking towards the hacienda buildings. He was taking his meals there at the servants' quarters and he would also have to report to the Garcias and Señora Patricia for the day activities. I wonder if my Señora would ask after me.

By nine o'clock we were all in bed with no other option than sleep. And we did sleep very fast. Manual labour under those hard conditions was the best sleeping pill.

I was counting the days of course and the 7th day I was excited and expectant. I was up bright and early and at 6.30am I was down at the so-called canteen where a campesina was boiling water to offer us a cup of tea with some bread and jam before the start of fruit picking at 7.00am. I wasn't certain how I was going to be summoned back to the house. Would I have to work the whole day or Senor Antonio would send me back earlier?

I was nearly trembling from anticipation when I saw Señor Ramon approaching me just before 7.00 o'clock. He saw me and waved at me to approach him.

"Buenos dias Señor," I said nearly curtseying, "Shall I return to the hacienda today Señor?" I couldn't stop myself asking.

He looked at me amused, "Yes Crissie, you are going back today, your Senora asked me to send you back now, so you will not be working today with us."

"Now Señor?" I asked incredulously, "I better go and change then and pack my things."

"You don't have to change, your Señora wants to see you in your campesina's clothes, so just leave behind just the straw hat, the maids will wash the rest of the clothes you wear and will send them back."

“Si Señor, gracias Señor, I’ll go and pack now.” I said with a mixture of joy and anticipation. Hopefully my campesina days are over, unless of course my unpredictable Señora has other plans for me.

“Adios Crissie,” Señor Ramon said rather indifferently and moved inside the canteen to get his breakfast.

As I started walking back towards the hacienda compound, I looked at my dirty clothes and I couldn’t stop thinking that I had to face my Señora dressed like a poor peasant. The feelings, as always with me and my sharp descent into my present humble status, were mixed, embarrassment and anxiety but excitement and pleasant alertness at the same time.

I looked down at my filthy apron and I decided to remove it together with my head scarf as I was walking back. I put them inside my canvas shoulder bag where I was keeping my meagre belongings.

I arrived at the servants’ building at about 7.30 and I was heading for the main room by the kitchen where servants had their meals and all of a sudden, I came face to face with Señora Patricia! She clearly was notified by Señor Ramon and was waiting for me.

She scrutinised me with eyes full of excitement and mischief, “Oh my God! You are a true *campesina*! You look so real, even your complexion is darker because of the sun.” she exclaimed in her immaculate Spanish.

“It is the clothes Señora,” I said looking down at my coarse clothes.

“It is the clothes but also the smell and the looks that go with them. But where are your apron and head scarf? Why have you removed them?” She asked rather aggressively.

“I carry them in my bag, they are very dirty and I’ll wash them together with the clothes I wear. Can I go and change now into my maid’s uniform Señora?”

“Not just yet Crissie. Put your apron and scarf back on, I want to take some photos of you with my mobile. My mother and Conchita will be very amused with your looks.”

“But Señora Patricia,” I said in a worried voice, “They don’t have to see me like this. I feel too dirty and dishevelled as it is.”

“Don’t argue with me Crissie, do as you are told!” she replied in an annoyed voice.

“Si Señora,” I said humbly and in the next minute I put back on the apron and the head scarf.

Patricia took several photos and then said smiling, “Now the good news is that you are not going back to your maid’s uniform, at least for the time being; I think you deserve now some leisure time. It’s about time for you to meet some fellow *muxes* in Yuchitan.”

“Really Señora? I am so much looking forward to that! From the very first day we arrived at the hacienda I never stopped thinking of that. I thought you were never going to ask!”

“Of course you are and the time has come for that Crissie. Enough of hardship for my maid.” She replied with her eyes sparkling from excitement and mischief.

“Now to practical matters, go and have a long shower to get the dirt and grime out of your body. Then do your best morning makeup that means not very loud and finally put one of your long gipsy skirts on with your most feminine blouse. I’ll meet you here in about an hour so we can drive together to town. Pedro will drive us.” She concluded and she turned back to go to the main mansion obviously for her breakfast.

“Si Señora, in an hour I’ll be ready Señora,” I replied with a pronounced smile.

CHAPTER 22

I somehow felt liberated as we were driving towards the town. I was all dressed up in my ethnic Mexican clothes, long gipsy skirt, glittery blouse, large earrings and a bold makeup with a pronounced lippy made me feel ultra-feminine. I even had a flower attached on my black curly hair added the last minute by Señora Patricia.

“You overdid it with your makeup but you are a sweet *muxe* Crissie.” she said as we were entering the car.

I felt quite amused and pleased when I saw Pedro’s look, full of admiration as he gave me one of his flirty smiles. Thank God that Rosa wasn’t around to see it.

“We’ll first visit Conchita’s family house so you can meet Conchita’s *muxe* son Alejandra who takes care of the house and her 3 young siblings. She is expecting us for a cup of coffee.” Señora Patricia said casually.

“Is Alejandra a transgender person Señora?” I suddenly asked on an impulse.

“Yes and no Crissie, but certainly more advanced than you in her female looks and realities. She is in a hormone treatment so her boobs are quite developed now but she still has all her boy tools below her panties. She doesn’t really want to go all the way and this is common in 90% of the *muxe* population in Yuchitan.

And then I asked her the question that was pestering me all along since we started that trip to Mexico, “Do you see me as a transgender person Señora Patricia? I don’t know what to think anymore. I do enjoy this unbelievable adventure but I also worry that you will abandon me if I completely let my feminine tendencies to take over. I have to admit that since we arrived in Mexico, I gradually had lost control over that.”

She turned and looked at me and instantly grabbed and squeezed my hand. “I sort of expected that question Crissie dear. But I’m afraid it requires a long answer and it’s not the time for that now. All I can say at the moment to reassure you is that I enjoy this adventure as much as you do and I certainly not going to abandon you because I love what I see in front of me. I love your new persona; I love your humility and your devotion. I can tell you that we have a long way to go together.”

I felt relieved and happy when I heard that, “Thank you for that Señora. It is indeed quite reassuring.” I replied ready to cry again. How on earth I had manage to become so emotional during the past few weeks?

“I think we are here.” Señora Patricia said as the car stopped in front of a small house very brightly painted in terracotta red, lemon yellow and sky blue. I saw quite a few houses like this around. Clearly it is a signature of popular architecture in that part of Mexico.

Pedro the driver turned and addressed my Señora, “We are here Señora Patricia. What time you want me to collect you?”

“Thank you Pedro. You can pick us up at about 6.00pm from the central square so We can be back on time for dinner.”

As we came out of the car, I instantly saw a woman simply dressed in pants and t-shirt covered by a large gingham apron prominently emphasising her breasts and narrow waist, putting clothes on a line in a small side yard by the house entrance. I instantly knew she was Alejandra, Conchita’s *muxe* son.

She saw us and rushed to meet us with a beaming smile.

“Oh my God, it’s Señora Patricia,” she exclaimed in a low rather husky voice.

“And you must be Crissie,” she continued turning to face me, “Look at you, you look so Mexican! I love your skirt by the way and of course I’ve heard so much about you from my mother. You look much better in real life than in the photos I saw.”

In the mean time Patricia gave her a hug saying, “Nice to see you again Alejandra, it must be some years since the last time we met and I must also admit that you look better than the photos that Conchita show me. You look so womanly now!”

I saw Alejandra blushing as she ushered us inside the house, “Thank you Señora Patricia, your compliment means a lot to me. But do come in, we have so much to talk about. I have some coffee prepared and I baked a cake.”

The house was small and poorly decorated with loud and kitschy elements but looked impeccably clean and welcoming. We sat around the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and pieces of cake neatly positioned on a plate and started happily chatting.

“The boys are at school and my father at work so I am home alone. I prefer it that way because I can do my housework and cooking in peace.” Alejandra said gingerly as she wiped her hands on her apron, a movement so familiar to me.

“You look very womanly and housewifely Alejandra and I can see that you seem to be fully adapted to that role. Am I right to assume that?” Patricia asked after a sip of her coffee.

Alejandra blushed but replied without too much thinking, “I’m now certain Señora Patricia that I was born at the wrong side of the fence and I should be born a girl. But my family was very understanding and let me become what I was destined to be. I feel very much myself in that role and I love staying home and look after my family now that my mother is away working in US.”

“Glad to hear that,” Patricia said and then looking at me with a benign smile added, “And as you see my Crissie here is following the same steps. She loves being a girl and a humble one for that matter, she likes serving and loves being my maid, I’m sure Conchita mentioned that to you.”

Alejandra giggled as she turned to me saying, “You probably are missing your uniform and apron Crissie. My mother said that you are the best and most committed cleaner. If you were living in this town, I could have employed you. I love being a housewife and look after my family but I couldn’t say no to a maid’s help. Unfortunately, I can’t afford it.”

Patricia also giggling added, “You should have seen Crissie in action in the hacienda as Rosa’s assistant. She excelled herself. And then she spent a week in the fields picking fruits.”

“That was a bit cruel Señora Patricia,” Alejandra said half-jokingly, “That must have been a shock for poor Crissie. It would have been hard work even for me that I carry the local peasant genes.”

Then turning to me added, “How was it Crissie? Have you been able to cope with that hard job?”

I looked at both of them with a faint smile, “It was a very difficult week and I was counting the days one by one. Look at my hands Alejandra.”

She picked my hands and scrutinised them. “Yes, I can see how red and irritated they are, I hope you are treating them with some cream.”

“I certainly do. My Señora insisted on that.”

“All I wanted for Crissie was to literally feel on her skin, what it means to be a poor campesina in this country. From the rough clothes to the hard work and everything else that goes with it.” Pat added cheerfully. “Now she knows. Don’t you Crissie?”

“I certainly do Señora and I’m glad that I wasn’t born a campesina.” I said with conviction but then added, “Of course that doesn’t change the fact that I love housework and being in a maid’s role.”

“Speaking of that,” Alejandra said a cunning smile on her face, “I couldn’t help but notice how adoringly you were looking at my apron since the moment we met. Would you like to wear it and do some work in this house? There is a pile of dishes, pots and pans waiting to be washed in the sink. You could show me how good you are in washing up and tidy up the kitchen.”

“I wouldn’t mind that if Señora Patricia has no objection,” I hesitantly said feeling already my adrenaline rising.

“Why would I have an objection?” Pat said cunningly, “This is what you are trained for so why not give a hand to poor Alejandra who struggles all day long to support her family?”

“Si Señora,” I said as Alejandra was already handing me her gingham apron.

I gingerly put it on and as I was getting ready to start the washing up, she gave me a pair of rubber gloves.

“Put them on, they’ll protect your already suffered hands.”

“Gracias Alejandra,” I said as I found myself in front of the pile of unwashed items inside a messy sink.

As I started doing the dishes, I extended my ears as the conversation continued around the kitchen table between my Señora and Alejandra who was describing her work in a beauty salon. She was working there three times a week as an apprentice making a bit of extra money mostly from tips.

“When my mother returns and from what she tells me that will be fairly soon, I’ll become a full-time beautician, I want to specialise in professional makeup.”

“Good for you Alejandra, go for it if that is your vocation.” My señora said adding immediately after, “And you are right about Conchita. She will be coming back quite soon. My father is appointed at a new post in SE Asia and as soon as they move, your mother will return, hopefully with a good bonus.”

“That will be great Señora Patricia, we want her back, we all miss her a lot.”

As I opened the sink tap to start rinsing the plates, I lost the voices but as soon I turned it off my ears were extended again because I heard Alejandra’s voice saying, “And what are your plans for Crissie? Are you going to keep her as your maid? Does she want to do something different? Probably she would love to become a beautician like me or a seamstress?”

“That’s too early to say,” Pat answered as she turned to look at me. “You might as well be part of that conversation Crissie. As you know I want to include you in all my decisions. Nothing should or could happen behind your back.”

“Si Señora,” I said as I wiped my hands on my apron and turned to face them.

“We are still in an experimental phase,” Pat continued looking at Alejandra. “We are still trying to define our roles and our sexuality in that ‘reality game’ as I could call it. Isn’t that the case Crissie?”

You are right Señora Patricia, we’re still searching, but since you ask me, I can frankly tell you and let Alejandra be my witness, that I adore my experiences so far. They are so fearfully real and stimulating. Even the fruit picking had an effect on me. I was for a moment fantasised that I was a female slave at the US South in mid-19th century. That feeling and idea turned me on even if I had to work so hard!”

“I thought that much,” Pat muttered and then added loudly, “So you see what I mean Alejandra, Crissie is enjoying our reality game as much as I do and I must add here that as the time goes by it is becoming more a reality and less a

game. Look at her now in her apron and rubber gloves. We came to this house as guests and within an hour she became the maid and her face is beaming with pleasure!”

“I am impressed, it is really quite fascinating!” Alejandra replied looking at both of us. “You two are made for each other. And Crissie of course is so convincing as a female. Soft face features, narrow shoulders, the right cleavage and the right hair. I can’t believe that she is not at all helped by hormones and other products that can enhance femininity. She is very real!”

“Thank you Alejandra, you flatter me.” I managed to say blushing all over.

“You are right on that Alejandra,” Pat said, “Crissie is a natural as if she was meant to be a girl. With a bit of outside chemical help, like the hormones you just mentioned, she could become just perfect. But we haven’t decided on that yet. Isn’t that the case Crissie dear?”

“Yes Señora, it is,” I muttered embarrassed, “This is something that we still have to discuss.”

“The time will come for that Crissie. But don’t worry about it now. You have a job to finish here before we go to visit a very well-known bar in town called *My Other Half* where lots of *muches* love to visit. So chop-chop, the kitchen should look spotless when you finish.”

Then turning to Alejandra, “Come, let’s move to the front room for a chat and leave Crissie here to finish her chores.”

They both got their coffee mugs and moved out of the room as I turned back to my sink to finish the washing up and counter top cleaning.

EPILOGUE: OAXACA– SIX MONTHS LATER!

Six months later and I'm still here and I'm still a hacienda maid!

But I work less hours in the hacienda and with my Señora's permission and encouragement I took up classes in town in Mexican cooking, traditional sewing and hairdressing lessons.

I am known in the little town of Juchitan among the *muxe* community as the *Gringa muxe mucama*- the Gringa TG maid- if that can be a proper term in English. That term still makes me feel uncomfortable but probably it is my reality after all.

My Señora is always kind and considerate but at the same time never stops encouraging me 'to follow my true vocation in life' as she calls it. At the moment she is in US for a couple of weeks, she had to go there for a job interview for the position of lecturer in social anthropology at Columbia university. She is probably at the beginning of a brilliant academic career. That option makes me happy and proud of her but also anxious and worried. Where would I fit in her life from now on? Would I be a maid, a housewife, something of both? I really can't say. Still lots of questions to be answered and the person who will finally provide them, either I want it or not, is my Señora. I feel totally dependent on her now.

All those thoughts were crossing my mind as I was mechanically mopping the vast tiled floors of the hacienda main building where I was now assigned.

My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Señora Juana, "Are you day-dreaming girl? You are very slow in your movements. I thought you were better than that. I'll tell Rosa to keep an eye on you."

"Sorry Señora Juana," I said startled giving a quick curtsy, "I have been thinking of my Señora, I miss her a lot."

Her eyes softened a bit as she said, "I can see that, you are like a dog who lost her Master, or Mistress in your case. You are totally dependent on her Crissie, aren't you?"

“Si Señora Juana, I am.” I truthfully answered blushing all over and lowering my eyes. She made me feel uncomfortable with her remarks.

“I thought that much. Patricia has a magic effect on you like you are hypnotised by her,” she said in a dismissive mode. “Well, so be it, it’s your life and I’m not the one to judge you.”

But then with her voice hardened added, “But I am here to judge your work as a maid in those premises and I don’t want to see you absent minded or careless so keep working in a diligent manner. Am I clear girl?”

“Si Señora Juana, you are very clear. I’ll remember that.” I eagerly answered with another curtsy.

“Carry on then,” she said as she turned to go back to her office.

I continued mopping more energetically but my mind drifted away again thinking about my unknown future. I looked down at my well-worn and humble uniform dress covered by the ever-present gingham apron. I went through a sudden jolt of excitement as I felt the hem of the dress caressing my bare legs. I smiled as I realised that I haven’t been in pants since our arrival in Mexico. My Mistress was now wearing the pants literally and figuratively. I should make a point to have a serious discussion with her when she comes back. I think the time has come to clarify certain aspects of our relation and where we’re heading.

But this is going to be a topic of another story altogether...