

READ THE FINE PRINT

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Jaden Eddie Smith had just graduated from high school, eighteen years old with few prospects. His grades were just high enough for him to graduate, of slightly below average height and weight, few friends and tolerable family life. College was not even a consideration but community college available. Coming from a lower middle-class life style and parents who argued constantly, wanted to get away. With that thought in mind and limited resources, applied to several community colleges in other cities. He was accepted by all of them.

Only one stood out as it offered a full scholarship, Booker Community College. Jaden was smart enough to know that when something was offered “free” there was usually a catch to it. In this case there were a few problems with it. The scholarship would be available only if he took their Hotel Services course. According to Booker, that program was subsidized by various hotel services companies. Jaden would have to sign a one-year contract with the sponsoring company if he accepted. The other problem was that it was a one-year course. Six months training and six months on the job experience. Being only one-year and guaranteed job really wasn’t a problem for him. Jaden figured the course would get him into hotel management but unsure if that’s what he wanted. Still, a scholarship was better than no scholarship.

“I don’t have the funds to cover the costs of a dorm and tuition at these other schools without lots of student loans. I could get a Sallie Mae but they charge over ten percent interest. Whatever job I do manage to get, will take me forever to pay off. Before I decide, I think I’ll see if I can talk to the manager of the Hilton down town. Maybe he can give me an idea of what to expect,” he thought.

When he met the manager, Mr. Jones, at the Hilton was told that the hospitality business was booming and an excellent way to get job advancement. Getting his Associate of Arts Degree in that field would be a definite plus but not necessary. However, he did mention that to get into management meant starting at the beginning and working long hours. Jaden left that meeting feeling much better about accepting that scholarship.

“Just expect to be working the worst hours and most menial jobs for at least a year. Being in this business requires dedication and most of all perseverance. Beginning at the bottom is a test to see if that employee has the desire and dedication to be advanced,” Mr. Jones had told him.

As soon as he got home, opened his laptop and began downloading Booker enrollment documents. Those documents included a one-year contract to work for Environmental Services LLC. Jaden should have stopped there and checked out that company and read the contract but didn’t bother. His first class stated the first week of June and he was in a hurry. Electronically signing all the documents, Jaden felt relieved as he hit enter.

“Great, that’s done and now all I have to do is get packed and check out the bus schedule. School starts in one week and having to only go a year, a big savings. Now I won’t need any student loans,” he happily thought.

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It wasn't until Jaden was on the bus that he bothered to check his course schedule.

June 8

Introduction to Hotel Services 9:00 a.m.

Personal Grooming and Behavior 10:00 a.m.

Psychology of the workplace 11:00 a.m.

Practical Instruction 1:00 p.m. – 3:00 p.m.

June 9

Practical Instruction 8:00 a.m. – 3:00 p.m.

June 7

Graduation Ceremonies 9:00 a.m.

Meeting your employer 10:00 a.m.

Note: Failure to complete the course or fulfill your contractual agreement.

You will be held liable for all costs incurred for this course, even if unattended, plus damages from sponsoring company. Those company damages are specified in your specific contracts. You have three days from date of application to cancel all classes and specific contract without penalty.

At the end of your contract period, Brooker Community College will issue you an Associate of Arts Degree.

"Damn, I should have checked this out much sooner. No chance of backing out now but at least I'll get that AA Degree. Mr. Jones said that would be an advantage. Still, if I don't like it then I'm stuck with a bigger liability than if I took out student loans. I'd better read that contract I signed though," he thought opening that document.

As Jaden began reading the contract paled. Environmental Services LLC supplied maids to the hospitality industry. He would be hired as a maid! Worse, if he failed to do so faced a \$35,000 penalty. The equivalent of one-years' salary. Plus, he would have to reimburse the company for the costs of uniforms furnished while attending classes.

"Ohhhmyyyygaud, what the fuck have I done!" his mind screamed as his eyes rolled back up into his head.

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Jaden got out of the cab and collected his suitcases at the address given to him by the college's student housing office. By now it was early evening and he was exhausted. Looking at it he was surprised. It was obviously a two-story brick and wood framed older motel. There was even a small kidney shaped swimming pool with green scum floating on the surface. He looked down to double check the address and this was the place. Leaving his luggage by the door, entered the office. It was typical looking for a low-price motel. The office contained a worn green leather couch with chromed arms, side table, worn linoleum flooring and rack of advertising pamphlets. The stale smells he expected weren't there. Instead a slightly floral scent was in the air. As the bell over the door finished dinging, a middle-aged Spanish woman walked up to the counter.

"May I help you? You do know this is not an operating motel, don't you?" she said in accented English.

"I...I was instructed to come here by..by Booker's student housing. This the right place?" he asked bewildered.

"Si, this is it bu...but yo..you're a man," she replied looking perplexed.

"Ye...yeah, I am," he stammered opening his laptop and showing her his acceptance letter.

"Madre Dios, this most unusual. Please forgive but I must get Senora Jefferson. She supervisor of dorm and will have to handle this," she said turning and leaving.

***"What the?"* he thought confused.**

Mrs. Jefferson was a full-figured woman of color with close cropped graying hair and not looking happy as she entered.

"What's the meaning of this? From what Gracie tells me you're a new student at Booker's. This dormitory is reserved for student's enrolled in their Hotel Services program. Let me see your paperwork so I can find out who the idiot is that sent you here," she demanded.

Jaden pulled up the school file and handed it to her intimidated by the woman. He started to say something but was stopped as she held up her hand indicating quiet. She quickly scanned the documents, let out a loud huff and snort.

"So, you want to be a maid, do you? Never had no male volunteer for that kind of profession. Is that true?" she demanded.

"We...well sort of....I...I errr....I thought..I..I was enrolling..in..a hotel management course," he sputtered.

"Management course! Ha! Didn't you read that friggin contract? It's plain enough that you'll be working as a maid. Environmental Services no less! Shit! I worked for them for twenty-five backbreaking years. No way they'd let a man work for them. Jaden Eddie Smith, no wonder they signed the contract too. Thought you were a female is my guess. It's late and nothing I can do about it now. Gracie what room you assigned Miss. Jaden Eddie Smith too? One oh six, got a roommate designated yet?"

"I have Tanisha White as the roommate," Gracie replied. "She hasn't checked in yet though."

"Crap!" Mrs. Jefferson yelled. "Well assign her a new room then. We can't have these two sharing a room."

"Can't do that. All the rooms are filled unless we put a cot in two oh one. It'll be a tight fit but it's the largest," Gracie replied.

Alright, put her in there until we can figure something out. If Miss. White bitches, tell her it's her fault for being the last one checking in," Mrs. Jefferson answered.

"Doan think I'd like that. I'd told I'd bees sharing a room wit jest one other girl," a tall ebony black girl said standing in the doorway.

"Miss. White? Well something has come up unexpected and you're the last to check in. Seems Mr. Jaden Eddie Smith here has enrolled to become a maid. Until I can get things straightened out with admin, I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with it."

"Ya think that prissy white boy gonna mess wid me? The only reason I be late is I had to say bye ta my man, Darius. He be ten times da man than dis wimp. Sides as long as I gets my own bed, doan give a damn. N if he try anythin' wid me, I'll have Darius rip his balls off," Tanisha replied glaring at Jaden.

"Most irregular but what the fuck. It's after eight and too late to do anything else. You

two will have to make the best of it for now. Miss. White check in with Gracie; then move in, room one oh six. Miss. Smith follow me,” she said her voice dripping sarcasm grabbing a key from a small cabinet.

Jaden was blushing scarlet as he followed her out the office. *“I’ve always hated my name and has caused me grief all my life. Now this woman is giving me shit too plus, I’ve got a really scary roommate,”* he thought picking up two of his suitcases.

“Here, let me get that one,” Mrs. Jefferson said picking up the largest and heaviest one as if it were nothing. He was amazed at how easily and effortlessly she picked up that suitcase. It had taken most of his strength just to lift it.

Room one oh six was like most dorm rooms. Two twin beds on opposite walls, two small bookcases, bedside table and lamp. Between the beds ran a study shelf desk with two straight backed chairs and lamps. Stacked on the beds were several boxes.

“Until I can figure this out, this is your room. Them boxes sitting on the beds be your and Miss. White’s uniforms. Whichever one has your name on it, that’s your bed. You have orientation tomorrow morning and the uniform is required, no exceptions. They had your height and weight and those uniforms are pretty standard. So, doan come runnin’ to me if you have a problem. You have yourself to blame and that contact is solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Be in uniform and in the dinning room no later than 7:00 a.m. for inspection and breakfast. The kitchen shuts down promptly at 8:00 and It’s behind the office. Once you get settled, you best read the fine print in that contract. You’ll be held fully accountable come morning,” she stated, turned on her heels and left in a huff.

“Crap! I’m in some serious shit here. That Miss. White looks like she could break me in half all by herself. Guess I’d better unpack first,” he thought opening a suitcase.

Just as he bent to grab some clothing, the front door banged open. “If I were you, I’d get my ass into the bathroom fore my Darius comes in wid my stuff,” Tanisha said.

Scared at the very thought, Jaden did as she suggested. As he shut the door, heard a deep male voice say, “Where ya wan dis stuff baby.”

Jaden sat on the commode lid listening to the noises coming from the bedroom. At first it was just the shuffling and movement of boxes; then some muffled talking soon followed by the squeaking of bedsprings. He did his best to shut out the noises by covering his ears. It wasn’t enough to silence the “Oh fuck me baby,” “harder baby, harder,” and “I’m coming.” It wasn’t until he heard the front door shut that he dared to poke his head out of the bathroom.

Looking around he saw Tanisha pulling on a red satin hipster robe. The robe did little to hide her womanly features. She saw him and smiled broadly. “Come on out pansy. I done send him off happy. Won’t be back til next Friday ta pick me up. Hope ya doan mind but we used your bed. Mine done have all dem boxes on it. Now I gatta use dat room ta clean up. Dat is less ya wanna do it for me,” she said with a quirky smile and her douche kit in hand.

Jaden almost lost it then and there but with a loud gulp, rushed over to his bed. There was no mistaking the large wet spot in the center of his bottom sheet. Gulping again, went over to the small closet and tried to find some clean sheets. There weren’t any.

“Tanisha are there any clean sheets in the closet there?” he tentatively asked as the commode flushed.

“We may be maids but I sure aint yours. Go look for yerself,” she said coming out.

“Crap!” he thought and checked the linen closet. No sheets there either. He found out later that all the linens and towels were kept like in any hotel/motel. The maids, in this case the students, would bring in the dirty and take out the clean.

Jaden tried his best to ignore Tanisha as they both began unpacking. Still, he couldn't help himself when she bent over to put something into the bottom drawer exposing her firm naked round bubble butt. He was still fully dressed but she was only wearing that flimsy red robe. Jaden let out a soft groan as he finished unpacking.

With that done decided to check out the uniform he would be wearing for his classes. Opening the largest box found to his dismay and disgust a typical maid's uniform. It was a light brown with white above the elbow cuffs and V-neck notched collar. An A-line knee length full skirt with attached brown cotton belt. Inside the box were five more just the same. Digging around as much as he tried there was no sign of any pants. Opening a small box, found a pair of brown leatherette gum soled lace up shoes with a two-inch wedge heel. The final box contained six white half aprons with a brown stripe outline one inch above the hem. Two pockets stitched near the hips. Six white with two thin brown lines outlining the edge of the nurse style caps.

All he could do was sit on the edge of his bed, hands clasping his face and moaning. “I can't do this. I can't do this,” over and over. Tanisha's laughter echoing around the room as he bemoaned his fate.

Once he regained control, grabbed his laptop and opened it to the contract. *“I glanced over most of this but I didn't pay that much attention to the fine print. Maybe there is something I can use to get out of this mess I'm in,”* he thought in desperation.

“Damnit!” he exclaimed sometime later. “It should be illegal for any contract to have such small print.”

After going over the fine print twice Jaden found no out, only more very bad news. He had to wear the regulation uniform during all class periods. He had to present a neat and healthy appearance at all times. He had to wear either day time or night time makeup depending on his shift. Failure to do so in a consistent manner were grounds for dismissal. The only requirement he didn't have a problem with was the one condition of keeping long hair in a neat bun. He already had a man bun which he had been proud of until today.

“Pansy what's da matter wit ya? Why wuld a white boy like you wanna bees a maid in da first place?” Tanisha asked from across the room.

“I...I didn't..didn't know that's wha...what I signed up for. I...I thought...I thought I wa..was going in...into hotel man..management. I don't want to be a maid. I don't want to wear this uniform. I'm a guy,” he stammered through his tears.

“Well shit, nuthin' wrong in being a maid. My momma was, my grand mammy n her momma too were all maids. Momma sent me here cause dis school will git me a good job wid benefits. Dey pays good n free medical n dental coverage too. Nuthin' wrong n being a maid, sides doze uniforms bees nice,” she replied.

“Yeah, if you wer...were a girl. I'm a guy! I'll look stupid wearing that and I hav...have to wear makeup too,” he answered trying to hold back the tears but failing.

“Since we bees roomies I'll help you wid dat. Jest shut da fuck up n get inta bed,” Tanisha replied sliding under the covers.

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Jaden didn't sleep well and not all that much to do with laying in the wet spot. As the

dampness rose up into his pajama bottoms, ripples of disgust ran up his spine. It was his mental state that caused his insomnia. His mind kept rehashing how stupid he was for not thoroughly reading and investigating Booker's Hospitality Services program. The fine print in the Environmental Services contract would give him nightmares for a long time. Jaden was roused from his fitful slumber by loud rap music coming from a clock radio.

He looked over to Tanisha as her hand reached out and slammed down on the snooze button. "You go first," he heard her mumble as she rolled over.

"Damn!" he thought getting out of bed. ***"It's five o'clock."***

The hot shower he was hoping for never materialized. The best that came out was warm without a lot of pressure. "I don't ask for much but a hot shower and good bed. So far I'm batting zero," he grouched stepping out of the tub.

Checking his face in the mirror, decided he didn't need to shave. Normally, his sparse beard needed shaving about once a week. He didn't have a lot of body hair either. The thick mat of chest hair he dreamed about for years like the hot water today never showed up. Finished, he wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped out. Only realizing where and who else was in the room when he opened his bureau drawer.

"Pansy, if my Darius done seen ya like dat, your lily-white ass wuld bees shreds. Pull dat towel up round dem boobies," Tanisha said laughing as he quickly complied.

"You get dressed n I'll get ready; den ya can clean da bathroom while I's get dressed," she stated getting out of bed.

"Clean the bathroom?" he asked stunned.

"Ya want my help gittin' ready; din you do it MAID," she spat.

"Damn," he grumbled stepping into his Y-fronts and pulling on a tee shirt.

Picking up the uniform, held it up and gazed at it frowning. Seeing that it zipped up the back lowered it and stepped into the garment. ***"This just sucks. I'm going to be totally humiliated and look like some pervert,"*** he thought trying to pull the zipper up. Jaden managed to get it halfway up but that was it. Try as he might, he couldn't bend his arm enough to raise it and couldn't reach far enough down to grasp the small metal zipper flap.

"How do girls do this and why do they let designers do it in the first friggin place," he gasped in frustration. **"There's got to be some trick to it I just don't know about,"** he thought.

Giving up, sat on the bed and slipped on a pair of his brown socks; then, stepped into the shoes. They were bit snug, the raised heel bothering him somewhat but comfortable. Biting the bullet, picked up the apron and tied it into a sloppy bow. Next, the maid's cap. That proved to be another problem. It kept sliding off his head.

"Son of a bitch!" his mind screamed in frustration as he sat back down on the bed.

At that time Tanisha came out of the bathroom and seeing Jaden, broke out laughing. **"Damn, pansy if ya doan look like da fool. Ya shoulda been in da circus,"** she said getting her laughter under control.

"Please! Stop calling me pansy! My name is Jaden," he snapped in no mood for her antics.

"Yeah, whatever, but ya aint gonna pass no inspection looking like dat! Strip outta them clothes n get ya white ass into the bathroom n shave those hairy legs and arms."

Hurry up, it's almost six n we have lots ta git done," she snapped back.

"I can't do that!" he gasped in surprise.

"Unless ya wants ta get expelled on ya first day, ya better do it n quick. Now go on git," she stated glaring at him.

Twenty minutes later he came out with only a few minor nicks. Tanisha was already dressed and had her makeup on. She just gave him a look as he walked to his bed and picked up the dress. It was hard for her to suppresses the giggles. Seeing him trying to zipper the dress couldn't help herself as she began giggling loudly.

"Would you please stop that," he said almost crying in his embarrassment and frustration.

"Okay, calm down. Here, let me help," she said walking over and quickly pulling up the zipper and fastening the clasp at the neck.

"You bees jest like sum little girl who needs her momma to get her dressed," she said stepping back and picking up the apron. "Guess, I has ta put dis on too," she added tying the apron strings into a big floppy bow.

Slowly she walked around him examining Jaden from his bare feet to the top of his head. "Wid sum makeup, ya might pass. Needs sumtin on top though," she whispered going over to her dresser.

"Oooohhhh noooo, you're not putting that on me," he gasped stepping back.

"Of course, I is. Dat uniform jest doan fit right wit out sumptin on top," she stated as she grabbed his outstretched arm, pulled and twisted him around in the same motion.

It seemed like seconds when she had the dress hanging off his shoulders, tee shirt off and forcing an arm into the scarlet satin bra strap. As much as he tried to break free, Tanisha was too strong for him. Feeling the bra band fastened around his chest, all the resistance left him. Jaden stood there, arms hanging loosely at his sides, tears running down his eyes as she stuffed the D-cups with some of his socks.

"Stop wid dem damn tears! Ya gotta pass inspection n ya need a bra. Ya gonna halfta shave dem chest hair off too. Aint got time now," she stated.

Wearing a bra wasn't the only humiliating thing but it was the most. Tanisha gave him a pair of panty hose and showed him how to smooth them up his legs. Dressed, she gave him a quick makeup application. Black eyeliner, mascara, matte copper eyeshadow and a thick coating of cinnamon colored lipstick. Pinning the cap to his head, they were just barely in time to make inspection. As they made their way to the cafeteria, Jaden had no idea of how he actually looked. His makeup was applied while looking away from the mirror. He was acutely aware of his clothing but that was all.

"I will be a laughing stock and feel like a clown dressed like this. I can barely see my toes with these sticking out of my chest," he thought leaving the room.

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They were the last to arrive and quickly stepped into a lineup with eighteen other girls. Jaden noticed that there were four different colored uniforms the girls were wearing. Each group of four wore yellow, black, white and two others the brown uniform. Later he discovered the colors were what their future employer required.

As they were standing there, Mrs. Jefferson was staring back, examining each one. Getting to Jaden, walked over to him. "I thought I was going to have to expel you this morning for contract violations. Frankly, I'm surprised you went to such lengths. I had

a conversation with Environmental's lawyers this morning. I was informed while they disapprove of having you as a potential employee, they are bound by contractual and discrimination obligations. Be that as it may, I have very high standards when it comes to my students. You will be no exception! I personally don't approve of you or any man entering my classroom. However as long as you conform to my standards and perform, I have no choice either. I'll be keeping a very close eye on you Miss. Smith," she said glaring into his eyes.

Leaning close to his ear, whispered, "I don't want you here! You fail to meet even the finest fine print on that contract, you're expelled."

Walking back to stand in front of the group, swept the line of girls with her eyes. "Curtsey!" she barked.

Immediately most of the girls responded. Some looked confused but quickly followed though a bit clumsy. Jaden was the last to follow suit and the clumsiest. Mrs. Jefferson's eyes bored into his.

"Miss. Smith what the hell do you call that?" she barked just like a drill instructor stepping over to him.

"I asked you a question Miss. Smith! Answer me," she barked when he just stood there.

"A...a cur...curtsey?" he replied questionably.

"A curtsey! You call that miserable attempt a curtsey! Miss. Jones come here," she shouted calling a girl over.

"Miss. Jones, show this ignorant girl how to do a proper curtsey. A proper maid always curtsey's when encountering a hotel guest. The rest of you get your breakfast while Miss. Smith learns how to do a proper curtsey. As for you two ladies, you will practice this morning until I'm satisfied," she stated walking away.

Miss. Jones was about Jaden's height with her hair in lacquered waves and the sides shaved clean. Her face was round with a large nose and thick red painted lips. There was no smile on her face.

"If I miss breakfast cause of you, I'm gonna be pissed," she hissed.

When Mrs. Jefferson came back, said his curtsey was passable, they had ten minutes left to eat. Miss. Jones did not appear to be the least bit happy and stomped off. Jaden's legs were throbbing and he was miserable as he ate cold scrambled eggs.

"She's acting like we're in the army or something. Curtsey? Like how was I suppose to know how to do that. Why is she picking on me and calling me Miss? Some of the others didn't know either. Just because I'm a guy. She made that plain enough," he thought.

With everything cleared away the girls sat back at their tables as Mrs. Jefferson walked to the podium. "Girls, this morning I'll brief you on what is expected of you while attending this Booker Community College course. Each of you has been accepted on various scholarship awards sponsored by the hospitality industry. While Booker is the quote educational unquote college, all classes will be held here for the next six months. If you pass muster here; then, you will be assigned by your future employer to one of their facilities. While you are here you will be confined to quarters, including weekends unless I grant you permission. That permission will be determined by your performances over the week. This requirement may seem restrictive and harsh but failure to comply will result in immediate expulsion. In addition, I will hold each

roommate responsible for the actions or inactions of the other when considering who may leave the grounds.”

“I have over twenty-five years’ experience and as you have guessed, very high standards. I will be demanding, I will be harsh but I will be fair. I graduate only the best of the very best. Today, each of you will have a thorough physical exam after which I will personally interview you. Now go back to your rooms, clean them and wait to be notified of your examination. Dismissed!”

None of the girls were happy about being restricted from doing whatever they wanted after classes. There was a lot of disgruntled mumbling as they left the cafeteria. Tanisha was particularly upset as they made their way back to the room.

“That Mrs. Jefferson done think she’s sumptin! Tellin’ us we can’t do what we do after class. We aint in da Army! If dat contract didn’t screw me up, I’d leave ta day. Shit! My Darius will be really pissed off if I can’t see him on da weekends. She said if you fuck up den I get fucked! Dat happen pansy, I’ll bust ya ass. So, make damn sure ya doan fuck up!” Tanisha said harshly.

“I’m in the same fix Tanisha! You think I like, much less want to be seen like this!” he snapped back pointing his hands at what he had on. “Hell, I would have left yesterday if I could have but I don’t have a choice. I don’t even want to be a maid! I thought I was going into hotel management but that’s on me. I will try so you can meet your boyfriend, I promise.”

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Shortly after the students had left, the doctor showed up for the physical exams. Her name was Latasha Jones, GYN, M.D. and a close friend of Mrs. Aniyah Jefferson. She was a short, somewhat obese woman wearing gold framed glasses. Her hair was in dreadlocks wrapped in a colorful silk scarf, her Nigerian styled dress matched the scarf.

“Latasha, it’s good to see you. Come, let’s go into my office for a chat before you start,” Aniyah greeted with a broad smile.

“Latasha, I have a big problem I need your help with. I have a new student that is presenting me with a big problem. Why? Because this one is male! A male wanting to be trained as a maid! Absurd! Unheard of! He can’t be normal and a major distraction for the other students. He even showed up this morning wearing the required maid’s uniform and wearing makeup. I’m at my wits end trying to figure all this out. I need your advice,” she said emotionally.

“Calm down Aniyah, just calm down. Give me a second to think,” Latasha replied.

After a few moments, continued, “One of my colleagues works with the transgender/transsexual population and a friend. Over the years have had numerous conversations about her experiences. You’d be surprised at what some men not only fantasize about but desperate to become that fantasy person. According to my colleague, if not treated, those individuals may commit suicide or self-mutilation. I’m no expert but I may be able to help. You said he showed up wearing the standard maid’s uniform and makeup?”

“Yes, he was even wearing a bra, had hairless legs and wearing hose. I must admit from a distance probably passable. In any case, I would be horribly embarrassed if it got out I had a man in my class.”

“Okay, if it bothers you that much, I’ll try to help. Obviously, he’s one of those who fantasize about being a real maid. Why else would he be enrolled in this class and

dress like one? I'll prescribe an anti-anxiety medication that should keep him from doing anything stupid to himself. I'll also talk to my colleague and get her advice. Now, I need to start seeing your students."

"I probably should have mentioned the fine print in Jaden's contract but what the hell," Mrs. Jefferson thought as the doctor left the office.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

As soon as they entered their dorm room, Tanisha went to her dresser and removed two items. "Since I helped ya dis mornin' ya cleaning. First ya gotta git rid of dat body hair. Use dis one on ya body n dis one on ya face n delicate areas including ya butt crack," she said thrusting them into his hands.

"What? Why do I have to get rid of my body hair? Nobody is going to see it. It was humiliating enough I had to shave my legs and arms," he objected.

"Cause ya got the same contract I done have. Maids will have a neat n healthy appearance n any maid wid body hair would look stupid. Like I done said, ya keep me from seeing my man, it's ya ass. Dat Mrs. Jefferson bees a real stickler fer details n I aint takin' no fuckin' chances. Now, do it or I beat ya ass," she answered picking up a leather belt.

"Alright! I'll do it," Jaden replied seeing her swing the belt and the determination in her eyes.

When he came out of the bathroom blushing with a towel wrapped around his waist, Tanisha glared at him. "What da hell did I done told ya bout dat towel? What ya think if'n somebody came in here wid ya like dat," she snapped.

Jaden thought she was going overboard but raised the towel to cover his chest. "It's not like I have anything to cover and everyone here knows I'm a guy," he said.

"I doan care! Mrs. Jefferson said I'd be held responsible for ya performance! Ya do everything and anything I done tell ya or I'll beat ya sorry ass!" she loudly pronounced swinging the belt, hitting him on the thigh.

"Ouch! Damnit! That hurt!" he yelped doing a little hop.

"Ya gonna do what I done tell ya!" she yelled.

"Yeah, whatever, just don't hit me again," he answered.

"Okay, drop dat towel so I's kin see ya done it right," she demanded.

"What? I'm naked," he replied blushing harder.

"Jest do it!" she snapped swinging the belt.

"This is just so embarrassing but if I don't she'll hit me again," he thought opening the towel.

"I said drop it n den turn around n I'd better not see any hairs," she demanded.

Jaden was blushing scarlet as he slowly turned while Tanisha was giggling. "Damn pansy, no wonder ya wanta bees a maid wid dat tiny thing," she said making him want

the floor to swallow him.

Dressed back in his uniform Tanisha sent him to the laundry room where all the cleaning carts were stored. Other than the vacuum cleaner and mop had no idea of what or even how to use the supplies. He removed the vacuum; then, stood scratching the side of his head. Jaden wasn't sure of what to do next.

"Pansy," Tanisha started to say but Jaden yell irately. "I told you not to call me that! My name is Jaden, dammit! Look, I'm trying but have absolutely no idea of what to do with this stuff much less what some of it is used for."

"Okay, doan git ya panties in a bunch. The first thing ya does is remove the dirty linens. Jest put'em in dat big white bag at da end of da cart. Den ya put on da rubber gloves, take dis, dat n dis here to clean da bathroom. Once dat done, ya start vacuuming da floor. Ya need help, den I'll show ya," she explained.

The room wasn't that big nor was it that dirty but it took Jaden over three hours to finish up. About half way through, Tanisha had been called to see the doctor. He was more than happy to see her go. She had been looking over his shoulder giving him instructions on how to clean this and that to the point he wanted to scream. During the hour she was gone vacuumed the room, made the beds and replace the towels. Then, it was his turn to see the doctor. Before he left, Tanisha refreshed his makeup.

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Jaden was surprised seeing a woman doctor and Jaden was feeling uncomfortable. "Jaden Eddie Smith," the doctor greeted with a smile. Seeing him nod continued, "Please, go behind the curtain, strip completely and put on one of the gowns."

It was very embarrassing for him as Dr. Jones gave him a comprehensive physical exam. After what Aniyah had told her not that surprised as she examined him. She wasn't expecting him to be hairless from the neck down though. When Latasha finished, asked him some questions that confused Jaden.

"You don't mind me calling you Jaden, do you? Good, I like to keep things informal. You seem to be in good health but I'll know more once the lab tests come back. I would like to know why you want to be a maid, if you don't mind telling me. I'm curious, as it's not a profession most men willing go into," she began.

"Gawd, how can I tell her I'm a stupid idiot who wanted a scholarship and didn't bother to read what I was getting into. I just want to get out of here," he thought.

"Err...err...I..I just...just thought it..it was a good idea at the time," he stammered.

"You want to be a maid an..and don't mind wearing that uniform or makeup?" she inquired.

"It's wha..what I have to do," he answered squirming. "I..I need to finish this."

"Then, I can assume you have no objections and this is what you really want?" she commented scribbling something into his record.

"Like I can tell her I'll be in so much debt I'll never be able to pay it off. If I tell her I hate all this and never wanted to be a friggin maid, I just might get expelled," he thought then replied, "Yes, absolutely."

"Well, since you put it that way I'll try to help you as best I can Jaden. You seem to be very nervous. Look, I understand your situation and the pressures you are under. I have some pills that will reduce your anxiety and make this course easier for you. Just take one in the morning and one before bed. I'll be back next week to go over your test results. If you have any problems, just let me know. Go ahead, get dressed," she said

in conclusion.

“He has all the markers of being transgender or transsexual with a strong maid fetish. No body hair, long hair, wearing makeup expertly applied and doesn’t seem to mind wearing a maid’s uniform. Plus, heart rate and pulse up indicating high anxiety levels,” she wrote into his record. Latasha made a mental note to consult with her colleague as to what steps she should take next.

##

When he got back to the room, Tanisha gave him some makeup. “Dis here some extra makeup I used on ya today. Ya need ta learn how ta do dis yourself. I aint got da time to do it for ya. Sit here n I’ll show ya what ta do,” she stated. She was wearing skin tight distressed jeans and a pink shell blouse.

“Well let me get out of this uniform first,” he replied more than ready to be out of that uniform.

Getting the dress unzipped was less of a problem than getting into it but the bra took effort. He remembered Tanisha’s warning about the pantyhose getting runs but happy to be out of them as well. He pulled on a pair of cargo pants and white tee left the bathroom.

***“I don’t want to learn how to put on makeup but she has a point. Guess I don’t have any choice. According to that contract, I need to know how to put on morning and night time makeup,”* he thought dismayed by the prospect.**

“Pansy, what da hell ya thinkin’? Ya can’t wear dat,” she said as soon as he stepped out.

“Quit calling me that! This is all I have to wear and class is over,” he snapped back irritated.

“I’ll call you pansy until ya stop being one n act like a proper girl. My Darius will see ya sooner or later n if see ya like dis, ya be dead meat. No way I could esplain living wid another guy,” she yelled back.

“Put dat bra back on n dis,” she said flinging a black skirt to him.

Tanisha had to give him a safety pin to hold the skirt up. “I’ll talk to Mrs. Jefferson ta see bout gitting ya some proper clothes. Dis will have ta do till then. Now sit-down n let’s get started,” she said.

By the time supper came around, Jaden did a passable job. As he was eating noticed Mrs. Jefferson staring at him. *“It’s after class, so what she’s staring at me for?”* he thought.

He didn’t have long to wait before she came stomping over. “Miss. Smith you are a disgrace. I don’t care what you wear while in your dorm room but when you come to meals will dress nicely. Am I understood?” she barked stressing the ‘Miss.’

“Mrs. Jefferson,” he began but Tanisha spoke up.

“Jaden doan have no proper clothes ta wear Mrs. Jefferson. I done loaned her dat skirt but it’s to big. We done our best. I’s wants ta help. I thought maybe, wid ya permission, tomorrow after class we’d go ta dat store round da corner n git sumthin’ proper.”

“You have a point Miss. White. Alright. Get it done. I’ll give you two hours,” she stated and marched off.

##

The next morning didn't start off any different than the day before. Tanisha had to help him get ready; then, falling in line for inspection. Again, Mrs. Jefferson was unhappy with Jaden. Other than saying he looked like a bull in a china shop left it at that.

After breakfast was cleared away, Mrs. Jefferson began lecturing about Hospitality Services and what was expected of service staff. "Maids have more to do than just clean up rooms. Most motels generally require maids to run the laundry for instance. Here, you will learn how to operate the industrial models and ironing machines. More importantly, should a guest require a clean up or additional towels you will provide them in a courteous prompt manner. When not cleaning rooms, your supervisors will require you to perform various cleaning jobs within the hotel/motel proper. Whatever the requirement, you will perform that task with thoroughness and a smile, no matter how distasteful it may be."

"As one of my graduate maids, it is expected that you will always present a neat appearance with appropriate makeup. You may be simple maids but you will act like a proper lady at all times. Just as important, as a maid during your working hours, must remember your place. Your place is not to make decisions! Your place is to obey whatever orders your employer demands of you happily. My graduates always curtsy when given an order or meet any guest of the property."

"Now for your assignments, Miss. Gracie will take half the class to the laundry room and show you what must be done and how to operate the various machines. The rest will join me in room A. There I will instruct you on how to properly clean a guest's room in the quickest most efficient manner. Once you have the basics down, will clean each other's rooms," she finished.

Jaden and Tanisha were in Mrs. Jefferson's class and entered room A. Room A was large as a barn and had five similar set ups. Some of those had twin beds. One was set up like a Presidential Suite. The room looked like a typical, single, king sized bed hotel room. The bed was unmade. A maid's cart was sitting near the entrance.

"Alright class, you all should be familiar with general household cleaning duties. What you think you know, I want you to forget as most of you were taught very inefficient methods. Once you are employed, time is essential as you will be assigned a large number of rooms. In addition, the room type will dictate how much time you will require to clean it. Obviously, the king bed set up will be the quickest, the twin a bit longer and depending on the Suite the longest. Now, pay attention. It's not only the time it takes to clean a room you need to be aware of. It goes from finding out if the guest is checking out, that will take more time to clean. If the guest is staying over, less time. You need to be aware of the easiest way to get to that room and the needs of the other guests. Check-outs, check-ins and what amenities are required. Once the room is set up, it will be inspected. The median time for a standard room is 15-20 minutes, suites 30 minutes or more depending on size, occupancy and amenities. By the time you graduate, I expect your average cleaning time to be no more than 20 minutes." she lectured.

"Miss. Smith and Miss. White, you're with me. You others, pick a room and begin," she barked.

Jaden noticed that each room had a staff member dressed in a white uniform, clipboard in hand waiting. *"Other than what Tanisha showed me, I don't know anything about being a maid. Mrs. Jefferson going to probably give me grief,"* he thought.

"Miss. Smith! What did I tell you to do when given orders by your supervisor?" Mrs. Jefferson barked bringing him out of his thoughts.

Jaden stood confused for a moment then quickly dropped into a curtsey. "I'm sorry," he replied.

"I'm sorry Ma'am! You always address your superiors by Ma'am or Sir. Is that understood?" she barked glaring at him.

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm sorry Ma'am," he answered feeling like a fool.

"Damn it girl! Curtsey when acknowledging and order," she yelled.

By the time 3:00 o'clock arrived Jaden was exhausted and his body ached. His average time at the end of the day was forty-five minutes and the worst in the class. Needless to say, Mrs. Jefferson was not in the least bit pleased.

"You clumsy, ignorant girl!" she had shouted at him. "You not only move around like a bull in a china shop but have the knowledge of a five-year-old. If either of you expect to ever get a weekend off, I better see a whole lot of improvement. Miss. White, as her partner, I expect you to instruct her and improve her mannerisms. Is that clear?"

On the way back to their room Tanisha was royally pissed. "Damn it pansy! Ya keep me from seein' my Darius dis weekend, I'll kick ya ass ta da moon! How hard kin it bees ta remember what ta use ta clean da bathroom? Shit! As soon as we gits back from dat store, ya goin' ta study dat workbook we done got. Den ya goin' ta clean da room from top ta bottom. Ya think Mrs. Jefferson bees hard, she nothin' likes I's gonna bees," she yelled making him cringe.

##

Jaden was flustered as they walked the two blocks to the Goodwill store. He was still confused as to why he had to dress the way he was. He had complained when Tanisha insisted he keep the bra on and when she handed him an extra-large pink tee with "Prince" pictured on the front. Wearing only a pair of shorts, the tee looked more like a dress. His protests resulted in a resounding slap to the face that sent him reeling.

"Pansy! Ya do what I say, when I say it! Ya know da rules n what Mrs. Jefferson done said! If'n I doan git ya lookin' n behavin' like a proper maid, it's my ass too. Ya think dat little slap done hurt, jest ya wait til my Darius git ahold of ya," she stormed.

Leaving the store with both of them laden with bags, he was still blushing, his available funds much lessened and miserable. He hadn't expected Tanisha would demand buying so much clothing. Worse, it was all female clothing and very feminine. Jaden had five skirts, seven frilly blouses, two A-line dresses for outer wear. Two of the skirts were flared midi-skirts and three straight, just above the knee skirts. He balked at the blouses she selected and tried to talk her into getting some man styled cotton ones. Her glare, stopped further protest as she picked up a sheer white chiffon billowy sleeved blouse.

"Unless ya want me ta jest git this style, stop ya bitchin'," she snapped adding it to the pile in the cart.

It joined three satin blouses, two solid colors, red and black and one a floral print. The next three blouses were thankfully a light weight cotton shell blouse. One of the dresses was a black polyester capped sleeved baby doll with a low round neckline. The other dress was a paisley print in a pale lavender A-line with just above the knee hem and short-sleeves. Two pair of shoes were in the cart. A pair of silver strappy sandals with a three-inch block heel and black, patent leather, open toed three-inch spike heels.

All the outer wear was gently used but the lingerie new and the most embarrassing

items. Two nighties, one a fascia satin with small white polka dots with a button shirt and boxer styled bottom. A scarlet satin knee-length sleep shirt with notched hems. Two packages of day of the week nylon full cut panties in various bright colors, four cross your heart Playtex bras. Two in white, one beige and one black. Five white nylon full slips with lacy hems and two half-slips, one white the other black. A black shoulder purse and two dozen packets of support panty hose plus four Hane's silk reflections packets.

Leaving the store, Jaden was shell shocked by the experience. Having to try on the skirts, blouses and dresses was traumatic and devastating to his ego. Hearing that they still needed to go to the drug store to get his own makeup and hygiene supplies didn't help his depression. There most of his remaining cash was depleted. Again, he questioned the need for so much stuff.

"Tanisha, why all this stuff. All I need is some eye makeup and lipstick. Won't that be enough?" he questioned.

"Pansy, ya got's so much to learn," she replied laughing adding some nail polish to the basket.

Back in their room, Tanisha surprised him by emptying his dresser and closet of all his male clothing. The only exception were some socks that he used to pad out his bras.

"Ya won't bees needin' dis no more. Ya need ta get da proper mind set for a maid," she stated tossing his clothing into large trash bags.

"Tanisha! Stop! You can't do this!" he shouted irately.

She turned from his dresser and slapped him hard across the face. "Damnit! I done told ya, ya do what I tell ya! Mrs. Jefferson said I bees responsible fer ya ta become a maid or I won't git to see my man. Ya dress like a man den ya won't think like a maid," she shouted.

When she had finished all Jaden had left was his laptop and the y-fronts he was wearing. The y-fronts soon disappeared as she made him get back into his uniform wearing a pair of Wednesday day of the week lilac panties. Back in uniform, had him fetch a maid's cart while she tossed the bags into the big green dumpster.

##

Thursday they were assigned to work the laundry room. Jaden thought cleaning rooms was a bitch but this was even worse. It was hot, tedious work. They not only learned how to do the laundry but how to refill the maid carts. By the time three o'clock rolled around he was exhausted. Back in his room wasn't given a chance to relax. Tanisha had him clean it while she criticized his every move. When that was completed, had him studying the workbook that detailed the what's and how to's of cleaning guest rooms. At bed time he was too exhausted to complain about wearing bra, panties and sleep shirt.

Friday was test day. Mrs. Jefferson assigned him to a standard room and timed him. He managed to complete the cleaning and passed inspection knocking off fifteen minutes. Still, it was ten minutes shy of what she wanted and he was again the last in his class.

"Miss. Smith, your hospital corners were not as tight as I require. Once the bed is made, I expect when I drop a quarter on it, it bounces. You also spent too much time in the bathroom. However, you have shown improvement but still too slow. Based on your performance yesterday in the laundry and today's results, you're confined to quarters this weekend. Maybe working the laundry room and cleaning the other

student's rooms over the weekend will improve your results. I'm sure your roommate will be more than happy to assist you," she stated.

Remembering to drop into a curtsey, Jaden replied, "Please Ma'am, I'll improve, I promise. I've never done any of this before. I'll practice and do better. Just don't take it out on my roommate."

"You got yourself to blame Miss. Smith and your roommate shares in that. Until you can meet my standards and have the mannerisms of a proper maid, my decision is final. You of course, still have the option of dropping out, in which case, Miss. White will be excused," Mrs. Jefferson stated glaring at him.

"Drop out? I can't do that as much as I want too. Tanisha is going to be royally pissed but I don't have a choice. Hell, I can't afford to buy a bus ticket back home now. Even if I could, like I want to do it wearing a friggin' dress," he thought shaking his head "no."

Turning to face Tanisha, she continued, "Miss. White your performance was adequate; however, I expected more from you in regards to your roommate. She has the grace of a bull elephant and skills to match. I trust I will see an improvement by Monday."

Jaden wasn't looking forward to the weekend but would have the help of four other girls that were also restricted. Still, Tanisha was as mad as a wet hen. As soon as they got back into their room, grabbed her leather belt and lit into him with a vengeance.

"Ya stupid pansy! Why ya not jest drop out! Now look what ya done! My Darius aint gonna bees one bit happy. Drop out! If'n ya don't I's gonna make ya life miserable," she screamed slamming the belt across his backside.

Tanisha's fury wasn't totally due to Jaden's failure. It was caused more by her worry that Darius would find another girlfriend. In a way she felt sorry for Jaden. From his lack of response when she walked around semi-nude, figured he was gay. She had a cousin that was like that and why else would he want to become a maid. Well, if he wanted to be a maid, she would make damn sure he walked the walk and talked the talk of one.

After striking him ten times and Jaden in tears, she tossed the belt onto her bed and stormed out of the room. Tanisha didn't want anything more to do with him for now. Spending some time in the cafeteria/rec room with the other girls would calm her down. She didn't return until well after dark to find him asleep.

"Damn pansy," she thought as she got ready for bed.

What Tanisha didn't know was that Jaden wasn't the least bit gay. Yes, his manhood stirred seeing his roommate walking around half exposed but she wasn't that pretty and her demanding behavior a turn off. Ivanka, a young Russian in their class, was a definite turn on. She had the face of an angel and body to die for. Under other circumstances would have approached her and try to get a date. Wearing a maid's uniform and seeing her disapproving look ended such thoughts.

He had also spent time on his computer seeing if he could get a loan. He wanted desperately to drop out to the point where he didn't care about how much debt he would have. Jaden quickly discovered that having no credit rating the most he could borrow was \$5,000 at very high interest.

"Hell, I should just pack up and leave and to hell with all this. I really don't have much choice though. With just my high school diploma and my size, the best job I could get would be flipping burgers. I could file for bankruptcy but that stigma would haunt me forever. Right now, I'm obligated for a year and half. I made it through four miserable

years at high school, I can do this. I hate it but it's my only choice," he thought.

##

Saturday was miserable for Jaden. They were assigned to the laundry room where Tanisha made him do all the heavy work. Unloading the washers with the heavy wet linens was back breaking. Operating the large industrial ironing machine hot tiresome drudgery. While he was doing almost all of the work, Tanisha was reading one of her magazines. The only time she did anything was when they saw Mrs. Jefferson or Miss. Gracie approach.

There was no relief for him when they got back to the room. Tanisha had him dressed in a straight skirt and frilly blouse wearing his three-inch block heeled sandals. Dressed had him spend two hours practicing makeup application. After supper put him through a series of feminine mannerisms. By nine o'clock his energy was spent and more than happy to take his pill and go to sleep.

Sunday was spent cleaning the dormitory rooms. Again, Tanisha did very little but constantly barked out instructions while timing his performance. That afternoon had him practicing makeup application and his mannerisms. The coming week saw no change in this routine. When Friday arrived, Jaden completed his test averaging twenty minutes. Mrs. Jefferson still didn't seem to be happy with him.

"Miss. Smith, you did satisfactorily but there is still room for improvement; especially in you attitude. I don't see enjoyment or enthusiasm in your work. That must change. Since you obviously don't enjoy this, why are you still here?" she demanded.

"I...I have no other choice, Ma'am," he replied curtseying.

"Very well, you and Miss. White have the weekend off," she responded in a cold voice.

"I want this pervert out of my class but he's proving to be a royal pain in my butt. He's even started acting more like a girl. Latasha said some men are like him and I'll never understand that. Well, if I can't get rid of him; then, I'll damn sure make him into what he wants! If it gets out that I graduated a male maid, my reputation will be shot and a laughing stock to boot," she thought then added.

"Miss. Smith while you have the weekend off, you're confined to campus. I've decided to give you some additional instruction. Report to me after breakfast wearing your uniform. You all are dismissed."

"I should be really upset about this but I'm not. Guess it's those pills I'm taking. I just don't feel like putting up a fight or arguing anymore. Not that I can go anywhere wearing a dress. Still, I was looking forward to spending some time alone without Tanisha giving me shit. Now, I have to report to her in the morning for extra instructions," he thought walking back to his room.

After the students left Mrs. Jefferson called Latashia. "Latashia, it's me. Look, have you had a chance to talk to that colleague of yours yet about that pervert I have? Okay, okay I won't call him that but I still think he's sick in the head. Yeah, he's doing the work and acting more girlish. His roommate took him out to get him a bunch of dresses and skirts to wear when off duty. Yeah, I'm assuming lingerie too. Uhuh, he confirmed Jaden seems to meet the criteria for a transgender with a maid's fetish. I don't care but since he won't drop out, I have no choice. If it gets out that I graduated a male maid, I'll be a laughing stock. Worse yet, his roommate is female. Yeah, Tanisha White. If that got out no telling what damage that would do. No, she assures me that he's gay as he hasn't made any moves on her. You'll see what you can do? Okay, see you Monday."

##

Saturday morning Jaden reported to Mrs. Jefferson. "As I have said, maids just don't clean up rooms. They are also responsible for maintaining the common areas of the premises. So, this morning you will clean the office areas, wax the floor; then, clean the grounds of any trash. When you are finished report back to me," she ordered.

Cleaning the office wasn't difficult but running the electric buffer was a new experience taking some effort. It seemed like every time he turned it on, it had a life of its own. It wanted to go one way when he wanted it to go the other but he got the job done by lunch time. Sweeping the walkways and picking up the trash under the mid-day sun wearing support hose, miserable. When Mrs. Jefferson dismissed him telling him to enjoy his Sunday, more than happy.

After a shower, pulled on a pair of black nylon, Saturday day of the week panties and his sleep shirt. "*For once I have the place to myself and I'm just going to try and relax. Pull up some porn on my computer and finally get some relief,*" he thought getting into bed.

Sitting up in bed watching his favorite site, began stroking his penis through the nylon of his sleep shirt and panties. The sensations felt amazing yet try as he might couldn't maintain an erection. With only a small wet spot showing on his panties, gave up in frustration.

"What the hell is the matter with me? I've never had this problem before. Damn, maybe it's because all this female shit and wearing makeup all the time now. Gawd! I hate this," he thought. Jaden had no idea that the particular anti-anxiety pills he had been taking had a serious side effect. Sexual disfunction.

Sunday afternoon Jaden reluctantly got dressed. Tanisha was due back and had told him she would introduce him to Darius. With that in mind took the effort to make himself as feminine as he could. He left his hair down so it flowed across his shoulders and put on evening makeup. For lingerie he selected a white cross your heart bra, white Sunday panties, Hanes ultra-sheen panty hose and the paisley dress. Stepping into his three-inch block heeled sandals went to get supper. He noticed that several of the girls had their boyfriends with them including Ivanka. The guy was huge, at least six four, two hundred plus pounds of pure muscle. His bald head, face and arms covered in elaborate tattoos.

Jaden watched as he got up and began walking toward him. "*Oh shit! He's coming over here,*" he thought trembling in fright.

When he reached Jaden, slammed his fists down on the table making it shake. "Ivanka tell me you keep staring at her and she no like. I don't like either. She tell me you keep looking at her; then, I gouge out you eyes. Unless you say you want to be like her. I know guys like you in Russia. They want be girls. Tell me you want be girl or I poke out your eyes," he said with a heavy accent.

"Ye...yes! I....I'm jus..just jealous of..of her beauty. I wan...want to be like her...n..and..that's all," he stammered thinking fast and scared to death.

"So, you want be girl! Dah, you stop staring at her or I still poke out you eyes," he replied and went back to his seat.

Looking around Jaden saw that he had everyone's attention, lost his appetite and blushing picked up his tray. "*I just about peed my panties and everyone is looking at me. I've got to get out of here,*" he thought in a panic.

Mrs. Jefferson didn't miss the exchange between Jaden and Ivanka's boyfriend.

“Guess Latasha was right. That fruitcake just admitted he wants to be a girl,” she thought.

Shortly after he returned to the room, Tanisha entered. Practically filling the doorway was her boyfriend, Darius. He wasn't as tall or had as many elaborate tattoos as Ivanka's but just as muscled.

“Jaden, dis bees my man Darius,” she said smiling from ear to ear.

“Hello,” he responded shyly and feeling intimidated as Darius stared at him. “Gawd, I feel like a piece of meat the way he’s staring at me,” he thought.

“Okay, babe, I’s gotta go. See ya next week. Maybe ya can bring ya roomie wit ya. I think Jerome might like her,” he said in a deep voice giving Jaden a look that sent shivers running up his spine.

“Yeah, sure sugar. I’ll talk to her,” she said standing on tip toe, flinging her arms around his thick neck and kissing him passionately.

“No way in hell am I going out with some other guy Tanisha. Just forget it!” he exclaimed as she shut the door.

“Look here pansy, if’n ya don’t den my Darius jest might git suspicious,” she replied looking irritated. “Aint no girl here who didn’t git wid their man over da weekend unless they bees grounded.”

“Forget it! Despite how I dress and act, I’m still a guy and there aint no guy who would be fooled either,” he snapped.

“Ya fooled Darius good enough. He even gonna fix ya up with Jerome,” she replied.

“Maybe but he didn’t grab my titty like he did you either. Now drop it! I don’t want to hear any more about me dating any man,” he spat getting ready for bed.

“We’ll see bout dat,” Tanisha said to herself as she prepared for bed.

##

Monday morning was spent listening to lectures about hotel/motel operations. They were told that they would be going on a field trip to a local hotel Tuesday. There they would be assigned to a real working maid and would accompany them on their rounds. Similar field trips for on the job training would now be a part of their regular schedule. The afternoon was spent cleaning the dorm rooms and common areas. As they were doing that would be called in to see the doctor. There they would get their test results and whatever immunizations required.

“Ahh, Miss. Jaden Smith. Come in and have a seat and we’ll go over your test results,” the doctor greeted. “I see he has developed more of a feminine posture. Smoothed his skirt before sitting, knees together and hands in his lap. Makeup a bit better applied too. Aniyah told me what happened with that girl’s boyfriend. I feel sorry for him and see that he’s trying his best to fit in. Guess it won’t hurt if I help him along,” she thought as he sat.

“Your test results were basically normal; however, there was a noticeable hormonal imbalance detected. Nothing to worry about and easily corrected. I have some medications for you and an injection to jump start the corrective action,” she said pushing two containers of pills across the desk.

He looked at the large amber colored containers, noted they only had his name and to take each of them in the morning and before bed. ***“More pills? The one I’m taking now is more than enough. I don’t like taking pills but she is the doctor,” he thought.***

Jaden left the doctor rubbing his hip. The doctor had injected something under the skin telling him it was a slow acting hormone. He hadn't bothered to ask her what kind of hormonal imbalance or what the pills were for. Thanks to the anti-anxiety pills, really didn't think about asking. She was a doctor after all.

The bus ride to the hotel the next morning wasn't long. Jaden was assigned to work with Rosita on her rounds. Rosita was a plump woman of early middle age and spoke with a heavy Spanish accent. The first thing she showed him was her schedule. As he looked over it noticed they were divided into "Departures," "Arrivals" and "Stay Overs." She indicated they would take care of the "Stay Overs" first; then, move on to the "Departures." As most of the "Arrival" assigned rooms were already vacant they would only need a quick inspection. He also noted they had twenty rooms on the eighth floor to cover. Rosita also seemed to delight in having Jaden do most of the work. Another thing he discovered was that nothing went on schedule. Often having to retrace their steps pushing the heavy cart to clean a room. By the end of their shift, Jaden was exhausted.

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

By the time they got back to the room Jaden was feeling weird. For most of the afternoon, was having hot flashes and feeling a bit nauseous. He just hoped that he wasn't coming down with something. He wanted to lay down and rest but Tanisha wouldn't let him. With watch in hand timed him as he cleaned the dorm room. After supper, she had him practicing his feminine mannerisms.

As Friday approached, he was feeling better but still a bit nauseous in the mornings. Thursday evening Tanisha brought up the subject of Jaden double dating with her. Again, he refused saying no matter what he was still a guy. This, of course, irritated Tanisha.

"Damn it pansy! Dat's ya problem! Ya a friggin' maid! It bees time ya start thinkin' like one. Maybe ya start callin' me Miss. White n wid a curtesy will help," she shouted in frustration.

"What? No way Tanisha. We're stuck as roommate's but that's it. You're not my boss," he snapped back.

"Dat be Miss. White," she curtly replied grabbing her leather belt.

Jaden wanted to strike out and defend himself but there was no way he could hit a woman. Justifiable or not, he couldn't bring himself to do it. After five hard swats to his exposed legs, gave in.

"Please, Miss. White stop hitting me," he pleaded dipping into a curtesy.

"Dat much better n ya better do what I done tell ya or I'll whip ya some more til ya do," she answered with a wicked smile. *"From now on I have my own maid,"* she thought.

"Now dat I got ya attention, ya goin' out with Jerome dis weekend so doan give me no arguments. Pack a bag cause we bees staying in my crib over da weekend," she added with a smirk.

##

Friday Jaden was hoping that Mrs. Jefferson would find some fault on his part and ground him to the dorm. All that week the students were under the supervision of the hotel's maids. He was disappointed when Rosita said he performed well and had no complaints. She was happy because Jaden did all the work while she talked on her cell or watched television. That evening Mrs. Jefferson gave everyone the weekend off. Adding that the next week would see them all working in a motel environment.

"Please Miss. White, please I'm begging you not to make me go out with Jerome. It won't be safe for me. My secret is bound to come out an...and he'll probably kill me," he begged.

"Stop ya whining. Ya act like I done showed ya n ya be okay. Besides, I think Jerome works both sides of da street, if'n ya know what I mean. Now git ya sorry ass ready n wear dat gray flare skirt wid dat white blouse we done got," she stated.

Jaden wasn't the least bit happy as he applied evening makeup. It was bad enough wearing that sheer chiffon blouse but Tanisha had him put on his black lingerie. There was no mistaking what he wore under that blouse. The gray skirt came to mid-thigh and he thought it revealed too much leg. He just hoped that he was passable enough to make it thru the date unscratched.

When he came out of the bathroom, Tanisha wasn't happy that he left his hair in a man bun. Sitting at the study desk, parted it in the middle and brushed it into two pigtails. She finished it off with two white satin ribbons tied into neat bows.

"It's just four thirty n Darius aint due till seven. Come on, we's gotta git ya somethin' better n dose socks," she said handing him his purse.

"What do you mean? I haven't got that much money left," he replied confused.

"Dat drug store done have some pads I saw last time. They'll make ya boobs look more natural," she answered.

Jaden was blushing almost the color of the bright pink satin pads she was stuffing in his bra. They were standing in the middle of the aisle and thankfully no one was around. Although he did notice the cameral dome not far away in the ceiling.

"Do you have to do this here?" he asked.

"Got ta see if'n they look and feel right," she replied squeezing his mounds. "Okay, take em out and stand right next to me so ya blocks dat camera."

He watched as she placed the pads into their box and moved like she was putting them back. Instead of putting them on the shelf, slid them into his purse.

"Come on, let's go," she said giving him a push.

"What the hell Tanisha? We just shoplifted these things," he scolded as they left the store.

"Of course you did. Ya aint got no money n neither do I. Ya got a lot ta learn pansy," she replied.

"Bu...but this is stealing," he gasped.

"Look, takin' stuff dat we need aint stealing exactly. Jest call it a charitable donation. Its what us poor people have ta do sometimes," she responded.

"It's still not right," he snapped.

"Git over it pansy," she irately replied.

"Stop calling me that!" he said just as angrily.

“Quit ya bitchin’ n I’ll call ya Jaden fer da weekend, okay,” she answered.

Although Jaden wouldn’t admit it, the pads felt much nicer against his chest than his rolled-up socks. Much nicer rubbing on his sensitive nipples. For the past couple of days his nipples were giving him fits. They weren’t just sensitive but itched too.

##

Jerome was a good six foot two with a slim but muscular build. His hair was a mass of dreadlocks falling past his shoulder blades. He was wearing a black muscle shirt, tan cargo pants with his green and white checkered boxers on display. Jaden was immediately intimidated as Jerome reached out and put an arm around his waist.

***“What has Tanisha gotten me into?”* his mind screamed as they walked to the car.**

The ride to the other side of town didn’t ease his nerves. The rap music coming from the car’s stereo made talking practically impossible and hurt his ears. Jerome’s arm around his shoulders didn’t help either.

***“I’m as good as dead. I knew I should have stayed at the dorm. So what if she hit me with that belt, it wouldn’t have killed me. Now I’m stuck for the weekend and I doubt I’ll make it alive. Oh hell, what if he tries something? I think I can get away with a few kisses but anything else? No way!”* he thought as the car pulled into a parking space.**

Above the entrance to the large cinder block building was flashing in bright purple neon, “The Purple Pussycat Lounge.” As Jaden was looking up at the sign, felt an arm go around his waist. He was surprised and relieved that it was Tanisha.

“Come on roomie, dis place have one bad ass dance floor. Put a smile on dat face n we’re gonna parrrttttyyyy,” she said smiling broadly.

She was right about the dance floor. It took up about a quarter of the space inside. Booths lined the walls and tables scattered about. Hip-hop music was blaring out of the numerous loudspeakers. He also noticed that he was about the only white person in the place.

Jaden was shivering in fear as Tanisha led them to a corner booth. Because of the tinted windows in the car had a vague idea where they were. Enough of an idea to know he wouldn’t be walking back to the school. Stuck in a place with people he didn’t know and in a very foreign environment. Worse he was a pretend girl out on a date with another boy. A boy that didn’t know Jaden was a guy and could easily beat the living tar out of him.

As they settled into the plush seats, a waitress came over. She was wearing a black satin straight mini-dress, white cotton blouse tied in a bow just below her ample chocolate breasts. The top three buttons on the blouse were unbuttoned, exposing a hint of firm round breasts and the red satin bra that housed them.

“I’m in da mood fer one of dem strawberry margaritas. Bring me n Jaden dat,” Tanisha said.

“Tanisha, I’m not old enough to drink. Just get me a soda,” Jaden whispered.

“Does dis place look like da give a shit. Da guys is buying so let’s party,” she responded.

Other than a few beers Jaden had never tasted alcoholic beverages and didn’t really want to start now. Still Tanisha had insisted and he didn’t want to get into an argument. At least not now and not here.

***“You can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink,”* he thought as the guys**

ordered beers.

When the drinks arrived, Darius toasted the group and Jaden had to take a sip. He was surprised at how good it tasted. So good, he took another sip.

"I don't taste any alcohol. Mostly sweet strawberries. Guess it's okay after all," he thought taking another sip.

Hearing a song she liked, Tanisha shoved at Darius' arm. "Come on baby, let's dance. Jerome, jest doan sit there. Git Jaden up on da dance floor."

They were on the dance floor for four tunes. The last being a slow one that Jaden was dreading. He certainly wasn't expecting the belly rubbing that went with it. He was especially uncomfortable feeling Jerome's penis rubbing against his belly. It seemed to go on forever but only lasted a couple of minutes. Back at the booth, he quickly finished off his drink. Another round was ordered and so the evening went.

By the time they left the bar, Jaden wasn't feeling any pain. In the back seat with Jerome, just wanted to go to sleep and rested his head on Jerome's shoulder. He was vaguely aware of his chin being lifted and lips pressing against his. Jaden didn't have the willpower to resist and let it happen as his mind went blank. It wasn't until he was being helped out of the car that awareness returned. A foggy awareness but enough to note they were in front of some cheap looking apartments.

"Ya guys git da suitcases. I'll take Jaden up to da room n sees if I can sober her up," Tanisha said putting an arm around Jaden.

"Damn it bitch, ya aint gonna ruin my date. Now sober ya ass up," Tanisha demanded leading him into the bathroom.

"Whe...where are we?" he managed as he felt bile rushing up his throat.

"Darius and Jerome's place," she answered as he bent over the commode.

##

Slowly Jaden woke up. His head was pounding and his throat raw. *"I think I've been run over by a train,"* he thought opening his eyes.

"What the fuck?" he mumbled realizing where he was.

Jerome was lying beside him, snoring softly and only wearing his boxers. Slowly, Jaden slid out of bed dressed in his bra and panties. His headache pounded as he bent to pick of his clothing from the floor.

"What happened last night? I remember dancing and being sick but everything after that is a blur. An...and how did I wind up in bed with him? Oh gawd, I'm going to be sick again," his mind screamed as he headed to the bathroom.

Sitting on the toilet after a case of the dry heaves only upset him even more. There was a large dark stain on his panties. His small patch of pubic hair was crusted in a white residue. Seeing that, his stomach cramped making his throat burn from what little bile was left. After a hot shower, which helped, wasn't about to put on the same panties. Dressed he had to do something about his makeup. Searching the cabinets found a jar of cold cream. Jaden decided no makeup was preferable to the mess on his face.

"Jaden, ya in dare? Let me in! I gotta pee," he heard Tanisha yell.

Opening the door, she rushed in, pushing him to the side and shutting the door. She was only wearing a scarlet red nylon shorty robe. Jaden was too stunned to do anything as she sat. The robe opening up to reveal her full breasts and groin.

“Damn, I done near peed my pants,” she exclaimed. “So how ya like Jerome?” she asked.

Between her casual attitude and everything else, Jaden began sobbing. He was emotionally devastated by all that had happened. Up until yesterday, he still thought of himself as a guy. Once his contract was over, he could still go back to being that guy. Now he was beginning to think that might not be possible. Having to dress, act like a woman; then, not only date but wind up in bed with another guy was destroying his ego. Tanisha was even treating him like another girl. Worse, he was even crying like a girl for no real apparent reason. He wasn’t physically hurt, no bones broken; yet, he was balling his eyes out.

“What the hell da matter wid you Jaden? Ya had a good time last night cept ya got drunker den shit,” Tanisha asked.

“A go...good time? I...I don’t remember most of..of what hap..happened last night n...n I..I woke up in..in bed wit..with a guy. Tha...that’s what’s the matter,” he sobbed.

“Nuthin’ wrong wid dat girl,” she replied smiling.

“It..it’s all wrong!” he stated crying harder.

“Jerome din think it. Like I done said, he play both sides da street. He aint da kind of guy who’d force ya ta do nothing ya didn’t want either. So git yerself ta gether. We need ta git breakfast on da table fer our guys,” she snapped back.

As they were leaving the bathroom Jerome was leaning against the wall. “Damn, thought you girls were never gonna git out of there,” he said in way of greeting.

Jaden went back to the room, redressed putting on the sundress and fresh panties. He was just finishing reapplying makeup when Jerome walked back in with a towel wrapped around his waist.

“What’s da matter Jaden? Ya seem uptight dis morning,” he said going over to a dresser and removing his underclothing.

“I’m sorry. It’s just that I’m not use to finding myself in another man’s bed when I wake up,” he replied sarcastically.

“Well, ya didn’t seem ta mind last night when ya gave me dat blow job or when we dry humped later. Ya told me I was ya first. I didn’t do nuthin’ ya didn’t want. So, what ya problem?” he replied.

“I...I was drunk. I didn’t know what I was doing,” Jaden replied softly.

“Well what be done be done but I like ya. I hope ya want ta go out wid me again,” he said.

After breakfast while Tanisha and Darius went to do the dirty deed again, they sat on the couch and talked. Jaden explained how he managed to get himself in his current position. To Jaden’s surprise Jerome turned out to be a nice guy. The rest of the day was less traumatic but he was more than happy when they returned to the dorm.

Sunday night as Jaden laid in his own bed reflected on the events of the weekend. “I don’t remember giving him a blow job or much of anything else that happened Saturday night. I guess that’s a good thing though. One thing for sure is that I’m not going to drink anything but soda from now on. I find it hard to believe I let her talk me into that date. Yeah, she threatened me but still I could have refused. I haven’t been anywhere since I got here. It was nice to get out and the dancing wasn’t that bad if I were honest with myself. Uncomfortable, for sure but okay. The only thing I really enjoyed was just getting away from here. Now that Jerome seems to understand

where I'm coming from, I should reconsider going out with him again."

##

The week working in a motel was harder than the hotel. Maneuvering the heavy carts over open walkways difficult. Working the laundry room tedious. The maid he was assigned too was like the other. He did all the work while she talked on her cell. He was just thankful each floor had its own cart storage. All they had to do was lug the trash and laundry down the stairs.

As the week progressed Jaden was beginning to notice changes in his body and mind. He was having strange mood swings which bothered him the most. He found himself crying for no apparent reason. Then there was his chest. The nipples were larger, more sensitive and the underlying skin puffier. His hips and butt were bigger too. His skin seemed to be more sensitive as well.

"Something is wrong but I'm not sick. At least I don't think so. Still can't figure out why I burst into tears when I spilled that bottle of bleach the other day. I've never cried over something like that; then, my body doesn't feel right either. At least I don't feel nauseous in the mornings anymore. I wonder if I'm getting allergic to the laundry soap? My nipples itch like crazy lately and swollen. Plus, I'm gaining weight but seems like it's going to my ass. Maybe it's from all the stress I'm under. Having to pretend to be a girl is getting to me. In a couple of weeks classes will be over and the doctor will be here for a final checkup. Guess I can wait till then. All the shit that's happened since I started classes is what's making me sick. Damn, why didn't I read all that fine print. I wouldn't be in this mess now if I had," he thought.

Jaden skipped out on another date with Jerome that weekend. He needed alone time for himself. Throwing up that morning helped convince Tanisha that he was indeed feeling ill. Saturday morning as he was getting ready to take a shower was surprised. It seemed like over night his chest had sprouted twin mounds. They were not quite the size of small tea cups but defined pointy bumps. The nipples were pink, the size of pencil erasers. Not only warm to the touch but very sensitive. A half dollar sized brown circle was at the base of the nipple. The underlying tissue looked like puffy cones.

Glancing down at his groin, thought his limp penis looked smaller as was his scrotum. Reaching down grasped his pens. It just filled his palm, felt the touch but not the sensitivity he expected. Slowly he began stroking it, becoming frustrated as it only slightly hardened. Jaden burst out in tears as he gave up the effort. Later, Jaden pulled up his favorite porn site hoping the stimulus would help. Again, he gave up when only a small stain appeared on his panties without the accompanying expected relief. Even the anti-anxiety pills didn't seem to lessen his depression over that weekend.

##

Monday was the start of another on the job training week for Jaden. This time he was assigned to the laundry room at the motel. He was still depressed and just went through the motions. It didn't take much thought emptying washers and driers then folding the linens once ironed. At the end of the day Jaden found it much easier to not think while working.

"Just do what I'm told no matter how tedious the task, as best I can, seems to make it easier. It takes my mind off worrying about all the shit that's happened. Another week of this and I'll start my contract year. I'll be away from here and all the restrictions Mrs. Jefferson demands," he thought.

By the end of the week Jaden was feeling better. He decided going out with Jerome a better alternative than staying in the dorm. Last weekend had just given him too much alone time to think. That kind of thinking only made him miserable. Plus, it didn't do anything to resolve his problems just made them worse.

His date was actually fun this time. They went to a movie before heading to the club. At the club Jerome suggested he should order a club soda with lime. The bubbly soda made his nose tickle but very enjoyable. Back at their apartment Jerome slept on the couch. Sunday was spent at an amusement park. While there Jerome won a large pink fuzzy teddy bear which he gave to Jaden. By the time they got back to the dorm, Jaden was feeling much better.

This last week was spent in the cafeteria. The first day, Mrs. Jefferson explained some different scenarios they could encounter when entering a guest room. Like what was the procedure when finding a deceased occupant or finding themselves in an embarrassing situation. Tuesday, the students were quizzed mostly on routine matters, such as cart preparation and time allocations. Wednesday, they met with agents from their sponsoring companies.

The agent for Environmental Services LLC was a late middle age Latino woman. Mrs. Lana Gomez, Director of Human Resources, who seemed to be a clone of Mrs. Jefferson. A get things done, type A personality. She apparently didn't like that Jaden was going to be one of their employees. Although when he approached her and curtseyed, her frown turned neutral.

"Jaden Eddie Smith, have a seat," she greeted. "I must admit that I'm surprised seeing you here today. It's most unusual to have a male serving as a maid in our business. Still, a contract is a contract and we must abide by it."

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied with another curtsey before sitting.

"At least I see that Aniya's teaching methods are still up to my expectations. So, let's get down to business," she began passing some documents over to him.

"These are the standard employment forms, W-2's and such. You need to sign them with a blue pen. With the exception of the W-2, they have all been pre-filled in. All you have to do is sign where indicated," she instructed.

This time Jaden carefully read each document's fine print. The one explaining his employment, salary and benefits taking most of his time. The medical benefits were surprisingly good and included dental. In addition, housing assistance was available. What he didn't pay close enough attention to were the filled in places. He missed seeing the "Miss" before his name or the "O" under the sex identifier.

"Shit! I forgot all about where I was going to live once I left here. I don't have enough cash to rent much of anything. Gotta ask about this housing assistance," he thought beginning to panic.

"Mrs. Gomez, I...I don't have any place to stay. According to this you can provide housing assistance," he said.

"Environmental Services does have some apartments available located near your assigned workplace. At the moment you have been assigned to the Hyatt here near our headquarters, so that shouldn't be a problem. The monthly rent is withheld from your pay and you will have a roommate. That could have been a major problem. However, since you are already sharing a room with Miss. White and if she has no problem with it okay by me. Having a roommate, allows us to charge only our costs which will be \$125 per month. Now, if you don't have any more questions, please

finish the paperwork; then, I will go over what we expect from our employees,” she explained.

Jaden wasn't thrilled about having to share an apartment with Tanisha again but he would have a place that he could afford. If nothing else the \$35,000 per year salary and benefits would give him financial stability. The rent had to be less than half of what he would have had to pay for something not as nice. He happily signed the yearlong lease agreement and other documents.

“You will be working the day shift from seven until three initially. Your first week will be with another experienced maid; then, if satisfactory, you're on your own. Being the new hire, you will have one weekend a month off. The rest of the time two days off per week. While working you will present a neat appearance and complete your assignments within their allotted time frames. You will respect all your superiors and obey their orders without complaint. Breaking this rule will result in loss of pay and possible dismissal. You start your employment on Monday in one week. Given your circumstances, I will be keeping a close eye on you. At graduation, I will get with you and Miss. White and give you your apartment assignment. Oh, I'm almost forgetting. In your case, you will have monthly appointments with Doctor Jones and you will follow any orders she gives you. Now, unless you have any questions, that concludes our meeting,” she finished.

“Thank heavens he at least can pass as a woman. If it got out that he was a man and I hired him, the company and I would be laughing stocks. Probably lose some contracts too. About the only good thing about this is that the EEOC will be happy,” she thought as Jaden left.

Friday was graduation day. The students didn't wear robes but freshly starched uniforms and date night makeup. Instead of diplomas, handed Certificates of Completion. Assurances were made that once their year of employment was completed, an Associate of Arts diploma would be theirs.

The cafeteria wasn't all that crowded. There were some family members and the agents from the sponsors. Jerome and Darius were there as well. They were going to take the girls out to dinner and party at the club.

“Well, I made it this far and it has been a real bitch but I did it. Now, I just have to get through a year. That Hilton manager said the degree would get me into management. When he mentioned starting at the bottom, I didn't think it would be as a maid,” he thought going back to the dorm.

##

When they got back to the room Jaden was surprised to see a large white box tied with a pink satin ribbon on his bed. There was also one on Tanisha's bed. The card tucked under the ribbon read, “Happy Graduation, Luv Jerome.”

“What the hell?” he thought opening the box.

Inside was a scarlet red velvet cap sleeved dress with a low rounded neckline and fitted waist. The skirt was full cut and hemmed at mid-thigh. On the other side of the room Tanisha was holding up the same dress but in a bright violet.

“We gonna have ta bees real nice ta the guys tonight. Deez dresses are beautiful,” Tanisha said looking back at him.

“Yeah,” he answered not liking hearing what she suggested.

“Where are they taking us for dinner?” he asked trying to change the subject.

“Only da best soul food place in da city. Day do a stewed chicken wid rice n gravy ta die for. It bees da Blue Moon. You’ll love it,” she answered.

The Blue Moon proved to be located in a converted house across the railroad tracks. It looked like it had been built in the 1930’s. Other nearby houses looked the same but in various states of repair. Quant by any standards. You ordered your food at the kitchen entrance and when ready picked it up. The tables were covered in newspapers, the chairs mismatched some with cushions needing repair. There was an elderly gray-haired black man wearing blue bib overalls cleaning up as tables were vacated. Sweet ice tea or water were the only drink options. In any case the food did prove to be exceptionally good.

From there they went to the Purple Pussycat to celebrate their graduation. When the waitress came over to take their order, Jaden ordered an iced tea. What he got though was not what he expected, it was a Long Island Iced Tea. It tasted just like the sweet tea he had at the Blue Moon but with a lemonier taste. It didn’t take long for Jaden to feel very mellow. Dancing with Jerome was fun, even the slow ones. Jaden hadn’t anything to celebrate since graduation from high school, tonight was the exception. He decided that he needed to have fun and determine to do so. He also had no idea what was in a Long Island Iced Tea and his inhibitions were greatly reduced. Getting kissed by Jerome didn’t bother him, tummy rubbing dances didn’t bother him either. By the end of the night nothing bothered Jaden.

Jaden slowly opened his eyes. His head pounding like a blacksmith banging on his anvil, his throat sore and entire body ached. *“A hangover? It’s even worse than the last time but I didn’t drink any alcohol. All I had was iced tea, I’m sure of it. Crap! I’m back in bed with Jerome too. I don’t remember anything again either other than maybe one dance. Oh, I’m going to be sick,”* he thought sliding out of bed naked except for his black panties.

Grabbing his overnight bag, headed for the bathroom, his stomach churning. He just made it to the commode when he up chucked what was left in his stomach. Pulling down his panties to relieve his aching bladder felt them sticking to his butt. It took a few moments for the fog clouding his brain lifted and figured out why his ass was so sore. A memory of him bouncing up and down on Jerome’s groin flashed. This time, the vomit didn’t hit the commode. Thankfully there wasn’t that much.

***“What have I done? What’s happening to me? Am I turning into a fag? It’s bad enough I’m growing titties and now this! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! I should have left the first day I got here and to hell with the debt. At least then I would still be me!”* his mind screamed as tears began to fall.**

Sunday Jaden was sullen and withdrawn as they moved into their new apartment. When Tanisha found him crying in the bathroom, he told her of what little he remembered. Much to his mortification, she told him that he was all over Jerome. What she told him, gave him a lot to think about.

“Jaden, ya bees all over Jerome last night. Kissing n hugging out dare on da dance floor. Yawl were havin’ a ball n den when we git here, ya dragged him into the bedroom. So what if’n ya done did dat? Doan have no cause ta be upset. Jerome’s a nice guy n ya two bees a cute couple. Jest cause ya aint got the right pluming doan mean ya can’t have fun. Sides, ya can’t expect to stay in da apartment all da time. Dat no way ta live. Now git ya shit together,” she advised.

The third-floor apartment they moved into wasn’t fancy but nice and three times the size of their dorm. Two bed rooms, living room, small kitchen and balcony overlooking

the swimming pool. Jaden was thankful that for once he had a bedroom door to close and have a bit of privacy. The company had given them a week to get settled and he spent most of that time in his room. He was still bothered by what had transpired over the weekend. Tanisha was right about one thing, there was no way he could isolate himself in the apartment. Jerome was also a nice guy like she said but he was still a guy. Entering into a romantic relationship with him out of the question. What really bugged him was that Tanisha said he was the one doing just that. Jaden couldn't understand how some alcohol could make him do that and was making him question his own gender preferences. Could he actually be gay?

##

Monday morning Jaden and Tanisha took the bus to the Hyatt. There they were given a briefing by their supervisor Mrs. Williams. She explained the time clock, break times and operating procedures; then, assigned them to a senior maid. They would be working the morning shift, seven until three. The hotel's demands weren't any different from what they had experienced but were exhausted by shift's end. Mondays and Fridays were the hardest as that's when the hotel had the highest room turnovers. Payday arrived and Tanisha took Jaden shopping. "Doan give me no argument Jaden. Ya need sum new clothes n shoes. We done got paid n we going shopping," she admonished.

"But Tanisha...", he started to reply but received a slap to the face.

"Dat be Miss. White! Ya just a pretend maid. Ya shows me respect n do what I tell ya, understand?" she barked holding up a hand ready to strike again.

"Bu...but Miss. White, we're not in school anymore," he replied rubbing his stinging cheek.

"Doan mean nuthin'. I's still in charge n ya better understand dat. I make the decisions. Ya just do as I say," she retorted.

"Ye..yes, Miss. White," he said in surrender.

"N another thing, ya gonna be really nice ta Jerome. He bees a good friend n he likes ya. I'll do more dan bust your chops if'n ya don't." she added.

Instead of a thrift store she took him to the mall. The first stop was VS where Jaden spent half his pay on new uplift bras, panties and garter belts. All in bright satin with elaborate embroidery or lace. When he complained that he didn't need such fancy lingerie, Tanisha glared at him.

"These aint for ya. Dee's be for Jerome. Nuthin' turn a guy on better dan sexy lingerie," she answered.

By the time they returned home, most of Jaden's pay check was gone. He had three new mid-thigh straight skirts and four new translucent blouses plus a dozen pair of stockings. Two pair of four-inch pencil heels and another purse. Tanisha assured him that was just the beginnings of his new wardrobe and they would be doing more shopping come payday.

"I don't want to turn Jerome on much less get any more clothing. If she keeps making me spend my money at this rate, I won't save anything. I don't do what she says, she hurts me. She's stronger than me and I can't fight back. I thought when we left the school she'd stop being so demanding. She's only gotten worse. I have to clean the apartment. I have to cook all the meals and clean up after. Keeps telling me that I want to be a maid; then, I can be her maid too. Hell! I never wanted to be a maid," he

thought as a tear trickled down his cheek.

The next payday proved even more upsetting. Tanisha took Jaden to a specialty store. Actually, a sex shop where she had him purchase two French Maid costumes. One the traditional black with a white cloud of chiffon petticoats. The other in lavender satin with pink petticoats. These he had to wear when cleaning their apartment and entertaining the boys when they visited. Jerome apparently loved the lavender one with the black lingerie. Jaden's back side paid dearly for that. After six months, Jaden's male ego was gone along with his backbone. He had no desire to resist, just going through the motions of existence. The red heart tattoo with white lace trim and the word "Jerome" written across it on his shoulder blade, had taken all the fight out of him. The only good thing and that was questionable was moving in with Jerome in March. Tanisha had decided she preferred Darius living with her instead of Jaden.

Jaden had six months to go on his contract and only had pocket money to spend. Living with Jerome and having to meet his personal needs, pay for the groceries and other expenses were taking a toll. By the time his contract was up, he had little choice. Yes, he could move out but Jerome threatened him if he tried. By now his mind was so beaten down and physically exhausted, didn't dare. He renewed his contract and became a senior maid.

The End