

Mika

The Constant Cleaner



MONICA GRAZ



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MIKA,

THE CONSTANT CLEANER

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER 1

First person narrative - Mike Simmonds or Mika

It was Saturday again! My special cleaning day! The day that I could clean the house dressed in my cleaner's outfit.

All my life I have been an occasional but committed cross dresser. I loved my dresses and skirts but above all I loved my humble cleaner's uniform

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and I already was dressed in it. Nothing fancy, just a plain housekeeping dress of the type that hotel maids have to wear, a working apron, pantyhose and comfortable shoes. And of course, the appropriate underwear, matching panties and bra and my very realistic breast forms, the only expensive item of my cheap outfit.

I fixed my thick longish hair into a more feminine manner, I put some lipply on and I was ready.

I had no illusions of course as I looked at myself in the mirror. I knew that I had an androgynous look and I couldn't easily pass in public as a female but that didn't stop me doing it. The inner satisfaction I felt, sexual and not only, was the strongest possible drive, a drive I couldn't resist though I have tried to stop it on numerous occasions over the years. The urge was far too strong.

But this Saturday was going to be double special because my girlfriend was coming to visit me. She wanted to see Mika 'in action' as she said. She had keys to the house so she said she would call sometime in the morning. She added that I could go on with my cleaning schedule and she would let herself in.

I was full of anticipation as I had a quick breakfast and a cup of coffee, before I carried upstairs the vacuum cleaner and my other utensils to start the cleaning. The house which was a 'gift' from my rich parents was biggish, two bedrooms, two bath-

rooms and my study since I worked from home as a software specialist.

As I started my cleaning, I couldn't stop thinking about the imminent visit of Linda my girlfriend. We were together for more than six months now and she was fully aware of my cross-dressing tendencies. She had stayed in my house many times and had seen me in my nightie and various other girly outfits but she had never seen me in action as a maid. This was going to be a novelty for both of us and my adrenaline was on red as I started vacuuming the bedrooms.

"Well, hello Mike or shall I say Mika," I heard a voice yelling at me behind my back.

I stopped the vacuum and turned back to face Linda, a beaming smile on her face.

I was blushing all over as I said hesitantly, "Oh, hello Linda, I couldn't hear you coming in with all that vacuum cleaner's noise."

She looked at me critically, her smiling eyes all sparkling from excitement, "Look at you, the picture of domesticity. I was watching you for a couple of minutes as you were vacuuming. You were so involved with the task as if it was the most important job. Now I understand what you were trying to tell me all those months, your commitment to cleaning and the love of being a maid."

Still blushing and with a shy smile I asked, "How do I look, am I convincing enough, am I looking silly?"

"You certainly don't look silly to me, but you are still a boy in a dress and apron. Yes, you have softer features than the average male, a prominent bosom and great legs for display but you have a long way to go to look really womanly."

She obviously saw the disappointment in my eyes because she hastily added, "But of course we can correct all that fairly easily, complete makeovers are quite popular these days!"

I felt excitement and fear when I heard those words. Makeover was a long-standing dream of mine but I never dared to proceed that far. And now Linda was proposing it?

"You did touch a very sensitive chord of mine Linda. Makeover has always been the ultimate dream for me. But would you go along with it? And what about our relationship, would you be able to accept me as Mika on a more permanent base? I don't know what to think," I said, wiping my sweaty hands on my cotton apron.

"I must admit that I like that soft feminine side of yours, it somehow compliments parts of my character," she replied and then added, "And don't forget that so many months later and after you've confided to me your cross-dressing tendencies, I still am here with you, so yes, I can see a very convincing Mika emerging after a serious makeover. But before we go that far we must sort out other aspects of our relationship and what will be your new role after that."

The feelings of excitement and fear for the unknown intensified as I said, "Shall I go down to the kitchen and make some fresh coffee so we can sit down and discuss all those issues you've just mentioned? You made me very intrigued now."

"Yes, lets just do that." Linda simply answered as she turned to go downstairs. I quickly followed, being very conscious of what I was wearing.

CHAPTER 2

Six months later

First person narrative - Linda Caraway

As I was looking at Mika moving around the house, I couldn't believe how much she had changed during the past six months. She was looking so different, so womanly in her pretty housedress and apron, a perfect picture of a 50s housewife.

"Where on earth you manage to find those dresses that you love to wear around the house Mika? They look so old fashioned." I asked with genuine curiosity."

"Ah Miss Linda," she answered a mischievous look on her face, "I found a wonderful second hand shop with very cheap vintage clothes. I became quite friendly with the shop's young owner; she even knows my TG identity."

I was amazed how Mika was so open now about being a TG person. I was also secretly pleased that she insisting calling me most of the time Miss as if she was my employee, which somehow, she was in an unofficial way.

“You are such a crafty little thing,” I replied with a small laugh and looking at my watch added, “It’s getting late, I have to run, lots of meetings are on my agenda today.”

“Yes Miss, you better go. Any preference for dinner tonight?” She asked innocently, her hands playing with her delicate organdy apron.

“Let me think. Fish would be nice. How about some nicely marinated fresh salmon and a green salad? Let’s try and be good tonight, we both need to lose a couple of pounds. Your cooking has been very enticing the past few weeks.”

“That’s a great idea Miss, I agree with you, I need to lose some weight, my waist line is not what it should be.”

“And Mika,” I added with a cunning smile, “I would like you in a nice uniform tonight when I’ll be back. How about a black or dove grey dress and a nice white apron? I want my pretty and efficient maid to welcome me tonight with a chilled white sauvignon blanc on a tray.”

I was amused when I saw her blushing. I could tell, she loved my suggestion. I know her too well by now, she would grab any opportunity to be in a uniform.

"Yes Miss, I'd love that, have a nice day at work." She replied as she rushed towards me and gave me an unexpected tight hug saying, "Thank you for everything you have done for me Linda."

I was touched by her spontaneity but I managed to keep my calm saying, "That's all right dearest, what I've done for you I've done for myself as well. We're at the same boat for a long sail I hope."

"We certainly are Miss and you are the very competent captain of that boat!"

"You will make me late little minx; I better go or I'll be late for my first meeting." I said in an anxious voice as I opened the door and rushed to my car parked outside.

As I was driving, I couldn't stop thinking of all those changes that had happened in our lives during the past six months.

After a very successful makeover Mika was now permanently in female clothes and she was very happy about that. And I was always now thinking of Mika as a she. I haven't seen her once in trousers, even lady's pants since her transformation started. She loved her vintage clothes and her uniforms and I was equally happy to be part of it. She gradually adopted the role of my housewife/maid and I definitely encouraged it. It was a magic balance between us and somehow it was working.

She was still working from home as a software consultant but I had noticed that she was gradually distancing herself from that field as if she was los-

ing interest. When I confronted her, she truthfully answered that since her transformation she was not that keen to continue working in that field and she was discouraging potential clients. She then had added in a burst of honesty that it was a matter of time before she was going to stop working in that field altogether.

That had worried me a bit and not because of a loss of income because Mika was independently well off through her parents. I was worried that she might be very soon bored staying at home all day. There is so much you can do in a house as a maid and/or housewife.

And then I had this idea that could solve the problem. I asked around at my work, it was a big firm with tens of people working in it, if they were in need for a very good and committed cleaner who desperately needed work and who happened to be a transitioning TG. In other words, I was offering Mika as a maid/cleaner and I was the one giving the proper reference since I mentioned that she was already cleaning for me twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays.

I got an enthusiastic response from several people and I selected three ladies who were living alone and were not the ones I would socialize with. So, I offered Mika's services for three days a week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday with the going per hour minimum fee. I then added that Mika was

used to wear a simple maid's uniform when at work and that impressed them even more.

All that happened behind Mika's back and I barely could suppress a smile when I thought that tonight after dinner, I was going to announce it to her as a 'fait accompli'.

I was dying to see her reaction though I was strongly believing that she would accept it eagerly. It had been another one of her many fantasies as she had confessed to me after one of those long love sessions we often had.

I let a sigh of contentment as I was entering my work's garage looking for my allocated parking space. Life was good having Mika at my beck and call and it was even better because our sexual life, very unconventional at times, was extremely satisfactory.

CHAPTER 3

The same evening

First person narrative - Mika

I checked once more my looks in the mirror. I thought I looked very smart in my black dress, half white apron, black tights and black 2in court shoes, I kept my long hair - thanks to the hair extensions during my makeover - back in a high ponytail and I added a white hair band. I certainly looked the part, a 'pretty and efficient maid', as Linda men-

tioned to me this morning. I wasn't so certain about the 'pretty' but I did look 'efficient'.

I was unusually nervous waiting for Linda to be back from work. She had seen me many times before in a maid's uniform and all sorts of female outfits but tonight for some reason I felt that it was going to be a special night, I had that feeling when she was departing for work this morning, somehow I sensed it as I was hugging her, a particular look in her eyes. Call it a feminine intuition, if I was able to have developed such a thing.

I heard her car in the parking lot in front of the house and I run to the fridge to take out the wine. I filled a glass with the chilled and very pale sauvignon blanc put it on a tray and moved by the door, my heart pounding.

She came in flustered, a sign that she had a difficult day at work, but the moment she saw me waiting with the tray, she smiled, "That's my girl, that's what I was dreaming all day long, thank you Mika, you are a jewel."

"My pleasure Miss," I answered with a blushing smile and a slight curtsy, something that I've never done before, it was spontaneous.

"I like that Mika, please keep doing it, it does emphasize your current station."

She looked at me more carefully as she had her first sip of wine, "And you do look efficient and very real. That black dress looks good on you and its length is correct, just below your knee. And the

apron accentuates your waist. Have you lost some weight?"

More blushing as I answered, "I wish I were Miss, but no, it's just my waist cincher belt."

"Good for you. I wouldn't be able to wear one of those, too restrictive for me."

"You are right Miss, I never wear one when I'm doing my chores, but I love to have a narrow waist and as a TG person I know my limitations, so the belt helps towards the illusion for a more feminine look."

Aren't we chatty tonight?" she said and after another sip of vino added, "I better go and change but I'm famished, you can serve in 5 min. And please join me, we have to chat."

CHAPTER 4

The same evening

First person narrative - Linda

As I was changing to my comfy house clothes, I was thinking that Mika suspects of something and she expects something! I saw her worried eyes when I said to her, 'we have to chat'. But I'll tell her tonight after dinner. If her drive to be a cleaner and a maid is as strong as I suspect she will accept my proposal even if she pretends that she maintains some reservations.

The meal was sumptuous, Mika was fast becoming a very competent cook. The bottle of wine we shared made us more relaxed and slightly tipsy.

After she cleared the table, I asked her to open a second bottle of wine. We both looked a bit tipsy so the conversation that followed was more relaxed and with a few giggles.

“Have you nearly packed up your old business Mika?” I asked innocently

“Yes Miss Linda, I only have a client now and I’ll finish his project by the end of the week. After that I want and need a break from the software world, it’s too stressful and competitive for me.”

“I’m glad to hear that Mika because I found some work for you to get you out of the house, work as a cleaner.”

The mixture of fear and excitement in her eyes was precious. I was enjoying that and the wine was intensifying that enjoyment.

“Wow, that sounds scary! What time of cleaning, where?” Mika replied full of anxiety.

“Well, it’s not scary at all and simpler than you think.” I continued with a smile and a reassuring voice.

“I asked around at work and three ladies are in desperate need for a good daily cleaner so I offered your services. I thought Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday would be good days. That leaves Monday and Thursday to catch up with the housework in



this house and of course the weekend will be more relaxing and we can be together. What do you think?"

The excitement was prevailing in Mika's face now as she replied, "That's a huge step for me Miss, facing the world out there as Mika. Have you mentioned anything to those ladies about my special TG condition?"

"Of course I did, you couldn't fool them however well you can portray a female. Women are far better than men to 'read' TG people like you. But that was beneficial in a way because they all said to me that TG people tend to be far better maids and cleaners because usually it is their choice to do so and not a necessity. And they were spot on in your case. You are a committed maid and cleaner on your own will, nobody forces you to do that. Am I right Mika dearest?"

She was blushing now as she said, "Yes Miss Linda you are right. Nobody is forcing me but can you tell me a bit more what this is about?"

"Well, as I told you already three ladies want to employ you. They are all single and they need you once a week. I'll tell you details and other practical issues tomorrow. I already mentioned to them that you are used to wear a simple uniform when working and they were impressed. I'm the one who vouches for you; I told them that I use you as my cleaner twice a week and I am very pleased with

your work. So please make an effort not to disappoint them because that will reflect badly on me.”

“Wow again! You act as my employer. Do those ladies know about our relationship, that we live together etc...? And of course, I’m intrigued about the uniform. Do they provide one or I’ll have to take one of mine?”

“Yes, I had to act as your employer, that was the only way to ‘sell’ your services. And don’t worry I don’t socialize with those ladies; they are in other departments and they have no idea about my personal life. So, you shouldn’t worry about that. As for the uniform, I have no idea if they will provide one so when you go to start working pack a plain uniform and matching apron and as soon as you arrive go and change to your work clothes. I forgot to add that you are going to be paid the minimum wages per hour for a domestic worker. All is going to be informal and under the table. At the end of your working day you will collect your wages in cash.”

As I was talking, I was watching Mika. Her mind was racing fast in order to absorb all those eminent changes in her life. Up to now she was acting in the privacy of our home, playing dressing up games and acting as the housewife/maid at the same time. All of it was partly erotic partly real with my encouragement and participation. Now she was going to go out to the real world being a real cleaner for people who expected her to act as one.

“This is for real!” Mika exclaimed as if she had read my mind, “I can confess to you Linda, though I suspect that you already know it, that this is one of my more advanced fantasies. I always was wondering what it would be like to be a lowly female cleaner and make a living cleaning other peoples’ house. Now I have the chance to find out first hand.”

“Indeed you have,” I replied and continued, “And I simply hope that you will be able to cope as a ‘lowly female cleaner’, as you just called yourself, out there in the real world. Because once you start you must stay committed for the foreseeable future. Otherwise you will discredit me as your sponsor, as the one who is producing for you the reference letter. Because I forgot to mention to you that the first time you appear for work you will carry a true reference letter from me that you will hand to each of those ladies. That will be your ticket to enter their home, that will be a proof of your identity and that they can trust you to stay behind and clean for them as they will be at work. I vouch for you that you are competent in what you do and trustworthy to stay alone in the house.”

I saw a concern in her eyes this time. She realized that she had to commit herself in a serious manner and this wasn’t going to be a game.

And then something unexpected happened, she stood up, adjusted her apron and with an embarrassed smile and a slight curtsy said, “I solemnly

declare to you Miss Linda, being my prime employer, that I'll not let you down and I'll try my best to act as a competent cleaner and maid to those ladies."

I couldn't hide my astonishment as I said, "Thank you for that demonstration of loyalty Mika, I believe you and I trust you; and I loved your curtsey, I might get used to that."

Then trying to unwind the moment's tension I added, "Now you can go and do the dishes. I'm going up to my bedroom, I have some work to do and catch up with my e-mails. Later when you are ready for bed please join me to the bedroom, I want my Mika tonight to sleep with me."

"Yes Miss, I like that Miss, I mean your invitation," she answered gingerly as she started collecting the wine glasses from the table.

CHAPTER 5

Tuesday morning a few days later

First person narrative – Mika

It was 8.15am and I was standing in front of a very luxurious looking block of flats, situated at a very posh part of town. I looked at the names by the entrance and found the name of my new employer, 'F5-7, Jennifer Blackman'. Then I looked around and saw another less impressive entrance a few meters away where a notice in bold letters was announcing, 'TRADERS AND DOMESTIC STAFF

ENTRANCE'. The bells in this entrance had only the flat's number.

I already had my instructions; I had to ring the bell and go through that entrance at 8.30 sharp. I felt a surge of excitement and fear combined. I was 'domestic staff' now or 'help' as some employers loved to call their servants. My social status shifted dramatically downwards.

I looked at my reflection in the glass door. I was dressed modestly, denim skirt down to my knees, plain blouse, thick tights and low heel workable shoes. My hair was kept behind in a high ponytail and my makeup was very discreet. My only accessory was my tiny gold studs on my pierced ears; that was a recent present from Miss Linda who handed me in an envelope my reference letter addressed to Miss Jennifer Blackman and inspected me this morning before my departure. In a largish shoulder bag, I was carrying my work clothes, a plain uniform dress and matching apron.

I looked at my wrist watch again, 8.25, another 5 min before ringing the bell. I made a few paces up and down the front of the building trying to calm myself down. Everything was going to be a novelty from now on.

At 8.30 sharp I rung the bell. A crisp female voice answered immediately, "Come up using the service elevator fifth floor, flat 7."

I heard the buzz and entered a largish corridor painted in industrial grey. Nothing fancy ót that



entrance. I took the elevator to the fifth floor. The cabin was painted the same grey color and the lack of mirrors was noticeable.

Another corridor in front of me and a series of dark grey doors, clearly the back doors of the flats. I saw F-7 and I knocked hesitantly at the door since I couldn't see a bell.

The door opened instantly and a tall blond lady in her mid to late 30s asked me to come in.

I entered into a very spacious kitchen as she said with a smile, using the same crisp voice, "You must be Mika, welcome."

"Good morning Miss, yes I'm Mika and I bring this letter from my employer Miss Linda Caraway."

"Yes, thank you I've been expecting that," she replied as she took the letter, scrutinizing me with her cold light blue eyes. I could instantly tell that this lady was going to keep formalities with me.

She opened the letter and read it quickly. "Right, everything seems to be in order, your prime employer recommends you very warmly. She says that you are a very diligent worker and you pay attention to details, something that is essential for a cleaner."

"Thank you, Miss, I'll try my best Miss." I replied with a cautious smile.

"You can call me Miss Jennifer or Miss Blackman if you prefer. Did you bring some working clothes

with you? I understand that you prefer to work in a uniform which is fine by me, in fact I prefer it because that clearly defines your status."

"Yes Miss Jennifer I brought my working clothes, where could I change?"

"Yes of course, let me show you. There is a large laundry room next to the kitchen where you can change. It's the door at the other end of the kitchen. You will also find there a small WC for your own use. And my previous cleaner who had to go back to her country for family reasons had left behind a couple of her old uniforms. You are free to use them if you want, as far as I remember she washed them before her departure, they probably are in a drawer by the washing machine. Judging from your size I think they will fit you."

Was that an indirect suggestion to wear one of those uniforms used by her previous cleaner? I felt a surge of excitement hearing that. A uniform dress used extensively before by another maid was quite excitable for me.

"Thank you, Miss Jennifer, I'll go and change and I'll check the old uniforms. Be back in a few minutes."

"Ok then, I'll give you the guided tour when you are dressed and show you where everything is and emphasize where you should be extra careful. Call me when you are back in the kitchen."

“Yes Miss Jennifer,” I replied as I moved towards the door at the other side of the kitchen where the laundry room was.

I instantly checked the drawer with the old uniforms. They were two there, a black dress and a dove grey dress, a bit more formal, more ‘real maid’ and less ‘cleaner outfit’. I quickly tried the grey one and it fitted well. I decided to go for it, in might give a good impression to Miss Jennifer. I added a large cotton bib apron with a discreet frill all around and a white band on my hair. I put my comfortable flat shoes on and went back to the kitchen.

I was full of contradicting emotions as I was standing in the middle of the kitchen. I had the feeling that I was transported to a parallel universe. I was dressed in clothes not belonging to me, I was in a totally new and alien environment and I had to face an employer who had no idea who I really was. In her eyes I was just another cleaner and maid. As I was about to call her, she came back to the kitchen.

She looked at me from top to bottom with an appraising look, “Rosa’s uniform fits you well. You look the part now. Can I ask you a favor?”

“Of course Miss.” I replied wondering what sort of favor she would want from me.

“I know your name is Mika but could I call you Rosa when you work for me? Rosa has been my cleaner for many years and before that she was

working as a live-in maid for my parents so I grew up with her and I have a soft spot for that name.”

I looked astounded at her. I just have lost my name as well. I really and truly was in a parallel universe!

“Of course Miss, you can call me whatever you like, Rosa is a good name.” I answered gingerly with a small curtsey. Somehow the loss of my identity freed some of my inhibitions.

She smiled broadly and for the first time her eyes had lost their coldness as she said, “I think we’ll get on well Rosa, I liked your small curtsey just now, you seem to have the right approach. So, let me take you around the flat and show you where everything is and what I expect from you.”

Half an hour later she had gone. She had to go to work and she would be back at 5.00 to check on my performance and pay me.

I was very self-conscious when I started working. Everything felt surreal to me. I wasn’t cleaning my own home; I was a daily domestic called Rosa and I was cleaning another person’s mess. She certainly wasn’t such a tidy person. Clothes were thrown everywhere and the bathroom was messy. I started with the tidying up and I had to improvise about certain things. Then continued with changing the sheets in the main bedroom, dusting, vacuuming.

I was about to attack the master bathroom when my mobile rang. It was Linda!

"Hello Miss Linda," I said in my soft feminine voice I tried to establish.

"Hi Mika, how are you doing? I have been thinking of you all morning but only now I have the chance to contact you. How is your new employer?"

"She is a bit eccentric; she changed my name to Rosa because her old maid had that name, then suggested that I could wear the uniform that Rosa left behind. So, I'm dressed in a more formal grey dress and white large apron. I feel that I'm another person in another world."

"Wow, I bet you enjoy that Rosa! That's a great name for a maid and if I remember well from my readings the old Victorians loved to choose names for their domestic staff. How about the work? Can you cope?"

"I'm struggling a bit until I find my bearings. Next time it will be much better. And between you and me I feel that I'm in a parallel world. Everything is a complete novelty."

"I'm certain you enjoy it dearest Mika or Rosa, your dream finally becomes a reality. I have to run now for my next meeting. You will tell me all about it tonight. What time you expect to be back home?"

"Miss Blackman will be back at around 5.00, she will inspect my work and pay me, so I expect to be back at home around 6.00."

“Good, I’ll see you then around 7.00, I’ll stay a bit longer to catch up with my work. And prepare something simple for us to eat. You will be exhausted after a hard day’s work. Bye for now.”

“Bye Miss,” I replied and put my mobile back to my apron pocket.

It was past 5.00 and I was still ironing sheets in the laundry room when Miss Jennifer came back. I heard the front door and then I heard her walking around the flat obviously inspecting everything. Finally, she opened the laundry room door a smile on her face.

“Hi Rosa. At first glance it seems that you did a fine work, the flat looks great and it smells so fresh. Thank you. Are you finishing soon with your ironing?”

“Yes Miss Jennifer, I’ve just finished. I’ll change to my street clothes and be with you in a few minutes.”

Within the next ten minutes I was out through the back door I expected of the ‘help’. I received my payment in an envelope, my first wages as a domestic! Miss Jennifer thanked me and said she was looking forward to see me again in a week’s time. And next time I could use the spare Rosa’s uniform, the black one and wash the one I was wearing today.

Gosh, what a day!

CHAPTER 6

Wednesday morning

First person narrative- Mika

It was a déjà vu scene. I was in front of the address given to me at 8.30, like yesterday.

I was wearing the same denim skirt but a different blouse. Miss Linda insisted on a simple outfit, nothing fancy for someone who was going to work as a cleaner.

This time it was a single two levels modest house in a low middle-class part of town.

The name I had this time was Tania Gonzalez. I took a deep breath and rang the bell.

It took a minute or two until a lady, the exact opposite of Jennifer Blackman, opened the door. She was short, dark and slightly stout but very friendly and welcoming.

"Well hello honey, come in, you must be Mika."

"Good morning Miss, yes I'm Mika, thank you" I said as I entered the house.

"Please call me Tania, we don't want any formalities. Do you have the recommendation letter from Linda, just to be certain who you appear to be? One witnesses all sorts of funny things those days."

"Yes of course Miss..., I mean Tania," I replied as I opened my bag and gave her the letter.

She opened the envelope and read it quickly. She turned to me the friendly smile still there, "Good. I can see Linda is very supportive of you."

I was about to ask where could I change when I heard a strong meowing and a large white car appeared.

"Oh, hello Snow-white! This is Mika our cleaner. She is going to clean your fur from all over the house today."

She looked at me apologetically, "I'm afraid Mika this is going to be your hardest task today, this cat tends to abandon her fur all over the house. So, a very good and thorough vacuuming is needed."

"I can see that," I said smiling as I started looking around, seeing visible white fur remains. "But I'll try. Could I go and change somewhere to my working clothes?"

"Of course, now I remember Linda mentioning that you prefer to wear a uniform when cleaning. Just over there is the broom cupboard under the stairs; there are some hooks where you can hang your clothes. I'll go to the kitchen to make some coffee, come and meet me there when ready."

"Yes Miss Tania," I replied forgetting again to call her simply Tania. She looked at me amused saying again, 'just Tania please', as she moved towards the kitchen.

I joined her a few minutes later wearing my simple light blue front buttoned maid's dress and a white bib cotton apron.

"How you take your coffee Mika?" She asked casually.

"Just cream please, no sugar, thank you Tania" I answered with a small smile. Within a few minutes this woman made me feel very relaxed and comfortable.

As we were drinking our coffee sitting around a large kitchen table she said as casually as ever, "Can I ask you a personal question Mika?"

"Yes of course."

"Linda told me that you are a TG person transitioning. I admire you for that. It takes courage to do it and I have first hand experience because a cousin of mine did it a couple of years ago. She is a proud woman now. Are you thinking of going all the way?"

That was a very awkward question to answer because deep down I knew that I wasn't a full-blown TG, I simply was a cross dresser exploring other sides of my personality.

I was blushing all over when I hesitantly answered, "I still am at an early stage and I'm not certain how far I want to go. At the moment I explore my feminine side in various aspects. One of them is to expose myself to other people doing a menial

job, I somehow get an inner satisfaction by doing that.”

Tania looked at me sympathetically, “Sorry Mika if I put you on the spot. I’m simply a curious person by nature and I often tend to ask awkward questions. And thank you for answering so truthfully. I admire and respect your honesty in telling me that you get an inner satisfaction by doing menial tasks. That answers my other question I was about to ask you, why a seemingly educated person like you enjoys cleaning other peoples’ houses, dressed as a maid?”

Another blushing without an answer this time.

She saw my embarrassment and hastily added, “Enough of this chit chat on inner feelings etc. After all you are here to do some cleaning and I expect you to do it properly. Come on then, let me show you around the house and explain what I want. Then I’ll rush to work, I’m already late as it is.”

“Yes Tania, I am ready for that,” I replied, feeling relieved that this difficult conversation ended and Tania became my employer again.

The hardest part in cleaning Tania’s house was the cat’s fur that was everywhere. Snow-white had access to everything including Tania’s bed which was covered with her white fur. It took me for ever with the vacuum to bring the house in an acceptable level of cleanliness.

She came back at about 5.00 o’clock and after looking around she was ecstatic. “Thank you Mika,

you did a great job; I haven't seen this house without visible snow-white's fur for God knows how long. Good girl!"

And without any warning she approached me and gave me a hug adding, "I still don't understand why you want to be a cleaning lady but I can tell you that you are a good one, probably the best I had for some time. And I can assure you that I tend to change my cleaning ladies often and the reason is that they can't cope with the cat's fur. You are my champion cleaning lady!"

I was called a good girl and a cleaning lady. I liked that! Blushing all over I said, "Thank you Tania, I'm glad you approve of my work, it means a lot to me. I want my employers to be satisfied. That makes me happy as well. My inner need to please as I was telling you."

She handed me an envelope, heavier than expected. "Here, this is your wages and a set of keys. I think that I can trust you with the keys. Next time you come, come at 9.00 and you will find a note from me with instructions what to do and your wages. That way I don't have to wait for you in the morning and you for me in the afternoon. I can always call you in your mobile if I need something extra and/or you can call me in mine for extra instructions if needed."

I was touched by her trusting nature. "Thank you Tania, I appreciate your trust, it means a lot to me. I better go and change now."

We said our goodbyes and I was on my way.

Another day, another employer, another experience totally different from yesterday.

I am now formally baptized as a 'cleaning lady'!

CHAPTER 7

The same evening,

First person narrative - Linda

I haven't really talked to Mika for two days now. Last night I came back from work late, we had a light meal and we both had an early night. She was exhausted from her first day of strenuous work as a cleaner and I had too much in my mind concerning my work.

But tonight, I was looking forward to a chat. I talked to her on the phone earlier and she said that her second employer, Tania Gonzalez was totally different from the first one Jennifer Blackman. I could have told her that, because when I met those ladies, I could tell they were coming from different backgrounds.

But I wanted to hear what she had to tell me. Two continuous days working as a cleaning lady outside her comfort zone.

I parked the car grabbed my bag and let myself in. And there, behind the door my sweet Mika was waiting with a glass of wine on a tray and a sweet smile on her face. Not in a uniform but in one of her

vintage house dresses and as always, a pretty apron.

The picture of a fifty's housewife.

"Mika darling, how kind of you. I really need that!" I said as I picked the glass and gave her a small sisterly kiss. "You look fresh and lovely in that dress."

"Thank you Linda. I love it so much when I wait for your arrival. I feel so much like your dutiful wife then!"

"And you are my dutiful darling wife. And not only, because lately you develop other talents and I heard today from Tania that you impressed her very much. She wants you now as her cleaning lady on a regular basis."

"Did she say that to you? Because she called me that, 'her cleaning lady' and I loved it."

"I think it sounds much better than simply cleaner. Cleaner could be anybody, male or female but 'cleaning lady' clearly defines you. This is your vocation isn't it?"

She looked flustered and I loved that. She replied timidly, "I can't lie to you, I guess you can call it 'my vocation', I can't find any other word for it."

"Look at us, we started chatting away and we still stand by the door. Let me go change to my comfy clothes and then we can eat and chat more." I said as I put my glass back to Mika's tray after a generous sip of course.

The table was perfectly set and we sat down to a simple but tasty meal. I was aware of course that Mika wouldn't be able to provide gourmet meals the days she was working out.

"So, I'm all ears. Talk to me. Tell me about your experiences and emotions the past two days." I said to Mika after she cleared the table and sat down again with a fresh glass of wine.

She looked girlish to me, there was a softness on her face and she developed recently a tendency to blush easily.

"Well, my first employer, Miss Blackman was formal and slightly forbidding. I felt intimidated from the very beginning having to go up through the domestic staff entrance. That made me feel like..."

"A lowly domestic?" Linda interrupted. "Have you felt a surge of pleasure then?"

I know I was acting like a shrink but I wanted to push Mika to let out her inner feelings.

Blush, blush as Mika replied, "Yes Miss, I felt a peculiar feeling of pleasure mixed with anxiety."

"I thought that much. Your submissive genes started to kick on." I said somehow ruthlessly. "And then what?"

More blushing as Mika continued, "Then I had to change into a uniform dress and apron that belonged to her previous maid Rosa and from that moment on I became Rosa for her. And then I felt as

if I had been stripped from any remains of my previous identity and I had really and truly become Rosa a cleaning lady working for a new employer."

"Have you felt any strong emotions then?"

"I felt that I had to work hard because I didn't want to disappoint my Mistress, I felt that I had a task to accomplish and that gave me an unusual feeling of inner satisfaction. I wouldn't call it sexual, it was more intellectually emotional, if that makes sense."

"It does make sense. I liked the word 'Mistress' you used; this is a step further from 'employer'. This is an indication that 'being a lowly domestic' is fast becoming a way of life for you my darling Mika."

I saw a mixture of confusion and excitement in her eyes. I was touching more and more her sensitive chords.

"I guess it is," she replied hesitantly, "But are you happy with this? I wouldn't like to create any problems on our special relationship. I value that much more than being a cleaning lady for unknown employers." She added with conviction.

"I'm happy as I watch you unveil all your suppressed feelings. I want them out and I'm standing by you." I said truthfully and then on an impulse added, "But I am really and truly your prime employer, your real Mistress, you should never forget that you are mine and mine only and I am the one



who allows you to go out and work for other employers.”

Her expression was unique, a mixture of surprise and excitement from what she just heard from me because for the first time I was more assertive even aggressive in expressing my feelings. For the first time since she started her ‘transition’, if I can call that her strong tendency to endorse that new female role and status, I let my feelings out.

“Wow, that was impressive Miss Linda,” she whispered back to me her eyes still shiny from excitement. She took my hand and squeezed it looking at me, then bashfully lowering her eyes simply added, “Yes, you are my Mistress, and yes again, I belong to you!”

Something so strongly soft and feminine was coming out of her as she pronounced those words. Something that increased my feelings of ‘ownership’. It was so inconceivable, even for me that I knew, to believe that this soft feminine creature sitting next to me and looking at me with utter devotion was deep down still a male.

There was tension on the air and I thought it was time to move our chat to lighter issues.

“I think you will find interesting and unusual the lady you are going to work on Thursday. I made a small research on her. I had a quick look on her file at work. Being at HR department can be sometimes useful.”

Her pensive sad eyes sparkled with a renewed interest, "Really Miss? Please do tell me what you found out." She eagerly said

"Well, she is a German lady older than the two you already worked for, she is in her mid-fifties. Her name is Erika klompe. She is married with two grown up children but she is alone in this country. Her family is back in Germany. She is somehow the liaison officer of our company with Germany."

"Should I expect something different from her if you can tell me something?" She asked with genuine interest now.

"Well, you will be amused to know that she lives in a flat at the same posh building like Miss Blackman. So, you are going back there on Thursday. You will be in familiar ground. You know your way in through the domestic staff entrance," I said with a wink.

"Wow, that's amazing, what a coincidence."

"It's not exactly a coincidence. Our company has the use of five flats there for some of our employees under special conditions. Both Miss Blackman and Ms. Klompe are entitled to the use of a flat there." I said and added, "But to answer your question about what is different about Ms. Klompe I can only tell you that she is very 'Germanic' if you know what I mean, very precise and to the point but with no particular sense of humor. I expect her to be strict but fair with you."

I saw Mika's eyes spark even more. I could sense what she was thinking, 'a strict employer can be a challenge for a cleaner. Would I be able to cope with that?'

And then she spoke and said the exact same thing, "Could I cope Miss with her demands? I'm not a trained and experienced cleaner after all."

"Of course you can; you are not asked to pilot a plane after all. You simply need your common sense and a good eye for dirt and I think you have them both."

Then I felt like teasing her a bit, "But to add something funny we call her Nazi Erika behind her back because of her lack of humor and strictness, so beware of her."

"I hope I don't end up in a concentration camp if I fail her," she said jokingly but I could tell that I managed to stir her imagination.

CHAPTER 8

Thursday morning

First person narrative – Mika

The scene was a repetition of the other day. It was 8.30 and I was standing in front of the service entrance of the posh building that was familiar to me by now.

I found the name and rang the bell. The flat was at the 7th floor this time, F7-9 was marked by the bell.

A guttural voice answered, "Ya!"

"It's Mika the cleaner," I answered in my softer feminine voice.

"Come up, 7th floor, flat 9." The same voice said as I pushed the door that was buzzing.

Same grey corridors and elevator. The back door at flat 9 was already half opened so I knocked and went in.

A tall amazon looking woman with cropped blond hair wearing a dark blue outfit consisting of dark blue pants and blouse and a single pearl necklace as the only adornment was standing in the middle of a kitchen similar to the one, I saw the other day at Miss Blackman's flat.

"Good morning Mrs. Klompe, I'm Mika the cleaning lady and here is my recommendation letter." I said as I handed the letter from Linda.

She took the letter as she scrutinized me from top to bottom.

"Good morning Mika, thank you for the letter and I know Miss Caraway well enough to trust her judgement. You can call me Frau Klompe or Madam if you prefer. Do you have your working clothes with you? You can go and change at the laundry room; it is the door at the other end of the kitchen."

"Yes, thank you Madam, I brought my uniform with me and I'm familiar with the lay out, I worked to a similar flat the other day, Miss Blackman if you know her."

"Yes, I know of her, I never met her personally but go and change and then we can talk."

"Yes Madam," I replied and moved towards the laundry room thinking all along that Linda was right. This woman was quite forbidding.

I came back in a few minutes dressed in my usual light blue dress, full white apron, flat shoes and white hair band, ready to start.

She looked at me more carefully this time. I detected in her eyes a look of amusement with some contempt?

"Mika it is isn't it?" She said as if she had forgotten my name. Well, you look very efficient Mika, the picture of a true '*dienstmädchen*'."

"Excuse me Madam?" I asked puzzled

"It means servant girl in German." She said casually and then continued, "But we both know than in reality you are a boy underneath, a boy who enjoys being a servant girl. We have quite a few like you in Germany and they make great maids and servants. That's why I was keen of having you when Miss Linda mentioned that you are a TG transitioning. I bet you simply are just a... what you call it in this country? Ah yes, a sissyboy or sissymaid."

I was blushing all over as I was standing awkwardly in front of her. Nobody ever called me that. A sissy? Even Linda never mentioned that word to me. I wasn't certain how to react on that. Get angry or indignant?

She saw my obvious embarrassment because she smiled for the first time, a rather cold smile I must say and added, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you, I simply said what I believe, that you must be very good at housework. Shall we start? I can tell you what I want you to do and show you where everything is."

"Yes Madam," I said eagerly, "Please tell me what you want me to do."

Frau Klompe didn't go to work, she stayed behind to supervise me. And she certainly did. She was very particular and she asked me on several occasions to do things her way. It was frustrating for me but I also learned a few new tricks about housework and cleaning.

At about five o'clock I changed and I was ready to leave. Frau Klompe gave me an envelope with my wages.

"Thank you Mika, you did an excellent job and you were very patient with my remarks and suggestions. I'll see you next Thursday. I added some extra money in this envelope so you can go and buy a new uniform dress to use it when you work in my flat. I want it black and preferably cotton or poly-cotton with the usual white piping, nothing

fancy just a plain one and the hem below the knee please.”

That took me by surprise. “Thank you Frau Klompe, that’s very kind of you,” I said with gratitude.

“Don’t mention it Mika. You have the makings of a good ‘*dienstmädchen*’ and you deserve the proper reward for that. And in my country servant girls are asked to wear the traditional black dress and a feminine and functional white apron.”

I heard those last words with an inner feeling of satisfaction. My new cleaning lady-maid career was progressing and my three new employers seemed to be pleased with my performance, each one of them in their particular way.

CHAPTER 9

Friday night

First person narrative – Linda

“You haven’t told me yet how you coped with Nazi Erika the other day?” I whispered to Mika as we were in bed hugging, me in my dark blue silk pajamas, her in a long white nightgown.

“She is a very forbidding lady indeed,” she whispered back trying to bring back memories of last Thursday.

“You know, to start with she called me a *dienstmädchen* or something similar meaning ser-

vant girl in German and then she called me a sissyboy or sissymaid. I was quite embarrassed and I wasn't sure how to answer."

I couldn't hold my laughing, "Wow, she is not exactly politically correct our Erika. But on the other hand, probably she is right. Aren't you a boy in skirts? That somehow makes you a sissy for some. But not for me. I don't really like this word; it is a bit demeaning and there is nothing demeaning in my Mika. You simply follow your vocation."

I could tell, she liked what she just heard. She smiled happily and hugged me even stronger.

"She was quite particular how she wanted things done and she was on top of me all the time. A bit annoying actually, I couldn't work the way I'm used to."

"You better get used to that Mika dear, you are a cleaning lady and at the bottom of the pecking order, you have to be prepared to cope with the particularities and eccentricities of your employer. Your mantra should always be 'yes Sir, or 'yes Madam'."

I felt her stiffening from excitement, I was stirring her submissive genes again.

"I guess you are right Miss," she replied going back to the 'Miss' mode again.

"And she gave me some extra money, quite a generous sum indeed, so I can buy a new uniform to wear when I clean her place. She insisted that I

buy a black maid's dress, nothing fancy and with the hem below the knee." She continued in a more excited voice.

"I bet you loved that my pet," I said jokingly. "And a black dress too. She means business this lady."

"She said that the black dress is the standard outfit for a servant girl in Germany. With the addition of course of a proper and full white apron."

"There you are Mika dear, Ms. Erika read you like an open book. You are completely in your element here."

"I guess I am," she answered cautiously but I could tell that her excitement was mounting all the time. She loved that 'servant girl' status.

"Tomorrow we go shopping. We can go together to your favourite uniform shop so you can choose your black dress, only this one will not be any LBD but the one with white collar and piping." I said teasingly feeling her excitement getting stronger by the minute. And interestingly enough mine was too. I could feel a surge between my thighs. The whole conversation had an erotic effect on both of us.

"Yes, I'd love that," she whispered and gave me another hug.

"Ok my little sissyboy, I think I like calling you that on our intimate moments", I continued my teasing.

"Yes Madame," she replied coyly, "because if I'm your sissyboy you certainly are my Madame."

"Yes, I like that, I am your Madame and this is how you're going to address me from now on my sissy Mika. You can drop that silly 'Miss'." I whispered in a husky voice as I felt a thrill of excitement running up my spine.

That last phrase acted like the signal that sent us to another session of intense love making.

CHAPTER 10

Saturday Morning

First person narrative - Mika

I felt her hands cupping my breasts and her body pushing on me from behind as I was standing in front of the sink doing the dishes.

"We suppose to go shopping today. Have you forgotten missy?" Linda whispered in my ear as she playfully moved her tongue around sending a wave of shivers in my body.

"I'm finishing here Madame and then I'll go and change to my street clothes." I replied with excitement in my voice.

"I want you in pants today Mika, I'll prepare an outfit for you. Come in my bedroom when you finish here." She said summarily and left, making me feeling totally puzzled looking down at my rubber gloved hands and wet apron front.



Pants? What she meant by that? Does she want Mike back? I haven't worn pants since I became Mika on a full-time basis months ago. I got so much used in exposing my legs either naked or covered in stockings or tights that the whole idea sounded utterly absurd.

I finished my chores as quickly as possible removed my wet apron and literally run upstairs to the master bedroom.

Madame Linda was arranging some clothes on top of the bed and turning to me, a Cheshire cat grin on her face said, "Here is your outfit, black girly pants with a side zip, pale blue blouse with a low neckline and puffy short sleeves and two-inch black pumps."

"But why pants Madame? I never had pants on since I became Mika full time. I'll feel more vulnerable and probably more detectable as a male." I asked in a puzzled voice.

"This is going to be the ultimate test for you my dear. If you can go out wearing pants and pass successfully as a female, then your confidence will go up to a new level." She replied adding immediately, "And I bought for you a panty girdle from a 'special' shop for girls like you. It is very controlling and padded in the back!"

I looked more carefully this time at the items in display on top of the bed. Yes, I could see this particular garment that had been a dream for all cross

dressers over the years. It was cream colored and looked quite formidable.

As usually Madame Linda picked my thoughts and said mischievously, "The girdle will help you to tuck, pushing your balls gently back. Then you will have a girly crotch and no one could tell. Also, you need a panty liner inside for hygienic reasons. I left a pack for you in your bathroom."

"Wow, thank you Madame, another first for me," I answered excitedly, "I better go to my room and change."

"Yes, do that and I'll meet you downstairs in say 15 minutes? And please discreet makeup, I don't want a slutty appearance. You are my domestic today and I'll take you to the uniform shop for proper working clothes, so you must look the part."

"Yes, Madame," I answered with a small curtsy blushing as usually and feeling the familiar tickling in my stomach.

I was very self-conscious as we were walking in the middle of the pedestrianized 'High Street' heading for my preferred 'Workwear Solutions' shop that Madame Linda had never visit before.

I had now been endless times out in the streets as Mika, wearing a dress or a skirt and I had learnt to be comfortable about that. But today it was different. I felt different wearing pants portraying as a female. I started wiggling my considerably rounder bum thanks to the padded girdle, and walking in

smaller steps. I was so different that my Madame had noticed it.

“Well, I must admit Mika that I never saw you before displaying so many feminine traits and what is more important, displaying them in such a natural manner without any exaggeration, you seem very natural, I should have made you wear female pants long ago.”

“It is very reassuring what you say to me Madame, you make me feel more comfortable in my pants,” I whispered back “But we have to turn right here, the uniform shop is at the end of this small street.”

“Ok Mika, I haven’t been to that shop before, you usually go on your own to get your uniforms but this time, let me do the talking, I feel like acting as a proper employer to you.”

“Ok Ms. Caraway,” I answered with excitement shivers, “You are my employer anyway, I just want to remind you that Ms. Erika, wants me to get a black conservative dress and a white functionable apron.”

“I’m aware of that, thank you Mika,” she answered back in a haughty manner.

CHAPTER 11

Saturday morning,

First person narrative – Linda

It was amazing as I watched Mika walking next to me. Her movements were so naturally feminine. Her rounded enhanced bum, thanks to the padded girdle, was swaying and her bra straps were visible as her blouse was sliding over her shoulders. And the most unbelievable of all, she was taking small mincing steps as if an invisible narrow skirt was restricting her movements. I loved it!

And here I was walking totally relaxed next to her in a business pants suit taking my maid to be fitted in proper working clothes. The feeling of power and control I had over Mika was intoxicating at that moment and I loved it!

The uniform shop was much bigger than I thought. It had several sections like medical, protective garments, catering and hospitality-domestic. Of course Mika has been before in this shop and knew her way around. She pointed at the far end where I could read a large sign 'hospitality and domestic'.

We walked there as a youngish woman, clearly a sales person, approached us.

She quickly assessed both of us and addressed me, "How can I be of assistance Madam?" she asked.

"I need working outfits for my maid here; I need the more traditional and formal black dress for serving and something less formal for day wear and heavy housework." I said as I looked sideways to Mika who was already blushing but with eyes full of sparkling excitement.

"Of course Madam, I'll bring some dresses for you to see, I think medium might be the correct size for her," she said giving an appraisal look at Mika who was still blushing. She was embarrassed but excited as well, I could read her like an open book.

She was back shortly carrying an armful of clothes. I picked a black dress and passed it on to Mika, "Hold it please in front of you, let's see how it looks."

The sales lady helped her and I looked at the dress touching the material at the same time. It was a front zipped shirtwaist dress with white collar and white cuffs at the elbow long sleeves. The length was a couple on inches below the knee. It looked modest and elegant at the same time.

"Do you think this is what Frau Erika had in mind Mika?" I asked her.

"Yes Madame, I think it is. She wanted something formal but functional at the same time. And the length looks ok, she definitely asked me to get a dress with a below the knee length." Mika replied the blushing being more or less permanent on her face.

“And it is a 100% cotton and easy to maintain. It dries quickly and needs no ironing. And we have a white apron to go with it, either half or full with a bib.” The sales lady added.

“Frau Erika is one of Mika’s other employers; she cleans for her once a week.” I said looking at the sales lady and I think she asked for a full white apron to go with the dress. Isn’t that right Mika?” I added looking at my maid.

“Yes Madame, full white apron with a bib, this is what she asked me to get.”

“Good, that’s what I thought,” I’ll get two dresses please in medium size. And two white aprons, one full with a bib and the other half just for decoration when my maid waits on the table.” I smiled at the sales lady who smiled back at me seeing a large order on its way.

Mika looked at me slightly puzzled as she realized that I was getting a second black dress. I winked at her as the sales person passed me another dress.

“This Madam is a very popular day dress that maids wear for their daily chores. A very well-known chain of retro boutique hotels buys large quantities for their chambermaids. It has a slightly old-fashioned look and is made of very strong satiny cotton material. I brought my favorite color for you to see, a teal green. We have it also in pale blue and dark pink.”

I took the dress and as I started examine it as I heard Mika exclaiming in a husky almost masculine voice, "I love it Madame!"

I looked surprised at her and the sales lady did the same. At that moment I realized that Mika almost betrayed who she really was.

I pretended to ignore her exclamation and simply passed on the dress to her. "Keep it front of you please, let me see how it looks on you. Probably the kind lady here could help you," I calmly said as the sales person helped her to hold it in front of her.

The moment I saw the dress properly displayed I realized why she instantly fell in love with it. It was a button front A line dress falling just below her knees. The collar and the edge of the two front pockets and short sleeves were made of checked material of the same color.

I saw her eyes sparkling and, on an impulse, I said to her. "Go to the fitting room and try it on Mika, I want to see it properly on you.

"Yes Madame," she eagerly answered and went towards the fitting room pointed by the sales person.

She came back in a few minutes. The dress fitted well and she looked adorable as she was blushing all over again.

"There is a small half apron that goes with it, it is checked and has a fine frill all around. Here it is."

The sales person said as she handed the apron to Mika.

“Come on, put it on,” I said to her as she already started fasten it around her waist.

She did a symmetrical bow in the back and went to look at herself in the mirror.

“I like it Madame, it’s a nice and practical dress, very comfortable for housework.” She said with dreamy eyes. I could tell she adored the dress.

“Yes Mika, it looks good on you. We’ll take it as well,” I said looking at the sales person.

“Thank you Madame, I better go and change to my street clothes.”

And then I had this sudden thought, she should keep the dress on, she could wear it out. That would be humiliating for her but also exciting. It would be exciting for me anyway; I liked that idea, having Mika walking next to me in a maid’s dress.

“Keep the dress on Mika, it suits you so much. You can wear it out, just remove the apron.” I said in my non nonsense voice.

She looked at me incredulously, “Are you sure Madame? It is a uniform dress after all.” She hesitantly asked.

“So what. You’ve seen maids before walking the streets with or without their Mistress. Get used to it because I’ll send you out shopping in your uniform dress from now on. It is not a shame to be a domestic, it is a job like many others. You see nurses or

shopping girls going to work with their uniform on."

"Yes Madame," she answered as she lowered her eyes in a sign of agreement.

"Right, pick up the bags that the nice lady prepared and wait for me by the entrance."

She moved towards the entrance still mincing and still swaying her bum, not in such a pronounced way, the dress being more moderate than the tight pants she was wearing before.

As I was paying, the sales lady asked matter of factly, "It's probably impertinent for me to ask, but she is more than a maid to you, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is more than a maid to me," I replied in an even voice, "She is my sissy partner but she actually loves to work as a maid and cleaner. She goes out and clean other people houses three times a week."

"I thought that much. I saw her reaction when she laid eyes on the teal green dress, I detected the male on her then." She said smiling and then added, "Mind you, you are not the only one who brings a sissy partner or husband here to be fitted in a uniform. Over the years I saw quite a few cases like yours."

"Anyway, thank you for your help, I better go and rescue her, she seems uncomfortable waiting by the door. Bye for now."

“Bye Madam and please come again, or send Mika on her own, I’ll be here to assist her.”

CHAPTER 12

Saturday morning

First person narrative - Mika

I kept looking at my brand-new uniform dress as I was waiting by the shop entrance for my Madame to join me. I was touching it, feeling the hem caressing my legs, feeling my enhanced bum through the dress material. I was aroused but the tucking was preventing any inconveniences. I loved the slightly flared skirt and the nice contradiction of the checked material used for the collar and the edging of pockets and short sleeves. And my imminent exposure to the large public as a ‘uniformed maid’ was sending erotic shivers through my body.

All of a sudden, I felt my Madame next to me, “Come on Mika get the shopping bags, time to go to our next venture.”

“Which venture, where?” I asked impertinently.

“Don’t forget your place girl; you don’t wear this dress that you seem to love anyway, for nothing. Some respect please to your Madame that paid for all those goodies she just bought for you.” She said half-jokingly.

“I’m sorry Madame, you are right,” I replied equally jokingly executing at the same time a rather



comical small curtsey. With the side of my eye I saw the sales persons, standing a few meters away, giving me thumbs up.

“That’s better Mika,” my Madame said with a smile, winking at the same time towards the direction of the sales girl and added, “What I meant by next venture is going to the super market for the weekly shopping. I believe you have a list in your bag. That way we can cement to the public eye our Mistress and maid relation.”

I was really surprised now because I knew how much Linda hates super markets. All those months that we were living together she never joined me to ‘that mundane task’ as she was calling it. She was clearly inspired by my outfit this time. Out with the maid for the weekly shopping.

“How did you feel being in public in uniform Mika?” She asked me when we arrived back home nearly two hours later.

“It was a weird feeling Madame; I could feel people looking at me but I never got the impression that they could detect who I really and truly was, they were simply looking at another domestic doing shopping with her Mistress.”

“And did you enjoy that feeling? People looking down at you because you were just ‘another domestic’ as you put it?” My Madame persisted

“Yes Madame, I did,” I answered blushing, “You know me. The fact that I can feel on my skin that those people look at me and think ‘there she is,

another maid going around shopping with her Mistress', gives me... satisfaction, if I can use that word."

"It is more than satisfaction dear," my Madame chuckled, "I would call it a syndrome, a 'maid's syndrome'. I'm not a strong believer of past life or reincarnation but in your case I start believing that you must have been in your past life either a female servant or slave!"

"I agree!" I chuckled back, "I thought of that on several occasions and my question is where and in what historical period I was a slave or servant; in Ancient Greece or Rome, in the American South, in the Asian Far East? Sometimes I have dreams on that but they are confusing. I keep a record of the strongest ones."

"That's interesting. You should probably tell me about those dreams at one point." Then she looked at the shopping bags on the kitchen floor and said in an urgent manner, "But to come back on the mundane, you better put away all that shopping, in particular the perishable ones. Chop, chop Mika, put your new apron on, the one that matches your dress, and be a good maid again."

"Yes Madame," I smiled with a small curtsy, as I went to pick my new apron from one of the bags."

CHAPTER 13

Saturday night

First person narrative - Linda

"Tell me about your dreams Mika dear," I whispered in her ear as we were cuddling together after a long and exciting day for both of us.

"Ah my dreams!" Mika replied in a dreamy voice, "Well, my dreams are another whole world for me. They often are powerful and I keep a record in a small personal diary for the strongest of them."

"Yes, you mentioned that this afternoon and you said that sometimes you dream about being a slave back in historical times."

"Nothing ever is very clear but I always am a female slave and I always am in some sort of servant's role." Mika kept whispering to me as I was softly caressing her body through her light cotton nightie material. "There are some scary moments in the dream like when I am pushed in a dark dungeon, chained in the wall and then I wake up in a panic mode. I had that dream more than once. Probably I never mentioned that to you but I'm claustrophobic and being confined in a dark place is very scary for me."

"True, you never mentioned that, but it is fascinating how you dream about past times in such a strong way. My dreams are always contemporary like running at an airport to catch a plane already

being late and not able to find my passport. That's the scariest for me." I silently said chuckling.

"I have contemporary dreams as well, but during the past few months they all have to do with Mika and her endeavours. I never dream of Mike and his male life." Mika kept whispering.

"That's interesting too," I mused over, "You are such a unique case Mika dear, you are getting deeper and deeper into your female persona, even in your dreams. But tell me more. Can you define what you are wearing during those 'slave dreams'?"

"It's hard to tell again, it's blurry but I can tell that much; its simple clothes, like long dresses or a blouse and long skirt. The material must be coarse because I think in my dream that it irritates my skin. Unbelievable isn't it? And yes, something else," Mika continued in a louder voice now, "I wear a long half apron to protect the skirt and often I feel that there is a kerchief on my head."

"It definitely looks like a female servant's outfit, but it appears to be an 18th-19th century outfit rather than one that goes centuries back in time. Aprons were not common then. They appear in middle ages if I remember well." I said

"Yes, you are right Madame, that's why I thought that I could have been a slave in the American South just before the American civil war in the mid-19th century. The kerchief goes with that ser-

vant/slave look in the plantations of the Deep South." Mika replied excitedly.

"Yes, it does. But are you getting the feeling in your dreams that you could have been a black woman?"

"No, I don't, I never have a feeling of race but I recently had done a little google search and I was fascinated to find out that they were many white looking women that were slaves because they had a small percentage of black ancestry on them. They were called octoroons, like they were one-eighth or less black by descent. Some of them were blond with blue eyes. Amazing isn't it?"

"Amazing indeed my dear and you keep to amaze me with your dreams and discoveries. You are one of a kind Mika dear!" I said chuckling again.

"Thank you Madame, but it is because of you and your loving tolerance that I was able to turn into reality my longstanding dreams and proclivities. It is you that you allowed me to become what I am today, a constant maid and cleaner!"

"And eventually my constant slave dear," I murmured excitedly, "But don't worry, I'm not going to lock you in a dark dungeon, or chain you to a wall. I'm a tolerant Mistress as you said and I don't want my slave to suffer for no reason."

"I do belong to you Madame and you know that," Mika said with conviction in her voice. "So

that, literally speaking makes me your slave," she emotionally added.

"Yes darling Mika, and I can see how aroused you are by simply saying that you belong to me. And I am equally aroused because I like thinking of you as my slave and maid." I whispered as I started to lift her nightie, it was time to explore its other's body.

CHAPTER 14

Sunday midday

First person narrative - Mika

"I'm organizing a small dinner party on Friday, a dinner party with guests three ladies that you happen to know and you're going to serve." Linda said casually as we were eating a light lunch together.

"Oh, that sounds scary," I said but with excitement in my voice, "Are they the ladies I suspect? My three employers?" I asked innocently with a smile as I was sitting opposite her and for a change without a uniform on. I was simply her wife and partner today; usually that was the case on a Sunday.

"Yes dear, Jennifer Blackman, Tania Gonzalez and of course the formidable Frau Erika Klompe. They are looking forward to meet you on serving duty."

"I thought they were not aware that we live together. I remember you telling me that the other day."

"You are right in that dear Mika, initially they didn't know but they know now. I thought it would be easier and more honest to tell them the truth and what our relation really is."

"And what you had actually told them?" I asked full of curiosity.

"Well, I've told them very much the truth. That we are partners but you love housework and you love take up the role of a cleaner-maid and I am not the one to stop you. So, they now know that you are not a transitioning TG but a crossdresser with sissy tendencies as Frau Klompe predicted from the very beginning."

"I guess this is true but now that they know we are partners, I'll be very embarrassed to be a maid and serve you all at that dinner party on Friday." I anxiously said.

"Well, I think we reached the point that we should try and clear certain aspects on our relationship. It would help if we could put some parameters to where we stand with each other dear Mika. Don't you think so?" Linda said not maliciously but with a slight trace of irony in her voice.

"That worries me Madame," I cautiously replied calling her 'Madame' again. I realised and not for the first time, that she was holding all the cards and she could say things that would potentially endan-

ger our relationship. "What sort of parameters you are talking about?"

"We could get married for instance. That would be the most serious parameter," she chuckled mischievously.

I was totally taken by surprise. Did she really mean that or was she playing some sort of game?

"Do you really mean that Linda?" I asked with incredulity.

"Why you appear so surprised dear Mika? We live together, you act as my partner, wife or maid depending on the day and our whims and commitments and we love each other or at least I believe we do. So why not?"

"You know very well that I adore you and I would love to be your wife formally," I said with conviction blushing all over.

"And you can wear a nice wedding dress if you wish," Linda chuckled happily.

"Oh Linda, you make me so happy and excited!" I said as I stood and approached her for a hug.

"Now, now, don't get over excited dear, we have to plan it carefully and it is not something that will happen tomorrow, but at least we both agree to it."

"Yes, yes Linda," I replied and, on an impulse, I got down on my knees picked her hands and started kissing them, "Thank you for proposing me, I'll be a good wife and maid and always there to assist you in your career."

"I'm glad to hear that darling and speaking of your particular roles and personas I would like to set some rules that will make our lives simpler and less confusing in particular in the presence of other people."

"Please tell me what you have in mind Madame," I said becoming formal again.

"You see what I mean?" she exclaimed, "Since we started this conversation you called me sometimes Linda, sometimes Madame and quite often nothing at all. So, rule one is how you are going to address me from now on since I am many things to you as you are many things to me."

"I see what you mean," I murmured avoiding addressing her this time.

"So, when you are in a maid's uniform, I'm always Madame or Ms. Caraway for you and all other people present you call them accordingly as any maid would. Is that clear so far?"

"Yes," I simply replied with a cunning smile looking at my housedress and apron. I wasn't in a maid's uniform anyway.

She silently laughed, "Yes I can see you are not in a uniform but you still have an apron on, so you still are in an inferior position in our house pecking order, so I'm still Madame for you Missy," she added in a semi-joke manner.

“Yes Madame,” I answered also semi-jokingly giving a small curtsey at the same time as I was standing by her now.

“No curtseys please. You curtsey only when in uniform. Ok?”

I nodded as she continued, “But when you are not in uniform and you don’t have your apron on you are Mika my beloved partner and soon to be wife and I am Linda your other half and occasional employer.”

In a quick movement I untied my apron and threw it on a chair and said with a beaming smile, “There you are Linda, your Mika is here and you can hug her.”

She got up and gave me a tight hug and a long kiss and then whispered to me, “Yes, my Mika you are here in all your personas and capacities so put your apron back on please so that your Madame can explain to you how this dinner party is going to be organised next Friday and what she demands from you.”

I felt a jolt of excitement as I hastily tied my apron back. My Madame was back in action and ‘she demands from me’. Our moment of equality lasted for a few seconds!

“Well, first things first. You do have to go to work on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, your employers expect their apartment to be thoroughly cleaned, so Wednesday is a semi-free day so to speak and I’m booking you to the beauty salon for a

mini makeover; nothing dramatic, just have your hair done, a facial, a manicure-pedicure and a touching up of your semi-permanent makeup. You must look your best when you serve on Friday."

"Yes Madame, thank you for that," I answered in a coquettish manner removing some loose hair from my forehead, a move that made her smirk, "I need to do something with my hair it gets on my eyes all the time and disturbs me when I work and my hands are dirty. I hate to touch my face then."

"You could use a hairpin then, lots of working girls do that," she said smirking again. "But, let me explain to you the most serious part, let me explain what happens on Friday."

"Yes Madame," I said nearly curtsying again.

"I use caterers of course. We have a good firm that we hire for our work functions so they know me and they will give me a good discount. After all I am the one who hires them." She said in a self-satisfied smirk.

As I heard her talking, I realised that I was still standing playing with the edge of my apron. It never occurred to me to sit down and she never asked me to. A perfect picture of an employer and her 'hired help'.

"On Friday you have all day," she continued lecturing me, "So you concentrate on cleaning and preparing the living-dining areas. You thorough clean also the guests' WC, and of course the kitchen should be spick and span. Then you set the table for

four in the dining room. By five o'clock you should be ready, dressed in your black uniform dress and the white half apron. I'll be coming back at about six and about this time the caterers will bring the food with instructions how to prepare it and keep it hot. Our guests will arrive any time after seven and you will welcome them with a chilled glass of prosecco upon arrival. A small curtsey is advisable. Is it clear so far?"

"Yes Madame but I have a couple of practical questions," I replied in an excited voice, "How our guests are going to be served and what will be my role?"

"Yes, it's simpler to have a buffet and our guests will serve themselves but you will be in attendance all the time to assist to anything required. Make sure that the wine glasses are always full, remove used plates, anything else that is needed. You will have to use your common sense; you are a clever enough girl and of course I'll be watching you and ask you to do things as well. It will be a new experience for you my dear."

"It will be indeed; another experience to add on my CV as a domestic Madame," I added mischievously.

"Yes dear, you are certainly going to widen your experience in that sense. Serving and table attendance are essential parts for any qualified servant," my Madame added in an equally mischievous tone of voice.

“You can remove again your apron and come and sit on my lap,” she cunningly smiled touching her knee. “We are both sexually charged and I want my Mika close to me and you can hug and kiss your Linda.”

“Yes of course, I’d love that!” I said as I hastily untied my apron throwing it on the back of a chair, “I do want to kiss and hug my Linda and probably we can continue our encounters on your nice king size bed upstairs.”

CHAPTER 15

Friday evening – dinner party

First person narrative - Linda

I checked the car clock as I was parking in our garage; it was 5.45 in the afternoon. I was more than certain that Mika must have been aware of my arrival so I decided to ring the front door bell. I was dying to see her in the formal black and white maid’s uniform answering the door.

And indeed in a few seconds the door opened and a blushing maid dressed in the traditional black and white welcomed me in.

“Welcome home Madame,” she said in a higher than usual pitch trying to sound more feminine.

I looked carefully at her as she let me in. She was impeccably dressed and made up; nothing extreme or slutty, just the right amount of everything for her



position. The dress was modest, it's hemline a few inches below the knee, the small half apron with its delicate broderie anglaise trim was perfectly ironed and white, the fine denier black pantyhose was sheer and the black court shoes had moderate two-inch block heels.

"You look great Mika; this uniform certainly suits you. You seem very comfortable and relaxed as if you belong to it." I said appraisingly.

"Thank you Madame, I appreciate your positive comments. It is true, I feel very natural wearing that uniform, it makes me feel that I belong to it as you just mentioned," she replied with a small curtsy her eyes having this unusual strong shine. I could tell she was high in her own controlled way.

"Right, I'll have a quick inspection before I go upstairs to change and freshen up." I announced as I started walking around the living and dining room. I checked the WC carefully and then moved to the kitchen. Mika was following behind ready to explain if asked. But everything seemed perfectly clean and properly arranged so I simply turned and added, "Just perfect, you did a great job, see you in a few minutes and if the bell rings it will be the caterers, so please let them in and I'll be down by then."

"Thank you Madame," she replied, but I was already climbing the stairs fast. I had only a few minutes to get ready.

When I came down the caterers were already there carrying the food in the kitchen.

I knew their head chef Mark who was one of the three people delivering.

I started talking to him as Mika was standing discreetly behind me, "I'm glad you were able to come today Mark, you are the best to explain how to handle and prepare the serving. Mika behind me is my maid and she is doing the serving tonight."

"Hello Miss Linda, glad to see you again and glad to meet you Mika," Mark said casually and started explaining how to handle the food they were bringing in.

Within half an hour everything was in position. They were very professional and Mark's explanations were to the point.

They left after six thirty and I sent Mika to the kitchen to prepare the glasses and pour the chilled prosecco.

At 7.05 the front door bell rung, the first guest was here. I motioned to Mika who rushed to the door to open. With German punctuality, Frau Klompe was standing by the door.

"Good evening Frau Klompe, please come in," Mika said and moved backwards to let her in.

"Good evening to you Mika, you look very proper tonight, the perfect *'dienstmädchen*. Your dress is similar to the one you wear at my house, have you got two?"

“Yes Frau Klompe, I bought them the same day; Miss Linda liked it so much that she asked me to get one for this house as well.” Mika replied with a small curtsy.

“Good evening Erika, I’m glad you approve of my maid’s dress and of course I’m delighted that you were able to come. Please join me to the living room; would you like a glass of chilled prosecco?” I warmly welcomed her.

“Yes, that would be lovely, thank you,” she said as I made a sign to Mika to bring two glasses of prosecco.

She came back carrying a tray of two glasses and a plate of finger food. She was very careful as she offered the glasses to Erika and me. I motioned to her to leave the finger food plate at the small table.

“Thank you Mika,” we both said in unison and then turned and started happily chatting ignoring her. At this moment I understood how she felt, the invisible maid who is there just to serve, and I had a feeling that she immensely enjoyed that role; I could see it in her gleaming eyes.

Within the next few minutes, the other two ladies, Jennifer Blackman and Tania Gonzalez have arrived and we all settled in the living room chatting amicably.

Mika served them drinks as well and was standing by the corner hands in front of her apron waiting for further orders. I could tell that her ears were

'extended', she was trying to catch parts of the conversation but I didn't give her that chance.

"That will be all Mika, I'll call you when we are ready to move to the dining room. Make sure that the food stays warm and fresh. And also keep the plates warm."

"Yes Madame," she answered politely with a hint of a smile and a quick curtsey. Then she turned and disappeared inside the kitchen.

I could see all eyes were at her as she gingerly walked back. And I could sense of course that they were dying to talk about her.

I raised my glass and toasted them with a smile, "I'm so glad you were all able to come. I must say that if it wasn't for Mika, we wouldn't be here tonight but this is a great chance for all of us to get acquainted, we all work at the same company after all."

Erika Klompe was the first to engage in the conversation I just started by saying in no uncertain terms in her 'brutal' Germanic way, "I knew from the very first moment I set eyes on Mika that she is a '*Schürzen Syndrom*' case."

"I'm afraid, you lost us here Erika," I said looking meaningfully at the other two. "It's all too German for us."

"I'm sorry, I tend to be too pedantic at times," she replied apologetically, "It means, 'Apron Syndrome' and it is something that I came across when

I did my first degree in Germany in social anthropology. I came across cases of young boys fascinated by their mother's or maid's apron. The result was that they were often identifying themselves with the mother or the maid and everything that goes with their daily life like housework, cooking, ironing and every other aspect of what is still known as a 'woman's work'."

"It is the most scientific approach I ever heard for someone I would call a submissive cross-dresser, I call it a 'maid's syndrome' myself," I replied in an equally brutal manner; I had nothing to hide from those women.

"I'm a bit disappointed that Mika is not a transgender person, not yet anyway," Tania spoke for the first time. "I have a soft point for TGs, I've already mentioned to Mika that I have a TG cousin who went all the way and is a proud woman now. But on the other hand, I totally respect her choices in life; she is an adult who can freely decide which way to go."

"Indeed she is," I emphatically said, "What you see in Mika and how she acts and behaves is of her own making. Somehow, we managed to find a balance in our relationship, a balance that is acceptable by both of us."

At that point Jennifer Blackman spoke for the first time, "It is fascinating what you all say about Mika and her behaviour but for me she is just what she appears to be, just a maid-cleaning lady. If she

enjoys doing it, so much the better because she is doing her job with diligence and commitment. Probably she had already mentioned to you Linda that I started calling her Rosa because she reminds me so much of my previous maid. The one I grew up with. She was the maid in my parents' house and then became my cleaning lady."

"Yes, she mentioned that and she was very intrigued. In fact, she liked to be called Rosa and to wear your previous maid's old uniform; she said she felt freer that way, like escaping from her Mika persona to another level." I chuckled as I said that, "Gosh, sometime I wonder about the complexities of the human character."

Erika who clearly liked to deepen into psychological matters added, "You can say that Linda dear, we all have our particularities and peculiarities real or imaginative, hidden or out in the open."

"You are absolutely right Erika, human nature had always been a big enigma, but to move to more mundane matters, you ladies must be getting hungry," I said looking at the clock in the opposite wall. "We probably could move to the dining room. There is an open buffet and you can help yourselves. Mika is ready to take care of us."

CHAPTER 16

Dinner party

First person narrative – Mika

I moved fast from the kitchen door where I was standing hidden, trying to catch parts of the conversation. Isn't that what maids do? I was thinking amused, when I heard the ladies standing and Linda guiding them towards the dining room.

Then I heard her voice, "Mika come and stand by the buffet, we are about to be served."

"Yes Madame," I answered and rushed towards the dining room. The ladies were going to serve themselves and I would be responsible for the wine.

As I was standing in attendance at the nearest to the buffet corner with my hands folded in front of my apron I was secretly smiling because one of the few things I've managed to hear was what Erika Klompe said with her booming voice about my so called 'apron syndrome'. Wasn't that an exaggeration? Ok, I loved my aprons and yes, they were very much a part of my 'Mika persona', but a syndrome?

"Wine please Mika," I heard my Madame's voice as the ladies were taking their seats around the table.

Holding two bottles of wine, a red merlot and a white sauvignon blanc wrapped in a white damask

serviette I started moving around the table feeling like a proper waitress. My major concern was not to spill any wine and I managed quite well because all of them praised me for my skills.

"Thank you Mika, you seem to be a very competent waitress, I didn't know that you had such skills. Have you done some waitressing before?" my Madame asked genuinely surprised.

"Yes Madame, before I met you, I did some waitressing when I was in college for pocket money. I had to follow a course at the time. Learning to pour wine was the hardest as I recall." I said gingerly remembering that I was a young guy called Mike at the time.

"Many secret talents your Mika has," Erika Klompe added and the merlot tastes superb."

"So is the sauvignon; and the food is superb, the other two added. Those caterers are excellent. Did you just mention Linda that our company uses them?"

"Yes, their chef Mark is very talented; I had a chat with him earlier when they brought the food." Linda replied.

Nearly an hour later I started clearing the table removing the plates. I was quite hungry by then watching them all eating with gusto and Linda must have sensed it because she said, "Get a plate and have something to eat Mika you must be starving by now. After finishing eating you can serve the dessert. That will give us time to digest our meal."

“Yes Madame,” I eagerly answered, “You are right, I’m a bit hungry by now.”

I filled a plate from the buffet and took myself to the kitchen where I ate sitting in the kitchen table, feeling more than ever my maid’s position. The ladies in the dining room digesting and the maid in the kitchen eating the leftovers. I smiled as I realised that the leftovers in my occasion were very sufficient and extremely tasty.

It took them another hour to finish the dessert as I kept filling their glasses with wine. I could tell that they all had a good time and they all looked tipsy, I could tell from their shrieks and slightly distorted voices.

I made some coffee that I served it in the living room where they all adjourned. I could see how badly they needed that coffee.

As I was about to return to my corner waiting for further instructions my Madame turning to me said, “Why don’t you join us Mika with a cup of coffee, I’m sure that the ladies would love to chat with you person to person outside the formalities of your position.”

Before I had the chance to answer she added chuckling, “I’ll tell you what Mika, remove your apron and cap before you join us with your coffee and then our agreement is valid. Remember it? When out of apron, we are equal partners.”

I could see the surprise on their faces when they heard Linda's request but I could also sense a certain amount of intrigue.

I felt somehow awkward as I joined them with a hot mug of coffee in my hands. I sat at the edge of a chair facing them all and I smiled without really knowing what to say.

Erika Klompe was the first one to speak, "Your black dress looks very smart on you dear Mika. If it wasn't for the white collar and piping around the sleeves it could easily be the 'LBD' that every woman should have in her wardrobe."

"And with the addition of a simple pearl necklace you would look quite elegant," Jennifer Blackman added.

"Thank you both, you are very kind," I said slightly blushing.

"So, how this works?" Tania asked this time looking at Linda and me, "I mean, we know that you are partners soon to be married, but isn't it a bit theatrical this on and off apron business? One moment the 'Yes Madame,' and the next 'Linda darling'?" she continued with a certain sarcasm in her voice.

Linda looked meaningfully at me, "Do you want to answer this Mika darling?"

That was a very much to the point and hard to answer question. I thought that the least I could do was to be myself and as honest as possible. Nothing

to hide from those ladies anymore. I felt like I was in the middle of a psychodrama therapy session.

“What can I say,” I started with a slightly resigned tone of voice, “I love my skirts and dresses and I love housework and everything that goes with what used to be called ‘woman’s work’. If you put them together you have what you see in front of you. You see Mika the maid or Mika the housewife or Mika the partner to Linda. For as long as Linda accepts me in those roles, I’m happy and ready to continue to that road however mundane might seem to you.”

“I guess it is a matter of balance the give and take in a relationship,” Linda continued picking the conversation from where I left it, “My Mika is happy in the roles as she described them and I enjoy our FLR relationship.”

She stopped and looked first at me and then at the three ladies who were very focused in what appeared to be a ‘public confession’ from both Linda and me.

“I don’t know how you ladies feel,” she continued, her clever eyes sparkling, “but I must add here that I’m tremendously relieved that I’m in a relationship with a very special man and not with a typical macho Alpha male who constantly needs a boost of his ego. My Mika is the exact opposite; she keeps her ego, because all humans have one after all, well covered under her dresses and aprons.”

"You are both very candid describing your way of living. I'm fascinated hearing all this." Erika Klompe said in her distinctive accented voice.

"I am a feminist myself and I hate to see women being physically or emotionally abused but, in your case, I admire you both for your purely concessional relationship.

I'm still surprised that Mika is not a committed TG person but who am I to tell her what to do and how she feels." Tania Gonzalez said and then added with a chuckle, looking at me, "for as long as you come once a week to clean my house and take care of my cat, I'm quite happy Mika."

"Of course, I'll continue coming and I quite like your snow white, she is a gentle animal though she does leave a lot of fur around." I said smiling.

"I love to hear all that and I admire both of you for your honesty but in my case, I see Mika as my cleaner and nothing more," Jennifer Blackman said looking at me rather disapprovingly as if I shouldn't be there conversing with the ladies.

"So, as Tania just mentioned I am happy to continue having you Mika as my cleaner and maid and keep calling you Rosa, if you don't mind" she added with a chuckle.

We all laughed at that and I simply said, "Of course Miss Jennifer, I have no problem being Rosa for you, after all I wear her old uniforms when I clean for you."

"It's amazing," Erika interfered again, "Our approaches on Mika are so different and yet they all appear to be valid. Tania sees a potential TG, Jennifer her old maid Rosa and I simply see a sissy effeminate boy-girl who loves her dresses and aprons and adores being a maid and cleaner."

Linda still laughing decided that it was time to conclude the 'Mika conversation', "I love your thoughts and ideas dear ladies but I think that we shouldn't keep Mika any longer, plenty for her to do in the kitchen, after all she is a real life maid and not a fantasy one, and she has to deal with a monstrous washing up."

Then turning to me said in a semi-strict voice, "Ok dear, back to the kitchen, apron on and continue with your maid's duties."

"Yes Madame," I said smiling mischievously as I stood and curtsied in a slightly comical manner.

As I was walking back to the kitchen, ears extended, I heard Erika's laughing voice, "Your Mika is quite a character Linda, I wish I had a partner like her.

"And if you ask my opinion, I agree more with you dear Erika on my Mika. She certainly has an 'apron syndrome' and she is not, until now that is, a TG person."

And I had to agree with my Madame; I had no desire to go down the TG road but I had a desire, getting stronger by the day, to continue living the life of a female and a humble one for that matter.

Those were my thoughts as I tied my apron, put my rubber gloves on and started to organise the dirty pots and pans in the sink.

CHAPTER 17

First person narrative – Mika

“Have you ever heard of a retro boutique hotel called ‘*THE TREE OF LIFE*’?” Linda asked me as we were sitting around the kitchen table spending ‘quality time’ together.

“No, I don’t think so, the name though rings a bell, was it in the news lately?” I replied intrigued. I knew Linda by now, she wouldn’t bring a topic up unless there was a good reason.

“You are right; it won an environmental award recently, as an energy sufficient small building. It is within the city’s limits; probably 20 min drive from here.” She continued meaningfully.

“But why you tell me all this Linda? Is there a hidden agenda behind it?” I asked mischievously.

“It is, it is my clever Mika,” she smugly replied, “Remember the sales lady who was serving us the other day in the uniform shop where we bought your latest dresses and aprons?”

“Of course I do, she was very helpful and now that you mention it I remember her saying that the old fashioned looking green teal dress, the one I adored and thank you for buying it for me, was

very popular among some retro boutique hotels. What about her though?"

"Well," Linda continued excited, "That lady, Adele is her name, called me to say that 'THE TREE OF LIFE' is looking for a part time weekend chambermaid, a girl that could work 4 hours on Saturday and 4 on Sunday, between 10am and 2pm and she thought you would be perfect for that position. You see, she still remembers how much you loved the old-fashioned uniform. Are you interested?"

"Wow, this sound awesome," I exclaimed as my excitement lights started flickering, "Of course I'm interested, but that means that we won't be able to be together during the weekend."

"It's not exactly like that; you will be away for 5 hours on Saturday and Sunday including the driving there and back, We'll be doing things together in the afternoon on both days. Being a hotel maid can be a demanding job so I'll have to pamper you when you will be back."

"I'm fascinated by the work the hotel maids are doing, I've been watching them whenever I had the chance but I'm not at all experienced in that sort of work, I would need some coaching."

"Adele already mentioned that to me; a new maid is working during the first two shifts next to an experienced one," Linda said casually, "And knowing you and your enthusiasm about any kind of cleaning, you will learn very fast," she added.

And then she continued as if she remembered something truly important, "And of course you will be able to wear the old-fashioned uniform you love. The hotel will provide one for you!"

"How can I refuse such an offer," I replied excited, adding with a smug look on my face, "especially if it sponsored by you, my prime employer."

"Go for it then!" Linda exclaimed with excitement in her voice, "I'll call Adele to ask her what sort of paper work is needed and whom you should contact. Of course, you will be employed as a TG person in transition so you will have nothing to hide."

"I'm so much a TG in transition those days that I'll believe it at the end," I said half-jokingly."

"It makes it easier for everybody concerned and it will reflect positively for the hotel. It is so politically correct those days to support minority groups at work environment and either you want it or not you belong to a minority group my Mika." Linda said with a chuckle.

"I guess I do," I replied sceptically as I looked down at my modest jean skirt.

CHAPTER 18 - EPILOGUE

"I can see you love your uniform Mika; you always check your appearance in a mirror whenever you have a chance," my new colleague Marta said to me as we were pushing together the housekeeping cart in the hotel cor-

ridor. "I can't say that for myself though, it's a nice old-fashioned dress but I'd rather be in my jeans and A T-shirt. I find the uniform demeaning if you understand what I mean."

"Yes, I understand how you feel," I replied to my Latina colleague, "But I still love it, it's very 50s and I love the clothes of that period."

"Plus, you are a TG person and it is still a novelty for you to try and be as feminine as possible. Personally, I would prefer to have been born a male. Where I come from females are very much second-class citizens." She added with a chuckle.

Then she looked at her cheap wrist watch and said, "But we better concentrate on our work now, we have ten rooms to prepare in less than two hours, about ten to twelve minutes per room. So be careful and watch me as we work together. Next weekend you will be on your own."

"Yes Marta, I'll be watching you very carefully," I eagerly replied, "I rely on you to learn how the job is done. I know now how to make a bed and prepare the room but I still have to learn how to properly clean and sanitize the bathroom."

She was right of course; everything was a novelty to me. Not only the uniform but all the tasks I had to learn and all the interaction I was obliged to have with the staff and the hotel guests. I was on constant 'alert mode'.

I was exhausted when I was back home several hours later. Linda noticed that immediately and

she did pamper me. She even offered to make dinner that Sunday evening. I've forgotten how well she could cook if she felt like it.

It was my first weekend working as chambermaid at the 'TREELINE BOUTIQUE HOTEL' so Linda was full of questions.

I told her about my Latina 'trainer' Marta who was very good at her work but not at all happy having to wear a housekeeping uniform and about the friendly manager, Mr Freddie as we should call him us maids.

"They are aware of course that you are a TG," Linda asked casually.

"Yes, all the staff is informed and Mr. Freddie has been particularly understanding making it clear that they all should be kind to me."

"I'm not surprised, that's the hotel policy towards the minority groups, it is the 'politically correct way' at the moment." Linda chuckled.

"I'm glad for that, it makes my life a lot easier though I must tell you that Marta found amusing the fact that I was so keen to wear the vintage hotel uniform. She said that she would prefer something more practical like pants and a top, some sort of unisex outfit."

"And I'm certain you found that totally appalling," Linda said laughing.

"Of course I did, you know me well enough to say that. But apart from that Marta is an excellent

'housekeeping coach'; she pointed out to me methods of work that I would never think of using when cleaning houses."

"I'm glad you are learning new cleaning practices, you can add that to your professional CV," she remarked ironically. "Next time I'll probably hire you as an office cleaner in our firm. No vintage uniform there I'm afraid, just a plain and cheap polycotton dress covered by a work tabard with a large front pocket. That will add another star in your CV," she teasingly added.

Another exciting prospect I thought, an office cleaner? Linda is so good; she knows how to tease me by pressing the right buttons.

We soon finished eating and we both were a bit tipsy since we managed to polish nearly two bottles of wine.

I started getting up in order to collect the dishes but she stopped me with her hand.

"Sit down Mika, let's finish that bottle of wine and let's chat a bit more." She nearly ordered me.

"Yes Madame," I answered remembering my subordinate role.

"Are you prepared to marry me Mika? Are you ready to be my lawfully wedded wife?" Linda asked suddenly her eyes sparkling with excitement.

I was taken aback by her sudden question. We've talked about getting married before but I

wasn't expecting it so soon. And to be 'the lawfully wedded wife?'

"Wow! You never stop to amaze me Linda, my Madame Linda to be more precise," I managed to answer in a cracked voice. "You know that this is my ultimate dream, to be your lawfully wedded wife. I certainly accept it and I'm grateful to you for proposing me."

"Come and kneel here in front of me please," she asked in a soft voice.

I instantly obeyed. As I stood up from my chair, I automatically straightened the skirt of my 50s house frock and then I kneeled and looked expectantly at her.

She caressed my hair and said softly, "Next Wednesday we'll go to a special shop and order your wedding dress. You want to wear one don't you Mika?" She teasingly asked.

"Of course I do Linda, you know that," I eagerly replied, "But how about you? Are we both going to be dressed as brides?"

"Indeed we are! We'll be both looking gorgeous in our white dresses and veils. It will be so cool when we lift our veils in order to kiss each other."

"And who is the priest who would accept that?" I impertinently asked.

"Don't worry about that Mika, I have a good contact in the LGBTQ community. He will organise everything. We might not be, strictly speaking, L,

G, B or T but we certainly are Q which stands for Queer or Questioning. We are still both searching for our sexual orientation and questioning lots of things, especially now that old fashioned stereotypes are collapsing around us."

"And the good thing is that we're searching happily together my sweet Madame," I said looking at her with eyes full of devotion.

She gave another pat on the head, "You can clear the table now and you can do the dishes, time to put your apron back on Mika dear." She said as I started getting up.

I nearly gave a curtsy but I stopped as I remembered that this could happen only when in uniform. So, I simply said a 'yes Madame' as I started to collect the dishes.

A few minutes later as I was doing the dishes in front of the sink with my rubber gloves and work apron on I couldn't stop thinking that the path that I chose to follow with Linda's warm encouragement brought back in memory the film based on the John Le Carré novel 'The Constant Gardener'. At that moment I very strongly felt like 'MIKA, THE CONSTANT CLEANER'!

THE END