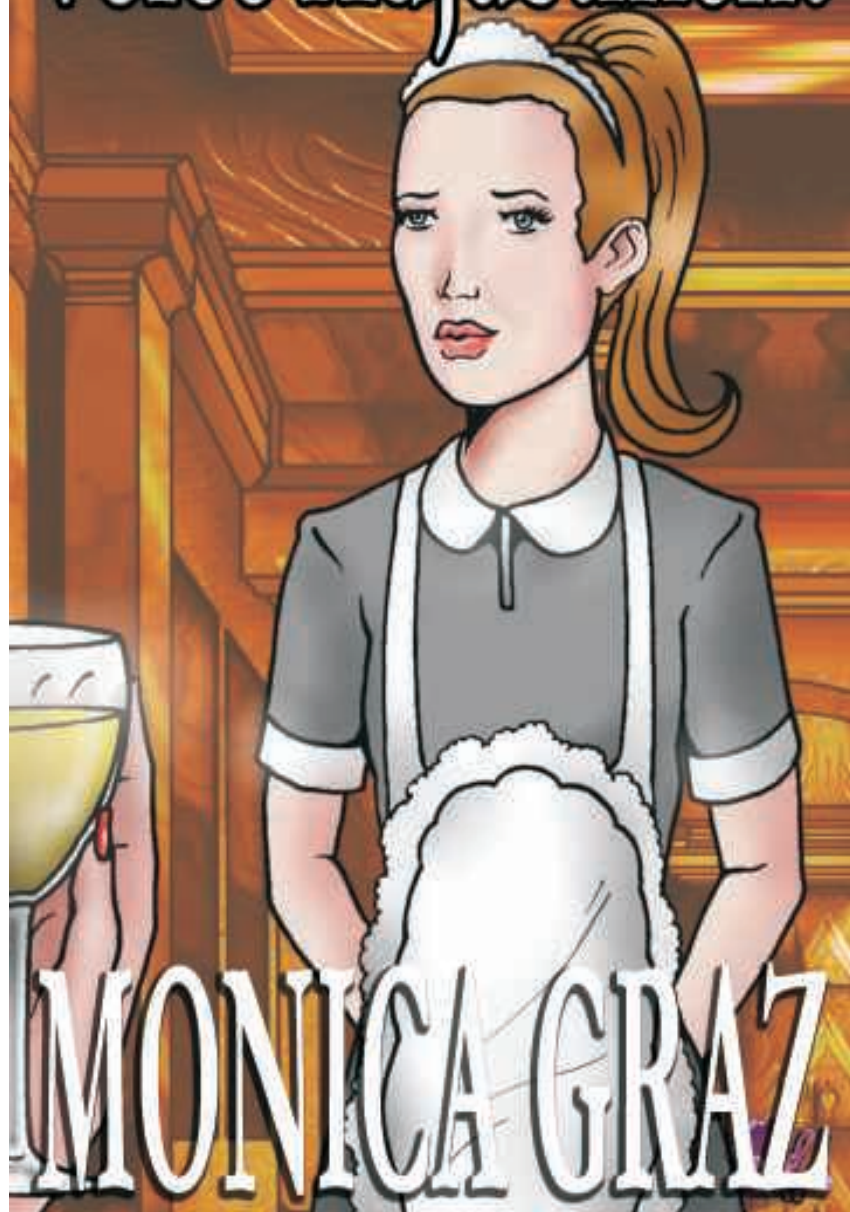


Voice Adjustment



MONICA GRAZ



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VOICE ADJUSTMENT

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER 1

Anne Morgan was relaxing, a glass of chardonnay in hand, after another hectic day at work. Being the head of the Human Resources Department, in the Company where she worked, were a big responsibility and a great challenge. She loved her job though; she was thriving in the competitive environment of the Company. She had just turned forty and all the prospects were open for her.

She heard the clattering of pots and pans in the kitchen. Mina her maid was clearly in the middle of dinner preparations.



She used her slightly firm, 'summoning the help' voice, "Mina dear, could you come in please?"

"Yes Miss, I'll be there in a minute." she heard her maid's rather deep voice from the kitchen."

She smiled thinking that Mina, her live in maid for the past six months was actually a guy in skirts.

He came in with his usual sweet smile looking every inch what he could impersonate so cleverly. He did look neat and efficient in his working uniform. Grey poly cotton dress, white bib apron, white canvas shoes, little makeup and a high ponytail framed by a white head band. The picture of domesticity.

"Yes Miss", he said slightly bobbing in a demure manner looking all eager to please her.

Yes! Anne Morgan thought to herself as she looked at Mina, pleased with the way he looked and acted; that was her Mina, her creation of the past six months and she was proud of her, oops! him. He was so perfect looking as a female that she even started thinking of him as a she. That of course before he would open his mouth to speak. Then the true identity was instantly revealed. Mina was nothing more than a cross dresser, a tranny, a guy in skirts. His deep voice was a dead give-away of his male identity.

"Mina dear," Anne said calmly in her employer's firm voice, "I think it is time to do something about your boy's deep voice. I can't possibly look at my dapper female domestic and at the same time hear that deep baritone's voice."

Mina looked instantly concerned and worried.

Her employer being a psychologist by profession picked her reaction instantly.

“Now, don’t get panicky dear girl,” She always enjoyed calling him ‘her girl’ and she knew he liked it too.

“It is not an invasive treatment of any kind, it is a system based on the training of your vocal cords. I have a set of three DVDs plus a booklet given to me by a colleague and friend. She is a speech specialist working with lots of transgender people in their transitioning phase. Voice feminization is her forte. Her name is Jennifer van Bos.”

Another concerned look from Mina. She could read him like an open book.

“I know, I know dear Mina,” she said reassuringly, “You are not a transgender person, you are not a TS in transitioning; you simply are some one who loves playing a female role. You just have to eliminate the last obstacle which can identify you as a male to an outsider.”

He looked more relaxed as he spoke, “I understand what you mean Miss Morgan, in fact I read in the past about this method somewhere, would be quite intriguing for me to try and adjust my voice to a higher pitch.”

He said it trying to sound more feminine. The result was a false, falsetto voice, exactly what he had to avoid.

Anne laughed and added, "You see what I mean Mina, this is exactly the voice you have to forget. You just sounded like a gay guy. Not the slightest feminine pitch there."

She had another sip of the wine and all of a sudden she felt quite hungry. She said half jokingly, "Now ran along and finish the dinner maid, I am famished."

He started going back to the kitchen as Anne added, "And Mina after you finish dinner why don't you change to a nice blouse and skirt outfit and join me for dinner, and we can discuss this voice project a bit further'

He beamed with joy as he heard her last remark. It was quite rare those days to be invited to sit down and have dinner with his employer. It certainly would be quite a treat for him.

CHAPTER 2

He was working mechanically in the kitchen preparing dinner. He was quite good by now; his cooking skills have been drastically improved, especially after he had to join a basic cooking skills class combined with courses in sewing and basic housekeeping skills. Anne was adamant about that and of course she paid the fees.

His mind travelled back six months ago when all of this had started. He couldn't help a smile when he re-

membered the beginning of his incredible transformation.

It was somehow surreal for him to remember that he was once colleagues with his current employer Miss Anne at the same Company but in different departments. They used to exchange a few words in the Company cafeteria during lunch break until a project brought them closer. Simon Brooks, as was his name then, was instantly impressed by Anne's sharp mind and her ability to read him like an open book. Of course that fascinated him because he truly liked Anne's confident and slightly snobbish style, and soon they started dating.

It didn't take long for Simon to reveal to Anne his cross-dressing tendencies and his mildly submissive character. He smiled again when he remembered how good she was as she was fishing out his deepest secrets. Soon he was fully dressed for her and she was impressed how naturally feminine and comfortable he looked in skirts.

Simon explained then to Anne that his cross-dressing habits went back to his early teenage years when he played dressing up games with his sister Nina who was only a year older than him. In fact his femme name Mina was introduced by Nina. She said to him, 'you are my surrogate sister and your name must be close to mine so I'll name you Mina. And Mina he stayed ever since.

Within a month after they started dating he moved in with her and within another month he was the maid

in the house. Everything happened very smoothly, Anne was simply following and encouraging very cleverly Simon's inclinations and tendencies. She understood very quickly that he loved housework, and he was eager to serve.

He started being the weekend maid but then something changed in his work status. The management of the Company decided to lay off 10% of the staff in all levels. There was a very generous bonus offered for those who would decide to go on their own will.

Simon discussed the whole issue with Anne who strongly advised him to take the offer. What Simon didn't know but Anne knew was that he already was in the list of the employees to be laid off, since his performance had deteriorated considerably the last couple of months. His mind was too preoccupied with his new way of life as Anne's lover, sex toy and general factotum.

Simon was scared when he submitted his resignation but Anne, reassured him that she would look after him, her finances were very healthy and she was privately well off through a family Trust. In fact the very large and comfortable apartment they were living in this wealthy upper class superb was given to her through that Trust after she finished her studies and started working. In other words she was financially secured for life.

And she did keep her promise, she did look after him. Soon she made him sign a contract of two years as her 'domestic helper'. The wages were above the aver-

age for that type of work and of course he had zero expenses. Even his working clothes were provided by the employer. Anne was quite generous like that.

He was startled by Anne's voice at the kitchen door. "Mina, hurry up girl. I am famished. I'll go and have a quick shower and change for dinner. I expect you to serve in twenty minutes. And don't forget to change yourself, we have dinner together, remember?"

She left without waiting for his answer though he started saying, "Of course Miss, I'll be ready before that."

CHAPTER 3

The dinner was excellent and Anne praised his cooking. They were sitting opposite each other in the dining room but of course all the serving was done by Mina. He was acting like a typical housewife for the occasion, dressed simply in a blouse and skirt outfit. He was wearing a pretty gingham half apron that Anne couldn't help noticing.

"I love your apron Mina, it's very pretty, and that heart shaped pocket is simply darling. I haven't seen you wearing it before. Is it a new purchase?"

Mina's face reddened a bit and he smiled in a mischievous manner. He said in a slightly saucy tone, "I made it myself Miss, I have a book with old fashioned apron patterns and I bought some material the other



day. Alas, they don't make aprons like this anymore; it is a very 50s pattern this one."

"You are right," Anne answered, "Now that you tell me it is indeed a 50s pattern, I remember my grand mother having aprons like that."

She sipped a bit of wine and continued, "I am impressed though with your sewing skills, you are a natural Mina dear, I think you were born to be a homemaker. And please call me Anne when we are sitting like this, you are not on maid's duties now."

He liked her praise and said happily, "Thank you Anne, I am glad you like it."

Anne decided to tease him a bit, "I like it but it is only for you dear Mina, you are the apron wearer in this house. I am simply the breadwinner in our case and you are my house helper. And it is of course compulsory for you to be aproned, either in your maid's uniform or to protect your skirts and dresses."

His face reddened again, he was clearly excited. She was simply trying to tease him but he clearly liked what she said."

"Do you mean Miss.. , I mean Anne, that I am required to wear an apron at all times when at home?"

"You couldn't put it more correctly Mina dear," Anne said trying to suppress an ironic smirk, "This is exactly what I ask from you as my employee, when at home either you work or rest or eat or whatever you do, you must wear an apron on top of your clothes unless of course I tell you differently."

Her voice became firm and severe as she said this in her employer's tone, but underneath she was secretly enjoying herself. She loved controlling her Mina in various ways and now Mina gave her the excuse to enhance that control.

"Now let's talk a bit about those voice adjustment lessons. I want you to change your voice to a feminine pitch within the next four weeks gradually. My friend the speech therapist assures me that you can do it if you follow the instructions and exercises to the letter."

He looked a bit skeptical but he didn't dare to oppose her, he eagerly said, "I'll try hard Anne to follow the instructions but would it be possible for your friend to come a couple of times to the house to check on me?"

Anne, looked a bit annoyed with that suggestion but then her face brightened and she said emphatically, "I don't think it is possible for Jennifer to come here, she is far too busy for that and even if she could come she would have charged a huge amount of money, but you probably could go and visit her in her office, that I could arrange."

Simon felt uncomfortable with the idea of going dressed en femme to visit a doctor, he had never done that before, his only outings so far were to the supermarket to buy groceries and to the odd shops here and there where he tried to speak as little as possible.

Of course he went with Anne to her beautician for his major makeover where he had extensions added to his already longish hair and permanent breast forms

glued to his chest and to the uniform shop to be fitted with his maid's uniforms. But on both those occasions Anne was running the show and was doing all the talking.

He said cautiously again trying not to offend Anne, "Probably we could go together to your friend Jennifer; that would be easier for me. You wouldn't mind that, would you dear?"

How sweet; he called her dear, Anne thought and then mellowed suddenly and said to him, "Of course we can go together Mina dear, that way I'll have the chance to exchange a few words with my dear friend, you know we were at University together, she is a fun person, I am sure she will like you."

He was relieved, Anne could tell as he added in a spontaneous manner, "You know how much more comfortable I feel when we go out together, I feel somehow I am protected from all prying eyes."

A moment's silence as they were eating then Anne added, "You know Mina, if you manage to adjust your voice to a feminine pitch and you start feeling comfortable enough interacting with ordinary people I have plans for you, plans that might excite you, knowing how much you love cleaning and how much you prefer a rather subordinate role in life."

He was instantly alert, she could tell.

"I am intrigued now," he said instantly and continued, "What sort of plans Miss if I may ask?"

Anne once more realized how much conditioned he was in his new role, he called her Miss again, he craved to be in the lower echelons of society, so much the better for what she had in mind.

“I won’t tell you now Mina dear, I have to do some work in my laptop, e-mails etc and then I’ll go to bed.’ She stopped to finish her glass of wine and then added in a rather mischievous tone of voice, “You can clear now and after you finish in the kitchen you can join me in bed, then we’ll talk a bit more about my plans for you.”

“And Mina”, she added as she was going, “Put your long silky nightie on, the one I bought for your birthday, I love the feeling of silk next to my naked body.”

She noticed as she was going that he looked ecstatic with her offer, He was already standing and he tried to curtsy as he was thanking her. Such a predictable little sissy he was. And yet deep down, she loved him for what he was, she loved his willingness to please her, his softness, his absolute devotion to her.

All those years she was working in the powerful corporate world she had enough of the typical macho males trying to put her down or entice her to bed. She much more preferred her kind and devoted Mina.

CHAPTER 4

“So will you tell me what are those plans you mentioned earlier?” Simon/Mina asked innocently as they were cuddling together in Anne’s immense bed.

It was quite late and Anne was about to fall asleep after a long working day, plenty of chardonnay and intense love making with her maid Mina who had a unique way in satisfying his Mistress.

The question slightly startled her; she’s forgotten that she had mentioned it before. Mina deserved an answer though; he was so tender and sweet as he tried to satisfy her sexually. In fact he was well taught by her, and was gradually becoming the perfect lesbian lover.

She decided to reward him with an answer that knew would excite him.

“If you manage to properly adjust your voice to a passable feminine pitch I can employ you in our company as a part time office cleaner, all legally done of course through my department of ‘Human Resources’, after all I am the Bos who decides on those matters.”

She instantly felt his arousal through his flimsy silken panties. Her Mina liked what he heard, she knew it.

“You mean I could go back to the company I was working for years as a humble cleaner?” Simon asked with a slight tremor in his voice. Anne was right, he

certainly was super intrigued, and the mere thought of it sent shivers of excitement through his body.

"Yes dear, you could be working there as a cleaner and nobody wouldn't have the slightest idea who you really are, they never look at the domestic staff that are usually totally invisible to the majority of employees." Anne said.

She was quite awake now, that sort of conversation was stimulating for her as well. She enjoyed playing with her Mina's servile and submissive fantasies.

She continued talking as she was stroking his excited member, "And you will have either an early morning or a late night shift; very few people are at work at those hours and they never look at the help; at best you can expect a quick hello and nothing else."

"Of course darling Mina," Anne continued teasingly, "You have to coordinate your working hours as a part time cleaner with your maid's duties in this house which of course takes precedent. You are primarily my maid and your cleaning job is your little outside job which will bring some extra pocket money for you and make you act naturally as a female domestic worker with your fellow workers and other people, you would like that wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would," Mina murmured and then added with a renewed tremor in his voice, "Oh Anne, you make me so excited, and I don't think I can hold any longer, will you let me come?"

Anne full of a different kind of excitement, the excitement of power over her Mina whispered in his ear, "Yes, my Mina, come now, and don't forget that you are mine and only mine!"

With those last words of Anne, Mina moaned and managed to say among his little cries of joy, "Oh yes Anne, I am yours, I am your maid and cleaner and anything else you want me to be, I do belong to you Mistress!"

"Yes you do my love," Anne whispered in his ear again and minutes later both were asleep, a happy smile in their faces. They were so lucky they found each other.

CHAPTER 5

The first sign that Simon's voice was adjusting to a more feminine pitch came three weeks later when he answered the phone. He recognized his sister's voice at the other end, "Hello, could I speak to Simon please? Nina asked clearly not recognizing his voice.

Simon decided to maintain his new higher pitch, after all Nina knew about his special relationship with Anne and his cross dressing so he continued casually in the same higher voice, "It's me Nina dear, I try to practice my Mina voice and it seems that I passed the test with you."

"Wow! I don't believe it, your voice is truly feminine on the phone, I sincerely hope you didn't do



something stupid brother dear." Nina's voice was concerned now.

Simon tried to reassure her, "It is only practice Nina, I simply follow the instructions of a very good phonetic consultant, Anne insisted on that and she is right, I have to be more genuine in my Mina persona, I quite enjoy that role at the moment, you know me."

"I do know you indeed and I know that you adore your Mina persona. You are so lucky you found Anne, she is a lovely person and she clearly likes you as Mina. Are you still keeping house for her like a good housewife?" Nina's voice was quite ironical; Simon could picture her with a smirk in her pretty face.

He decided to be a bit provocative, after all Nina knew everything about him, not any secrets between them, "I am rather the maid at the moment and I quite like it, the house is big and you remember the old saying, 'a maid's work is never done', that's how I feel at moment."

"How interesting," Nina's voice was more sarcastic now, "Don't tell me that you wear a uniform as well?"

"Of course I do," Simon said without thinking, "nothing fancy though, just a poly cotton dress, grey or light blue and a white apron, I do look the part you know."

"I never doubted that brother dear, you always liked to wear aprons in our little dressing up games and you certainly enjoyed doing more than your share of the housework at the time." Nina said half jokingly

and added in a rather conspiratorial way, "Do tell me Mina, how you address Anne when you are in your maid's role, Miss, Ma'am, Madam?"

Simon could clearly picture his sister's face as she was asking those questions, and he hasn't failed to notice also that she called him Mina for the first time since they started their telephone chat. That excited him, he was dragging Nina into his world and he wanted his sister to be part of his current 'situation'.

"Of course I call her Miss or Miss Morgan or Miss Anne if we are more intimate, that is normal for a maid isn't it sister dear?" Simon said imitating his sister's sarcastic tone.

"I would expect a similar respect from you when I come to visit, after all the guests of your employer have to be treated accordingly, don't you think maid?" Nina added in a provocative voice.

That last phrase excited Simon even more, he called him a maid now, she really was provocative his darling sister.

"Of course Mrs. Dalton," Simon said using his sister's married name, "when you come to visit I'll be very respectful, I'll even curtsy to you."

This time she burst out laughing, "Oh Simon, you are so funny, you love playing the maid's role and you do it so seriously, you are such a sissy dear brother."

Simon laughed too and for the first time his voice became more masculine, he realized that he had to

work on that, he was going to ask the specialist, he had an appointment to meet her in a few days.

He simply said to his sister, "You know me Nina, if I adopt a role, any role, I want to be perfect and real, I don't like those purely theatrical types like the 'drag queens' or the very loud trannies, subtlety is my motto."

Then he added, "But I would love you to come and visit, I want your opinion and assistance on several issues I face as a substitute female. Anne is good at explaining certain things to me but she is ever so busy at her work and when at home she prefers to relax rather than be my coach in femininity."

"Yes I'll try and come probably in a couple of months, I'll give you ample warning of course. I have to sort out my work and I have to sort out my divorce with Danny, you know how difficult he can be at times."

Simon all of a sudden remembered that his sister was going through a difficult phase, divorcing her husband of five years, fortunately no children involved.

He resumed his high pitch and said, "It would be great for you to come and stay for as long as you want after you sort out your divorce, a change will be good for you and Mina will look after you."

"Thanks brother dear, that's very kind of you, but you better check with your employer first, she might have other plans for you. But thanks anyway, I take

your invitation seriously, I'll tell you more as soon as I know. I better go now I have to run some errands and you better go back to work, your employer might not be happy if you don't finish your chores for the day."

She teased him again and he liked it. He said in a happy voice, "Thanks for calling Nina, I am glad you called I have been thinking of you lately. And please try to make some time for a visit; I can reassure you that Anne will be very happy to meet you."

CHAPTER 6

Jennifer van Bos was quite a formidable lady, large in size but in character as well. She was very pleased meeting her old friend Anne again.

Anne and Simon were sitting opposite her looking completely different as if they were coming from two different worlds. Anne came directly from her office, the picture of confidence, dressed very elegantly in her designer's clothes and Simon dressed as Mina of course came directly from the house where he changed quickly from his maid's uniform to a simple cotton dress, open low heel sandals and a jacket of dubious quality, clothes you could buy in any low price shopping mall.

Jennifer was talking to Anne, her old friend, ignoring Simon completely who didn't mind at all being ignored like this; on the contrary he was fascinated listening to their various stories and experiences. He

realized as those two were talking that he was getting used to that 'being ignored' feeling, deep down he liked it, his submissive genes were pleased when he was treated like a servant.

But a specialist's time is money and soon Jennifer's attention turned to him.

"So Mina, remind me please how long you have practiced in that speech adjustment program?" She asked casually looking at some papers in front of her.

Simon answered cautiously trying his best to impress her with his newly adjusted voice, "It will be four weeks next Monday Ma'am." He wasn't certain how to address her, was she a doctor, or another type of specialist? So he called her Ma'am.

"You certainly sound more correct now, but you need lots of practice still."

She turned to Anne and asked her, "Do you have any plans for Mina? Do you plan to expose her more to the real world? You mentioned the other day that she might start working part time soon, mixing with other people. That will help her voice a lot; she will be on full alert all the time."

Simon noticed that all along Jennifer was using the **she** form for him; it was clearly natural for Jennifer, as she was dealing all the time with transgender people.

Anne answered with gusto using the **she** form as well, "Indeed I have plans for Mina; soon she will be working as a part time cleaner in our company, she seems to thrive as a domestic, she enjoys all menial

tasks. As I told you already she is an exceptionally good maid in my house which is quite demanding as you remember."

Anne stopped for a minute and then turned to him, "Of course Mina dear I want to emphasize in front of Jennifer that all this new found activity of yours is happening with your full cooperation. I wouldn't even dream to push you into doing something that you hate, isn't that right?"

She asked him a direct question and he had to answer under the observant eye of Jennifer.

Somehow he felt that he had to address Anne in a formal manner as well so he said cautiously, "Of course Miss Morgan, I am quite happy with my new found role in life, you know that I love housework and cleaning and I enjoy cross dressing so all that is a natural outlet for me, even an inner need if I am correct using that term."

Jennifer took over, "You are absolutely correct dear Mina; in your case your inner need is your strong drive to do what you are doing at the moment. I must say you are quite a unique case; all those years I deal with transgender people, people who want to change sex and become female all the way and they are prepared to sacrifice a lot for that; sometimes their own families write them off completely. But you are a cross dresser as you call yourself and all you care about is to be able to simply pass as a female and be out in the real world doing rather lowly menial jobs as you just mentioned to me."

She didn't wait for an answer from him but addressed Anne again, "It is amazing that Mina goes back to your company as a cleaner, wasn't he working there as an economist when you met him in his male persona of course?"

"Yes," Anne said, "Simon as he was called then was an economist with good prospects at the time but after we met and I encouraged him to bring out his real persona he quickly adapted to it like a duck to water. He has never looked back ever since. Am I right Mina dear?"

She put him on the spot again and he answered quite eagerly this time as to emphasize her statement, "Of course you are right Miss Morgan, I wouldn't be here today dressed the way I am if I wasn't fully committed to my new status in life." His voice cracked from an inner emotion as he said the last sentence and his voice became more masculine instantly.

He stopped to adjust his voice and spoke again addressing both ladies in his softest possible voice, "I must thank you Anne for being so nice and understanding to me and of course I must thank you Miss van Bos for your professional assistance to adjust my voice. You both managed to turn a long standing fantasy of mine into reality." He nearly started crying as he finished those words and Anne had to approach him for a big hug.

"It's all right Mina dear, you have nothing to worry about, I will always be there for you," she said loudly

and then whispered in his ear, "because you are mine and mine only!"

He felt a surge of excitement as he heard her whispering but Jennifer, an amused look on her face, didn't give him the chance to answer. "Anne dear, stop fraternizing with the help," she said laughingly and then added as Anne resumed her seat, "I have an idea that might help Mina in her new life as a cleaner."

Both Anne and Simon looked at Jennifer quizzically, clearly interested.

Jennifer turned to Simon and said in her well modulated voice, "It is all very well Mina dear that you make the effort to adjust your voice to a more realistic female pitch and I must say that you look the part, you have the looks of an average working class woman but there is something missing that might give you away to your fellow cleaners and to your supervisors."

"And what that might be?" asked Anne clearly intrigued with Jennifer's remark

"And I am very eager to hear it Ma'am," Simon added his eyes filled with curiosity.

"It is quite simple really," Jennifer said, "Mina has a very educated and slightly upper class voice, she uses words that are not common in the day to day vocabulary of a domestic worker, she has to be coached to speak more simply and with a certain amount of respect for 'her betters' as a Victorian would have said over a century ago."

By that stage she had the full attention of both as she continued talking, "Mind you, I am not a racist and I don't particularly like class ridden societies but in Mina's case we have to be realistic. She wants to work in this particular field of menial female workers so she has to convince her fellow workers that she is genuine other wise she will be marginalized and at the end probably exposed."

They both were impatient now. Anne who had the familiarity with Jennifer said in a friendly but impatient voice, "Come on Jennifer, spit it out, we are dying to here your idea."

Jennifer went directly to the point this time, "I have a cleaner, a Filipino lady who comes to my house three times a week, her name is Juanita she is over twenty years in this country, in fact she is married here and has been in that field of work all her life. Her English is good but not educated and I simply suggest that Mina spends some quality time with her. This is my idea."

"That's a fantastic idea," Anne said enthusiastically, "What do you think Mina dear, would you like to spend some 'quality time', as Jennifer said, with Juanita, she will teach you to be what you prefer more, a proper domestic and cleaner."

Simon was intrigued, he never before in his life had the chance to interact with another maid, another one of his fantasies was about to be fulfilled, so he said eagerly, barely able to hide his excitement, "Of course I would Miss Morgan, it would be good for me but how

could we organize that? I have my duties in your house and..."

Anne interrupted him, "Don't worry about that dear, there is plenty of time for you to take care of my house and I am certain Jennifer will be able to come out with a suggestion."

They both turned to Jennifer who simplified matters again, "Well my suggestion is that the three days that Juanita is working in my house Mina can join her as her assistant maid. She can interact with her and Juanita who is a clever person and I trust her completely will be able to coach her accordingly."

She paused momentarily but she continued before the others had the chance to ask, "Of course I'll have to brief Juanita about the real situation of Mina, only then will she be able to understand fully her so called 'project', and I repeat here what I just mentioned, I completely trust her so you two shouldn't worry."

Then she asked out of the blue, "How old are you Mina dear?"

"I will be forty next summer Ma'am," Simon answered without hesitation.

"You don't look it" Jennifer said, "Clearly in your femme persona you look at least five years younger. I asked your age because Juanita will certainly want to know, it is important for her for some obscure reason. And before you ask, Juanita is in her late forties but she looks younger herself. She has this petite Filipino look

and also a great sense of humor, I am sure you will get along with her."

Simon was even more intrigued now but Anne asked the next question, "Lets face the practicalities, how do you propose that we start to implement your wonderful idea Jennifer dear?"

Jennifer thought for a minute then said, "Juanita is working on Monday, Wednesday and Friday between 8.00am and 5.00pm. Tomorrow is Friday and I'll have the chance to explain to her what our 'Mina project' is, then Mina can come on Monday morning, say around 9.00o'clock. I'll introduce her to Juanita just before I go to work. How does that sound?"

"It sounds perfect to me," said Anne and then added, "I am truly grateful to you Jennifer for this help, Mina is also very intrigued, I can tell from her smug look."

Simon thought that he had to thank Jennifer as well so he said, in his new careful voice, "Thank you Miss Jennifer, that is going to be a great help for me," then he added somehow hesitantly, "Should I take one of my uniforms with me? Does Juanita wear one?"

"Now that's an interesting topic dear Mina," Jennifer said slightly amused by Mina's request. "Juanita is quite the independent type; she likes to work in her shorts and T shirt or a light house frock. When I first employed her we made an agreement that she should wear a uniform only at my formal parties when I want to impress my guests otherwise she can work wearing her own choice of clothes. But I guess if

you want to feel proper as a domestic yes you can take a uniform with you. I am certain that will amuse Juanita, she might tease you a bit but only in her good hearted manner."

"Mina likes to be in uniform when she does housework and that's the way it should be," Anne said looking meaningfully to Simon, "so she will take one of her neat and practical morning uniforms, nothing fancy, don't you agree Mina dear?"

"Of course I do Miss," Simon said with a slight smile, realizing once more how well Anne knew him.

"It's all set then!" Jennifer said in a jolly manner standing to see them out. "See you on Monday Mina."

CHAPTER 7

He arrived as instructed at nine o'clock sharp at Jennifer van Bos' house, dressed in his street Mina's clothes, the same ones he was wearing when he was interviewed by her last week.

Jennifer van Bos herself let him in. "Hi Mina, do come in", she said in a friendly but hasty manner, "I am afraid I am running a bit late and I have to rush. Juanita is upstairs; she just started sorting my bedroom. You can go and change to your uniform in the little room by the kitchen and then you can help yourself to some coffee. Juanita will be with you in a few minutes. She is going to tell you what to do, I explained everything to her."

He mastered his best female voice and managed to say a "Thank you Miss van Bos, thank you for all your assistance."

But by the time he finished his sentence Jennifer van Bos was already gone to another room waving with her hand some sort of 'don't mention it' answer.

He did as was told; changed to his plain uniform, baby blue polycotton dress, half white apron and canvas white shoes, the picture of domesticity. He helped himself to some coffee and now he was waiting for Juanita to appear. He heard Jennifer van Bos saying goodbye to Juanita who must have been coming down the stairs. He clearly heard her adding, "And make sure that Mina works properly next to you, she is here to learn. Bye for now."

Juanita came in to the kitchen seconds later dressed very simply in a cool cotton sleeveless dress and flip flops clearly trying to cope with a rather warm day. She had a sweet cheeky face. Miss van Bos was right; she looked several years younger than her late forties.

She smiled at Simon and said very casually in rather accented English, "Hi Mina, Miss Jennifer fully briefed me about you. I see you got some coffee, I might have a cup with you before I put you to work."

Her casual and warm welcome put Simon at ease. His first impressions of Juanita were positive. He liked the fact that she reacted to him very naturally as if it was the most common thing in the world to face a man in a maid's uniform.



She invited him to sit around the kitchen table and she joined him with a cup of coffee and some cookies she produced from a cupboard.

“So Mina, Miss Jennifer tells me that you like to clean and you want to become a competent domestic worker.” Juanita said after a sip of her coffee, “please help yourself to a cookie, I baked them last Friday. Do you like to cook as well?”

Simon very conscious of his voice and trying to be as natural as possible said, “I really appreciate what you do for me Juanita, it means a lot to me, I never worked together with another person as a cleaner and I do need this interaction. And to answer your question, yes I love to cook; in fact I cook all the meals at home for my Mistress.”

“Yes, Miss Jennifer mentioned that, she also said that you will soon be working as a part time cleaner at the office building where your Mistress works. Is that the case?”

“Indeed it is,” answered Simon feeling more and more comfortable chatting with Juanita. “She is organizing it all; she is the head of personnel in her company.’

“My, my, you seem to be well connected,’ Juanita said a mock admiration in her voice. Clearly she didn’t know the whole story. She simply assumed that Simon was Miss Morgan’s cross dressed domestic who is assisted by her boss to get a second job

Simon decided to reveal a bit more and added, "To be frank with you Juanita I became a domestic only recently on my own will. Before that I was working as an economist in the firm where my employer is working as head of the Human Resources Department. We met there and became partners, I moved in with her and with her encouragement I gradually became her maid. You see, I have this need to cross dress and serve, it is so strong that tendency." I stopped abruptly; I was using Juanita as my shrink, that wasn't right. So I added hastily, "I am sorry Juanita I shouldn't bother you with my inner issues, I am here to learn from you the practical aspects of housework and how to interact with people as a cleaner."

Juanita looked at Simon in a shrewd and inquisitive manner as if she just saw a ghost and shaking her head said emphatically, "Now I understand, it all makes sense Mina dear. How old are you by the way?"

Simon was a bit surprised by what Juanita just said but Miss van Bos had warned him that she was going to ask his age so he answered without thinking, "I'll be 40 very shortly, in the beginning of summer."

"Yes," Juanita added triumphantly, "You are the right age for that; I think you are an 'instrument' some other entity is residing with you at the moment!"

This time Simon was really taken aback. Is this woman a bit nutty? What on earth had she meant by him being an 'instrument'. He was about to ask her but Juanita looked at the kitchen clock above the huge refrigerator.

"I know Mina, you are wondering what this is all about but we should get on with our work, it is a lot to be done." She stood up carrying her coffee mug to the sink and Simon followed her.

She turned to him and added, "But I promise I'll tell you all about it during our lunch break. Now let's do some cleaning."

Simon's first cleaning assignment was the kitchen which was quite messy. Juanita explained that Miss Jennifer had a guest during the weekend and they used the house mercilessly. Of course they used the kitchen to cook and then abandoned most of the pots and pans unwashed clearly leaving it for the 'help' on Monday.

As she was going upstairs to continue sorting the bedrooms Juanita turned to Simon and said, "You are going to do a messy job here, better protect your pristine white apron with a real working one; you will find one hanging inside the pantry."

Simon was so conditioned to obey orders that he nearly answered with a 'Yes Ma'am' but he remembered the last second that Juanita was a fellow cleaner and simply said, "Thanks Juanita, I can use a proper apron to wash up, there is some delicate china here that I wouldn't risk putting it in the dish washer."

"Good girl" Juanita said as she departed, "I like the fact that you are observant, this is a good sign for a competent domestic worker."

He was quite ecstatic when he started working in the kitchen. For the first time he was cleaning in another house outside his familiar environment. He was really and truly the 'help' here and he was savoring that feeling. He covered himself with a big working apron with a large bib and straps crossing in the back and fastening with buttons at the apron strings. He secretly went and looked at himself in the mirror by the entrance. What a sight. A true female cleaner was looking back at him.

At this moment his cell phone started ringing. He was carrying it in his uniform dress pocket so he answered instantly.

He heard Anne's familiar voice at the other end, "Hello, is that Mina?"

He smiled and using his best female voice answered, "Yes, Miss Morgan it is Mina speaking."

"Your voice is getting better by the minute dear. How do you like being a maid outside your familiar grounds?" Anne asked with a chuckle in her voice.

"I love it Ma'am," Simon said realizing how much more naturally now he could face Anne as his employer rather than partner. "I started by sorting the kitchen out, Miss Jennifer had a guest staying during the weekend and the whole house needs extra attention."

"And how do you find Juanita, is she helpful enough and understanding?" Anne asked a clear interest in her voice.

Simon chuckled and said lowering his voice, "I quite like her Ma'am but I think she is a bit odd, she said to me before that I might be an 'instrument', whatever that means, and that she will explain it all when we have our lunch break."

"That sounds interesting, you have intrigued me now and you will explain everything tonight during dinner which hopefully you will be able to cook on time." Anne answered clearly hinting that Mina shouldn't forget her primary duties as her maid.

Simon said eagerly, "Certainly Ma'am, I plan to finish here at 4.00pm, run for some shopping and then home to start dinner.'

"Guess what," Anne said as if she hadn't heard what Simon just mentioned, she was in a teasing mode again and her domineering genes were kicking in, "I see one of our cleaners coming towards my office pushing her cart. She looks rather drab in her uniform, the olive green dress with the checked collar and the matching checked tabard both slightly discolored from the use of bleach and other cleaning chemicals.

Soon you will be one of those cleaners. In fact I think I might assign you to clean my office and come and empty my waste basket and clean wipe my desk. Would you like that Mina dear?" Now her voice had a more sarcastic tone.

Simon was all excited now, the moment Anne became bossier his submissive side resurfaced more strongly. And this was one of those moments.

He pretended to be worried about the prospect but deep down he liked the idea of being the cleaner in his partner/employer's office.

He answered in a rather quivering and more masculine sounding voice, "I would be worried in case someone could recognize me Ma'am. Your secretary knew me as Simon fairly well and a couple of others working in your department. I used to visit quite often when we started to see each other."

"Nonsense!" Anne answered in an annoyed manner, "who is going to pay attention to a cleaner pushing her cart. You told me once that cleaners are invisible to other employees and this is one of the aspects you would love in the job. And mind your voice Mina; this is the only factor that could betray you."

She stopped briefly and added, 'I better go, my secretary is signaling at me I have to go to a meeting. Bye for now and make sure you do a good job at Jennifer's house, I'll get a full report from her.'

And she ended the call before Simon had the chance to say good bye.

CHAPTER 8

“You did a great job in the kitchen Mina; I can see that you are a natural. Your Mistress is a very lucky lady.”

“And I am lucky having her as my employer, she is so very understanding about my rather unconventional attitude to life.” Simon said remembering to keep his voice to his new feminine pitch.

They were having their lunch break sitting around the kitchen table devouring sandwiches, kindly prepared by Juanita.

“Are you at all religious Mina?” Juanita asked abruptly taking Simon by surprise.

“I am not certain how to answer that Juanita,” he said cautiously. *What the hell is she trying to prove* he thought and then continued, “I’ll give you the easiest answer, I am not a practicing Christian if you ask me that, but I do believe in a ‘higher existence’ if you can call God that and I do like astrology.”

“Do you believe in reincarnation?” Juanita pressed him with another unusual question.

She is quite something Simon thought again and he simply said, “I am not certain how to answer that. I know that Indians are strong at that. Do you have it in Philippines as well? Simon answered cleverly with another question.

“Don’t you understand Mina?” Juanita said in a rather strong manner, “This is what is happening to



you at the moment. A woman moved in with you. Her spirit is with you pushing you to act more and more as a female though you are genetically a male. This woman was most probably a servant in her life and this is what is happening to you now, you strongly feel that you are a female servant and you take that role very seriously. You are 'an instrument' of that woman; she is expressing herself through you."

Simon looked at her completely aghast. This is what she meant by 'instrument'? She said something that sounded totally mad and yet it made sense to him. He had always wondered what was the driving force for his peculiar idiosyncrasy and Juanita just gave him a possible answer! He was a pragmatic person and not fond of 'other worldly phenomena' so to speak, but this gave him an excuse to feel freer in his submissive servant's role in front of Juanita; she could and would understand Mina's attitude completely.

Juanita didn't expect an answer from him because she continued talking in a more excited manner, "So Mina don't even try to fight your female 'alter ego' let her be inside you. She is here to stay and you have to embrace her, be her, and think like her. Put your male persona away and let Mina take over completely, then you will feel much more natural in her shoes."

'Wow!' Simon said, "You developed quite a theory here Juanita and the funny thing is that it appears quite plausible to me."

Juanita smiled at him, "I am glad you comprehend my theory Mina. Believe me you will feel much better

the moment you start thinking and I mean it, *thinking*, as Mina, thinking as a *she* rather than a he. Then you will be as real as possible and not some sort of impersonator.'

Mina felt at that moment that Juanita used a magic wand that sent Simon away and couldn't help asking, "I hope you don't mind me asking you a personal question but you seem quite informed in certain religious or even supernatural matters as if you studied them profoundly, how is that?"

"You mean how a lowly servant like me can be so well informed?" Juanita asked with sarcasm in her voice and continued, "It is very simple really, I studied to be a high school teacher in my country and I specialized in religious psychology. But conditions of life in my country twenty years ago were forbidding for lots of young people especially women and so I migrated like so many others did and I ended up a maid and cleaner in this country. But I never lost my interest in religious psychology and I still read a lot on those matters."

She stopped to look at Mina for a moment and added in a slightly conspiratorial tone of voice, "I must tell you though that I keep to myself on those matters and I never talk about all that with my various employers. In their eyes I am just a domestic and nothing more. I am certain though that Miss van Bos who is a perceptive lady 'feels' things about me and that's the reason that she brought you here. She believes that I

would be a positive influence for you in your Mina role, in fact she told me that much”.

“Yes, she mentioned that to my Mistress when we met in her office last week, she said that you are a very independent person and you don’t like to wear a uniform. That tells me a lot about you.” Mina said a cunning smile in her face.

“It is true,” Juanita conceded, “a maid’s uniform is not my preferred dressing option. I’d rather wear comfortable clothes to do my cleaning and other chores and in the rare occasions I have to be in a uniform to serve at dinner parties my employer organizes, thank God not that often, I feel quite unhappy. No, I am not a servant at heart like you are, I think I belong to the other side of the fence but the reality of life made me what I am today.”

She stopped and looked at Mina who seemed to be quite focused on what Juanita was saying and added, “Mind you, I am doing my job very diligently and I am proud when I finish a task however demeaning it appears to be. I am a perfectionist in that sense.”

She looked at her watch and signaled to Mina to stand up. “Come girl, we still have a lot of work to do and you have to depart earlier than me so let’s get going.”

Mina was standing before Juanita had the chance to finish her sentence. She was eager to continue and the encounter with Juanita was proving to be quite exciting in a most unusual manner.

CHAPTER 9

That evening Mina received an unexpected present from Miss Morgan. She received a pair of moderately high heel shoes, nothing fancy just a very workable pair of shoes that she could use when in uniform.

“I simply followed Juanita’s suggestion conveyed to me by Miss van Bos. She called me to announce happily that Juanita was very impressed by you. She thought though that a pair of medium high heels would improve your whole movement and demeanor as a maid and push you to act and look more feminine,” Anne Morgan said to Mina when she arrived from work and added mischievously, “Run along and put them on girl and then do fetch me a glass of white wine, I am dying for a drink.”

Mina reappeared a few minutes later with her new shoes on, carrying a silver tray with a glass of chardonnay. Juanita was right. She instantly felt the difference in her movements. She started walking in shorter steps and felt the need to wiggle her hips more.

Miss Anne noticed the difference and smiled happily to Mina, “You have to tell me everything about Juanita, she seems quite a character; you spent a few hours with her and you already look like a different person to me, like she casts a spell on you,” she said after a sip of her wine.

"You could certainly say that Ma'am; about the spell I mean," Mina answered eagerly and continued slightly blushing not knowing how Miss Morgan would react to all that metaphysical approach about her condition, "She claims that I am the instrument of an unknown woman servant who penetrated my body and gradually takes over."

Anne looked puzzled and amazed, "Wow!" she exclaimed, 'what an interesting approach to your strong attitude towards domestication and subjugation. I am not a great fan of metaphysical theories but in your case I am inclined to consider a certain truth even as farfetched as that may be."

"I am so glad you don't dismiss the whole thing as totally ridiculous Ma'am," Mina said somehow relieved now, "I am in a constant mental arousal ever since Juanita introduced that theory to me."

Anne interrupted her with a gesture, "You better go and finish dinner dear, I am famished and we can discuss all that during dinner. You can tell me everything that happened today in Miss van Bos' house."

"Yes Ma'am!" Mina said and departed with a slight bob.

Anne smiled again when she saw Mina wiggling her hips in such a prominent manner, the large symmetrical bow of her apron moving along with her.

Mina served dinner and she was invited to sit down and eat with Miss Morgan. Anne asked lots of questions and Mina gave her a detailed account of her ac-

tivities at Miss van Bos' house and how she had interacted with Juanita.

Mina's voice was steadily more female sounding now in a rather husky way and at one point Anne burst into a quick laugh.

"What?" Mina asked somehow impertinently forgetting her place.

Anne didn't seem to mind but said in a half laughing mode, "You know Mina I just realized that your new husky voice except that it sounds like an ex smoker's voice it reminds me of a jazz singer I love, Nina Simone. And what are you called? Mina Simon. Isn't that funny?"

It wasn't that funny for Mina but she nodded with a broad smile, "Indeed, Ma'am it is a coincidence and Nina Simone is one of my favorite singers as well; but don't forget that my sister's name is Nina as well."

"You know," Anne continued as if she hadn't heard Mina's answer, "I think that this is going to be your new name when I register you to work as a cleaner for the Firm, you will be called *Mina Simony*, it sounds a bit exotic but it will do. What do you think dear?"

"I think I like it," Mina said though she was not certain that she wanted her old masculine name to accompany her in her new persona, but she wasn't going to argue that with her employer.

"In fact seeing how you interacted today and after I heard you describing so eloquently your encounter with Juanita I think that you will be ready earlier than I

thought to appear in public as Mina," Anne said emphatically ignoring once more Mina's short answer, "So I'll start your paper work tomorrow, I'll ask my secretary to start certain procedures before you come for an interview with the head of the cleaning department."

This time Mina got worried; Miss Morgan was deciding for her very rapidly without any consensus so she decided to speak in a louder manner, "But I still feel that I need some sessions with Juanita Ma'am; she is very helpful and she will be able to boost my confidence, I don't want to rush things."

Anne, used to be obeyed, was a bit startled and looked at Mina in an intense manner.

"Obviously it is not going to happen tomorrow and I am aware how much you need your interaction with Juanita so don't worry, I know what is best for my maid."

"I am sorry Ma'am, I have been impertinent. Of course you know what is best for me, after all you deal with those matters all the time," Mina said apologetically and added somehow mischievously, "I must admit that I am not a match either for you or Miss van Bos or even Juanita for that matter. I feel that you are all somehow my tutors, you Ma'am the pragmatic one, Miss van Bos the scientist/doctor and Juanita the one with the supernatural tendencies, what can I say."

Anne gave an affectionate smile to Mina. "I am glad we have reestablished the correct pecking order here," she said in a humorous way, and then in her firmer

tone, "I think we finished, you can clean the table now. I am going to the study to catch up with my e-mails. After you finish the washing up you can bring me a cup of tea."

Mina was already standing. She smoothed her apron saying at the same time, "Certainly Ma'am." She knew too well that she was dismissed for the time being.

CHAPTER 10

"You are going to do all the cleaning today Mina, start from the verandahs they need a good wash and then clean all the windows before you come inside to continue with the regular housework, you know very well what has to be done," Juanita said to Mina that Monday morning, a month after their first encounter in Miss van Bos' house.

Their relation had changed considerably since they first met a month ago. Now Juanita was more of a supervisor and instructor to Mina's work than a fellow worker. And Mina was inclined to see her as such. So she answered automatically, "Yes Ma'am," as if Juanita was her employer. And in so many ways she was. Mina barely was in any contact with Miss van Bos, just a quick hello in the morning before her always hasty departure for work. So Juanita became her

real 'Bos' in the house as she liked to think in a humorous way.

"I am off for some shopping and then I'll do a major cooking; I am going to cook a full Filipino meal for Miss van Bos and her guests. I gather that your employer Miss Morgan is one of them, but I never met the two other lady guests. Miss Jennifer told me they are her colleagues from work. You must be excited that you are going to do the serving tonight. I hope you remembered to bring your formal black and white uniform." Juanita added with a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

And it was true; Mina was really excited in a rather confused way. Another step down the social ladder and another experience in her new role as a full time domestic. She was going to serve at a formal dinner party! Juanita promised to help her set the table properly and advise her how to do the actual serving.

She said to Juanita as she was getting ready to go out, "It is true Juanita I am excited but I am very worried also, I never have done that before and I rely on you to give me the proper coaching before you go this evening, you promised to do that for me, remember?"

"Of course I'll help you girl, but I am not worried about you, you are such a natural as a maid and such a fast learner that I am certain you will do just fine." Juanita said with a smirk and then added in a mischievous way, "I am glad though I won't be doing the serving in a black and white uniform, this is not for me dear, not any more. I love cooking but I hate doing the

serving always with a false smile and a 'yes Sir, 'thank you Ma'am' voice. I'd rather leave to you that pleasure."

She looked at the kitchen clock and said, "Come on girl, don't dawdle anymore. You have a lot to do today and I want you to be able to help me with the washing up in the kitchen as I proceed with the cooking, lots of pots and pans to be scrubbed."

"Yes, Ma'am," Mina said nearly curtsying to Juanita who saw that movement and gave her a sweet smile.

"I better go Mina, be back in an hour and you better have the coffee pot on with some fresh coffee, we can have a quick break together before I start the cooking."

Juanita was back within the hour and Mina rushed to help her with the shopping bags. She noticed immediately that Mina was heavily perspiring, her uniform dress had strong perspiration marks and her half white apron was slightly soiled from mud. Scrubbing verandahs under a hot sun and cleaning windows was not exactly an easy job on a hot summer day. And Mina was not exactly the sight of a neat and dapper domestic.

"Have you ever thought of wearing a duster dress on a hot day like today when you do your housework?" She asked Mina with a genuine interest in her voice?"

Mina looked puzzled, "What is a duster dress Juanita? Has it something to do with dusting and housework?"

Juanita laughed and answered, "Certainly not silly girl; it simply is a comfortable loose dress like the ones I wear around the house when I am not in shorts. I think you call it a sun dress here."

"Of course, I know what you mean," Mina answered excitedly, "I love those dresses, they come in lovely printed patterns and are very comfortable to wear, and I see what you mean about being a cooler option on days like this, I certainly feel hot today in my polycoton uniform dress, the material is quite thick."

She stopped for a moment and then added, "But I haven't ask permission from my employer, I can't take that decision on my own."

Juanita laughed again, "Don't be silly Mina, "Most of the time our employers are away when we do most of our menial tasks. You can be properly uniformed when you expect your employer back. As you know Miss Jennifer is quite comfortable with what I wear, but I am not certain what your employer Miss Morgan would think. You can bring it up with her at one point."

She stopped to have a sip of her freshly brewed coffee that in the meantime served in a cup and added, "And of course I can assure you that being in a duster dress and apron you certainly couldn't be mistaken for the lady of the house, you would still be the help."



"I see what you mean," Mina said still very excited about the prospect, "I'll certainly ask Miss Morgan."

"Would you like to wear one now?" Juanita asked a conspirator's smile in her face.

"Do you have one?" Mina asked her eyes bright with expectation.

"Of course I do, I bought one the other day, having you in mind, I could foresee this hot weather coming," Juanita said and disappeared for a second to the laundry room next to the kitchen.

She was back in a minute carrying a plastic bag. She offered it to Mina, "Take it girl, go and change this minute, I want to see how it looks on you."

Mina took it, barely able to hide her excitement and headed straight for the laundry room.

She emerged a few minutes later her face beaming, wearing a very nicely patterned cotton dress, two large straps holding it on her shoulders and two pretty wide pockets adorning the front of it. The dress was modestly long just a couple of inches below the knee. She looked good in it. She redid her hair pushing her ponytail higher and added a fresh touch of lipstick.

"What do you think Juanita?" She simply asked.

Juanita looked carefully and finally said with a smile, "You look good in it Mina, It suits you, I can see you are going to become a devotee of those dresses like all true Filipinas. I think after all that the female servant that resides inside you is a Filipina. That's why

you started to learn Tagalog so easily. Remember what you are called in Tagalog?"

Mina still beaming answered happily, "I am a *mutsatsa* Ma'am and *salamat* for the house dress." Her accent became heavier as she used those Tagalog words for 'housemaid' and 'thank you'.

"You are a good *mutsatsa*!" Juanita said happily and added, "Don't thank me about the dress; it's a thank you present for all the help you offered to me in this house."

She looked at the kitchen clock and said, "Chop, chop girl, we are a bit behind schedule, put your *epron* on and continue your chores. I am going to start the cooking and I'll call you when I need you."

"Yes Ma'am," Mina said still looking at her duster dress in adoration and noting that Juanita used the Tagalog word for apron, so similar to English this one.

CHAPTER 11

Anne Morgan was quite restless this morning; she was quite busy at work as usual but her mind was focused more on Simon/Mina, her partner/maid/both?

She was seriously thinking how to move on from this point. She could see that Mina has developed in leaps the past month. She'd become quite friendly with Jennifer's maid Juanita and she was acting more and more like a maid nearly all the time now.

Is this what Anne wanted? A completely feminized partner who was more and more acting as her employee and dependant?

She stopped for a second because she felt a certain amount of excitement as she thought of Mina as her dependant. She liked that, she didn't care any more about a macho male being present in her life, and she certainly had her share of those males in her past life usually followed by huge disappointments.

On the other hand Mina gave her nothing but joy and excitement. She enjoyed bossing her around; she enjoyed sharing the same bed with her whenever she had that need. But most of all she enjoyed Mina's kindness and good humor and her eagerness to please her. All those were unique and precious elements in their totally unorthodox relationship. .

She stopped again, a broad smile on her lips; she realized that Mina was now a **she** for her, Simon was not present at all in her thoughts and she liked that. How weird, she thought and yet how true. She was thinking that Mina was her creation and she wanted to continue to dominate her life.

She looked at her watch, it was nearly lunch time but she decided not to leave her office. She called her secretary and asked her to bring from the company canteen a light tuna salad and a Perrier water. Then she felt the urge to call Mina, she had to tease her a bit about tonight. After all this was another big step in Mina's domestic path, she was going to act as a maid and serve for the first time at a formal dinner party try-

ing at the same time to fool two ladies who had no idea who she really was. All they would know is that Mina is Anne's maid and on loan to Jennifer to serve tonight since Juanita couldn't stay after five o'clock.

She picked up her phone and dialed Jennifer's house number. With a faint smile she was waiting to hear who was going to answer the phone, Juanita or Mina?

After a couple of rings she heard Mina's androgynous husky voice, "Good day, this is Miss van Bos' residence, how can I help you?"

Anne's smile broadened as she realized that Mina's accent was on the heavier side; was that Juanita's influence? She said teasingly, "Can I speak to Mina the maid please?"

She heard Mina's chuckle as she answered, "I am Mina Miss and you know that, how can you miss such an obviously unique voice?"

Anne smiled realizing that Mina was in a teasing mood as well. She said in a pseudo strict tone of voice, "I think you are a bit impertinent maid; you must show more respect to your employer."

Mina clearly took seriously the remark because she answered more cautiously, "I am sorry Miss; it's that heat today that makes me act a bit less formally. Juanita asked me to clean all the outside spaces, mop the verandahs and clean the windows. The place has to be immaculate for the guests tonight"

Anne had no idea about the heat, sitting in her fully air-conditioned office. She instantly pictured Mina being hot and sweaty in that poly-cotton dress she has to wear together with a heavy bib apron. Oh the joy of being a uniformed maid, she thought and chuckled.

"I am sorry to hear that Mina dear but I am afraid in your line of work you can't be selective, you do whatever you are asked to do and always with a polite smile."

She stopped and added ironically, "It seems to me that Juanita is more like an employer to you now; Miss Jennifer's idea was great and it seems to work, I hope you are learning a lot from her."

"I certainly am Ma'am," Mina answered truthfully and added, "Juanita felt sorry for me today with all the work I had to do in that heat and gave me a small present, a duster dress to wear on very hot days, and it is so much cooler than the uniform."

"What on earth is a duster dress," Anne said intrigued, "I never heard of that before, has something to do with dusting?"

"No Miss," Mina said hastily, "It is some sort of sun dress, a light cotton printed number with shoulder straps, very cool to wear on days like this, it made my life a lot easier today."

"That's very kind of Juanita," Anne remarked slightly annoyed, a small pang of jealousy running through her body. Then she reacted thinking that she never would allow herself to compete about Mina

with a simple Filipino maid. Those two might have a certain fun together as fellow maids, but Mina is and will certainly remain under her sole control and guidance.

“You should have asked for my permission to remove your uniform girl when on duty,” She said in a peeved tone of voice, adding rather sternly this time, “You should never forget who is your employer Mina, you are in Miss Jennifer’s house simply to improve as a maid and a cleaner and I must admit Juanita is doing a wonderful job with you, but always remember, I am your real boss, not Juanita or Miss van Bos for that matter!”

Anne felt through the phone line the impact her words had on Mina. She smiled mischievously waiting for Mina’s response.

“I’m so sorry Miss,” Mina finally said forgetting to keep her voice in her usually higher pitch, “I meant to talk about that tonight but you are right, I should have asked permission.”

“That’s all right Mina dear,” Anne said more casually now, “Don’t worry about that anymore, I just wanted to emphasize to you certain things you should never forget.

But be careful, you used your deeper voice again; you must learn to use the same voice even when you are a bit upset or annoyed, and this has to become second nature to you. I thought Miss Jennifer’s coaching was working on you.”

"It does Miss, it does," Mina said finding her feminine pitch and heavier accent again, "I know it's a matter of time now."

"I like the heavier accent you developed Mina, is it Juanita's influence? You sound a bit like a foreigner now, as if English is not your native language, I like that, it will be better for you when you start working as a cleaner for our Firm, you will blend much better with the other migrant domestic workers."

Mina was excited now, Anne could tell from her voice, "Yes Miss, it is Juanita; she teaches me Tagalog, the most common Filipino dialect, she things I will be more natural as a domestic worker if I develop a heavier accent in English, she also tries to make me use less sophisticated words. And you know what?" Mina added chuckling again.

"What!" Anne said intrigued by now, "Speak up girl, I haven't got all day, I'll be in a meeting very soon."

"Juanita thinks that I learn Tagalog very fast because I am 'the instrument' of a Filipino maid and her presence inside me makes everything easier and faster."

Anne laughed heartily this time, "Yes, you told me that theory already and if I am not careful I'll start believing it myself as well." Then added, "I expect to see you tonight impeccably dressed in your black and white uniform. If I am not mistaken it will be the first time you will appear as a serving maid. Be yourself and don't have any stage fright, you will do great."

She was about to say goodbye and then she remembered something that Jennifer mentioned earlier to her over the phone. She simply added, "And Mina dear, Miss Jennifer will bring something to assist you with your voice tonight, I can't tell you anymore, she will explain everything. I better go, still lots to do until I see you at dinner. Bye for now."

As she was putting the phone down, she realized that whenever she was talking to Mina now about professional people like Jennifer she automatically added the Miss or Mr. or Mrs. so and so. In her head Mina already crossed the Rubicon and moved to the other side, the side of domestic servants; she was belonging there now!

CHAPTER 12

Mina put the phone down with mixed emotions. She was worried about tonight, she had never been exposed so openly to people she never met before, people who wouldn't really know her cross-dressing status. On the other hand this was exciting and very fulfilling emotionally for her new persona and a test for her imminent exodus to the outer world.

Juanita's voice from the kitchen brought her back to reality, "Mina, come here quickly I need you to clean in here, the kitchen became quite messy with all the cooking I'm doing."

“Right away Juanita,” Mina answered from the hallway, looking at herself in the mirror. She adjusted her working apron that was modestly covering her new duster dress and run to the kitchen to help Juanita.

It was past four o’clock when Juanita and Mina finished in the kitchen and they both looked exhausted and quite disheveled. Mina made a fresh pot of coffee and they both sat down to eat a sandwich.

Juanita was pleased with her cooking. Chicken adobo which was a classic Filipino dish, steamed basmati rice, a very crisp and fresh green salad and an avocado mousse dessert were on the menu tonight. She had firm instructions from Miss van Bos to cook something light and not fattening, all four ladies were on some sort of diet and one of them wanted gluten free food. Mina’s only contribution to the cooking would be the steamed rice which had to be prepared the last minute.

“Now Mina, run along to have a shower and get ready for tonight. I want to see you properly dressed in your evening uniform before I go. Then I’ll show you how to set the table properly. Miss Jennifer said she will be back by six and the guests are expected at 7.30. I give you 45 minutes to prepare yourself.

“Yes Ma’am”, Mina said automatically as she was standing up still holding her unfinished mug of coffee. “Can I call you if I need some assistance?”

“Of course you can girl,” Juanita said an amused look in her face, “And stop calling me Ma’am, I am

your instructor and supervisor in your new life but I am not your employer, not yet anyway," She added cryptically.

Mina slightly puzzled with Juanita's answer went to the room they were sharing next to the laundry room holding her mug of coffee. She really needed this shower.

She reemerged, as instructed, 45 minutes later dressed to kill in her black and white uniform. She was blushing all over from embarrassment when she presented herself for inspection in front of Juanita who was clearly very impressed.

"Wow, you look good Mina," she said, "the picture of the perfect maid, nothing fancy or exaggerated. The dress has the right length just a couple of inches below the knee and the half apron is very pretty with this dainty frill, the ladies are going to love you."

Mina trying to keep her voice in a high pitch said, "It is the first time I've been asked to wear a formal black and white outfit. My employer, Miss Morgan said to me when we bought it some weeks ago that I had to earn that uniform with my diligence and eagerness to serve. So I guess today is another first for me."

"It certainly is girl and you must be proud of yourself." Juanita said a trace of irony in her voice. Then she added, "Thank God I am not in your shoes though, I am not at all in the mood to wear that particular badge of servitude myself anymore."

She looked again at Mina mischievously as she was trying to adjust her small white cap on her hair, "But I can see now even more clearly; you are completely taken by the Filipina maid who possesses your body and mind so you are more than happy to be in that role."

Mina felt a peculiar form of excitement when she heard again Juanita's theory about being an instrument of another person, she felt that she was absolutely legitimate in Juanita's eyes and that gave a boost to her confidence.

Juanita looked at the kitchen clock and added in an urgent tone of voice, "We must rush now Mina, let me show you how to set the table properly for a dinner party, Miss Jennifer will be here very shortly and then I'll go."

They had nearly finished setting the table formally with all the necessary cutlery and crockery when they heard Miss Jennifer's voice from the hallway, "Juanita, Mina, I am home where are you?"

They both rushed out of the dining room, Juanita still dressed in her informal working clothes and Mina in her full regalia of a uniformed maid.

Jennifer van Bos was genuinely impressed because she said, "Wow! Mina you look fantastic in that uniform, the picture of another era. I can assure you that my friends including your Mistress will certainly be impressed."

Then as if she remembered something she added, "Please come to my study after Juanita goes; I have another short treatment for you that will make your voice even more realistic."

"Yes Miss Jennifer," answered an intrigued and slightly worried Mina, thinking what could have been that treatment that even Miss Anne mentioned on the phone earlier.

"Right, I am off upstairs to have a shower and get ready," Miss van Bos said and then turning to Juanita added, "Thank you Juanita for all the cooking you did today, I am certain everything you prepared will be up to your impeccable standards; just make sure that Mina knows how to keep the food fresh and ready to be served at about 8.30pm."

"Of course Miss Jennifer," Juanita answered with a sweet smile, and then winking at Mina meaningfully added, "Mina here proved invaluable today Miss, helping me in the kitchen but also preparing the house for your guests. I already explained everything to her, she has an aptitude for domestic arts and Miss Morgan is very lucky having her."

Miss van Bos laughed heartily and said in a half joking way, "Do I detect here a worker's solidarity? Your praise for Mina is like a good reference letter."

Juanita who wasn't easily intimidated said half laughingly as well, "No Miss, it is not a worker's solidarity; I meant every single word of what I just said, Mina is a jewel in the house."

“Ok, ok, I believe you Juanita,” Miss Jennifer said slightly annoyed this time. Juanita can be a handful at times she thought. “Now, off you go you two, there is still work to be done,” she added dismissing with a hand gesture both of them.

Half an hour later Mina was in the kitchen alone dealing with the preparation of the rice when she heard Miss Jennifer’s voice calling her from her study.

After a quick look in the Hallway mirror to make sure she looked ok, she went in the room finding a very elegant Miss van Bos waiting with a spray can in her hand.

She couldn’t stop herself and she said admiringly, “You look very nice Miss; that dress really suits you and the shoes are divine.”

“Thank you Mina,” Miss Jennifer said an amused look on her face and added, “Though I must tell you that you spoke out of line here, it is not common for a housemaid to talk that freely to her employer.” Then she laughed saying at the same time, “But what I am talking about, I am not your employer you are only on loan at this house; but still be careful how to approach the guests. Just remember the basic rule, you only answer politely to questions and you never initiate a conversation yourself.”

“Of course Miss, I am sorry Miss,” Mina answered politely with a slight bob, “It won’t happen again Miss.”

“That’s all right girl, don’t take it personally, you are still in training after all and you learn fast as your new best friend Juanita keeps telling me.”

She stopped and then looking at the spray can in her hand added, “Now Mina, this is a spray that will modify your vocal chords for a few hours, just enough time for you to go through the dinner tonight. You will find out in a few minutes that your voice will go to a higher pitch without you making any effort. Don’t you worry there are no side effects and tomorrow morning you will have back the voice that you know.”

She approached Mina asking her to open her mouth as much as possible. Mina obliged and then very expertly sprayed three times deep inside her throat. Mina felt a tickling combined with a sweet taste.

“Do not talk for about five minutes and then try to use your normal voice softly,” she told her and then sent her back to the kitchen.

Mina was almost ready with the dinner preparations when Miss Jennifer appeared to the kitchen door a few minutes later.

“Now Mina, try and say a few words using your normal male voice,” she asked her gently.

“I just finished the dinner preparations Miss,” Mina said cautiously and she instantly realized that something changed drastically in her voice. It was softer and in a nearly normal feminine pitch without any effort from her part to sound convincing as she did during the past weeks. Her vocal chords were producing

without effort a contralto feminine sound. She was stunned.

“Oh my God!” She said slightly alarmed, “How has this happened Miss, it’s like a miracle.” Her voice still sounding the same..

It’s very simple really, and you shouldn’t be alarmed,” Miss Jennifer said and added, “That substance I sprayed your vocal chords with has the tendency to slightly shrink them. As a result you get a higher pitch in your voice. The chords in females are smaller in size than in males. The effect will wear out gradually in a few hours. In the morning you will wake up with your normal voice and of course you have to continue your efforts to improve your voice more naturally. This spray is not for permanent use; it might weaken the vocal chords if it is used all the time.”

“Thank you Miss for explaining all that to me,” Mina said still surprised with the feminine quality of her voice.

“That’s all right girl,” Miss Jennifer said mischievously, “I wonder how your employer will react with the new you. Now run along and check that everything is in order, our guests will be here very shortly.”

“Of course Miss,” Mina said slightly curtsying and went back to the kitchen.



CHAPTER 13

Within minutes Mina heard the door bell and Miss Jennifer's' voice.

"Mina, our first guest arrived, will you get the door please?"

"Yes Miss," Mina answered as she rushed from the kitchen to the main door her heart pounding strongly. She had a glimpse at herself in the hallway mirror and looked at the clock above. It was just past seven thirty, a bit early for the guests which were asked to come at 8 o'clock.

Probably Anne, decided to come earlier she thought and her heart pounded even more strongly.

She took a deep breath and opened the door.

And truly enough Anne was standing at the other side wearing a very elegant pants suit, holding a bottle of wine.

She looked at Mina from head to toes a huge grin in her face.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it, look at you, you look divine in that uniform, and I could eat you alive!"

She said all those words with such gusto that even Jennifer who was standing behind Mina ready to greet her was surprised.

She came in and hugged Mina very warmly avoiding a kiss because both were on the heavy side with their makeup.

She whispered at Mina's ear, "You look adorable baby, I could seduce you this very instant," and added in a louder voice, "Look at my maid how pretty she is, don't you think so Jennifer?"

Jennifer laughed heartily and said, "Don't you think you fraternize too much with the help Anne dear?"

"Of course I do," Anne answered without any hesitation, I just told her that I could eat her alive, she is such an adorable maid."

"Wait till you hear her voice," Jennifer added joyfully.

"I forgot about that," Anne said, "Do say something Mina dear, don't stand in front of us like a Buddha, and take that bottle of wine for God's sake, you're supposed to be the serving maid in this house tonight?"

Mina who was also stunned and thrilled from Anne's warm approach finally said, "Of course Miss Anne, I am sorry that I am a bit slow, I am still adjusting to my new 'receiving guests' role."

"Now, isn't that a sweet female voice?" Anne exclaimed even more enthusiastically now."

She turned to Jennifer and added, "I can't believe the difference in her voice Jennifer, that spray is miraculous."

"It is indeed," Jennifer said "But as I already explained to your maid she can't make a habit out of it, that could eventually kill her vocal chords and nobody would like a dumb servant."

"Of course not," Anne said more seriously now, "Mina has to continue with her efforts to improve her voice naturally."

"That's exactly how I put it to her," Jennifer added.

"Now, how about a glass of white wine until the other guests arrive?" Jennifer asked Anne.

"I'd love one," Anne replied looking meaningfully at Mina.

"Of course Miss, I'll get the wine immediately," Mina answered with a slight curtsey and then turned towards the kitchen.

Anne's gaze followed her as she walked back to the kitchen wiggling slightly. She couldn't help noticing the impeccably symmetrical bow of her apron strings.

She turned to Jennifer and winked meaningfully.

Jennifer responded with a smile and a whisper, "He is so cute!"

Anne smiled and said, "Indeed **SHE** is," I certainly can't think of Mina as a he anymore."

"You are absolutely right," Jennifer answered, "Your Mina is very much a she now and she certainly is your creation."

"That is correct up to a point but certainly couldn't have happened without Simon's full consent, he was certainly pushing for that; I simply gave him what he was craving for." Anne added as they both started walking towards the living room waiting for the arrival of the other guests.

CHAPTER 14

The two other guests arrived together half an hour later. Mina has already been briefed by Miss van Bos about them. Betty Carter and Rosie Stevens were partners professionally and privately. They were in their mid thirties and were a couple for the past two years. Mina was intrigued when she realized that they were lesbians and she tried to confirm it with Miss Jennifer who smiled mischievously and added, "Yes dear they are lesbians though they think of themselves as gay girls or GGs.

They are very much for equal rights with men and they simply think that homosexual men and women should be called the same and leave Lesbos and its inhabitants to their peace."

Mina slightly smiled when she heard the expression GGs. She remembered that in her tranny books GGs were the genuine girls so tonight's guests should be triple G ones.

They all moved to the living room for drinks and Mina offered them a glass of white wine and some canapés prepared by Juanita. She carried her tray with glasses and the food for everybody with a polite 'your wine Ma'am.' or 'would you like to have a taste Ma'am?'

As instructed she stayed at the end of the room and being naturally curious she tried to pick snippets of

their conversation. They all were very jolly and loud so she could practically hear everything.

Betty, who seemed to be the more feminine and outgoing of the newly arrived guests, was addressing Miss Jennifer in an excited voice, "Gosh Jen, where on earth did you find this neat and dapper maid, we have really stepped back in time here. I feel like I am in Agatha Christie's Poirot TV series."

Jennifer chuckled as she answered, "She is not mine Betty, she is on loan from Anne, she is really her maid."

Betty turned to Anne who was trying to chat with Rosie, "Really Anne I am impressed with your maid, I didn't realize that in today's world those impeccably dressed uniformed maids still exist."

Anne gave a meaningful side look to Mina as she answered amicably, "Of course they exist Betty you have to know where to look for them. My Mina is quite a find because she loves what she is doing, she finds it fulfilling and not at all demeaning to be a maid and she adores being in uniform."

"Wow!" they both exclaimed, "She certainly is a find, I wonder if we could borrow her from you occasionally when we entertain, she would be such an asset for our gatherings."

Anne started answering but Mina missed it because at that moment Miss Jennifer approached her telling her that she could start preparations to serve the first

course, soon she would invite the ladies to move to the dining room.

Mina answered politely with a 'yes Ma'am, of course' still impressed with her high pitched voice and with a slight curtsey went back to the kitchen thinking all along what Anne's answer would be to those ladies, would she agree to their proposal or she would have to ask her first?

In half an hour the dinner was in full swing and Mina was so concentrated and preoccupied with doing her job properly that she didn't really have the time to listen to the various topics of conversation.

The wine was flowing freely and she could tell that all four were getting quite bold and started to tease each other. For a moment she thought she was watching an episode from the series 'Sex and the City'.

Mina was serving for nearly two hours the various courses of food and only after desert they went back to the living room still holding their wine glasses was she sent back to the kitchen to eat something and tend to the dishes. Her feet were killing her, she realized what it means to be a waitress it's certainly more tiring than any form of housework. You constantly move and stand on your feet.

She realized that she was starving when she sat down to the kitchen table to eat her meal of leftovers. She helped herself to some wine though she remembered not to overdo it because she was going to drive back with Miss Anne and she certainly would be the designated driver.

She was finishing the dishes when Rosie, the bolder of the two ladies came in for a small chat as she immediately announced.

Mina wiped her hands on a tea towel and removed her wet working apron and her rubber gloves before she turned to face her.

“Thank you Mina for a wonderful meal,” Rosie said, “Everything was really tasty and so light. Have you done all the cooking as well? That was Filipino food wasn’t it?”

Mina remembered to use her heavier and courser way of speaking and she answered politely, “Thank you Ma’am, yes it was Filipino food, but I didn’t do the cooking, my colleague Juanita who is a Filipina herself is a great cook. I am learning from her.”

“I see” Rosie said her voice a bit tremulous and her eyes slightly glassy, she clearly was quite drunk, “But if you don’t mind me asking, you seem to have a slight accent in your English dear, are you not a native of this country?”

Mina had to think fast, she never discussed that option with Anne, was she going to say that she had a foreign background?

On an impulse she answered, “You are right Ma’am, I was born in Philippines myself from an American father and a Filipina mother and I spend my early years in Manila. So I speak English with a slight accent though I consider myself completely bilingual now.” She was quite blushing as she said this white lie

but at the same time she remembered Juanita's theory of being an instrument of a Filipina. Was she so strongly influenced by that?

Rosie took that information in and said more to herself in her drunken voice, "I thought that much myself, I can see now some Asian elements on you, the eyes, your darker complexion?" Then realizing that she was making racist remarks she composed herself and added, "I guess you must be great pals with Juanita, you probably talk with her in Filipino."

Mina was amused with Rosie now, first finding Asian features on her, then asking if she spoke Filipino with Juanita. But of course how would Rosie know that the Philippines had hundreds of dialects and Tagalog is simply the main one.

She answered in her polite high pitched voice, "Yes Ma'am, we are good friends but I met her quite recently, when my employer Miss Morgan decided that I needed some more coaching in being a proper domestic and asked Miss van Bos to help. So Juanita is my 'coach in domestic arts' so to speak."

It was Rosie's turn to be amused now. "Coach in domestic arts?" she repeated in an ironical manner, "I never would imagine that a maid would need coaching to be a better servant, I always thought that this comes with experience and you are already old enough to be an experienced domestic, if you have been doing that all your life."

Then her eyes shone with excitement as if she thought of something and she exclaimed, "Unless of

course you haven't been a maid all your life and something happened recently that forced you to take up that position, a misfortune in life, some erotic disappointment, some professional failure?"

Mina looked surprised at Rosie. This lady was quite astute even if she was drunk but she decided to stop the interrogation at this point, Anne might be cross with her if she revealed too much.

"This is partly true Ma'am, I wasn't a maid all my life, I was working as a shop assistant for many years but with the recent financial crisis I lost my job and after being unemployed for several months I was lucky enough to be employed by Miss Morgan. She is an excellent employer and very kind to me."

Rosie looked at her in a slightly suspicious mode but at this moment she heard the voice of her partner Betty, "Rosie, where are you? We should be going soon, it's quite late."

She came to the kitchen as she finished her sentence and she smiled warmly at Mina, "Thank you ever so much Mina dear, it was an excellent meal and you did a great job, you must be dead tired standing on your feet all those hours."

Then she looked at Rosie and addressed Mina again, "I hope my partner here wasn't very rude to you, sometimes she is a bit naughty like that."

Rosie blushed a bit but Mina, was very diplomatic, "Of course not Ma'am, we simply had a nice small chat with Miss Stevens."



"All right then," Betty said and added, "In fact I would like to ask you something Mina dear, would you mind coming and serve in our house for the occasional dinner party we do for our friends and colleagues? I naturally asked your Mistress and she said its fine by her if you are willing to do it. You will be paid handsomely of course; we both admired your skills and politeness tonight."

It was Mina's turn to blush now; she wasn't used to all those compliments.

"Thank you Ma'am for your kind words, I simply try to do my job correctly," and then after a moment's thinking she added, "And of course I am very willing to come and serve at your dinner parties since my employer has no objection. Thank you again."

"That's a good girl," both ladies said in unison. Then Rosie turned to Betty, "We better go now, you do the driving, you seem to be less drunk than me,"

Mina stayed in the kitchen to finish tidying up but she could hear the ladies in the front of the house giggling and teasing each other, 'Sex and the City' all over again.

The moment Bettie and Rosie left, Miss Anne rushed to the kitchen and without any warning grabbed Mina and gave her a passionate kiss. "Thank you darling, you were smashing tonight, the perfect picture of a thirties maid, the girls were beside themselves."

Mina got terribly excited with Anne's approach; she wasn't used anymore to such intimacies with her employer. She responded warmly to the kiss and nearly squeaked in her high pitched voice losing her maid's formality, "I am so thrilled myself Anne, it's like all my dreams came true tonight!"

"I know darling, I know," Anne said soothingly, "I know you well enough now to understand how excited you must have been tonight. Come on, hurry up and finish here, I want to take you to bed as soon as we are home. Don't bother to change just remove your pinny and put a light sweater on. You are totally convincing as Mina at the moment and I want to eat you alive."

Anne left with those words and rushed back to the living room to catch up with Jennifer and Mina nearly trembling from excitement rushed to finish her chores.

CHAPTER 15

"Mina dear, I have news for you," Anne said to her maid as the latter was serving the evening meal. "Your application has been approved and as of Monday you start working as a part time cleaner at our company."

Mina nearly dropped the plate she was putting in front of Anne. She wasn't expecting it to happen so soon, she still felt vulnerable as Mina in the outside world.

“Ma’am, I’m a bit worried,” she answered as she took the bottle to refill her employer’s glass with her favorite chardonnay. “I’m still worried when I circulate on my own and I just about manage to do the shopping and go to Miss Jennifer’s house to help Juanita and...”

Anne stopped her with her hand, “Please, let me finish my meal in peace Mina dear, I’ll tell you everything planned afterwards. Go back to the kitchen and have your meal and if I need you I’ll ring my little bell here,” she said mischievously touching the little crystal bell always resting next to her. She still loved to tease Mina by constantly reminding her position in their household. In the past few months she became an expert in the use of carrot and stick method with her maid.

Mina moved back to the kitchen as asked, she was so conditioned now to follow orders without the slightest hesitation. She served herself some food in a plate and sat down to the kitchen table to eat but she wasn’t at all hungry. All her thoughts were in what her employer Miss Morgan had just mentioned. She was about to start working as a part time cleaner in the company where her employer was the head in Human Resources Department; the company where only eight months ago she was working as Simon Brooks a prominent economist. It seemed so far away that period now, like it had happened in another life!

On impulse she got up, straightened her white half apron that partly covered her light blue uniform dress

and walked purposefully to her room next to the kitchen where she looked at her reflection in the large mirror. She had developed this strong fetishistic tendency to look at herself since she became the maid in this house so many months ago. She adjusted her simple white cap and played slightly with her short brown hair. A strong sexual current crossed her body and she instantly felt it down in the middle of her legs where her clit as she liked to call her organ was carefully tucked in.; after all she was still a boy under this very convincing disguise. *'Mina; behave yourself!'* she loudly spoke to the mirror with her carefully modulated contralto voice. Her coaching with Miss Van Bos was finally paying off; her voice was more and more adjusting to a passable female pitch.

She looked once more at the mirror and then hastily went back to the kitchen and sat again in front of her food which was stone cold by now. She couldn't eat it; she wasn't the slightest bit hungry. She took her plate to the sink and started tidying up the kitchen waiting to be summoned back to the dining room to hear what her employer Miss Morgan had to say to her.

Her thoughts were flooding her brain as she was moving mechanically around the kitchen. Simon Brooks was now officially Mina Simony. Her employer Miss Morgan has done all the necessary paper work in the company and now Mina had to start working there as a part time cleaner. That particular thought brought to her once more lots of contradicting feelings. Feelings of guilt for the path Simon, now

Mina chose, the path of a sharp descent in social ladder, but also feelings of excitement and anticipation at the same time. By now she realized once more that she wasn't able to control her drive towards that direction. On numerous occasions it proved to be way above her mental and spiritual capabilities to stop it.

One of her worries though was her relation with her former partner and now employer Miss Morgan. Mina adored her and respected her immensely but she could see that a social distance has already developed between them. The fact that in the past few months she was living the life of a female domestic 24/7 made this distance more established though Miss Anne never ceased to be kind and encouraging to her, but not in a manner between social equals anymore. Mina felt it more and more; in her employer's behavior; she was just the 'help' now. But she couldn't repress a small smile when she remembered that she was still sharing regularly her employer's bed and they always had great sexual encounters together.

She must have finished her dinner by now Mina thought as she was finishing tidying up the kitchen. She became such an obsessive cleaner during the past few months, everything had to be perfect in her domain and Miss Van Bos' Filipina maid Juanita played an important role in her education in domestic arts.

And then she heard the distinctive sound of the crystal bell from the dining room. Her Mistress had finally decided to summon her.

"Ah, Mina, there you are," Miss Anne said jovially when Mina appeared in front of her with a slight bob. "Clean the table please and get another wine glass for you, I'm going to fraternize with the help tonight," she continued in the same jovial manner. Mina could tell she was already a bit tipsy.

Soon she was allowed to sit at the table opposite her enjoying a glass of chardonnay. What a treat for her.

Anne, though still tipsy, addressed Mina in her professional manner as the head of Human Resources Department of her company, "Now Mina, as I told you already, as of Monday, you start working as a part time cleaner in our company. I must tell you that I had to push lots of buttons, legal and not so legal to create this job for you as a part time female cleaner called Mina Simony so I strongly hope that you will not let me down. Is that clear to you girl?"

Mina felt uncomfortable sitting down as an equal to her employer; all that conditioning of the past moths molded her into a totally different persona, that of a domestic servant so it was more natural for her to stand when her employer was addressing her. She managed to hide that feeling still enjoying her wine as she answered as truthfully as she could using her newly adjusted voice, "Thank you so much Miss Anne for all your efforts, you know how much I wanted this job, my Mina persona is asking for it right from the beginning so I'll do my best not to let you down."

"That's the spirit Mina," Anne said half jokingly an ironical hint clearly present in her voice. Mina knew

her well enough to understand her sentiments. She knew that deep down Anne was thinking the obvious, *'what on earth a guy like Simon doing pretending to be a female domestic worker called Mina and is this ever going to stop?'*

"Right then," Anne continued, "Let me give you some details then how the whole thing is going to happen. Monday morning you must appear to the domestic staff and traders' entrance at the back of our company building at six o'clock in the morning sharp. You will ask for your supervisor Miss Martinez who will explain everything to you, give you the obligatory cleaner's uniform and identity card and guide you around."

Anne continued talking for some time and Mina was listening with mixed feelings, butterflies playing in her stomach, asking the occasional clarifying question.

At the end of their session she was hoping for an invitation to Anne's bedroom but her employer dismissed her with a movement of her hand telling her that she had a long day and she wanted to go to bed.

Mina retired to her small maid's room by the kitchen, removed her uniform, put her simple cotton nightie on and lied down on her narrow bed. It took her ages to sleep. Lots of thoughts and contradictory feelings were crossing her mind continuously. At the end she managed to fall to a rather disturbed sleep with short disrupted and anxious dreams.

CHAPTER 16

Mina was living at last her long standing dream with contradicting emotions. Dressed in the Company's regulation cleaner's uniform, olive green button front polyester dress with checked collar, covered modestly by a similar color checked tabard she was slowly pushing her cleaning cart towards the service elevator. It was considerably heavier than she would expect but she was already getting used to it.

When she arrived very early in the morning at the building she used to know so well as Simon Brooks, she remembered to go in through the domestic staff and traders' entrance at the back of the building.

The responsible for the domestic staff, a Latina woman called Marta Hernandez was expecting her. To Mina's surprise she welcomed her rather warmly. She handed her the company's cleaner card plus two sets of uniforms.

Mina full of trepidation and with butterflies in her stomach went to the lockers' room to change and appeared again in front of Marta for further instructions.

This time Mina understood Marta's friendliness when she heard her saying in a conspiratorial way, "I'm the only one in the company who knows that you are Miss Morgan's maid and you are working here part time for some extra income. We better keep it as our secret because it would be nepotism if anybody else in the company knew that."

Mina had to smile secretly, *'fancy that'*, she thought, *'Miss Morgan, told Marta half the truth, she thinks that I am simply her maid; if she only new the whole truth!'*

The fact that Marta saw her as another domestic trying to make a bit of extra income suited her and gave her more confidence.

She arrived at her assigned floor and froze in her tracks as she came out of the elevator seeing the sign in the corridor right in front of her, 'HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT'. She was assigned to clean Miss Morgan's premises! Another secret smile combined with some anxiety crossed her lips. How cunning and devious of Anne to assign her to clean her office.

She looked at her small cheap wrist watch, it was 7.00am and her shift was going to end at 10.00am. She knew that employees had a flexible arrival time and could come between 8.00 and 9.00am. Her shift was until 10.00am so it was inevitable that she was going to work around people arriving to start their work. She remembered that Anne's arrival was usually around 9.00am, she certainly was going to meet her.

Marta gave her instructions to start her cleaning from the toilets and then move to the offices where she had to vacuum the carpets, empty the trash and wipe down the desk tops. She also had to dust around the windows and clean the glass if needed and pay special attention to the large conference room, the only space

that outside visitors could come for meetings with the staff.

She put a pair of rubber gloves on and started from the toilets. It was quite a large complex and as expected quite messy. She was alone with her thoughts and within half an hour she realized that there was nothing glamorous about this job. The lack of noise was what was most disconcerting. Her fantasy required the involvement of other people and there were none around at least for the time being. She concentrated in what she was doing.

It took her more than an hour to finish the toilets and when she started working inside the office space by vacuuming the carpets, emptying the paper baskets and wiping the tops she could see with the corner of her eye the first arrivals. People usually with a takeaway coffee in their hands started going to their desks exchanging pleasantries with each other. As expected they mostly were ignoring her with the occasional good morning.

It was nearly 9.00 o'clock when she started cleaning Miss Morgan's office. As the head of the department Miss Morgan had a spacious office with an adjoining small conference room. She remembered quite well that space from the time she was visiting Anne as Simon Brooks her colleague at the time. Now she was back in the same space as a simple cleaner and she was full of anxious anticipation waiting for the appearance

of her former partner and lover and current employer both at home and at work. Her adrenaline was high and the familiar stomach butterflies were back.

She was vacuuming the small conference room when she was startled by a light touch at her shoulder. She stopped vacuuming and turned around to face Anne, a mischievous half smile on her face. Behind her was standing her private secretary Debbie, someone who saw Simon before so Mina felt instantly alert. Would it be possible that Debbie could recognize her as whom she really was?

“Hello there,” Anne said with a stern voice, “You must be the new cleaner Marta told me about. I can see from your card that your name is Mina. Welcome to our company Mina.”

“Thank you Ma’am,” Mina answered in her best contralto voice remembering to make her accent heavier and continued, “It’s my first day Ma’am and I still try to find my way around.”

Anne looked at her critically but Mina could see her smiling eyes. She clearly enjoyed teasing her. She turned to her secretary, “Debbie, can you pass me the new cleaner’s CV?”

“Of course Miss Morgan,” Debbie said retrieving from a small dossier a piece of A4 paper which she gave to her.

Anne scanned the document quickly and turned again to Mina who was standing awkwardly in front

of her a duster in one hand and a cleaning spraying material in the other.

"I can see here Mina that you have been a housemaid for quite sometime now but this is your first cleaning job in an office building. Do you think you will be able to handle it? The cleaning here is on an industrial and repetitive level and requires slightly different skills from being a housemaid."

Mina blushed as she tried to answer to that. Miss Anne was teasing her ruthlessly and she seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. Her eyes were still smiling behind the mask of a strict head of department.

Mina decided to play her Mistress's game in front of Debbie the secretary who clearly had no idea who Mina really was. "Yes Ma'am," she answered respectfully lowering slightly her eyes, "I am certain I can manage it, give me a few days and I'll be completely at ease with this job. Cleaning is a vocation of mine, I quite enjoy doing it."

As she finished here sentence she looked at Anne directly, her eyes also smiling this time. Anne got the message and turned to her secretary again, "Have you heard that Debbie? I wish I could hear that more often from employees. Mina is the first cleaner I meet that she considers her job as a vocation rather than forced labor. Good for you girl, I think us two will get along quite well," she concluded turning back to face Mina.

At that point Miss Morgan dismissed her secretary who went back to her desk. She was now alone with

Mina who tried desperately to keep a straight face and not burst into laughing.

Anne continued talking to her as she moved towards her desk, "Keep cleaning Mina, they can't hear us talking but they can still see inside through the glass panels."

"Yes, Miss Anne," Mina said, calling her employer in a still respectful but more intimate manner, as she started dusting around the office.

"I want my office and the adjoining conference room to be sparkling when you finish cleaning. Is that clear girl? You might be my maid and sometimes more than that at home, but in those premises you are the cleaner and only that. Do you get it Mina?" Anne barked at her without raising her voice.

It was carrot and stick time Mina thought and at the moment the stick was out so she turned to face her Mistress nearly curtsying and answering in a more respectful tone of voice now, "Yes Ma'am, of course Ma'am, I am only the cleaner here Ma'am."

"And I know you love it!" Anne continued this time her voice becoming softer and more relaxed. "You finally achieved your goal in life to be a full time domestic worker. A maid at my house, an assistant maid at Miss van Bos house an office cleaner here. From uniform to uniform and from apron to tabard and back. You barely wear street clothes anymore. Is your dream

finally fulfilled Mina dear? Is your vocation, as you call it, fully materialized?"

Mina seemed slightly disturbed. Was Anne trying here to be critical and ironical or she was simply stating a fact of life?

Anne herself gave the answer when she added, "Of course your dream is finally fulfilled. I can see that from your face expression and smiling eyes. I expect to see fairly soon in your brand new uniform some toils of your work here like chlorine discoloration spots in your dress or tabard, that would be a clear proof how committed you became as a cleaner in this company."

Mina answered blushing again from Anne's continuous to teasing, "I can assure you Ma'am that very shortly my uniform won't look that clean anymore. Judging from what I saw today, dealing with the toilet complex is going to be quite a challenge for me. I certainly need to use lots of disinfectants there."

"Changing the subject a bit," Anne continued softly, "Make sure that you cook something nice tonight at home for us to celebrate your humble achievements and if you are a good girl I might take you to my bed for some Mistress/maid fun. Would you like that?"

Mina was ecstatic all of a sudden. Miss Anne came back with a very promising carrot after the sharp stick she received seconds ago.

"I'll be delighted Miss to cook something nice to celebrate together my demotion from economist to

cleaner in this company and of course I'd love to continue our celebration later on," Mina said teasingly her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

At that moment she felt special and cherished. Yes, she was a lowly cross-dressing maid and cleaner but she felt that life however humble and simple really belonged to her and her Mistress of course!

THE END