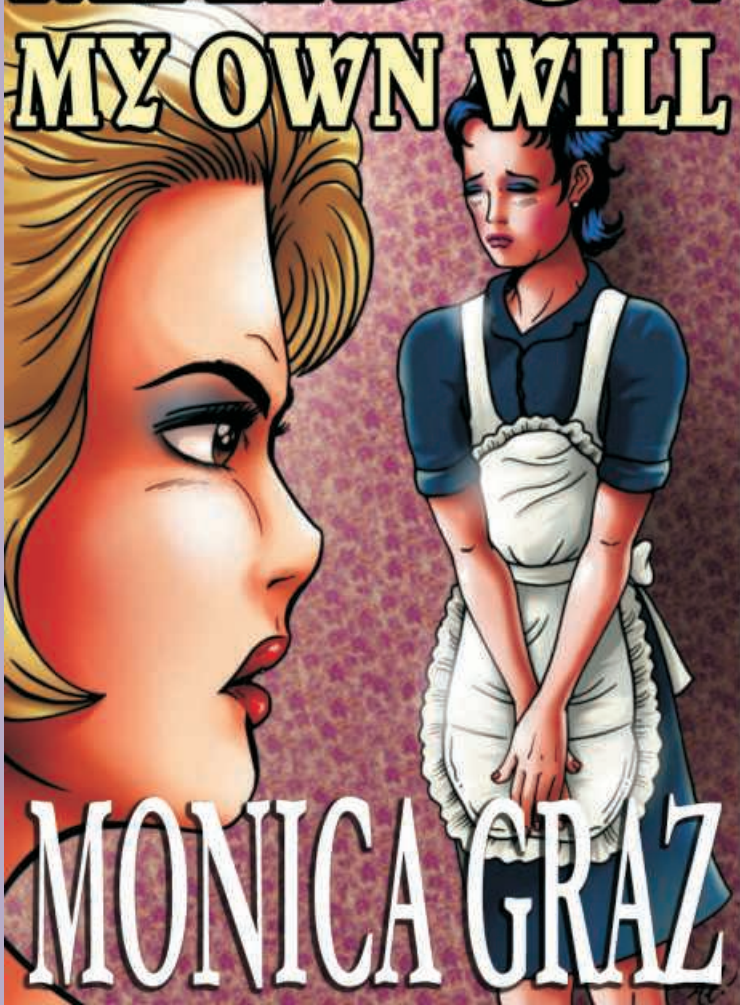


MAID ON MY OWN WILL



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MAID ON MY OWN WILL

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER 1

APRON, THE INITIAL SEED

She startled me as I was doing the dishes humming one of my favourite tunes. She came behind me, put her hands around my aproned waist and whispered in my ear, "Robin darling I loved the dinner tonight, your cooking skills are getting better by the day. And you look so neat in your apron, doing the dishes now. Thank you for being such a jewel". She kissed me again and her tongue played a bit more with my ear, something that excited me tremendously.

I turned around to face her wiping my rubber gloved hands on my apron , “ Oh Chris, stop being so naughty, you excite me and I still have my chores to finish.” She looked at me mischievously and continued, “I guess I have to wait till bedtime to seduce you my darling and I have a report to finish also. Be a dear and get me a cup of tea when you finish with your chores in the kitchen”. She started going and obviously she remembered something because she turned back and said, “And Robin, could you check if my white blouse, you know the one with the tiny buttons is ironed? I know you washed it the other day. I want to wear it tomorrow; I have an important meeting, thank you doll”. And before I had the chance to answer, she left for her study.

My life with Chris flashed through my mind as I was finishing tidying up the kitchen. I met her two years ago and we instantly felt an attraction for each other. Coming from a similar social background, both University graduates and fairly ‘intellectual’, we found lots of things in common. A couple of months later I left my small bachelor’s apartment and moved in with her. Though she was living alone, she had a great house, inherited from her rich family. She had a high powered job in a law firm, being a junior partner. I was a freelancing computer specialist operating from home, so I had to organize my working space in a room in Chris’ house. We both decided that marriage was not one of our priorities, so we left it as an open issue to reconsider at a later stage.

From the very beginning I was dead honest with Chris. I told her that without being a committed cross dresser I liked wearing some ‘discreet’ pieces of female clothing like panties and camisoles under my male clothes or a nightie in bed. She didn’t mind at all, on

the contrary, she said to me that a man with such an 'idiosyncrasy' is more sensitive and less able to cheat on a relationship.

Though I had a natural inclination towards housework I stayed out of it for sometime. Chris, being herself a lousy housekeeper, was employing someone to come and clean the house every second day, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. She was a nice Porto Rican lady in her late forties and a committed cleaner. Since I was working from home I got to know her quite well. Amelia, that was her name, was very chatty and soon I knew everything about her family back home, her various problems, marital and financial etc. I was fascinated watching her working around the house. She had her own room and always changed in an overall and apron before starting working, nothing fancy, a plain cotton dress light blue or pink and a large matching working apron, the style that was popular for maids in the 50s and 60s.

I started asking her questions concerning her work, why this detergent or that liquid for cleaning tiles or how you treat the wooden floor etc, etc... Though not educated, she was ecologically conscious and was using environment friendly products. Soon I was helping her in some of the heavier works wearing one of her practical full working aprons to protect my clothes. She didn't mind at all, in fact she was pleased because I was following her instructions and was a fast learner. She started making comments of the type, "Well Robin, you could probably get a job as a cleaner, you are very careful and efficient; most cleaners, including experienced housemaids are not as good as you."

For some reason she was calling me with my first name from the very beginning and I never stopped her.

On the other hand Chris was 'Miss Christina' for her, after all she was her employer and I was only a guest in the house.

Chris voice interrupted my reverie, "Robin darling, how about this cup of tea, I am dying of thirst!"

"I am so sorry Chris; it took me longer to finish in the kitchen. It's coming in a minute."

I fixed a tray with a small tea pot, cup and saucer and a jug of milk and rushed to her study. She was busy writing, but she thanked me and asked me to serve it for her. As I was getting ready to go she looked at my apron with a slightly disgusted look, "I wish Robin darling that you could change to a fresh apron when you are through in the kitchen, this one is wet and dirty."

"Sorry Dear, I rushed in here and I forgot all about it. I'll change now."

She smiled at me. "That's OK darling I only tease you. Now shoo I will never finish this damn report and I do want to go to bed with you as soon as possible!" She said that and made me blush all over. How silly of me.

I was ironing her blouse in the laundry room and my mind drifted again. I was thinking that I was Chris' 'little housekeeper' as she liked calling me for over six months now. Amelia had to depart urgently for Puerto Rico, some sort of family disaster, her married daughter had a car accident and broke both her legs, so she had to go and look after her two grand children, father being overworking etc...So we lost our competent cleaner.

Chris was devastated of course, she couldn't even think of changing her lifestyle, she was far too busy for

that anyway and good domestic staff is so hard to find those days etc, etc... So I stepped forward and volunteered to take over Amelia's work. In the beginning she refused to discuss it. "Come on Robin, you don't want to do that sort of work, you have your own work to think about and there are other less boring things for you to do than cleaning a big house like this one."

But with my solid arguments I gradually convinced her. "Look Chris, I work from home anyway and at the moment my computer work keeps me busy for about 3 hours per day, so I have plenty of time in my hands. Then I know most of the work Amelia was doing, I was watching and helping her for months now. But the most important is that I enjoy doing housework. It is like a physical exercise for me and after spending hours in front of a screen is more than welcomed for me that sort of manual work."

She finally agreed and said to me, "Fine, you convinced me. But let me tell you two more things. I expect you to do a proper job; after all you volunteered to do it. Keeping a house clean etc is a job like any other and you must be prepared for criticism if I am not satisfied. I will inspect your work and you will accept my remarks as Amelia would. Is that all right with you?" I was getting ready to answer but she stopped me with her hand.

"Let me finish darling. The second thing I want to tell you is that if you ever change your mind and you find the work too hard or too boring or too demeaning or whatever, please tell me and we will find another solution. I don't want my little Robin to be unhappy!"

She always had a way of making me blush. I told her that I agree with her terms, they were not that hard

anyway and from that day on I became her 'little housekeeper'.

Soon I started cooking too, I was fed up with the 'take away' food we were eating all the time, it was fattening too and we both were trying to lose some weight.

The apron became a standard piece of apparel for me. I started using Amelia's aprons; I loved them, as they were feminine, full and protective without unnecessary frills that probably would embarrass me. Chris bought a couple of aprons for me but I sort of ignored them, they were the unisex 'butcher' style and I found them very boring. She understood and next time she bought a couple of feminine ones, not frilly or anything, just aprons that a normal housewife would wear.

Her voice brought me back to reality. It came from the bedroom this time. "Robin darling, it's bedtime, Chris is waiting for you!"

CHAPTER 2

BECOMING THE HOUSEWIFE

We were in bed in our matching nighties chatting happily. Chris who was a health freak liked her clothes made from natural fibres and in particular bed clothes, so our nighties and our sheets were pure cotton. The nighties were made of fine cotton and were very expensive. From the very beginning she insisted that we should wear matching ones that only she could afford to buy, usually from exclusive lingerie shops. As usually she took the initiative and started caressing me.

“So how my little housekeeper is doing, did you have a good day?” she said to me as she was lifting my nightie touching my thighs with gentle fingers.

“Yes darling I had a good day, I am very happy with this new recipe, it worked out well and you said you enjoyed the food.”

“Of course I did, you are becoming more and more a gourmet cook and before I forget, I asked my friend Jennifer to join us for dinner tomorrow, try and surprise us with something exotic.”

‘But darling I planned a light dinner for tomorrow because is my big shopping day and then I have all the ironing to do, you know sheets and all that.’

She slapped me slightly on the thigh and said in a pretend austere tone of voice, “Now listen to me you little thing, all housewives can modify plans at a last minute’s notice if they have to and I can’t see why you should be different.”

She never called me a housewife before, but somehow it excited me and she felt it instantly in my erection. “Oh, my little darling, you like to be called a housewife don’t you. Strictly speaking you are not one yet, but you will be one, once we decide to get married. Would you like that Robin? Would you like to be my little wife and wear pretty aprons and look after our guests?”

I was more and more excited. “Oh yes Chris, I would love that” I said with a trembling voice as she started to mount me. Soon we were engaged in a frantic love session where Chris was definitely the aggressor.

We were much more cool and controlled at breakfast next morning. Chris was in a rush, finished quickly

her cup of coffee and as I was taking her to the door she gave me a quick kiss and said, "It's all set then, we come back with Jennifer about 6 o'clock. We will have drinks first and then you can serve dinner. She stopped and looked at my working apron, one of Amelia's and continued, "And darling, have a nice apron on please, one of those I bought for you, not one of Amelia's, they are very servant like; we don't want Jennifer to think that you are the maid here do we?" And before I had a chance to answer she rushed to the car.

I was quite intrigued by her last phrase, 'housewife' yesterday, and 'maid' today; did she have something in mind? Whatever it was though, her little remarks made me singularly excited!

It was a busy day for me. I did a major shopping in the local supermarket and then I had to catch up with my freelancing computer work as well. I must admit that I wasn't doing that well with my professional activities lately. I was losing lots of contracts that in the past were a routine for me and my income was dropping considerably.

But I had Chris' backing in that issue. She repeatedly said to me, "Don't worry Robin darling about your work, I make money now for both of us and with your nearly full time work in the house, I don't expect you to kill yourself for some extra money."

By 5.00 o'clock I was done in the kitchen. Dinner was ready, except for some final minor touches. I had a relaxing shower and changed to my 'good outfit', which was a rather unisex shirt and trousers ensemble. We bought them together with Chris from a shop that specialized in that type of clothing. In fact Chris insisted and I bought the shirt that buttoned in a feminine fashion, right over left. Only an experienced eye

could pick that though. I put a clean apron on, one that Chris bought me, a nice blue striped gingham one with a bib and shoulder straps that crossed in the back and fastened in the strings. I tried to make the bow as symmetrical as possible. The look in the mirror made me think once more that I had to loose serious weight, I wanted my waist slimmer than that, only then I could wear my aprons more proudly. 'Stop it Robin!' I thought to myself, 'you are not a woman and stop pretending that you can look the part!' I smiled at that thought and went back to the kitchen to start the salad dressing.

The ladies would be here any minute now and I still had to set the table. I thought about Jennifer, I didn't know her well; I met her several times in a social context. She was working with my wife in the Law firm; she wasn't a lawyer but a legal secretary and the right hand of the top man of the firm. I think Chris had another reason of befriending her, some 'inside information' was always useful in a big Law office, in a competitive environment that you had to protect your back at all times.

Jennifer was coming out of a nasty relationship with a married businessman, a relationship that turned very sour and created lots of waves. Of course she was bitter and Chris stood by her all that time. She knew that I was keeping house for Chris at this phase of our life and she found it very positive and supportive, at least this is what Chris told me.

I heard the bell ringing and found it strange, did Chris forget her keys? I wiped my hands and rushed to the door smoothing my apron. Chris and Jennifer were standing there in big smiles. "Hello darling, did you forget your keys?" I asked innocently.

“Of course not Robin dear, but we thought with Jennifer we shouldn’t surprise you in case you were more indecent?”

I looked puzzled and Chris added laughingly, “Oh, nothing serious darling, just in case you still had your working apron on or something similar.”

I blushed slightly and let them in. They both greeted me with a girlish kiss in the cheek and gave me their coats and bags. For a moment I felt like the maid, but they did it so naturally that I took them graciously and hanged them in the hallway alcove.

I heard Chris’ voice from the living room. “Drinks time Robin!” I went in and they both had kicked their shoes off and were comfortably parked in the couch.

“You look very nice and neat Robin. I love that apron, it does suit you!” Jennifer said with a big grin, but without any mockery in her voice. That made me feel more comfortable and Chris added, “I bought that apron for Robin; I was fed up seeing him wearing all the time Amelia’s aprons. He still uses them but only for the heavy housework. Now how about some drinks, I could kill for some gin and tonic!”

Dinner went very well, they loved my food and though the table was set for three, I spent most of my time serving them, changing their plates, filling their wine glasses etc. They happily chatted most of the time and they included me in their conversation only to ask me for something or to praise my cooking. I removed my apron when I finally was able to sit at the table and funnily enough both ladies noted it immediately.

“Now Robin, why you took your apron off, you are so sweet in it” Chris said and Jennifer agreed instantly.

“Would you mind very much putting it back on dear?” Chris continued and her voice had a touch of authority.

I blushed and said meekly, "Of course not dear, the only thing is that I was going to change shortly to my work apron to do the dishes and I thought to sit with you ladies for a little while, I didn't really have the chance to see Jennifer at all."

Jennifer said instantly, "You are right Robin, we kept you busy practically all evening, how naughty of us, but your food was delicious. Probably you could come and cook dinner at my place one day, would you like that?"

"That would be a great idea" Chris exclaimed, "You need that sort of distraction at the moment Jennifer, so before you go tonight we'll set a date. Isn't that all right with you Robin darling?"

I had to agree, since Chris was so warm about it. "I'd love to do it anytime Jennifer" I said in a slightly hesitant tone though.

In the mean time they forgot about the apron and I sat with them chatting, mostly about Jennifer's recent bad adventure. When they started talking about the office and their work again, I excused myself and said that I had to do the dishes and tidy up the kitchen. I don't think they noticed when I left the table. Back to the kitchen I put on one of Amelia's large protective aprons and my rubber gloves and started the dishes. Halfway through though I realized that I still had to collect some glasses and plates from the table. I went in with a tray and started collecting the remaining unwashed things. The ladies were still engrossed in their conversation but as I was departing for the kitchen I heard Chris telling me, "Thank you Amelia!"

I nearly dropped the tray. I turned to face her and then she realized and started laughing. "Oh my God, I was so taken by Jennifer's story than I took you for

Amelia. It is that apron obviously. Anyway I am sorry darling. You don't mind do you? Anyway you are doing Amelia's job at the moment and you are wearing her apron, so it's not that unfair to call you that."

Jennifer joined in, "Robin that apron is not as nice as the other one, but it is so practical and so old fashioned. I remember when I was a young girl we had a maid that was wearing a similar one on top of her uniform dress. God it brings back memories!"

Chris continued, "Now that you mention it Jennifer I remember our maids in my parents house had similar aprons but I remember also that they were not allowed to come in front of the guests wearing them, so they kept their serving white aprons on, under the big ones so they could whisk them off quickly in case they have to appear in front of us or go and answer the door etc."

She looked at me questioningly, "Well dear Robin you are not a maid, but to tell you the truth I am not happy seeing you in this room with this apron on and the rubber gloves!"

I blushed and managed to say, "You are right Chris, but I was in the middle of doing the dishes and I thought it would take only a minute to take those things away. Anyway now I know and I will be more careful in the future."

Jennifer looked sympathetically at me and said, "You shouldn't be hard on him Chris, after all he is doing a great job, he is a real gem in the house and I guess he still has a lot to learn." She sighed and continued turning to me, "I wish I had a person like you Robin to help around in my apartment, it's not as big as this house but I certainly need a helping hand around the place."

I felt awkward because all that time I had to stand in the middle of the room with a tray in my rubber gloved hands, wearing a big wet working apron, listening those two blathering on. I was getting ready to say to Jennifer how sorry I was that I couldn't help her, when I heard Chris' excited voice, "Well Jennifer I have a wonderful idea, I can give you Robin for a whole day. He can come in the morning, clean your place, do the washing or anything else you need like ironing etc and then he can cook dinner and we all have a merry evening. How about that!"

I was aghast when I heard it. She was offering my services to another person, without even asking me! She had such a nerve. I was about to start protesting when Chris turned to me and said very sweetly, "I know Robin darling you wouldn't say no to that suggestion of mine. I think Jennifer deserves some pampering at the moment and you are the one who can do it. After all this house doesn't need you on a daily basis, don't forget Amelia was managing very well, coming only three times a week. Please darling, say yes."

She was so sweet and loving that I simply couldn't say no to her. And I must admit that deep inside I felt a peculiar excitement and a pleasant flickering of my stomach. Somehow I found the whole idea fascinating. Pretending that I was hesitant I said in a small voice, "I guess it's all right, housework is housework, I might as well do it."

They both clapped their hands happily and we agreed that this coming Saturday, that is in three days time, I would go at 8 o'clock in the morning, Jennifer would give me instructions what to do and then she would go off shopping with Chris. They were going to meet at a shopping mall at 10. How well they orga-

nized my time and their time! I was going to clean bathrooms and scrub floors, they were going to have fun sipping their cappuccinos and buying fancy clothes.

I thought that I could go back to the kitchen at last, but Jennifer's voice stopped me once more, "and Robin, please bring with you your working clothes and aprons, I don't have anything to give you. Feel free to wear anything that is comfortable for your housework. I couldn't care less if you are Robin or Amelia or Nancy or whatever. I just want the work done and I must add that I might be a lousy housekeeper, but I am a demanding employer and I will certainly inspect your work."

CHAPTER 3

CAUGHT IN AMELIA'S CLOTHES

Chris had to depart early next morning on a business trip. We got up at seven, she rushed to the shower and I went downstairs to the kitchen to start breakfast. Still on my nightie I tied an apron on and started squeezing fresh orange juice.

She looked very smart in her elegant Armani business suit when she came down half an hour later. She looked at me as I was pouring coffee in her cup and smiled, "Look at you my little Robin, the perfect picture of a sweet housewife!" I blushed but I didn't have the chance to answer, as she continued, "Well, I better rush, I have a plane to catch and look at this rotten weather. I'll probably be back quite late so don't bother to wait for me for dinner, I'll call you later."

She grabbed her bag and coat gave me a girlish kiss and departed. I looked at her expensive SUV as she was driving away. The weather was rotten indeed. I went back to the kitchen to finish my cup of coffee and plan my day. Though I wouldn't admit it publicly, I felt good about this 'role reversal' in our lives. I was becoming more and more the 'house partner' in our relationship and Chris was becoming more and more the 'breadwinner' and she didn't seem to mind it. Her personality was more assertive than mine and obviously she was able to survive in the 'cruel' outside world more easily than me. As I was finishing my cup of coffee I couldn't stop thinking how lucky I was that I didn't have to catch a plane on a day like this.

I didn't really want to change to my male clothes to start housework, even if those clothes were usually of the unisex type, a truck suit in colder days, a t-shirt and shorts when it was hot. I really wanted something different. I decided to be bold, after all Chris wouldn't be back for hours. I went upstairs to the little room where Amelia used to change. I knew that she left behind all her working clothes. What the hell, I was going to dress in her clothes today; after all I was doing her work for weeks now!

An hour later I was the maid! Amelia's clothes were not fancy, but I definitely looked the part. I was wearing my own panties and vest, a bra that belonged to Amelia and had seen better days, a striped blue cotton dress that buttoned in front with white piping around the collar, the short sleeves and the two front pockets and a matching large working apron. I even tied around my longish hair a head triangle of the same material. Black pantyhose and comfortable rubber sole shoes finished off my appearance.



I started my chores with a 'feeling' and an intensity I never had before. Somehow my maid's gear made me a more committed cleaner. I practically 'attacked' the upstairs rooms and in particular the master bedroom.

As I was moving around vacuuming I couldn't stop looking at myself in the various mirrors. A rather plain girl in a maid's uniform was looking back at me. Now in a dress and apron, I could see more that I had to loose weight. I definitely had to improve my waistline.

Satisfied from my work I turned off the vacuum cleaner, thinking already for a break with a cup of coffee, turned around to head for the door and froze on my tracks!

Chris was standing there looking at me with an amused expression of half mockery!! I blushed and turned beetroot red. I started apologizing but in her usual confident manner she stopped me and said, "My flight has been cancelled because of the weather and I came back home to pick some other papers on my way to the office," She looked at me in a more critical manner and continued in a rather sarcastic tone, "So my 'darling little housewife' decided to demote herself to a maid?" As I was getting ready to answer she stopped me with her hand and said firmly, "Let me finish please. You decided to dress as a maid to do your chores on your own will, is that right?" I nodded silently. "And you feel comfortable wearing maid's clothes as you work around the house?" I blushed again as I was looking at her.

"Answer me please!" she said impatiently. "Yes Chris I do feel comfortable working around the house in those clothes" I meekly answered back.

"In that case you stay dressed as you are for the rest of the day. Continue with your work and after dinner tonight we are going to discuss the whole issue. I need to do a bit of thinking myself, ok?"

I got a bit panicked thinking that she might decide to end our relationship. "Oh Chris, I hope you are not

mad at me, it was just an impulse. All of a sudden I had this strong need to dress and act like Amelia, since I am doing her job for sometime now. But if that annoys you it won't happen again. Oh Chris you now how much I love you." I nearly cried as I said this last sentence.

"That's exactly my point Robin", Chris said in a softer tone, "this is why I asked you if you like wearing maid's clothes. I know already that you love doing housework, so if you put those things together it is obvious what your inclination is. Well I have to rush now, we'll discuss it tonight Don't worry though I am not going to kick you out of the house, but if you prefer to act like a maid I think we should redefine our roles and commitments in our relationship. Now run along to your chores I have more serious things to do."

She dismissed me like a servant! And to make things worst she yelled at me from the front door as she was going out , "And be sure to wear a nicer apron, preferably a white one, on top of your uniform dress when I come back tonight, I am sure you will find something appropriate among Amelia's things. Bye for now!"

CHAPTER 4

MILLIE THE MAID IS EMERGING

The house was clean and tidy and dinner was ready when Chris came back around six

O'clock that evening. I still had Amelia's uniform dress on but I found a half white apron among her things and I put it on, following Chris' suggestion. I re-

moved also the head scarf and replaced it with a white hair band that I thought was more appropriate.

Chris used her key this time and came straight to the kitchen where I was busy, fixing some salad dressing. I blushed as I turned around to face her, I was excited but very nervous still about the whole thing, I wasn't sure which way to go, I needed some help.

Chris eyed me from top to bottom and her quick mind picked my nervousness because she said casually, "Hi Robin, I like the white apron and hair band, you look the part, but how about a drink, I'm dying for one. I'll be in the living room."

She left as quickly as she came in, but I felt relieved somehow, I sensed that she was not angry or negative about my appearance, just tired from a very busy day.

We had our dinner together, though I felt a bit awkward sitting at the table with Chris and being the maid at the same time. She felt it also because she said, "Well darling, I think that in the future and when you are the maid you would serve me first and then you can have your dinner in the kitchen. But we will discuss all that later, as I said already we must redefine our roles and commitments as a couple. I have some ideas and you can tell me what you think."

I joined her in the living room after I finished doing the dishes and tidied up the kitchen. She turned the TV off and motioned me to go and sit next to her in the couch. I still was dressed in Amelia's clothes; an inner force prevented me from changing to my regular outfit. Somehow I wanted to make a point that I was pleased the way I was dressed.

"You certainly need some coaching darling how to sit properly when you wear a dress, keep your knees

together and place your hands on your lap." She looked at me half jokingly as I adjusted my position in the couch and continued, "Now Robin, I'll try and be frank with you, obviously I accept your little idiosyncrasies and I am satisfied with our relationship, otherwise we wouldn't have been together. Today though, another side of your persona came out. I already knew your skills around the house and how you enjoy doing the housework and cooking etc, but today you went a step further and you declared, very clearly indeed, that you like doing your housework not as a partner or a 'housewife' as I like to joke with you, but as a maid. Am I right so far?"

In my usual manner I blushed, but I managed to answer with a steady voice, "Yes Chris, it is true, I somehow felt very comfortable wearing Amelia's working clothes moving around the house doing my chores, much more in peace with myself. I can't explain it even to myself Chris, I feel very natural and relaxed, but alert and excited at the same time; my energy is doubled when I worked in the house dressed as a maid, who knows probably I was a maid in my previous life!"

She looked at me moving her head sceptically, "Probably you are right you know, probably your genes are maid's genes, in the other hand if you go back to your childhood, probably you were helping your mother or the maid around the house and the 'feeling' stayed with you. One wonders indeed! But my dear Robin I am not a shrink and I don't intend to analyze you, lets go back to more practical matters. Do you intend to keep working as a maid in this house, or this was a small game for the day?"

She looked at me shrewdly waiting obviously for a clear answer. I felt a bit cornered and I started playing nervously with the edge of my apron, she sensed it and added, "You can give me an honest answer, but don't worry I am not going to make you sign a life contract, not yet anyway."

I felt more relieved after her last sentence though I noticed the expression 'not yet anyway and said whole heartily, "Yes Chris I want to continue being the 'house person' and look after this house, if that's all right with you and today I discovered that being dressed as a maid, makes me feel more 'right' for that role. But, I wouldn't even dream to put our relationship at a risk, so if this development makes you unhappy or annoyed please tell me and I'll adapt myself instantly."

She looked at me for a few moments seriously and then her expression mellowed. She came closer to me put her arm around my shoulder and dragged me towards her, saying at the same time, "Come here little thing, you look so worried and innocent at the moment. Of course I am not crossed with you or annoyed, I love the fact that you took over the burden of this house, you know I am not the housewife type." She started caressing my thigh with her other hand and my excitement started to grow.

"And if you want to be the maid, its fine by me, but I'll have to apply some rules to you, it seems that I become your employer now. Do you want to hear what those rules are going to be?" Her hand was under my dress now gently snapping the elastic around the legs of my panties. I firmly nodded letting out an uncontrolled little moan of pleasure.

Her voice was softer now, she practically was whispering in my ear, "Tomorrow we go to the 'Uniform Store' downtown, I am going to buy you some proper uniforms for your new position in the house, Amelia's clothes had seen better days, you are a maid now and you are entitled to your own clothes provided by your employer. Would you like that, would you like wearing a pretty white apron and a maid's cap when you move around the house?" I nodded with another soft moan.

"Of course you do, poor thing you are trembling from excitement". Her voice became firmer, "Now control yourself little hussy, don't come yet, I want to finish what I have to say to you."

That brought me back to reality and I tried to pull myself together, but she never stopped caressing me, obviously she was getting as well, some inner satisfaction from that conversation, or should I say monologue.

"I have been thinking darling, I can't keep calling you Robin when you are the maid, instead I'll be calling you *Millie*, which is short for Emily, after all this name is the English version of Amelia and you started your maid's career in this house by impersonating Amelia. How is that, do you like this name?"

My excitement was again at a peak, but my astonishment was even bigger. I managed to answer back in a soft voice, "You wouldn't believe that Chris, but Emily was my maternal grandmother's name and if I was born a girl I would have been given that name, how amazing!"

She looked at me with her mouth open, "Now, isn't that a coincidence darling! I couldn't have picked a more appropriate name. So from now on when you are

dressed in your maid's clothes you will be Millie the maid and I will be 'Miss Christina' or simply 'Miss' to you. Probably you will find that hard in the beginning, but I want you to understand that being the maid in this house is not going to be a game but a normal job for you and proper respect for your employer is rule number one. Is everything clear so far Millie?"

She looked at me expectantly. I understood that look and answered back blushing all over and smiling hesitantly lowering my eyes at the same time, "Yes Miss, everything is clear Miss!"

Without any other word, she dragged me to the bedroom, she undressed me very quickly, undoing the apron and struggling with the buttons of my dress. We were in bed in record time wearing our matching nighties. Her tongue found my ears, probing wetly. Her hands caressed my breasts under the ruffled top of the nightie. Slowly then, she worked a leg up and over my legs, her weight starting to bear down on me. She pulled my panties down at an agonizingly slow rate, with me twitching and moaning as they descended every inch. Finally purring quite loudly with pleasure, she worked her way along the rest of my upper legs, gave a quiet little gasp, then mounted and fitted herself around me. I couldn't restrain myself anymore. I squealed and came in a series of delighted spasms.....

CHAPTER 5

MY NEW WORKING CLOTHES

We arrived at the Uniform Store quite early next morning, because Chris was in a rush to go to work afterwards. I was Robin again, dressed very simply in jeans and a sweat shirt, but underneath I had my fe-

male undies on. Chris promised not to embarrass me in front of the sales girls and agreed to be discreet. I knew this shop very well from the outside but I never had the nerve to go in. For years now I was stopping in the shop window to admire various domestic outfits, my inclinations for aprons and uniforms being part of me for as long as I remembered.

I somehow felt a bit funny as we entered the shop, I was about to acquire clothes that for many years were a big taboo for me. I felt again this familiar stomach tickling, but my slight anxiety stopped me from being excited. The shop was empty; it was too early in the morning and not a sales person on sight. Chris walked purposefully to the far end where an older lady was sitting behind the counter, as I was looking around fascinated by the racks of working dresses and aprons and tabards and various accessories, all for the 'domestic worker' as they were labelled. They must have been chatting for several minutes but I didn't mind at all, I had fun looking at all those items, feeling the fabrics and checking the way they were made.

I was startled by a voice behind me, "I can see you certainly enjoy looking at our products young man, is there something in particular that you like?" I turned all blushing and I saw the lady behind the counter smiling at me. Chris was standing in an angle and behind her and I realized that she was motioning to me that everything it's ok and under control.

The lady who was tall and elegant continued in a friendly tone of voice,

"My name is Mrs. Goodwin and I am the manager in this shop. I gather that you have to be fitted with some appropriate clothes for housework. Your partner/employer here tells me that you took up success-

fully the full responsibility of the house and you expressed an interest in wearing some proper maid's uniforms."

I was shocked and dumbfounded. Only minutes ago Chris promised to be discreet and not to embarrass me in front of a sales person and now this lady tells me that she knows I prefer to be dressed as a maid! I opened my mouth to express my indignation and to deny everything, only to be silenced by Chris rather abruptly.

"Now Robin, let me explain to you. Mrs. Goodwin very kindly offered to help us choose the right outfits for you, she understood the situation immediately, it seems that you are not a unique case, lots of ladies buy uniforms for their male maids and a lot more order by mail, so relax and start choosing."

I looked at her in disbelief but Mrs. Goodwin took over again,

"Your partner is right Robin; I've seen lots of people like you during the many years I work in this shop. There is nothing to be ashamed of; on the contrary you should be proud. I hear that you are a committed cleaner and an excellent cook. I can assure you that being a good maid is not an easy task." She saw that my attitude softened and continued,

"And to put your mind completely at ease I can tell you that the two salesgirls start working at ten o'clock so there is enough time for you and your partner to choose undisturbed."

Half an hour later we came out of the shop me carrying all the shopping. Chris was marching towards the car, she was in a rush to go to her office and I was

following behind, practically running to catch up with her. It certainly was a big purchase of items. Mrs. Goodwin was full of smiles of course. As we were departing she suggested that I could go and work in her house any Sunday. She would be willing to coach me in my new role and her twenty year old daughter would be more than happy to assist her.

I heard her suggestion with mixed feelings. It seems that there is acceleration to everything. I have a feeling that I fast lose control...

As we entered the car I tried to thank Chris by giving her a kiss but she stopped me and said, "You don't have to thank me Robin, as your employer I have to provide your working clothes. I think you have plenty now to play with. And when I come home tonight I want you to be maid Millie, properly uniformed and ready to serve me." She said the last sentence in a rather haughty manner, a manner I haven't noticed on her before.

I answered half jokingly, "Yes Miss Christina!"

She obviously liked it because she said, "I think I start liking the idea of having a live in maid. I also liked that suggestion of Mrs. Goodwin that she offered to teach you some deportment and etiquette."

I was a bit nervous about that and I expressed my worries to Chris but she was adamant, "You heard what she said, you can go on a Sunday to her house to do her housework in exchange for some proper coaching from her part. She is right you know, being a maid is not that simple, is not only vacuuming and ironing. It is also learning the etiquette, like how to address people with the proper respect, how to lay a table and serve at a dinner party, how to look after delicate clothes, hand washing etc. I am afraid I can't teach you

those things, but Mrs. Goodwin can." She stopped and gave me a side look, expecting an answer from me. All of a sudden I realized that she was taking more and more seriously my new found position in the house.

"I guess it's all right" I answered back, "But I am a bit anxious, she said she has a twenty year old daughter living with her and I feel shy to appear as Millie in front of her."

"Come on; don't be silly, the more you expose yourself as Millie the more you will be confident in your new role. By the way, I just remembered, tomorrow it's Saturday and we said you are going to clean Jennifer's house and then cook dinner. So there is a perfect opportunity to do that as Millie. Oh, I am sure she will love it."

I tried to protest, "But darling, I can't go to her house dressed as Millie, I have to go by public transport, you said you would need the car to go shopping later, if I remember well you meet with Jennifer at a shopping mall at 10.00 o'clock"

"That's easy to arrange" she said in an exciting tone of voice. "I simply drive you there, properly dressed, we all have a cup of coffee, Jennifer explains to you what to do and then we are off and you stay behind to do your housework. I'll explain everything to her in a little while. We work together, remember!" I detected again, like the other day, a strong tendency in her to please Jennifer. I know she was coming out of a bad phase in her life, but Chris' interest was more than that, she genuinely liked this woman.

We already were outside the house by that stage so she dropped me with the parcels and left hurriedly for the office. I went in carrying my parcels, excited and confused at the same time. Things were moving faster

than I expected and somehow Chris was the one who accelerated everything.

CHAPTER 6

TESTED IN MY NEW ROLE

Of course I tried on everything. Chris was very generous and with the clever push of Mrs. Goodwin I possessed now a nearly complete wardrobe for a live in maid. I said nearly because the more formal black dress was still missing. Ms. Goodwin said and Chris agreed that I had to earn this classic uniform dress for 'excellence in service', meaning continuous improvement in my behaviour, respect to my employer and her guests and learning the proper etiquette.

As I was trying my new outfits on, I couldn't stop thinking that Chris obviously had planned a long-term period of 'service' for me. Of course it was up to me to stop it and she mentioned it several times, even in the presence of Mrs. Goodwin. But my reaction was steady so far and my answer the same, "No, I enjoy what I'm doing and if I feel differently in the future I'll tell you at once". I was somewhat shocked when Chris responded at once, "Dear? By that time, your opinion will be that of a maid - and I don't always pay much attention to what my maids might say!"

I had three uniform dresses, two working ones a pink and a light blue and a dove grey one for afternoon use. All three were the traditional style, short sleeved with front zip closure, white collar and cuffs. The grey one though, was a princess style more elegant dress with side inseam pockets and collar and cuffs made from double white eyelet lace. The four aprons were all white. Mrs. Goodwin was adamant about it; no maid

should be normally seen by her employers without a white apron on. The exception would be when the maid was involved in dirty kitchen work, or hand washing or other messy jobs and then a tabard of similar colour to the uniform dress would be worn on top, without the white apron being removed. Of course the tabard could be removed very easily if the maid was summoned suddenly by her employer or she had to answer the door etc. In fact that was my first lesson of proper etiquette. Finally a couple of simple white head pieces were bought as well.

A few pairs of black or dark brown pantyhose and two pairs of working shoes, one pair of white clogs like the shopping girls or nurses wear and a pair of black more dressy shoes with two inch heels were also part of my new maid's 'trousseau'. Chris also promised that tomorrow would buy for me some underwear like a couple of padded bras, more panties and a couple of slips to wear under my uniform dresses.

I tried my best to be as 'presentable' as possible for Chris' arrival. My afternoon grey dress and half white apron, combined with my neat cap and black pantyhose and shoes made me feel very real. I had no make up on but I used some of Chris' lipstick. A look at the mirror convinced me that I probably wasn't a truly convincing girl, not just yet anyway, but I certainly was a truly convincing maid.

When I heard the bell I rushed to the door to let Chris in, somehow I expected her to ring the bell rather than use her own key. I opened the door starting with a polite 'good evening Miss' andI froze on my tracks. Chris was there all right but Jennifer was standing next to her with a big grin in her face! I blushed furiously and felt like running away. Both ladies saw my embar-

rassment and Jennifer was the first to speak in a rather commanding tone, "wow, what a sight! You really feel the part don't you Rob..., I mean Millie. You look very neat and efficient. Walk down the corridor and back please". She said it in such a way that I obeyed nearly automatically.

I did walk trying to be more feminine, taking smaller steps and mincing slightly. I must admit that the shoes, even with a small 2in heel made me more conscious of my movements and mannerisms. They both watched me with interest and amusement. Suddenly I felt embarrassed and blushed all over again. Was I overdoing it, what was that strong drive that made me act like this not only in front of Chris, but in front of Jennifer as well, a person that after all I didn't know that well?

Chris took over from Jennifer and continued, "You look very real Millie and you seem to adapt to your new status like a duck in the water. I know that you feel a bit strange at the moment, I can see you blushing all over like a school girl, but the truth is that you are a natural as a maid and I am not the one to stop this tendency of yours since we both seem to benefit from it!"

I looked at both ladies clutching nervously the sides of my uniform dress and I started opening my mouth to say something but Chris stopped me with her hand, "Let me finish please. When Jennifer heard how things have developed with you and your new status in this house she asked me if she could join me for dinner. After all tomorrow you are going to do her housework as Millie of course, so I only slightly accelerated things.'

Jennifer continued, "I must tell you Robin, I mean Millie, I am not the slightest surprised, I saw it coming the other day when you made dinner for us. Except for

the uniform you were acting as a maid already, the apron wearing, the cooking, the serving, you simply are destined for this role and no will power of yours can reverse this fact."

I tried to speak again but Chris interrupted me once more. God those two ladies, aren't they arrogant and demanding! "I hope there is enough food for Miss Jennifer and me. But we both would love a drink before hand. Now run along like the good maid you are and fix our usual gin and tonic and then you can get on with the dinner preparations."

That was an order and a dismissal. I managed to curtsy in a rather clumsy manner, saying at the same time with a new found respect for Chris, "Yes Miss Christina, right away Miss!" As I was scurrying to the kitchen I heard Jennifer saying to Chris, "SHE has a great potential, but she needs lots of coaching and some..." And then I lost her voice. But I realized that for the first time they referred to me as a 'she'. That sent waves of excitement throughout my nervous system and made me think once more that the road I was following had no return. Probably Jennifer was right, I didn't have the will power or rather I didn't want to have the will power to reverse my new found role in life.

The dinner was a light one, salad and a quiche and a bottle of chardonnay, but both ladies enjoyed it and praised my cooking.

By the time I served their coffee and cleared the table I was starving so I felt quite relieved when Chris gave me permission to retire to the kitchen and have my own dinner. I was eating alone and I was thinking that I would rather prefer to work as a domestic in a large household with lots of staff like in the old Victo-

rian mansions. Then I could share views with the other maids about this or that and gossip about the Master or the Mistress of the house. Being a single maid in a house, or a housewife without children for that matter, can have its boring moments. As I was daydreaming Jennifer came abruptly in startling me. I started getting up but she motioned me to sit and continue my meal. She was carrying her mug of coffee and joined me in the table

“Chris had to send a few urgent e-mails so I thought of joining you in the kitchen. Please finish your meal, you certainly deserve it.” She had a sip of her coffee and continued,

“I see you put a tabard on to protect your pristine white apron. Isn't it ironical to wear an apron to protect another apron? I always thought that funny as a young girl when I was watching our maids to put always a working apron on to protect their immaculate serving one.” She saw that I finished my dinner and said casually, “You can do the dishes now Millie and I will hang around to keep you company, I hope you don't mind my presence in the kitchen, mind you though I am not planning to help you, this is strictly your job!”

“Certainly it is my job Miss” I said in a polite voice as I was putting my rubber gloves on to start the washing up. “And I am honoured that you are here to keep me company, I was just thinking before, that a maid's job can have its lonely moments if there aren't other domestics around.”

She looked at me sceptically and amusingly at the same time. “You know, you are such a typical case of a submissive Robin or Millie or whatever you are called!” she said in a rather sarcastic tone of voice.

“And I happen to know your type of person very well; you see I grew together with one of your kind.”

I turned and looked at her in a surprised manner. I was expecting small talk and not serious comments about my inclinations and tendencies.

She looked back at me and smiled but her smile wasn't for me, she was remembering things, so I let her continue. “You remind me very much of my younger brother whom I lost regrettably some years ago, he was killed in a car accident.”

I opened my mouth in a shock manner and managed to whisper, “I am so sorry Miss to hear that, Chris never mentioned anything to me, it's very sad.”

She waved her hand in a dismissing way and continued, “I never mentioned that to Chris and by the way Millie, you better get used to proper etiquette, its Miss Christina to you now, not Chris. The quicker you learn your place in the household, the better for all of us. You accepted that role on your own will, you better learn fast how to act properly as a maid, it has to become a second nature to you the way you address your employer and her guests!”

I blushed of course and turned facing her. I lowered my eyes and gave a small curtsey. “I am sorry Miss Jennifer, you are right I still have to learn how to act properly.”

“You see what I mean Millie, your submissiveness is in your genes, you crave to be reprimanded and I presume you would be willing to be punished as well!”

I looked embarrassed but she didn't pay any attention to me. “You see Millie, my brother was a maid in our house for many years. It started as a joke with one of our maids dressing him up to help around the

house, you know how those things start, an apron first, then probably a small cap and finally a full uniform. He loved it so much that soon he became something like a junior maid, helping anyone from the staff that needed him. My parents never found out, they both were busy professionals spending most of their time at work, but I knew and helped him a lot to become the girl he wanted to be, but this is a big story, I'll tell you some other time."

I was fascinated by what Jennifer was telling me and turned to her to say that I would love to hear the whole story. At that moment Chris came in and said half jokingly, "Well, well, my friend Jennifer decided to fraternize with the maid!"

I blushed as usually, but Jennifer who obviously was very quick in her answers said also in a joke manner, "Certainly not Chris, on the contrary I was teaching your maid some deportment and etiquette and I was explaining to her that I have quite some experience in training maids, after all I grew up in a house with live in servants."

I noticed that she didn't mention anything about her lost brother, but of course it wasn't for me to interfere and mention something, I was learning my position in the household fast.

They both left the kitchen ordering for some tea to be served in the living room. I curtsayed as they departed but they didn't seem to notice, they already were engaged in a conversation concerning their work.

Sometime later Jennifer departed and Chris said that she was tired and wanted an early night. Then she said something that took me by surprise. "Now Robin darling," it was Robin again though I was still dressed as Millie, "I would like you to sleep tonight in the spare

bedroom, I can see you are tired too, you had such an unusual day full of events and I think we both deserve a good rest, away from erotic temptations.”

She didn't give me much choice to oppose her so I said in a rather sad manner, “Of course Chris, this is a good idea.” I realized then that the sign to call her Chris was her calling me first by my real name.

She gave me a girlish goodnight kiss in the cheek and as she was closing her bedroom door she said, “Thank you darling, you were great today, Jennifer is totally fascinated by you being Millie and she is looking forward to use you tomorrow, so you better have a good rest.”

CHAPTER 7

WORKING FOR ANOTHER MISTRESS ON LOAN

“Now Millie, are you sure you understood everything I said?” Miss Jennifer was addressing me in a rather condescending manner.

“Yes Miss, I think I did” I answered back smiling with a slight impertinence.

Her expression stiffened and her tone of voice hardened as she said,

“Now listen to me Millie and listen carefully. I demand a more respectful tone of voice from a maid when she answers back, always followed by a slight curtsy. This has to become a second nature to you. Do you understand?”

I was blushing all over when this time I answered in a more humble manner, curtsying clumsily at the same time, "Yes Miss, I'm sorry Miss!"



“That’s better Millie, but bear in mind that you have a long way to go in order to become an efficient maid-servant and some deportment lessons would certainly help you. I’ll have a talk with your Mistress about that.” She stopped, looked at her watch and said abruptly, “I better go now; Miss Christina is waiting for me we have to go shopping. We will be back after lunch. Bye for now.”

She left the kitchen quickly and I heard Chris’ voice from the living room, “Bye Millie, be good and finish your chores, see you later.” I started walking towards the front door to say good bye but they were out by the time I was there. Walking back I stopped in front of the hallway mirror. Millie, my new persona, looked back at me. Pink uniform dress, full white apron and cap, low heel shoes, slight make up the perfect picture of a working maid.

I went back to the kitchen and looked again at the list of chores Miss Jennifer left for me. I decided to have a cup of coffee before starting the cleaning. I sat down by the kitchen table with a mug of hot coffee in my hands. I looked at the hem of my dress and apron and felt strangely excited. Here I was sitting in the kitchen of an unknown house as the maid who was about to clean it. I realized what an unusual step that was, quite a demotion from the computer specialist’s job indeed!

It was a bigger apartment than I expected; two bedrooms, large living room and kitchen, two bathrooms and lots of mess around. Miss Jennifer is definitely not the domestic type. It was hard work and by the time I was through with the list and looked at the kitchen clock it was three in the afternoon and I was starving. I made a quick sandwich with some stale bread and

cheese, and another cup of coffee and parked by the kitchen table again.

As I was eating I realized that my maid's uniform was the only outfit I had! Chris rushed me out of the house immediately after breakfast allowing me to wear a light coat on top of my morning uniform dress and apron. She let me remove my cap and she asked me to pack a matching tabard to protect my white apron during messy jobs and that was all. God I felt vulnerable during our twenty minutes drive from our house to Miss Jennifer's block of flats. Fortunately it was Saturday morning and most people were not out in the streets yet.

But now I felt vulnerable again, where on earth were those two. It was getting late, they mentioned earlier that I was going to cook dinner but I had no instructions for that and what if some strange person starting ringing the door bell? I decided that I wasn't going to open. God I was feeling strange and my uniform was messy after all this morning work, normally I should have changed by now to my afternoon grey dress and half apron. Also I felt that I couldn't move out of the kitchen, like going to the living room and put the TV on, somehow I thought it inappropriate for my current status.

And then all of a sudden I heard the front door open and lots of noise and giggles. God they were back! I barely had time to stand on my feet adjusting my dishevelled dress and apron and they were standing in front of me by the kitchen door holding lots of parcels, all flashed and giggling. I managed to give an awkward curtsey saying demurely, "Hi ladies!"

"Hi maid Millie!" they said in a unison still giggling. Then I realized that they were quite drunk, prob-

ably after several glasses of chardonnay in a downtown little bistro. But they kept looking at me and I noticed that Jennifer's expression changed to a rather morose one. She turned to Chris who still had a silly smile and said, "Chris I think the maid will get the sack, look at her dress and apron, she looks dishevelled!"

I had my mouth open in disbelief when she turned back at me and nearly snarled, "You are damn untidy for a domestic Millie, I know you had lots of messy things to do, but you should have changed to your afternoon uniform by now."

I started answering in a rather indignant manner, feeling very hurt. I killed myself all morning doing the housework and this is the thank you I get? I even forgot my place and addressed her as Jennifer, "But Jennifer this is the only dress and apron I have and"

She didn't give me the chance to continue. She got all red and moved towards me with a speed that took me completely by surprise. Before I had the chance to protect myself she slapped me twice in the face in both cheeks! I lost my balance and nearly fell as I felt tears coming up.

"How dare you talking to your employer like this. You forgot your place completely girl! Get out of my sight this instant! Go and stand in the corner over there, facing the wall. Now"! She yelled at me.

I was totally confused and shattered. I managed to curtsy clumsily, whispering a 'yes Miss'. As I was scurrying towards the indicated corner I gave a side look to Chris. Her smile had gone and her face had a look of disbelief, but she wasn't going to interfere openly, as I was hoping. I had a terrible urge to run as far away as possible but then I remembered how I was dressed and ended up in the corner feeling miserable.

Then I heard Chris' voice as they moved out of the room, 'That was hard on him Jennifer...' and then I lost their voices.

I felt silly standing in the corner like a naughty child and yet I didn't dare to move even to get my watch, abandoned on a counter top at the other end of the kitchen. Gradually I calmed down and my shock and trembling was replaced by a sexual excitement! I looked down at my dress and apron and the feeling of helplessness combined with my attire excited me tremendously. I started thinking that probably Jennifer was right from the employer's point of view. I was a servant who talked back to her and this was unacceptable. I then realized that I had a long way to go in order to become a maid 'at heart' and learn to accept automatically my lower position in the household.

My thoughts interrupted abruptly by Chris. In her usual manner she came silently from the back and put her hands around my aproned waist whispering in my ear, "How is my little Millie doing? Recovered from the shock?"

I turned back to face her and she hugged me and kissed me passionately on the mouth. My sixth sense, that I started developing as a maid, told me that Chris wanted me to be informal so I said to her, "Oh Chris, I felt such a shock, frankly I didn't expect that, in particular after all that work I did in the apartment."

She looked at me sceptically and said, "I'm afraid darling this is a hard, but very real way to learn what it means to be a maid for someone, in particular for someone who is demanding and has a temper too." And a little drunk as well, I thought to myself. "And'" she continued, "we had a little discussion with Jennifer and we both agreed to forget the whole incident. So

you can forget it as well. I can assure you that she is not the type who could bear you any grudge."

She changed her tone of voice abruptly to a formal one and said, "Now be a good girl and make some coffee for both of us." She thought for a moment, "I guess you can have one too but after you serve us. We will be sitting in the living room." And she left as quickly as she appeared. In the meantime I was saying my customary 'Yes Miss' with a small curtsy.

I served the coffee and I was waiting to be dismissed when Miss Jennifer said to me in a business like tone, "I bought some working clothes for you Millie. We talked it over with your Mistress and she agrees with me. Since you are going to work for me on a regular basis, incidentally we decided with Chris twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, you can have your working clothes kept here." She paused for a minute to have a sip of her coffee. Well, that's news for me! Chris didn't mention anything, obviously that was decided during their lunch. Miss Jennifer continued, "You realize of course that if you had your uniforms in this house we would have avoided the unfortunate scene before." I understood then she was trying to apologize in an indirect way.

I looked at her, slightly blushing, but she kept talking undisturbed, "Take all those parcels standing in that corner over there and go and unpack them in the small guest room. You can put them in the closet there and you can use that room to change when you work in this apartment. And change to a grey dress and half apron before you report back to me. You can go now."

I thanked her with a deep curtsy and started picking the parcels, feeling again terribly excited. As I was

going she said in a nicer voice, "And Millie, thank you for the work you did today, the apartment looks great."

I blushed again as I was moving out. I saw Chris smiling happily at me. Miss Jennifer isn't that bad after all I thought, as I started unpacking my new possessions. Two plain poly cotton shirtwaist type working dresses, one light green, one light blue, with matching large working aprons. The aprons were made of checked gingham with plain frills to match the dresses, quite fancy indeed. The grey front zip dress and frilly half white apron were similar to the one I possessed already. There was also a frilly white cap and head checked gingham triangles for the morning uniforms. Obviously Miss Jennifer had another source for domestic outfits, because they were quite different from the ones Chris bought in Mrs. Goodwin shop. I hurriedly changed to my grey dress and half apron and presented myself back to the living room.

I immediately realized that I made a 'faute pas' by entering without knocking. Chris and Jennifer were sitting in the same couch holding hands and talking to each other like two lovers! They both were startled and Chris became all red. Miss Jennifer though kept her cool and turned to me looking very annoyed, "You do realize of course Millie that it is highly inappropriate for a servant to come in a room, any room for that matter, without knocking. Am I right if I punish you again?"

I became all red in my turn and I started apologizing and curtsying at the same time, "I am ever so sorry Miss, I simply forgot, I was so happy with my new dress that I was rushing in to thank you for your generosity." I said that so truthfully that she mellowed and looking first at Chris and then back at me said with

a faint smile , “You are forgiven this time, but next time you do it you are going back to stand in the corner for half an hour.” She stopped to look at my dress and apron, she asked me to turn to check my bow in the back, she said that I should try harder tying it evenly and then she asked Chris in a relaxed manner, “How about some light dinner darling, are you getting a bit peckish?”

Chris who regained her composure in the meantime looked at her rather adoringly and said happily, “As a matter of fact I am a bit hungry, how about a nice salad and some soft drink, frankly I can’t have any more wine and I still have a slight hangover from this afternoon’s feast.”

Miss Jennifer turned to me and started giving orders, “Now Millie you heard your Mistress, a light salad will be fine. Go to the fridge and use your imagination with what ever you find, a good maid should be a good improvising cook as well. We’ll eat in 45 minutes.”

I started to leave with the customary ‘Yes Miss’ and curtsy but Miss Jennifer’s voice stopped me , “And Millie try to protect your new uniform, use one of your new working aprons when you prepare the food”

I did use my imagination indeed, because there wasn’t enough in the house and I managed to produce a rice, tuna and mayonnaise salad that pleased them both. As I was eating later in the kitchen I kept thinking about the hand holding and the looks between Chris and Jennifer. Was something developing there? I never thought that Chris had any lesbian inclinations, but yet again I didn’t know her that long. I probably should be upset, but for some reason I wasn’t, in fact the thought of those two having erotic tendencies for each other

some how excited me. I am sure Chris was going to discuss it later tonight.

We departed about eight o'clock. I was back in my morning uniform of course since I didn't have any other clothes to wear, but I wasn't that worried as Chris drove us back. It was already dark and all sorts of other thoughts were going through my mind. God, what a day!

Once more Chris said she was tired and asked me to sleep in the spare room, but I was tired too and we had all day tomorrow for discussions and explanations. Tomorrow was Sunday, the only day of the week that Chris was a complete slob, refusing to move out of the house.

CHAPTER 8

SUNDAY OF LEISURE

I woke up to the sound of church bells. I looked at the small clock next to the bed, it was 8 o'clock. I liked the sound of bells every Sunday; that Roman Catholic Church not far from the house reminded me of my childhood. I felt my cotton nightie around my body and the bra that I refused to remove last night. The slightly restricted feeling of the bra around my upper body sent a wave a pleasure through me. I started remembering things form the last few days and my excitement grew. I better get up before I become too excited I thought and I jumped out of bed.

I was tempted to put my maid's clothes on but then I decided against it. I better have a serious talk with Chris first. Being Millie the maid doesn't really help to assert myself. But I kept my nightie on. Obviously Chris was still asleep. I went to the kitchen to start

breakfast and automatically I tied firmly around my waist one of my 'housewifely' aprons.

I had my coffee and cereal and decided to wake up Chris with breakfast in bed. I carried the tray with fresh orange juice, strong coffee and cereal and decided to enter without knocking at the door, what the hell I wasn't the maid at the moment.

I woke her up with a kiss, she smiled and then opened her eyes, "Good morning my sleeping beauty I told her half jokingly, breakfast is served". She looked at me and then at the tray and smiled warmly, "Good morning my Robin, look at your housewifely appearance today, did you give Millie the day off?"

I answered in a mischievous manner, "Of course darling, she deserves a day off, Miss Jennifer exhausted her yesterday".

She answered back equally mischievously, "It is only because is Sunday that I agree for Millie to take her day off, tomorrow I expect her up bright and early, morning uniform on, ready to start her daily chores".

I looked at her, she really meant what she said, she made it clear that it wasn't up to me to decide if I was going to be Millie or not. That was certainly a change of attitude from her earlier declarations of the type 'you can go back being Robin anytime you feel like'. I decided not to say anything and I was waiting for her to start talking about yesterday's events. She certainly did after her first sip of coffee.

"You probably guessed that I offered your services to Jennifer twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays. I realized that there is not enough work in this house to keep you busy everyday all day, six days a week, I think three days is enough to keep this house clean and tidy

and do all your other chores. Of course I expect you to have somehow a dinner organized everyday, it's up to you if you cook everyday, or you can prepare things in advance and freeze them, but I expect a warm meal every evening."

I looked at her totally puzzled , "Now just a minute Chris, it seems that you organized my whole week without thinking about my free lancing work, I have some contracts still going and I am not certain that I want to completely stop working as a computer specialist. "

She softened and looked at me in a loving manner that puzzled me even more; I was expecting some sort of fight. She spoke softly as she started caressing my hand, "Now Robin darling you like what you are doing, am I right? You like being the maid wearing a neat uniform dress and apron and cap and curtsy and answer back a prompt 'yes Miss', am I right? And you like to stop thinking about boring computer programs and fight with real sharks out there, am I right again?" She stopped and looked at me. The way she was talking was exciting for me. I lowered my eyes and said in a small voice, "Yes this is true."

"Then stop this inner fighting and let yourself express freely. You must consider yourself very lucky that you have an understanding partner, make the most of it". She stopped for a minute to take a sip of her coffee and continued, "But of course you have to honour your current obligations and finish them properly, but don't take anything new. How long you thing it will take you to be out of your going projects?"

I thought for a moment and said, "By coincidence I am not that busy at the moment, probably in a week's

time I can finish my two going projects. Then I probably can say that I will take a long leave to go overseas."

She clapped her hands happily, "That's an excellent idea. So I'll tell Jennifer that next week you will be going there to work on Saturday like yesterday and you can stay all week home and finish your projects in combinations with your house duties of course. I expect an excellent work from Millie and I can assure you that I can get as demanding and nasty as Jennifer if needed".

She said this last sentence in a rather strong manner that made me quite uneasy. I looked at her for some sympathy and of course she softened again and said mildly, "But you are not going to disappoint Miss Christina with your work, are you Millie?"

I looked at her seriously, stood up from the bed and half smiling I picked the edges of my nightie and apron and curtseyed respectfully telling, "Of course not Miss Christina, I am going to be a very good maid!"

She clapped again happily and asked me to join her in bed. I removed the breakfast tray and parked happily next to her. She started caressing me and felt my bra, "You naughty girl, you still have your bra on?" she said in a mockingly strict manner. "But we have to improve you breasts; you can't be a flat chest girl now can you? Would you like me to get you some proper breast forms that you can insert inside you bra, then you will feel more feminine, would you like that?"

I had an instant erection and of course she understood instantly. My apron front was too up right. I whispered to her, "Yes Chris, please get me some breast forms, I'd love to be more feminine."

She started caressing my erection now, "But if I get you breast forms I would like you more feminine in

general. How about fix you hair in a more feminine manner and probably pierce your ears and insert some gold slippers and shape your eyebrows a bit, would you like that?"

"Oh yes please, I would love that, I would love to become more girlish. Oh Chris you excite me so much!"

She was getting excited as well, because she had me on my back in no time, lifted my nightie and apron and mounted me. Her eyes were hazy now as she kept talking to me, "But once you become more girlish I might decide to keep you permanently as my maid and probably I'll never let you being Robin again, You will be Millie my maid and Jennifer's maid to look after us and be good and obedient to both of us and look after both our houses and probably serve to dinner parties dressed in a lovely black and white uniform."

We both reached climax simultaneously in an explosion of little cries of joy!

CHAPTER 9

AND SUNDAY OF CHANGES

Sunday proved to be a long and unusual day for both of us. After our intense love making we both went through an anticlimax. Chris parked in the living room with her coffee and Sunday paper and I started tidying up the house. I stayed out of my maid's clothes, it was officially my day off after all, but I felt somehow uncomfortable wearing my old T-shirt and pants. Obviously my persistence to wear my panties and bra

underneath plus my apron didn't make me feel any better.

I was in what I considered as my room now; tidying up, when all of a sudden Chris appeared to the door frame loaded with clothes. She came right in and threw everything on the freshly made bed. I looked at her puzzled and she gave me a broad smile. She went immediately to the point in her usual manner, "I realized that you need some proper clothes, I mean proper girl's clothes. I don't want to see you again in the house wearing your shabby male clothes. It will be from now on either your maid's uniforms or some simple feminine items like a blouse and skirt or a housedress. No pants for you until you become natural in wearing skirts. Then we can consider some feminine pants."

"But where did you find all those clothes?" I asked in an innocent manner, though I was getting quite excited again.

"Old things of mine" she said simply. "You never saw them before because I haven't use them since we met. I used to be a few pounds heavier and they are loose to my body. Also they are 'out of character' for my current style. Being in that sort of high powered job I had to adapt my wardrobe, you know the kind of clothes I wear now, business suits, tailored jackets etc."

She stopped waiting for a comment but I stayed quiet looking first at her and then at the clothes' bundle. She looked at me and continued, "And consider yourself lucky, because I was going to give them to Amelia but she left abruptly as you remember, so there you are. Aren't you going to look at them?" She said rather accusingly, as if I wasn't grateful enough.

I blushed in my usual manner - I wish I could stop blushing so easily - and rushed and hugged her in a

warm manner thanking her at the same time. She hugged me too and feeling my bra she played with the straps pulling them jokingly. "You love your bra Robin, don't you? I didn't forget what I told you earlier, tomorrow I am getting for you some breast forms plus some other personal items."

Full of excitement I started looking at the clothes, it was like a small treasure for me, but she stopped me as if she suddenly had a thought, "I have a better idea Robin, let's go a step further and try and make you more feminine". She stopped and rushed to the main bathroom obviously to check something.

She came back in seconds and said in a firm manner, "Now listen to me carefully!" And she gave me instructions how to have a bath, using a depilatory cream to remove what little hair I had on my body. Then wash and rinse my longish hair and shave very closely whatever thin and fine hair constituted my practically not existing beard.

I was for the first time seriously alarmed when she started plucking my eyebrows. All of a sudden I realized that this was an irreversible change on my features. I started protesting by raising my hands in order to stop her, "Please Chris don't do that, it will be very obvious, I'll be embarrassed in public."

She reacted in an really annoyed manner , "Now listen to me Robin, you started this on your own will and you certainly enjoyed yourself so far, but you probably didn't realize that your change of status in this house, totally willingly as we both know, triggered new emotions to me as well." She stopped to look at me severely. For the first time I saw a different Chris, her face features hardened considerably and her steady gaze was deadly serious. I had to lower my eyes, as an

uneasy feeling was developing on me. I certainly was full of ears now.

She knew that she had my full attention now and continued, "You see Robin I am afraid I changed my mind and what I kept telling you before is not valid anymore. It is as simple as that, either you stay in this house on my own conditions and do exactly as I tell you, or you pack and go, of course I can't keep you here as a prisoner."

By now I was in a state of chock. My mind was racing like crazy. God, how she could do that to me. But in the other hand I am to blame as well. Didn't I open the bag of worms myself? Didn't I insist on numerous occasions to be a docile and compliant servant? I must have looked terrible because she softened a bit and said, "Now darling don't look so upset let me finish first and then you can tell me what you think."

That last phrase calmed me down a bit and Chris became serious again, "The last few days my inner feelings and emotions are in turmoil as well. I am particularly fond of Jennifer, you must have noticed that by now, frankly I don't know how that will develop, she is fond of me too. You know that she had a hard time during her last relationship and she wants to stay away from men and in particular from married men, for the time being anyway. We get on well and we have lots of fun together."

I spontaneously asked somehow persistently, "What is the meaning of this Chris? That you are about to start a serious affair with Jennifer? And where do I fit in? Am I not your partner anymore?"

She kept her calm and continued, "Slow down Robin, you are asking too many questions. I told you before I don't know how this relation with Jennifer will

develop, it's too early to say, but I do know now how I feel about you and what I see as a solution. God this is getting too serious, I think I need a drink, go and get me a glass of white wine and get one for you as well, if you want too".

I rushed to the kitchen in a half naked condition, my hair still wrapped in a towel, wearing still my nightie. I couldn't stop thinking that even in the middle of a serious conversation she treated me as a servant.

I came back with two glasses of white wine in a tray. She had a generous sip and continued, "Robin, if you are going to stay in this house you will stay as Millie my maid on a permanent basis I am afraid. No more masculine clothes for you and no more outside contacts as Robin after of course you finish, this coming week, your open computer contracts. You have to disconnect completely from your previous world. I know this is a rather hard decision for you, but in the other hand I know that you were a rather lonely person when I met you, not any closed friends and no family apart from some distant cousins in other parts of the country."

She had another sip and I must admit I was going quickly through my glass as well. That was too much to digest so quickly. She continued more certain for herself now, as if the decision was definite in her head, "Yes, I want you to be a convincing maid. I know it is not that simple to transform you to a woman overnight but your features are soft, your hands are small and you have great legs, so it's not as hard as it would be with a more masculine male. We have to work with your hair, probably a conservative wig to begin with and with your voice which is a more difficult issue. The breast forms will improve your upper figure but you must go on a diet too, I think you have to loose about

15 to 20 pounds to be more comfortable with your new body." She stopped and looked at me, "Am I going too fast for you? I have to tell everything and have it out of my system; I have been forming in my head for sometime now this small speech."

"Jesus!" I said in an admiring voice, "It's not accidental that you are a top lawyer. It is true; you fire like a repetitive gun. Of course it is too much to digest. My whole life is going to change drastically and though I like my maid's status in this house I still feel insecure, I'll be totally dependant on you, no money of my own, no real work, what if I do change my mind in a few weeks, or a few months."

"Ah! I thought of that!" She announced as if she was expecting my reaction, "I don't approve of slave labour; it was abolished in this country more than a century ago. So I'll draw a proper Work Contract for you. You will be officially employed in this house as the live in maid and will be paid the standard wages for domestics. You will have your social security number and card. So you will certainly have enough money for your day-to-day expenses, your board and working uniforms will be paid by me of course. And then you will certainly have the occasional bonus or my old clothes or Miss Jennifer's for that matter. This is one of the reasons you have to loose some weight. Then our cast offs will fit you better."

She stopped again to give me the chance to digest what she just said. I looked at her questioningly, "And do you expect me to start going out dressed as a woman?"

"Eventually yes!" she said in a firm voice, "I expect you to be able to do that as soon as I think that you are convincing enough. After all you have to do the shop-

ping and other errands as all maids do." She sensed again my rising anxiety and continued in a calmer voice, "But don't worry. We will not rush anything; you will go out when you feel comfortable enough and when I will be convinced that you can successfully pass."

We both had another sip of our drinks and she looked at me questioningly, "What do you think Robin, are you prepared for that change?"

I was full of emotions, I was also slightly confused, but I knew that much, it was 'a take it or leave it' offer and nothing in between. I had to stay on Chris' terms or simply pack my clothes and go. I raised my glass in a 'cheers' mode and Chris did the same. I simply said in a rather small voice, "So be it Chris. Let's drink to the good health of your new maid Millie!" And we clinked our glasses and hugged each other for a long time.

CHAPTER 10

TRANSITION WEEK - MONDAY

I woke up quite early on Monday morning, in fact I don't think I slept that much. All night my mind was racing from one thought to another. I had to sleep in the spare bedroom which was going to be my room from now on, or as Chris said, 'Maid Millie's Room'. I moved all my clothes, including my new feminine trousseau and of course all my uniforms. I felt a bit sad and perplexed because I was practically expelled from the master bedroom that I had shared until then with Chris. Somehow this was the last act to a series of events that defined my new status in the household.

It was past nine o'clock in the morning and I was about to say a polite goodbye to Chris as she was rushing to work. I was properly attired, blue striped dress and full white cotton apron with a modest frill, simple white cap and low heel shoes, the perfect picture of domesticity. I was about to curtsy with a polite 'have a good day Miss', but Chris surprised me once again, she approached me and gave me a full kiss in the mouth, playing with her tongue inside.

She said to me, "Mmm, you smell nice Millie, clean and fresh and you look so neat in your uniform, the picture of the perfect servant. And I do love having a maid that I can kiss goodbye!"

She turned towards the front door leaving me behind blushing and trying to smooth the front of my apron. She turned again and said in a more formal tone, "Bye for now Millie, I'll call you later and let you know what time I'll be back for dinner and I'll certainly try and do some shopping for you during my lunch break, I haven't forgotten my promise to get you some breast forms." She winked at me and left.

I stood there for a few seconds dumbfounded looking at the closed door. Gosh, this woman was unique in playing with my emotions. All of a sudden a feeling of euphoria overtook me. I decided to be naughty and go back to my room and check again the clothes that Chris gave me yesterday. I was dying to try them on; my chores could wait for later.

It was about eleven o'clock and I was standing ecstatic in front of the mirror. I was wearing a tight black skirt, just above the knee and a plain white blouse slightly frilled in the collar and sleeves. I realized how hard it was to walk in a tight skirt, I had to alter completely the way I was walking, shorter and quicker

steps and knees kept together. I was about to change back to my uniform and start tidying up the house when the front door bell rang. I instantly got panicked, who on earth could have been at this time in the morning, probably a sales person of some sort. I tip toed towards the front entrance and I was about to look through the peep hole when I heard a familiar voice calling me from the other side, "Hello Millie, it's me Miss Jennifer, could you let me in please!" Her voice had a tone of impatience.

A peculiar fear overtook me, I wasn't properly dressed and Miss Jennifer wasn't the kind of person to play with, but I had to let her in. I hesitantly opened the door and she burst in saying, "Why it took you that long girl to open the door, you should..." She stopped abruptly and looked at me and a thin smile crossed her lips.

"Well, well, what we've got here, look at you!"

I tried to curtsy, but somehow it wasn't the same without my uniform on, the tight skirt wasn't appropriate for that and I nearly lost my balance as I started saying in an apologetic tone of voice, "I am terribly sorry Miss, I was about to start my chores, but you see Chris... I mean Miss Christina gave me some clothes and I was trying them on and..."

She interrupted me in a rather rude manner. "I can see that girl, I can see also that you are completely out of line here, it's nearly noon and you are still fooling around. I am afraid it's not good enough!" She stopped and looked at me again, this time more carefully.

"What have you done to yourself Millie?" She looked amused now. "Have you been changing your looks girl? Your face lines seem softer and your hair

more feminine somehow. Oh yes, I can see now, have you been plucking your eyebrows?"

I blushed all over as I started explaining to her how Chris tried to alter my looks on Sunday. She made me describe everything in detail and she concluded, "I can see that your Mistress is pointing you to the right path but of course you have a long way to go to even think that you can pass as a credible female publicly. I don't want to discourage you but you must try very hard, you must feel the change down to your bones!"

"I know Miss" I answered back meekly, "but I am determined to try hard and I am grateful to you and Miss Christina for your guidance, it's more than valuable to me Miss."

She dismissed my little speech with her hand saying, "Yes, sure, I know that you are willing to try, the question is how far you are prepared to go and this is not for me to decide, it is something strictly between your Mistress and you and you will probably asked in the near future to take some serious decisions. But enough is enough, now run along girl and change back to your uniform there is housework to be done."

I turned around in haste with a 'yes Miss', but she stopped me again. "And Millie, keep this skirt on under your uniform dress, I can see its good for you, it will teach you to take shorter more ladylike steps and nor big masculine strides!"

I was back in less than five minutes, smoothing my apron and checking the bow in the back. This is exactly what she checked and made me undo and redo my apron three times, until she was completely satisfied. I served her a cup of coffee as she was watching me cleaning and tidying up the kitchen. She made some practical suggestions about how things should be done,

but she wasn't particularly pushy, she simply said that I am clever enough to organize the work. And then she left as abruptly as she arrived with a quick 'good bye' and out of the door.

It took me an amount of time and a full cup of coffee to recover from her visit. I was fully aware now that Miss Jennifer could call in at any time to check on me, I remembered now that part of her work in the Law firm was to visit Court houses and other Law offices in town for various file searching, Chris was calling her the 'free lancing Jennifer'.

Soon I was fully absorbed with the housework, I had to tidy up and vacuum the whole house, do the bathrooms and deal with the laundry. I kept the black skirt on, as I was told, it certainly restricted my movements, not very practical for a hard working maid, but somehow it gave me the sinister pleasure to walk in shorter but faster steps, to bend my knees in order to pick something from the floor, or to go down on my knees in order to scrub the bath tub.

It was nearly six o'clock when I sat down to the kitchen table to enjoy a really needed cup of tea with a couple of rye crisps. As we agreed with my new employer I was going to follow a strict diet. It was actually quite hard and I needed all my will of power to succeed, but I was determined. I had to do it, I had to lose weight, I needed to improve my waistline.

The evening meal of a light tuna salad and brown rice was ready and Chris should be home any minute now. I was all excited again waiting for her arrival. Was she going to bring the items she promised to me this morning?

"Hi Millie!" I nearly dropped the tea mug as I turned around standing up at the same time to look at

Chris who was standing by the kitchen door. "Oh Chris.... I mean Miss Christina; you gave me such a fright, as I was expecting you to ring the bell Miss!"

"I am glad you corrected yourself and you addressed me properly Millie, yes I let myself in with my own key. I don't want you to get used to a routine. You must expect the unpredictable at all times, this is why I asked Miss Jennifer to call in this morning." She stopped and looked at me with a mischievous smile and continued, "Now run along to the garage and bring all the parcels from the back seat in and carry them to your room. I am certain you will find some exciting things there."

She obviously was very excited herself and full of bravado. She asked for her usual gin and tonic and asked me to follow her to my room, now 'the maid's room', as she had started calling it. Of course I was excited too and the familiar flickering in my stomach was the strongest ever.

I started opening the parcels under her supervision. Wow! What a treasure. I found to my delight breast forms, a wig, some underwear, quite plain I must admit, a 'cache sex' or gaff as it was called, thick pantyhose in dark colours and a waist cincher, also some shoes to my size. In fact all the items that any cross dresser is dreaming about but very few dare to obtain. And on top of the bed were all those magic items that were about to change my looks!

Gosh, Chris must have spent a bomb on my behalf. Without thinking I said to her, "Oh Chris, you are ever so generous, I can't believe that you spent all that money for me, thank you very much!".

She looked at me in a kind but slightly reprimanding look, "Are you forgetting your place again Millie? I am your employer now, remember?"

I looked at her blushing as usual and made a silly attempt to curtsy, "Oh, I am so sorry Miss Christina, how silly of me to forget my place, but the excitement is ever so big!"

"You are excused Millie and you better like all those items I bought for you, it took me about two hours to do all that shopping and you are right, I did spend quite a bit of money, but I would like to make the transition to your new persona as real as possible."

She looked at me from top to bottom as I was standing awkwardly in the middle of the room playing with the edge of my apron and said, "Now, I am going to enjoy my gin and tonic in the living room. In the meantime you sort out your new goodies and get dressed from the skin out, so to speak, wearing all your new accoutrements.

It wasn't that easy to do everything correctly but I didn't dare to ask Miss Christina's assistance. Finally I was back in my grey uniform, keeping on my tight skirt underneath. I felt totally different inside and my shape looked different too. The breast forms were of a unique kind I've never seen before, they were attached to me like a bra, in fact they were called 'strap on breast forms' and they felt totally realistic with nipples looking quite natural! The cache sex gave me a completely flat front and finally I suddenly had a waist! The waist cincher took a couple of inches from my waist and all of a sudden the apron strings were emphasizing my much better waistline.

Gosh, it's so much more convincing and I felt so proper! A peculiar feeling of excitement swept my

body and my mind, I didn't know exactly what it was but the feeling was not only the sexual excitement that I was used to; it was something beyond that, an inner fulfilment, as if I had discovered another part of my being. Actually I was running out of words, I couldn't explain it, but whatever it was it felt simply divine!

I hesitantly went back to the living room where Chris had buried her face in the newspaper, sipping her gin and tonic. I slightly coughed to attract her attention. She looked at me and instantly a huge smile appeared at her sweet face.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would look good, with a bit of effort. You are not yet ready to prance outside, but it will take a much shorter time than I initially thought to send you out for errands." She stopped and asked me to turn around, then she asked me to walk up and down the room. I did so by taking short steps, trying to keep my knees close to each other.

She whistled and said to me, "Wow! You started walking in a very girlish way, I like that, you are a fast learner aren't you Millie?"

I had to tell her I was wearing a tight skirt underneath my grey poly/cotton cheap dress. She immediately asked me to approach and she started fiddling with my clothes. She felt my breast forms, then my crotch. "Well, well, what happened to your little tool Millie? And those breasts, they feel so real". She stopped and looked at me more seriously now, "Tell me frankly now, how do you feel with your new body?"

I looked at her and blushing I tried to explain how I felt. I tried to describe the peculiar, but very real feeling of that side of my being which I wasn't aware was so

strong, the side that was accepting all those unusual changes so eagerly and naturally.

She listened to me very carefully and I could tell she was in deep thought. It was obvious that she was feeling changes as well and she was trying to work out solutions with her quick mind.

She asked me to serve her dinner, but she didn't ask me to eat with her. She simply said, "As long as you are Millie let's keep things the proper way. You will have your dinner at the kitchen as any maid would and after you are done with the dishes, I'll come and talk to you there and probably you can offer me a cup of coffee in your domain."

And once more I had the same thought. How cleverly Chris was using the 'carrot and stick' technique with me. She was kind and flirting but firm and bossy at the same time and she was doing it with such a surprising ease!

When she joined me in the kitchen about an hour later she was ready to talk. We both sat around the kitchen table sipping a late cup of coffee and in her usual manner she went directly to the point.

"I have been thinking about what you said to me before, about those inner feelings of yours, plus I have eyes to see how well you adapted to your new persona and station in life. I think you are in the right path here Millie, and the interesting thing is that I feel equally adapting myself to my new role of employer and Mistress of this house. Please feel free to interrupt me if you disagree with what I say or if you want to add something? You must realise though that this more or less is the final discussion we have, the discussion that will define your future for the next year at least".

She stopped to have a sip of her coffee and that gave me the chance to ask my first question, "May I ask you Ma'am why?"

She looked at me slightly surprised and stopped my sentence in the middle, "What did you call me just now?"

I looked puzzled and said, "I'm sorry Miss, I forgot..."

She stopped me again, "You called me Ma'am before, I like that, I think it is more proper than Miss or Miss Christina, which sounds a bit juvenile to me, like addressing a young girl. And since we are establishing rules now we might as well finalise that. Yes, 'Ma'am' will be fine if you address me and when you talk of me to other people I am Miss Evans to you, not Miss Christina, which again sounds too familiar. You may continue now with your question Millie".

I looked at her with more respect. She was in her 'stick' mode, something that made my stomach flicker again. "I was going to ask you Miss.... sorry Ma'am, why you mentioned that my future is defined for a year at least?"

"A good question Millie, I mentioned a year because I asked our 'personnel department' in the Office to draw me a one year Contract between me as your employer and you as a domestic worker. I am bringing copies tomorrow for you to read and sign, if you agree of course. And I must repeat to you here once more Millie that nothing will happen against your own will, I want everything to be legitimate and 'by the book' somehow. Do you agree with that girl?"

Now it was my time to look a bit surprised. She called me 'girl' for the first time. Miss Jennifer called

me 'girl' before but never Chris. She understood my look and said, "You must get used to that Millie, depending on my mood I can call you 'girl' or simply 'maid' and just skip your name. It's quite common for servants to be called that way. Now answer my question, do you agree to sign a Contract?"

I got the 'stick' again and I liked it. I was blushing when I said, "Of course Ma'am I'll sign the Contract after I read it of course, I want to go ahead with that and I don't want to back off now. But Ma'am, what happens after a year?"

"Well, I've been thinking myself that Millie, after a year we will both revise the situation we are in and how things will proceed after that. Probably you will be so used by then to be a domestic that you would like to continue to that path. In the other hand I don't know how I will feel towards you. I might feel that I want to continue being with you in a different way or ..."

She stopped and looked at me in a kinder and less official manner. "I simply don't know Millie how I would feel then. Let's make a wish and say that we will still feel positive towards each other, regardless what our roles will be then. Is that a satisfactory answer for you?"

I felt very relieved when she said that last sentence since my biggest worry at the moment was that I might lose Chris, as I was becoming more and more docile and feminine.

She somehow read my mind because she continued in the same kind manner, "You must understand Millie that I get quite an amount of pleasure myself from the situation we both are in at the moment, I wouldn't have done it otherwise And I can add something else here to put your mind at ease. During that year you are

going to act as my maidservant we will do nothing whatsoever to your looks that is not completely reversible. No hormones or serious figure alterations or anything that could mark your body permanently."

I looked at her and a feeling of deep gratitude overtook me. She was so perceptive and kind to me! I simply said practically in tears, "Thank you Ma'am for your kindness and generosity to me, I solemnly promise that I'll be a very willing and obedient maidservant Ma'am!"

She smiled at me and said, "I am sure you will, but let's call it a night Millie, we both are tired and it is going to be a busy day tomorrow, I have to be at the Court at 9.00 o'clock sharp. Good night Millie."

She left quickly and I stayed behind to lock up and check that everything was in order.

CHAPTER 11

TRANSITION WEEK – FRIDAY AFTER

I answered the telephone the way I was instructed to. Thank God I could use a cordless phone that I was carrying around in my apron pocket so I didn't have to run to the front of the house where the phone base was.

"Hello, this is Miss Evans' residence, how can I help you?"

"Hi Millie, **it is** Miss Evans on the line. Remember what I told you the other day, when you answer the phone you have to tell your name as well, like 'Hello, this is Miss Evans' residence, Millie speaking, may I help you?' Is that clear Millie".



I felt very small when she was talking to me like that, but I rushed to answer quickly, knowing that she was always edgy on the phone. "I am terribly sorry Ma'am, I'll try to remember next time Ma'am".

“Good girl. Now listen to me Millie, I will not have dinner at home tonight as I am going out with some friends after work. Just prepare your own meal, and don’t forget your diet please. I won’t be very late though, but feel free to go to bed if I am not there by eleven pm”

I felt very uneasy when I heard that. It was the first time that Chris was going out ever since we established the new ‘house order’ and I wasn’t happy about that. After all I still felt like her partner, even as a maid. I said in a hesitant manner, “Are you going out with Miss Jennifer Ma’am?”

She laughed in a kind manner though. “Now don’t make an issue out of it Millie, it’s nothing special, just a group of office people, yes with Jennifer as well, we go out for drinks and some fun, you know, what people usually do at the end of a working week?” She stopped as if she regretted her words and continued in a firmer tone, “And it’s not your place girl to ask that sort of question, is it?”

It was a question for me to answer so I said in an even tone of voice, “I am sorry Ma’am I guess I am not completely used to my new situation, but have fan Ma’am and have a drink for me as well”. I thought I was a bit impertinent here but she didn’t seem to mind that. She simply said, “I will Millie, I will, bye for now.”

I looked at my watch, it was just past 4.00pm and I had just finished all my chores for the day except for cooking of course. Now I didn’t have to worry about that anymore, I would fix a tuna sandwich for me and a cup of tea and that would be all for tonight. And then a feeling of loneliness overtook me. And with that feeling all those contradicting sentiments and thoughts of

this past week came back to me. Was I doing the right thing? Was I going to regret that decision of mine later?

I went to my room, sat down at the edge of the bed and picked a magazine to read. I instantly noticed the change in my attitude. A week ago I would have gone to the living room, put the TV on or read my paper, lounging in a sofa. Now somehow I felt this was inappropriate even when I was alone in the house.

I couldn't really read so I started thinking the events of the last few days.

Tuesday evening Chris, as promised, arrived with an Employment Contract of several pages for me to read and sign. She said she would like us to sign the Contract within the next 24 hours. She was like that Chris. Once she had something pending in her head, she had to finish it as quickly as possible. And my Employment Contract was one of the 'pending matters' in her busy agenda.

I read the Contract the same evening in my room, I asked some questions next morning when I was serving breakfast. Chris clarified them fairly quickly, made some minor handwritten corrections and we both signed it. She handed me my copy and she put her copy in her business briefcase.

I felt a bit uneasy and she sensed it of course. She approached me in a warm manner and hugged me telling me at the same time, "Now, Millie you shouldn't worry, you made the right decision, for the time being anyway. I am your employer now and you are bound to me legally for one year. I am going to be fair with you and keep my part of the agreement, but of course you have to adapt to your new social status and follow to the letter the obligations and rules of the Contract."

She left very quickly after that, she was already late for work

I picked the Contract form my bedside table and had another look at it. Basically it was a very standard document for a domestic employee. I had to work 6 days a week. I could have time off in the middle of the week, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon between 4pm and 9pm depending on my obligations and my Employer's demands and then during the weekend I was off duty from 4.00pm Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. There was a provision in the Contract that I could be assigned to work outside the house for another person without extra payment, except for my public transport fare.

I thought of Miss Jennifer when I read that provision. Normally I should start working two days a week in her house, starting next week, as it was promised to her by my Employer. And then I remembered that tomorrow Saturday I was supposed to go and clean her house like last Saturday, but nothing was mentioned to me this week Well, I thought to myself, I am a maid now, I better not ask, if they need me they will tell me.

Looking back at the document in my hands, I read that my wages were going to be the minimum for a junior maid, as agreed with the local Union of domestic workers. And furthermore a copy of the present document was going to be sending to the Union and the Income Tax Authority. Everything done by the book and no easy escape from the position I placed myself in 'on my own will' as Chris... ups, Miss Evans kept telling me.

The only concession that my new Employer made, concerning my previous 'Robin persona', was that she agreed to my request to keep my computer and my

dedicated Internet line. That was what I started calling 'my safety valve' and my outlet to the outside world. It gave me somehow a sense of false security. I could check my e-mail, visit my favourite sites and even communicate with old clients of mine, if needed.

Of course during the past few days I managed to close all my professional pending issues and I sent an e-mail to various recipients that I was going to depart for a trip abroad and I would be probably out of the country for about a year. This move in combination with the signing of the Contract gave me a feeling of ominous finality.

I put the Contract back and looked at myself in the mirror across the room. What I saw, made me think once more, 'so be it Millie, you wanted that change and you have to live with it now!'

It was past eleven o'clock when I went to bed, feeling a bit sad because there was no sign of Chris. I was drifting off to sleep, when I heard the front door of the house slam and Chris' not very steady voice calling me, "Millie, where are you Millie, are you in bed sleeping already? I am coming up baby; I want to talk to you!"

I was fully awake and sitting in bed when she burst in and started walking towards me with unsteady drunk steps.

She collapsed next to me saying in an unsteady voice, "you are mine; you are mine, Robin or Millie or whatever your name is. You belong to me and I am going to sexually use you now!"

I was instantly aroused; Chris was about to 'molest' me and I loved it. I felt bolder as well and I started acting in an exaggeratingly feminine manner.

“Oh, Miss Christina! I am yours Miss, I do belong to you! Please, please make love to me Miss!”

She responded in an intense way; obviously her drunkenness increased dramatically her boldness. For the next ten minutes I was in the seventh heaven, Chris had a ferocity I never witnessed before. And all of a sudden she collapsed in my hands; she fell asleep, a happy smile in her face.

I was lying, with eyes wide open, next to my Mistress. Any reservations I had for the recent and most unusual changes in my life disappeared tonight. I was convinced now that I wanted to be Millie, I wanted to be her servant, I wanted to belong to her and devote my life to her. I felt so strongly about that. I knew now I couldn't back off. My fate was sealed; the new phase in my life was just starting!

THE END

THE AMBASSADOR' S SECOND MAID

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER ONE – THE VISIT

I was definitely impressed by the house; a huge mansion at the most prestigious part of the inner suburbs. I guess it had to be an impressive house, as it was the official residence of the Belgian Ambassador. The guard on duty by the gate checked my name on a list and let me proceed with the car to the ample parking area.

I was slightly nervous when I approached the front door and rang the bell. I heard the melodic chimes in a distance as I waited. The door was answered by a uniformed Asian maid.

“Good morning”, I said rather eagerly, “My name is Nicolas Brower and I have an appointment with Madame Wittemans.” I simply couldn’t take my eyes from her neat uniform. Blue polycotton summer dress buttoned in front, white piping around the collar, the short sleeves and the two front pockets, a bib white apron with shoulder straps crossed in the back and buttoned by the aprons strings, a small plain white cap, light brown pantyhose and white comfortable shoes with two inch heels

“Good Morning Sir”, she answered back, “Please come in” Madame Wittemans conveys her sincere apologies, she had to go out unexpectedly but she will be back shortly”. As I followed her inside the house, I couldn’t stop looking at her, this time at her apron’s impeccable and symmetrical bow. She took me to a small space, like a doctor’s waiting room and asked me to take a seat. She added in her heavily accented English: “Could I offer you something to drink Sir, probably a cup of coffee, or some orange juice?”

My mind was racing fast, I didn’t really want to wait alone in that little room; I had to talk to her. I said in a pleasant tone of voice, “If you don’t mind I would like to have a quick look around the house, probably Madame mentioned to you that I am a building contractor and she wants to consult with me about some renovations she has in mind.”

She answered quickly with an assertiveness unusual for a servant, “I think Sir it would be better to wait for Madame’s return for the full tour of the house,



she is quite particular about her private spaces up-stairs, but by all means you can come to the kitchen with me and have your coffee there, you can probably have a better look in that part of the house." That suited me fine, I would have the chance to talk to her. I answered quickly, "Of course, I'd love to do that."

Soon I was sitting comfortably in a large kitchen table sipping my coffee as the maid continued with her chores. It didn't take me long to learn that her name was Aniceta but she was called Annie in this house, she was from Philippines and working for two years in the Ambassador's residence. She said that the Ambassador was away most of the time and her real employer was Madame. She was a fair but strict employer and like all upper class ladies she had her particularities. For instance she couldn't stand the dust and any kind of messiness. 'Oh dear' I thought, this is not very encouraging if she has the intention to renovate the house. Both dust and messiness are a good part of any renovation works.

I said in a slightly absent minded manner, "I must admit Annie that this is one of my personal worries. From one side I am a building contractor and have to deal daily with dirty conditions and dust and all sorts of messiness and on the other hand I am very particular in our own house, I want it tidy and dust free and I have to insist on that, my wife is the messy type and on top of that hates housework. So guess who is doing it all!"

She stopped washing the vegetables, obviously she was about to prepare lunch for her Mistress, wiped her hands on a tea towel and looked at me intensely with those dark penetrating eyes, "You mean Sir that you are the one who is doing all the housework in your own home, like me in this house?"

I felt a familiar stomach flickering as she said those words. She was touching a deep and secret aspect of my life, and was saying the words I wanted to hear. I grabbed the chance and answered in an animated tone of voice, "Yes, of course Annie, I do most of the daily

housework, also the shopping and the cooking and I must confess to you that I enjoy it very much!" There, I said it!

She continued looking at me intensely, still holding the tea towel in her hands, "And may I ask you Sir how you have that sort of time, you appear to be a busy professional man. And then, how come your wife is not more helpful around the house? I find that a bit unusual as an arrangement."

I answered again in an eager manner, my stomach flickering was increased and a general excitement was building up as well, "It is very easy to explain that Annie, you see I work from home as a free lancer. I work alone since the people I deal with are mostly builders and technicians and I can organise my projects very easily that way. On the other hand my wife has a very prestigious high powered job and is away most of the day, she goes at 9.00 in the morning and is back at 7.00 in the evening. So I am the person around the house most of the time and it is more or less natural to deal with the housework, cooking etc."

She had a slight smile now as she made this new statement, "In other words Sir, you are something like a househusband, the one who stays behind to deal with the house. I must say that I admire you a lot for that, not many men would accept that role in their life, they are too macho for that". Her smile was broader now as she continued, "It would be unheard in Philippines such an arrangement in a couple. Men are too macho there, or this is the way their family raises them."

I was getting bolder by the minute, this conversation was developing in a very interesting way, "I already told you Annie, I don't see that as something compulsory, I like what I am doing and my wife likes

her career so we managed to balance our preferences and obligations." I stopped and looked at her. Could I tell her that I usually am dressed as a maid when I work at home, or that I love wearing female clothes in general and underwear in particular? No, it is too early for that. I should be careful not to spoil the positive feeling already developed between us, I should play it cautiously.

I simply said to her, "No Annie, in my case I don't have any limitations in doing what I am doing because I am a man, on the contrary I feel quite pleased with this arrangement and my spouse...."

My phrase stopped abruptly as we both heard the front door bell ringing. Annie hastily checked her apron and cap in a mirror by the kitchen window and rushed to answer the door saying to me, "Madame is back Sir, you better come with me and wait in the small sitting room". I followed her without a comment, I could sense that Madame's arrival was important. She became the formal servant again. I then realised that as we were talking before she was feeling very relaxed and easy going with me, like dealing with an equal. I liked that, I was going to ask her at first chance to stop calling me 'Sir' all the time, I would ask her to call me Nicolas.

But first things first, I resumed my formal professional manner as well, I wanted this job and I had to convince Madame that I was able to do it properly and economically.

CHAPTER 2 – THE INTERVIEW

Two weeks later I had the contract signed and my technicians started working in the house. From the very first day I realised that I had to deal with a very difficult and particular lady. Mme Wittemans was a no win case, you could never please her. She hated mess and dust in particular. But how on earth could you do renovation works in a house without dust? I was very apologetic to Annie because she had to do practically all the work.

By that stage she was calling me with by my first name, initially Nicolas but gradually that became 'Nicki', she said it was simpler for her. Also in a couple of occasions I stayed alone in the house with her and I had the chance to talk to her more. At one point I offered to help her with the dishes. It was one afternoon, about 4.00pm and all my technicians have gone and Mme was out shopping. No one was expected back until well after six and I simply said to Annie, "If you lend me an apron I can do the dishes and you can sit and relax for a change. I feel so guilty to see you working that hard, trying to cope with all the mess my technicians create."

She looked at me in an amused but kind way, "Do you really mean that Nicki, you don't have to apologise, you have to do a job here as well and, to tell you the truth my employers should have left the house for a few weeks. I am sure the Embassy could afford to pay an excellent hotel suite for them. But no, Mme refused to go, she wants to be here to check on everything, you must have realised by now, she is a very controlling lady."

I looked back at her with a sincere and eager look, "Please Annie, let me help you a bit, you know how I like doing things around the house, now it's your chance."

She started undoing her full white apron and in seconds she handed it to me, "There you are Nicki, put this apron on, if you want to be Annie I am happy to oblige. Though you are considerably bigger than me I think the apron will fit you. You can adjust the bib straps before you button them to the apron strings."

I took the apron from her hands and put it on very quickly and expertly. She noticed it and said, "I can tell Nicki how experienced you are the way you put the apron on, the movements were automatic for you, I can believe you now when you say you do housework on a regular basis."

I happily started doing the dishes in the sink, then cleaning the counter tops, and drying the various pots and pans. Annie never bothered to get up, she was sitting comfortably in one of the kitchen chairs just guiding me around and also chatting about various housework topics. It was unusual to see her dressed in her uniform dress and cap without the apron on and at one point I said to her, "Probably next time I'll bring my own uniform on and help you with the housework and...."

And then the totally unexpected happened. The kitchen door opened suddenly and Madame Wittemans walked in carrying various parcels. Annie jumped from her chair looking totally surprised, her left hand in front of her half opened mouth; She knew that Madame always rang the bell for the maid to let her in. What happened this time? As for me I was feel-

ing a total fool and I hastily started undoing my apron's strings.

"Don't undo your apron Nicolas, I demand some explanations first!" She addressed me in her calm authoritative manner but with a hint of strong annoyance in her voice.

She started calling me Nicolas from the very beginning, though she made it clear that I had to address her as 'Madame', or 'Mme Wittemans'. Not a hint of equal approach there.

Then she turned to Annie, "What on earth is happening here Annie? Why do you look so dishevelled, where is your apron girl?"

She turned to me again, "And you Nicolas, what exactly you think you are doing in front of the sink having that apron on, in fact I can see now, you are wearing Annie's apron, so can you please explain to me? As for my maid I'll talk to her privately afterwards." She said the last sentence with a barely covered threat in her voice, something that made Annie very worried, I could tell from her face expression.

"Please Madame, it is certainly not Annie's fault, I was only trying to help her a bit with her work, feeling guilty that she had to do all that cleaning and dusting because of our renovation works in the house."

She had a rather disbelieving look in her face as she spoke back to me, "This is what you usually do Nicolas, when you take up projects in various houses? You fraternise with the maid and start doing her work? I frankly find that quite odd!"

Annie hesitantly tried to say something, "May I please explain a few things Madame?"

“Yes Annie, you have my permission to speak, explain yourself girl.”

“Nicki here Madame, explained to me from the very beginning that he enjoys doing housework, that he does most of the housework in his own home and he really insisted before to help me, in fact he was quite persistent in his request to be allowed to wear one of my aprons to do the dishes, so I gave in. I am very sorry Madame, I should have known better and refused his request.”

Madame looked at Annie first then at me with a sardonic smile in her face, “So this is what you are called by my maid, Nicki. That sounds more appropriate for a maid’s assistant than the rather pompous Nicolas.” She stopped for a moment and her smile became broader, “Now tell me Nicki, is it true that you like doing maid’s work, are you by any chance one of those crossdressers who love to play roles? We have quite a few of those back in Belgium. Are you Nicki?”

I was totally stunned and dumbfounded by her direct hit. My God she could read through me. The familiar flicker in my stomach came back very strongly. I stood there looking at her, blushing all over and instinctively I crossed my hands in front of my apron ready to give her a curtsy.

“Don’t waste my time Nicki, speak up please, answer my question!” Madame’s voice brought me back to reality.

“Yes Mme Wittemans, you are right, I do like to work as a maid and yes again I occasionally like to wear female clothes, but I am not gay ma’am!” I said that with a strong emphasis in my voice.

“Nobody said anything about being gay Nicki, I know enough about crossdressers and transvestites, the majority of them are happily married people. Incidentally Nicki, I don’t think I ever asked you, are you married, and if you are how much your wife knows?”

“Yes ma’am I am married and...” She stopped me mid sentence.

“Please, don’t call me ma’am, it sounds too American to me, call me, like Annie here, Madame.”

“Of course Madame! As I was saying I am married for several years now and my wife knows and partly agrees, in fact we decided together to ...” She let me speak until I explained fully my situation, in fact I repeated what Annie knew already, except for the fact that I was a crossdresser. That was news to Annie as well.

She stayed sceptical for a couple of minutes after I finished talking. Both Annie and I had a concerned look in our faces waiting for her decision whatever that could be. I was worried about the on-going renovation project, what if she decided to stop it. As for Annie I am sure she was worried about her job. You never can be certain with those upper class people, as they can be so heartless sometimes.

She abruptly turned to Annie and said, “Make some tea Annie and serve it in my office with some cake. Nicki will join me there for some further talking.”

She then turned to me, “take that apron off Nicki. You can return it to Annie, she knows how I dislike to see a maid on duty without her apron on. And follow me upstairs please?”

I was quite perplexed when I followed Madame upstairs to her sanctum. Annie already explained to me

that no one ever, even the Ambassador himself, could enter this room unless she was present. It was my first time in this room as well. All those days we were doing the renovation works that room was locked.

She sat behind a very elegant Louis 15 bureau, obviously a genuine antique piece. She made me sit in the other side in a rather uncomfortable antique chair. I must admit I had mixed feeling as I was getting ready to face her, I was worried and excited at the same time and it was obvious why. Mme Wittemans had triggered my secret emotions very cleverly and in a knowledgeable manner. Somehow she appeared to be very familiar with people like me. She said it so clearly, 'do you like to play roles Nicki?'

Her voice brought me back to reality, "Now Nicki tell me how much longer to finish the project here?"

"Another full week Madame and we are out. Only the painters have to work now."

"Good, I hope to keep the timetable because as you know the Embassy will charge you heavy penalties if you are late. And now I come to my other proposal. Do you want to come and work as a part time maid for me? Annie could do with some help; the house is far too big for one maid who is required to cook as well. Do you think it is feasible considering that you have a freelancing work to run and a house and a spouse to look after?"

I was stunned again, she was amazing this woman, as she was coming straight to the point. It had to do with those northern Europeans, they are very 'come to the point' people. I was very excited, this was the first time ever that I was asked to work as a real working maid, I couldn't believe what I just heard. And yet she

was looking at me very seriously as if she asked the most natural thing in the world, waiting for an answer!

As I was trying to gain some time to prepare my answer there was a knock on the door and Annie came in carrying a big tray with tea and cake. She was impeccably dressed again with her white apron and cap in position. She served us, gave me a questioning look as if trying to understand what was happening and left after she was dismissed with the usual 'that will be all Annie' and a quick curtsy.

We both had a sip and then I spoke very carefully, "I am honoured and excited Madame that you made that proposal to me, you detected very well my inclination to work as maid, in fact it is like a dream coming true. May I ask you though how many hours I would be needed and under what condition? And also Madame would I be expected to be wearing a uniform and....."

It took us nearly an hour to sort things out. Finally this is what came out as an initial agreement. I should work minimum four hours a day, five days a week, preferably between 12.00 noon and 4.00p.m. The hours would be a bit flexible on my part, I could come as early as 11.00 a.m. and leave as late as 5.00p.m depending on my other activities and the house requirements. I would be paid minimum hourly wages as a domestic; The Embassy already approved the money for the employment of a part time domestic in the Ambassador's residence. I should be in uniform, identical of course to the one that Annie wears and for that reason Madame would organise with Annie early next week to take me downtown to the professional uniform shop to be fitted accordingly. Of course the cost of uniforms and accessories would also be covered by Embassy funds.

At one point she looked at me carefully with a critical eye and said, "Can I see your hands please?" I put my hands on top of her bureau, she looked at them even touched them.

"Just what I thought, you have small hands with thin fingers, very unusual for a man. That proves my theory that you will look quite passable as a woman. Men with small feminine hands usually make very convincing women."

Again she was saying something quite unexpected, she must have met quite a few TVs in the past I thought once more.

"But," she continued, "I would like to see you fully dressed as a woman before I finally commit myself to employ you as a maid. I want to be absolutely sure that you can pass. After all, this is the official Ambassador's residence and whoever works here should be beyond reproach. So could you bring early next week, say Monday or Tuesday your street clothes and get dressed for me, of course in the afternoon after the workers go? Would that suit you Nicki?" Before I had the chance to answer she continued, "Mind you I don't want to see a tart, I want to see a humble working woman, someone who is befitting for a maid's position. You know the style, simple outer clothes, but simple underwear as well, not fancy sexy things. I must emphasise to you here that I don't want a fantasy maid, I want a normal hardworking maid that will be a good assistant to Annie. Do you follow me so far Nicki?"

"Yes Madame, I understand very well what you are saying. I can assure you that I have been dressing as a female for over twenty years now and it is like a second nature to me. My beard is very light and I shave only about once a week, I must confess to you

Ma'am.....sorry I mean Madame, that some years back I removed partly my beard and ever since I tend to forget about it. Also I have very little body hair and..."

She stopped me with her hand, "That's all right Nicki, I don't have to know all your body details, I simply want to see how you look dressed as a female, in fact I would like you to go dressed with Annie to buy your new uniforms, this way will be more realistic don't you think?"

Again she is done it! She made me anxious and excited again. Go to buy working clothes dressed as my female persona? What a development!

She finally said to me, "I would like to ask you one more question before you go, do you have a girl's name, other than Nicki, that you use when dressed?"

I answered very quickly, nearly automatically :
"Yes Madame, when dressed I am called Jenny."

"Very well then, if you get the job you will be maid Jenny for me. I think you can go now, I have to talk to my maid Annie and explain things to her".

She got up from her chair indicating that the interview was over. I got up and said to her as I was leaving, "Thank you Madame, I am grateful to you for your proposition, I hope I won't let you down."

"Don't thank me girl...oops, I mean Nicki, I want another maid and somehow I know that you are the right person for the job and I'll tell you something else too, I think crossdressers make excellent and obedient maids, Trust me I talk from experience." She said that and she smiled at me. Finally she admitted it, she must have employed a male maid before, that explained it all.

I left feeling very light hearted and happy. A new chapter of my life was about to open.

CHAPTER 3 – THE FIRST APPEARANCE

The next week was a frantic one. I had to clear the decks as quickly and efficiently as possible.. First I had to finish the renovation project. I had to have those technicians out by Friday. So I did the obvious, I promised them an extra bonus if they were completely finished by Friday lunchtime.

Then there was a very good development with my wife, it was planned months before, but the timing couldn't have been better. My wife was going on a two weeks business trip starting that coming Friday, the same day I would be finishing the project.

I had no other major professional engagements for those two coming weeks and I wasn't planning to create any. This would be the ideal time for me to be more involved with my 'new project' being maid Jenny in the ambassadorial residence!

When I saw Annie on Monday morning I was a bit preoccupied, I didn't know what Madame told her and so I approached her cautiously.

She was quite cheerful and said to me in the kitchen when I went to take some coffee : "So it seems that we are going to be colleagues soon dear Nicki, Madame

explained everything to me. Fancy that, you want to be employed as a domestic here and your name is Jenny!"

Though I sort of expected that to happen I couldn't stop blushing : "So she told you that I'll be helping you around the house from next week on?"

"She didn't say me only that dear Jenny," she said that name quite loudly and embarrassed me, because my technicians were wandering around the house, "She said that you are going to be employed properly as maid number two in this house. I can assure you and you have noticed it yourself, I can do with some extra help."

She stopped and looked at me: "But I have my reservations, I don't want to work with a freak dressed up as a maid, I want to work with someone who really looks the part, do you think you will be able to do that Jenny?"

She kept calling me Jenny, as if to embarrass me. I answered back lowering my voice, "Don't worry Annie, I can look the part, I have been doing that for over twenty years now. The only thing I have to be careful is my voice in public, but I can manage by speaking in low tones, you will see when we are going out shopping."

She looked at me questioningly again, "Yes, Madame mentioned that, I suppose to take you out to the uniform shop to fit you with working clothes, I hope it works dear Jenny, because if you manage to embarrass me in public I'll be very very crossed with you." She looked at me sternly when she said that.

I felt a bit worried, now after Madame, the Filipino maid was trying to boss me as well? I answered as calmly as I could, "Don't worry dear Annie, maid

Jenny will be very good and she will not embarrass you, trust me." I said it very convincingly because she looked at me in a calmer way.

"Ok Nicki, I'm sorry I was a bit abrupt with you, but Madame took me by surprise, I never worked with a male maid before, but she mentioned to me that they can be excellent maids and as she said the reason is simple. You do that by choice and not out of necessity like a poor Filipino girl like me, so you better be good!"

I smiled at her warmly and said, "May I serve myself some coffee now Annie?"

At that moment Madame came in and said half jokingly, "There you are you two chatting again, I hope that won't happen when maid Jenny starts working here next week I expect my maids to be hard working and efficient, and not chatter boxes, is that clear for you two?"

I couldn't believe it; I was already treated as a maid! She didn't give me a chance to recover because she said addressing me directly this time, "I expect you to bring appropriate clothes tomorrow when you come in Nicki, then I'll tell you when and where to change and see how Jenny looks, is that OK with you?"

"Yes Madame, I already packed my clothes that I will wear tomorrow, thank you for telling me."

She left as quickly as she came in saying to Annie: "Annie coffee to my bureau please."

All Tuesday morning I was on pins and needles. I was doing my normal work checking on my technicians, but my mind was elsewhere. I brought a bag in with all my female clothes that Annie took in her room by the kitchen. One of my questions was where I was going to change. In Annie's room, elsewhere?

Mme Wittemans was out all morning, she left immediately after breakfast with her husband and the Embassy car and she wasn't expected back until after lunch. Annie said to me they had to go to an official midday function.

At about three o'clock my technicians had gone and my anxiety was at its peak. There was still no sight of Madame. Fortunately Annie was kind enough to offer me a sandwich, I was simply starving. We both were sitting in the kitchen table having a cup of tea when the phone rang and Annie picked it up. She was trained to answer the phone in a formal way. "Good afternoon, this is the Belgian Ambassador's residence, maid Annie speaking, how can I help you please?" She continued in a respectful tone, "Oh hello Madame, yes the technicians had gone, yes he is right here, yes one moment please."

She turned and passed me the receiver whispering, "It's Madame, and wants to speak to you."

I picked the receiver and said a timid, "Hello Madame"

I heard her voice quite booming and clear at the other end of the line, "Hello Jenny, are you still willing to carry on this experiment we started. Are you prepared to go through the test?"

My heart was pounding strongly as I answered, "Yes Madame, of course, I have all the appropriate clothes here with me as you asked, please tell me what to do."

"Very well then," I heard her voice more determined now, "You just go to Annie's room and have a complete makeover to your best ability. But remember what I already told you. Wear something simple and

appropriate for your future position as a domestic. And please, not too much makeup. Natural colour lipstick and clear nail polish. Is that clear so far Jenny?"

"Yes Madame it is perfectly clear!" I answered, trying to make my voice sounding a bit more feminine and at the same time as clear as possible.

She encouraged my effort by telling me emphatically, "That's good Jenny, you sound very convincing on the telephone, I'll probably ask you to answer the line when on duty. Now then to continue with my instructions; As soon as you are dressed go to the kitchen and ask Annie to give you an apron, one of her morning big ones, like the one you had on the other day. Put it on and just help Annie with her chores. When I'll come back, I'll ring the front door bell and you answer the door please. I want to see how you interact in a situation like this one. So good bye Jenny, I'll see you in about two hours." She hung up abruptly in her usual manner.

I turned to Annie, full of excitement and explained to her what Madame just mentioned to me. She took me to her room and closed the door leaving me alone to get ready. The room was small but very clean and tidy. I sat on her small bed and opened my carry bag. My transformation was about to begin.

It was well after 4.00 p.m. when I thought I was ready. I had a last look in the mirror and headed for the kitchen feeling a bit shy I must admit. After all Annie was going to see Jenny for the first time. I called at Annie as I started walking, "Annie, I am ready, I'm coming over to see you now."

I was wearing a very simple outfit, plain white underwear, a black A line skirt with a hem about a couple of inches below the knee – I've noticed Annie's uniform

dresses had a very conservative length, well below the knee – a plain white blouse with three quarter length sleeves and ordinary day black shoes with two inches heel. My pantyhose were sheer black also. In fact I thought this was the closest to a waitress' uniform, as you see them around those days in bars and restaurants.

Though I had a wig with me I decided not to put it on, instead I tried to fix my own longish hair. Nothing fancy, just a more feminine coiffure, thinking that the real hair is giving me a higher credibility for the job I was 'applying' for. The wig has always a false and theatrical look

But the most unusual piece I was wearing, but the one absolutely necessary for my 'femininely correct' appearance was my special girdle. This one I found in a specialised shop some years back and it was essential to enhance my waistline, hips and derriere. It was a bit uncomfortable to wear, especially when bending. It was quite hard for instance to bend and put my toes through the pantyhose. But with my 36C breast forms and special girdle I was feeling very confident in my feminine contours.

I entered the kitchen the moment Annie was turning from the kitchen sink to face me. She looked at me for a whole minute as I was standing there nervously. Finally she spoke, "My God Jenny, you do look nice, I never expected such a change, look at these nice legs and your slim waist, and is this your real hair Jenny, I can't believe it!"

I let a sigh of relief out, "Oh, thank you Annie, you can't believe how happy you make me. Do you think Madame will approve of my appearance?"

She looked at me again and said without hesitation, "She will certainly approve of your appearance, in particular because you already look that you have a sort of uniform on, it is like a waitress uniform isn't it Jenny? Let me give you a fancier apron to put on and a small white headpiece. Then you will look more the part."

She rushed to her room and came back carrying a small apron and cap. She said to me, "Let me tie the apron on you Jenny, You have to be certain that the bow is correct and symmetrical. Madame is very particular about that."

She proceeded tying the half apron on me. It was a rounded serving apron with a pretty ruffle all around. I felt her hands fixing the bow. She asked me to place my hands on the bow. She moved my fingers into the loops telling me, "Feel the length of the loops and make them even, then move to the knot and straighten out the creases and wrinkles."

I did as I was told. She inspected the bow and said, "This is correct now, soon it will become a second nature for you Jenny. Now the headpiece."

She adjusted it with two pins and sent me to the big mirror by the main entrance. She followed behind with a big smile. "Come Jenny, lets have a look at you".

I was already looking the part. I was dressed more or less as an afternoon maid. The only difference was the two piece outfit, black skirt, white blouse, instead of the traditional black dress. I was thrilled beyond description, things were moving so fast!

I barely had time to relax a bit with a cup of coffee or tea and the front door bell rung. Oh dear, this must be Madame and I suppose to go and open the door. I felt very embarrassed again. 'Am I doing the right thing here? I said loudly to myself. But Annie's voice brought me back to reality.

"Go and get the door Jenny, Madame is back and you suppose to let her in. Hurry up girl!"

CHAPTER 4 – CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT

I opened the door hesitantly feeling uncertain and perplexed. Madame looked at me critically from top to bottom as I tried a clumsy curtsy saying, "Good afternoon Madame."

She looked at me again and said rather bluntly, "You look quite nice and convincing Jenny, but I certainly have some remarks. Please make some fresh coffee and serve it upstairs to my bureau in ten minutes. Then I'll talk to you."

She moved quickly towards the stairs as I was saying, "Yes, right away Madame" while trying to curtsy again.

I rushed to the kitchen and started the coffee. Annie was in the adjoining utility room doing some ironing. I briefly told her that Madame asked for some coffee to

be served upstairs in her bureau. She said to me in a non committal tone of voice, not even lifting her eyes from the ironing board, "You realise of course that she asked you to take some coffee just for her and serve it. This time you are not a guest to share the coffee with her like the other day, this time you are the maid." I detected a hint of irony in her voice when she said that, but I decided not to say anything back. I needed Annie as an ally in this house.

Ten minutes later I knocked at the bureau's door, holding a tray with all the necessary coffee accoutrements. It took her a bit of time to answer and I was getting ready to knock again when I heard her voice, "Come in Jenny".

I entered hesitantly and approached her desk asking at the same time, "Where shall I serve the coffee Madame?"

She pointed at one corner of her desk telling me, "Put the tray down Jenny and serve me a cup, just coffee and cream, no sugar please."

I did as I was told and offered her the cup. She took it had a sip and said to me, "Leave the tray for the moment and go and stand in the middle of the room. Fold your hands in front of your apron and listen carefully. Don't interrupt me unless I ask you a specific question. Is that clear Jenny?"

I felt like a ten year old, about to be punished by the teacher, but also I felt a mounting excitement. This lady knew exactly what she was doing. Once more I thought that she must have done the same thing several times in the past. She was completely in control. I managed to murmur a 'yes Madame' and took my position.

She drank some more coffee and started her small speech, "I'll start from the positives. You look quite nice and convincing, I already mentioned that to you. I like the fact that you use your own hair, much more correct for a person in your position. Also your makeup is quite discreet, though I would like a less obvious lipstick, a more neutral colour. Your waistline and hips are quite womanly, I am sure you wear the right device for that. And finally you can walk gracefully, though I would suggest smaller steps and try feeling your thighs rubbing each other when walking." She stopped, had a sip of her coffee and continued.

"Now we come to the negatives." She looked at me questioningly. "Do you know what I am talking about Jenny?"

I looked at her puzzled. I couldn't think of anything negative. I said quite frankly, "I am sorry Madame, I can't think of anything, I simply followed your instructions."

"This is precisely the point Jenny, you didn't follow my instructions to the letter. I told you to wear a full white apron, you know the kind, you were wearing the other day, with a bib and straps that crisscross in the back. Instead you wear a half serving apron. Also I never asked you to wear a cap. I know how eager you are to look the part, but something that you must never forget is that as a domestic you have to follow your employer's instructions to the letter, no questions asked!" She said the last sentence quite emphatically.

I wanted to answer to her but I didn't dare, she didn't ask me to speak. I felt quite uneasy and I started playing with the edge of my apron as she continued looking at me critically. Finally she said, "speak up girl, you have my permission."

"I am sorry Madame, I completely missed that detail with the full apron and Annie suggested the small apron and cap to emphasise my waitress' appearance. I must admit that everything is quite new to me, but I am willing to learn."

She gave me a softer look this time, "you will learn quite soon Jenny that instructions like the one I gave you over the phone, are not a detail as you called it, they are in fact specific orders that you have to follow to the letter. This has to become a second nature to you, like the apron you have to wear at all times when on duty."

She continued after another sip of her coffee, "I come back to my initial proposition Jenny. Do you want to work in this house as a part time maid, or more correctly as a junior maid to assist my principal maid Annie? We already discussed the conditions and the wages. In fact, my direct question to you is as follows - can you organise the rest of your life in a way to be able to work here five days a week, four hours a day?"

She looked at me very intensely, but it was a question I was expecting, so I answered as truthfully as I could, "Yes Madame, under my present conditions I am certain I can manage it. I should add also that for the next two weeks, starting this coming Friday I'll be free from my usual activities, my wife, or should I say more correctly my other employer, is away on a business trip for two weeks and I haven't planed a new project, so I'll be able to work more hours in your house, if of course you approve of it Madame." I finished my sentence with a slight bob, trying to be respectful to my new employer.

She obviously liked the idea, because she smiled quite happily and said instantly, "This is great news

Jenny, that way you will be able to adapt more quickly to your new status, in fact I have a new proposition for you, starting Saturday you can move in for two weeks as my new live in junior maid. This way for two weeks you will be nothing else but a maid. You will dress, act, behave and work in only this capacity. This will be your trial period and if everything goes well you will continue working as an outside maid afterwards, as I originally mentioned to you. How you feel about that, girl?"

Oh God, I couldn't believe it, Madame just mentioned something way above my wildest dreams, it couldn't be true! I started shaking slightly out of excitement, but I managed to answer in a fairly steady voice, "I'd love that Madame, I would be very honoured to be employed here as a live in domestic for the next two weeks."

"So be it then! Finish by Friday your project here as agreed, try and finish all your other outside obligations by that day, including saying goodbye to your other employer, as you call your wife, I trust for a good reason, and I'll expect you to appear properly and modestly dressed as Jenny on Saturday morning at nine o'clock sharp. From then on everybody will know that you are Jenny the new junior maid. The guards by the gate will be notified and of course the Ambassador. In fact I'll introduce you to him later on Saturday, after you come back from your shopping trip with Annie. We have to get you the right clothes for your new job. Is that satisfactory for you Jenny?"

I hastily answered in a voice full of gratitude, or so I thought, "Yes Madame, I am very grateful to you for this opportunity you offer me and....'

She stopped me in an slightly annoyed manner, "Don't thank me girl, I'll repeat to you once more in case you forgot, that I expect you to be a real maid here doing real and strenuous work and the only reason I picked you for this position is that I know by experience that a cross dresser like you is a far better domestic than any female who is doing this job for a living." She briefly paused but continued before I had the chance to say anything, "You can go now and change, I will not see much of you the next few days as I will be quite busy outside the house, but Saturday morning I expect to see Jenny here at 9.00 o'clock sharp. You can go now, that will be all!"

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