

# The White Apron Was The Reason



**Monica Graz**



Copyright © 2018

Published by Mags, Inc

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address

Mags, Inc.

P.O. Box 5829

Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# **New Authors Wanted!**

**Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.**

**Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.**

**If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.**

## **Contact**

**magsinc@pacbell.net,  
reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call  
800-359-2116 to get started.**

# THE WHITE APRON WAS THE REASON!

**By Monica Graz**

## **PART 1**

Dennis Arnellos finished getting dressed and gave an indifferent look at his immense but untidy bedroom. His Polish maid Magda would take care of that later, he thought. He moved to his study and turned his computer on and then went to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee. He knew that Magda would be out at this hour doing her morning shopping.

He started going back to his study but stopped as his eye caught the freshly ironed white apron's strings

## 2 Monica Graz

as they were hanging down at the end of the utility room table right next to the kitchen. Instinctively he went in there to check. He picked the apron hesitantly and looked at it. It was a small serving half apron quite pretty with its broderie anglaise trim. He looked down at his slim body noticing his very simple black outfit he was wearing consisting of a pair of black trousers and a black T-shirt and then he remembered his early teenage years when he was helping their Filipina maid with her chores and the thrill he was getting when she was tying an apron around his waist when they were just the two of them in the house.

The maid syndrome as he called it, together with his crossdressing tendencies that pestered Dennis from his early teenage years, were all of a sudden back as he was holding this simple piece of white material.

Suddenly he had this strong urge to put the apron on. Magda was out shopping and she wouldn't be back for at least another hour.

He looked around for a mirror but the only one nearby was in Magda's room which was right next to the utility room. He went there quickly feeling quite guilty at the same time. He was trespassing to his maid's room and that made him feel uncomfortable. He saw the mirror at the far wall of the room and stood in front of it. He tied the apron with fast movements and tried to make a correct bow in the back. He looked at his black and white idol and suddenly he saw a potential maid in front of him. The trousers were out of place of course and the hair a bit short, there was not a cap on and the shoes were wrong but the impression was all there because his soft androgynous face fea-

tures were adding to that impression. A strong pang of pleasure crossed his body like an electric current and butterflies gathered in his stomach. He was sexually excited!

He kept looking at his idol in the mirror; he turned around to look at the bow in his back then turned to face the mirror again.

He was totally absorbed in his world when he heard Magda's familiar voice with her distinctive heavy accent, "You look very cute in that apron Master Dennis, you would make a very attractive waitress or maid, and men would love your looks."

Dennis froze and turned to face Magda who was standing by the door still carrying her shopping bags, neatly dressed in one of her morning uniforms dresses.

Blushing all over like a school boy he said awkwardly, "I'm sorry Magda, I shouldn't be in your room, I was just curious to see the effect of the apron against my black clothes. I'll remove it immediately and move out of your way."

Magda was an educated woman, she had studied English literature back in her country hence the good knowledge of English, but the lack of work brought her to London to work as a maid. She instinctively realized that there was more to what she just saw in Dennis putting on one of her aprons and in an impulse decided to press him a bit more.

"Don't remove the apron just yet Master Dennis, you simply look adorable in it. Let's go to the kitchen and have a cup of coffee and talk about it. You could

#### 4 Monica Graz

probably tell me a bit more about your urge to wear it.”

Dennis found impertinent for a servant Magda’s request, but also intriguing because deep down he wanted to talk to someone about it and talking to his maid would be simpler than try to explain it to any of his relatives or friends. So, he followed Magda rather awkwardly to the kitchen feeling the white apron in front of his clothes so alien and yet so comforting at the same time.

Dennis sat at the edge of the chair in front of the kitchen table and started sipping his coffee still very conscious of the white apron. Magda joined him, a mug in her hand and sat right opposite looking at him expectantly.

At that moment, Dennis decided to open his heart to a total stranger. He had an inner need for that and Magda was going to be the recipient of his inner thoughts and feelings.

‘I am bored and frustrated Magda, you must have noticed that already,’ he started talking in an assertive manner and as Magda nodded her encouragement he continued, ‘Here I am at this immense prestigious Mayfair apartment just a stone’s throw from Berkeley’s Sq. trying to finish my damn PhD without any friends or social life.’

Magda couldn’t fail to notice that Dennis was at the verge of starting to cry as he continued talking, “Every bloody day I sit in front of my laptop and I can’t write a single word. My mind is blocked and I know that fa-

ther expects me to finish my thesis by the end of this academic year. I simply can't do it."

Magda knew of course that Dennis's father Andreas Arnellos was a Greek tycoon and ship-owner having one of the biggest fleets of cargo vessels globally. He is the one who employed her initially to work in his villa in Mykonos and then he decided to send her to London when his youngest son Dennis had to go there to finish his studies.

She decided to be bold so she said assertively, "Would you like to become my assistant for a few days Master Dennis, to help me with the cleaning in this immense house? Having seen you with an apron on I thought it might be a good distraction for you from your present worries. There is nothing better to distract your mind than menial tasks; I can assure you of that."

Dennis looked at her puzzled as the familiar butterflies started tickling his stomach again. He looked down at his apron and trying to hide his excitement raised his eyes and said in a flat voice, "Yes, I would love that Magda, it could have been an excellent distraction from my worries, when can I start?"

"How about now!" Magda said enthusiastically then added rather boldly, "But before we start please tell me a few things about yourself Dennis, tell me what urge pushed you today to put this apron on. I want to know a bit more about your feelings if you don't mind."

Dennis didn't fail to notice that Magda called his name for the first time skipping the 'Master' but didn't

mind her question, he badly needed to confess to someone."

"All my life I am surrounded by domestic staff Madga. I grew up with nannies and maids taking care of me. I always had a fascination for their uniforms and their tasks. I was fantasizing being in their shoes quite often, I even had dreams about that."

He stopped and Magda saw his eyes shining from excitement and anticipation. At that moment, he realized that Dennis was going to be putty in her hands.

"In fact," Dennis continued, "During my years in Switzerland when I was in an exclusive boarding school for boys I learned how to be a real-life servant."

"How come?" Magda asked being genuinely curious now.

"Well," Dennis continued a bit more nervous now, and he started playing with his apron, "My friend and confidante Annette, the girl I was seeing at the time and who somehow found out about my crossdressing tendencies introduced me to a Mistress and maid game and gradually I became her servant in all aspects, like a general factotum."

"What's that," Magda asked puzzled, "I never heard that word before."

"It is Latin and it means a person of all works, a servant who takes care of everything."

"And then what happened?" Magda asked eagerly. Dennis's story was getting very intriguing.

"Well Annette thought it would be better for me to get the real servant's experience and since she was a

Swiss national and with many connections she made me work during my vacations and weekends as a hotel apprentice kitchen hand in a nearby town, not a maid because I would never be able to get away with it but the next best thing, a male general factotum. The hotel was very popular with skiers in winter. For my family, of course I was staying with my close friend Annette and her family. Imagine how I felt working as a kitchen hand in a hotel where all the rich and famous were coming. I was always worried that some friends of my family might recognize me though I have to admit I very rarely was allowed to step out of the kitchen where I was washing piles of dishes dressed like a skivvy.

Magda was truly amazed. She never suspected that this slightly depressed and spoiled young man had such a past. He looked at Dennis and said, "Wow, what a story, I'm really impressed." Then she added in a mischievous way, "That means that you are experienced in housework so I don't have to teach you anything, you can start working at once."

Dennis looked at her a bit hesitantly now. Did he actually reveal too much to Magda? He simply said, "Yes, I certainly know how to clean and prepare a hotel room and make the bed properly according to certain rules, the maids in that Swiss hotel were eager to show me, but I never did real housework in a private home."

"You don't need a PhD to do housework, you will be able to learn in no time at all. I could see how you were watching me when I was working around the house. Now I understand why, you probably wanted

to be in my shoes or wear my uniform. Am I correct Dennis?" Magda asked assertively.

"Yes, you are;" Dennis answered simply, "I was quite fascinated watching you."

"Now to more practical matters before you start your menial tasks," Magda said looking quite excited now. "First you need a new name, Dennis is too masculine for a maid and it would remind to both of us your family and in particular your famous father and Denise would have been too obvious. Do you have a name you would like to adopt in this new phase of your life?"

Before Dennis had time to answer she added, "Or even better. Do you have a memory of a maid in your family that you liked a lot, a maid you would like to identify with?"

Dennis looked a bit confused with the question but then suddenly his eyes shone and a smile framed his usually serious face, "Yes. When I was about 10 we had a Filipina maid at home who really pampered me and even allowed me to help her in the kitchen. Her name was Angelita but we all called her Lita. I was very fond of her."

"Lita it is then! That's your new maid's name. Welcome to the Arnellos London residence Lita. I hope you will be a good domestic servant and you will follow my instructions carefully." Magda said half seriously half-jokingly.

But the impact of those words on Dennis were astounding. He stood up and half-jokingly half seriously tried an awkward curtsy saying at the same time,

“Thank you Miss Magda, I’ll try my best to be a good servant. I’ll try and learn as much as possible from you.”

They both laughed and hugged after that but the role reversal had happened. Dennis or rather Lita was going to be the maid from now on.

## PART 2

“Now Lita, you will need some proper working clothes. I can’t give you any of mine because I’m at least a size smaller than you and the Arnellos family can certainly afford to buy the working clothes for their new maid.” Magda said casually after they both sat down again to finish their coffee.

Dennis got butterflies in his stomach as he instantly thought of the Alexandra uniform shop in Knightsbridge not far from Harrods. He always stops and daydreams in front of their window every time he passes by.

Magda must have read his mind because she added, “Let’s walk down to Knightsbridge to Alexandra workwear shop; they have a good selection of housekeeping dresses and aprons.”

“I was just thinking of that Magda and...”

Magda looked at Dennis critically raising her left eyebrow slightly as if annoyed. She said, “We haven’t even started yet and you’ve already forgotten your place Lita. This is not the correct way to address your betters.”

Dennis could barely suppress a smile; he enjoyed the seriousness of Magda. She meant business and this was even more exciting for him, "Oh, I'm sorry Miss Magda; I'll be more careful next time how to address you. I'll get used to it."

"You better remember that Lita. If you want the full experience you must accept that you are now at the bottom of the social ladder and everybody for you is by default your better. So, you address them accordingly and with respect."

"Yes Miss Magda, I'll try to remember that," Dennis said more meekly now.

"Ok then, go and change to something very simple, the cheapest you can find in Master Dennis's cupboard, just a pair of jeans, a T shirt and some flip flops, it's quite warm outside. I'll act as the employer and you can be the... what you called it before? Ah yes, I remembered, the general factotum. You better give me Master Dennis's credit card so I can pay."

Dennis was impressed how Magda was already separating 'Master Dennis' from 'Lita the maid' as if they were two different persons. He liked that. He was already getting to the role himself. He simply said without thinking, "*Ako si Lita.*"

"What did you just say?" Magda asked intrigued, "Did you say something in Greek?"

Dennis blushed all over as he answered, "No Miss it's not Greek; it's Tagalog, the Filipino official dialect. This is what Lita used to say to me at the time. It means 'I am Lita'. He enjoyed teaching me phrases of her language. Of course, I forgot most of it now."

“Interesting,” Magda said in a pensive mode. “Clearly that Filipina maid had quite an influence on you.”

Then as if she remembered something she looked down at herself still in her uniform dress and chuckled, “I better change as well; I can’t really take you to the uniform shop dressed like that. Let’s meet here in 15 minutes.”

Forty minutes later they were entering Alexandra’s workwear shop. Magda was dressed very elegantly without any exaggeration, a nice summer dress, a light jacket sensible shoes and a designers’ bag. Dennis still in his male persona was very simply dressed, in a selection of cheap ‘Primark’® clothes which he miraculously found among his expensive designers’ clothes. There was not a moment’s doubt to the shop assistant who welcomed them who was the boss.

Magda took instantly the initiative saying, “Good afternoon, I would like some working clothes for my new maid Lita. She is about to start working in my house and I need some sensible and practical uniforms. Nothing fancy, just hardwearing dresses and matching aprons.”

“Of course Madam,” the shop assistant said cheerfully as she could sense a good order coming. She turned and looked at Dennis, who once more was blushing all over, as if she was assessing his size then she turned to Magda again saying, “I think a medium size would be quite comfortable for your maid, small could be rather restrictive for housework.”

When Magda saw that the shop assistant was looking appraisingly at Dennis she couldn't suppress a small laugh and decided to save him from further embarrassment, "The uniforms are not for Dennis here, they are for his sister Lita; I know she takes size 12 to 14, and you are right, housekeeping dresses should be comfortable.

But Dennis will be working in and out of the house as well, he will be running errands, do a bit of gardening and he certainly would help his sister in the heavier works like cleaning windows etc. So, you might find something for him as well."

The assistant sensing even a larger order gave Magda a broader smile, "Of course we have special unisex tunics and trousers with an elasticized waist that male cleaners can use as well and I certainly can provide a couple for Dennis here."

"And they can share some big working aprons," Magda added happily. She certainly was getting ready to spend money charging it all on Dennis' card.

They both were ignoring Dennis as if he wasn't there. That was even more thrilling for him; the feeling of being ignored was new and quite overwhelming for the son of a multi millionaire. And now Magda was giving him the double status of a male and female cleaner simultaneously! He stayed put waiting to see the shop assistant's selection thinking all this time his mantra, '*Ako si Lita, ako si Lita*'. He realized how much it was helping him to adapt to his new persona.

Within twenty minutes they were walking back to the house. Dennis was carrying the parcels that contained three morning dresses of pale colors with matching full aprons and a proper black and white maid's uniform for afternoon wear. Also, two unisex cleaning uniforms as the assistant explained, since some women cleaners preferred to work in trousers if they were allowed of course.

Magda was very chatty on the way back. She was enjoying immensely the new phase in her life though the outcome was unknown to her; she knew that she was about to enter uncharted waters. Dennis/Lita on the other hand was in a rather pensive mood as he was walking next to her. He knew that he was doing something completely out of the ordinary but the strong drive to do it was so prevailing that nothing could stop him.

"I think you should move tonight to the maid's room Lita, you certainly can't stay in the master bedroom, not very appropriate for your current position." Magda started saying and before Lita could answer she added, "I'll move to one of the guest rooms, no need for me also to be in the master bedroom, that certainly belongs to the rightful owner of the place, Mr. Arnellos and his immediate family."

She is doing it again, Dennis thought, she separates Dennis completely from Lita. That was helping him as well because the 'Lita persona' was becoming stronger by the minute. '*Ako si Lita*' he repeated once more to himself.

They arrived at the house and instantly Magda moved her things to the biggest of the guest rooms with an en suite bathroom and Dennis/Lita unpacked his/hers uniforms in the tiny room with an adjoining small WC/shower facility right next to the laundry room. What a difference from the grand bathroom upstairs with the built-in Jacuzzi. He could go there only to clean this room from now on. The mere thought of it sent shivers of erotic sensations to his body.

He changed quickly, as Magda asked him, in one of the uniform dresses, a light blue one which buttoned in front. As he finished buttoning it he felt the coarse polyester material in his soft and the erotic shivers came back. He quickly tied a large white functional bib apron around his small waist and put some white flat canvas shoes on. Everything was very functional and totally unflattering. When he looked at the tiny mirror he nearly fainted from excitement though he was still a boy in a maid's uniform. '*Ako si Lita, ako si Lita..*' he kept repeating to himself.

He hesitantly went back to the kitchen where Magda with an apron on had already started dinner preparations. Lita was surprised to see Magda still acting like the housekeeper but said nothing. He simply stood awkwardly in the middle waiting for Magda's reaction.

"Wow, you look so real Lita, the picture of domesticity. You are still a boy in a maid's uniform but you are small framed with delicate features and you can be gradually transformed to a girl with some effort and outside assistance."

Lita looked at her alarmed but also excited, "What do you mean 'outside assistance' Miss?"

Magda chuckled, "Well, I mean a partial makeover during the next few days, mind you, nothing very drastic and fully irreversible if needed, but you will look much more the part."

She stopped and looked shrewdly at him, "Providing that I have your full cooperation of course dear Lita; I wouldn't dare do anything without your full consent, we are adults here and you can decide how far you are prepared to go."

Dennis/Lita felt instantly that Magda needed some sort of reassurance for what was happening and answered hastily, "I fully understand Miss and I can tell you very formally that I do love what is happening to me at the moment, I never felt so alive and excited in years now. So, I don't want to stop, I can continue with your help this path of transformation we've just started, I very much need it!"

Magda saw the determination in his voice and said, "Ok Lita, I can see how much you want that transformation and I'm going to help you but you must follow all my instructions to the letter. I have to teach you a lot, not only to be a maid but primarily how to be a convincing girl."

And as if she remembered something important continued, "We completely forgot your underwear. You can't be a maid with a flat chest and boxer shorts underneath. You need some proper underwear some bras and of course realistic breast forms. I'll go for a

Lita shopping trip tomorrow when you will be here doing your chores."

Those words of Magda clicked all his buttons again; underwear, bras, breast forms? Wow! He liked that a lot. He blushed all over as he simply said, "That would be marvelous Miss, and I'm so excited! I'll be anxiously waiting to see all Lita's shopping tomorrow."

Magda turned practical again and waved at him to approach, "Now then, you can come and help me prepare dinner. I decided to do that tonight because you still must learn where everything is in the kitchen. Let's say that the lady of the house is cooking and her maid is helping her cleaning the mess."

"Yes Miss," Lita answered hesitantly not knowing yet how to fully act as a maid. "Just tell me what to do Miss."

When they finally sat down to dinner the two of them Magda had to tell Lita a few more things, "This is highly irregular of course for the maid to sit down to eat dinner with her Mistress but we do it just for tonight that you still learn the ropes. As of tomorrow, you are going to eat in the kitchen alone after you have served my dinner properly in the dining room. Is that clear enough for you Lita?"

"Yes Miss Magda, it is," Lita answered feeling rather funny as he was sitting to eat dinner in a maid's dress and apron. That was certainly a dramatic change from this morning he thought and secretly smiled to himself. So much had happened in a matter of hours.

"After we finish eating you will clean the table and do the washing up afterwards. Do not use the dish



washer, I want you to learn how to do dishes manually, it is always good to feel that. And I don't want you to use rubber gloves, not to start with anyway, I want those soft hands of yours to become rougher. Then you will be more in line with your current condition."

Magda was talking non-stop giving instructions and guidelines and Lita could tell that she was quite enjoying herself. This arrangement created a new level of understanding for both and also some sort of different bonding. The role reversal that happened so smoothly and quickly was definitively matching their respective personalities.

As they were finishing their dinner she remarked in a matter of fact tone of voice, "You must start thinking as a **SHE** from now on Lita, you must believe in that if you want to be successful and convincing in your new female persona. I heard you repeating before the 'Ako si Lita' phrase. Start telling to yourself in plain English, **'I am a she, I want to be a convincing female and I want to be a maid!'** and sleep with that thought tonight and the nights to come."

"Yes Miss," Lita said and instantly repeated with a cracked from emotion voice Magda's phrase, 'I am a she, I want to be a convincing female and I want to be a maid!'

"Good girl!" was all that Magda said.

A couple of hours later Lita (formally a SHE from now on) was exhausted after all those unusual activities and ready to go to bed. She then remembered again that had no nightie in her maid's room or proper

underwear to change tomorrow. She mentioned that to Magda who immediately said, "Of course, you are right. We both forgot about that with the excitement of the day. I'll tell you what; I'll give you one of my nighties to wear tonight and a change of underwear. Tomorrow, as I said, I'll go to 'a Lita shopping expedition' to Primark to buy you some proper underwear and nighties and probably some street clothes as well, a couple of simple jean skirts and tops will do the trick. Are you ok with that?"

"Thank you, Miss Magda, and please don't forget the breast forms, I'm quite excited about that prospect," was all that Lita managed to say as her eyes were closing, "Probably we can go together upstairs so you can give me the nightie and undies. I don't know why but I'm about to fall asleep, I feel exhausted."

Magda chuckled and said, "Too much excitement for one day Lita, too much excitement for both of us so let's call it a night."

"Yes Miss, thank you Miss." Lita said as they both started walking towards the stairs.

## PART 3

*A month later...*

They were sitting around the kitchen table having their midmorning coffee, Lita dressed in her morning uniform having a break from her endless and mundane house chores and Magda dressed elegantly

ready to go out for another visit to a gallery or a museum.

Magda had a sip of her coffee and scrutinised Lita with her eyes, "You look quite relaxed now Lita, you wear your uniform as if you belong to it, I never expected that you would be such a natural as a domestic. And of course, that training week you spent at the transformation clinic makes all the difference in the world. Look at your well shaped boobs covered modestly by your dress and apron bib. Even your voice has the right female pitch after the laser tuning they gave you. Nobody would think now that under this neat uniform is a boy hidden."

Lita, blushed as she remembered this difficult but exciting week at the clinic, the realistic breast forms glued to her chest, the hair extensions, and so many other minor changes, all reversible as they reassured her. She smiled mischievously and said in her new higher pitch voice, "Thank you Miss Magda. You are right, I feel quite natural in this role as if I was doing it all my life, I don't know what it is, I probably was a female servant in my previous life."

This time Magda chuckled and added, "I think you are probably correct, some of my Buddhist friends here in London would fully endorse that since they firmly believe in reincarnation."

She had another sip and added, "But let's talk about more practical matters. Have you been in contact with the Arnellos family recently? I haven't heard any news from Dennis's father since before you came to work for the family."

Magda continued her policy of separating Lita the maid from Dennis the rich heir and Dennis himself was accepting that attitude from the very beginning so his answer was on the same wave length, "Yes Ma'am, Master Dennis's father sent an e-mail the other day, he is extremely busy now, he is in a major shipyard in Korea, where he is about to do a ceremonial launching of his latest cargo ship. He asked if Master Dennis could join him but there but he refused because he is busy working on his PhD."

Magda felt a bit uneasy hearing this. She certainly didn't want to be held responsible for Dennis's possible failure in his studies because of this latest turn of events.

Lita sensed that and although she was feeling guilty for completely abandoning her studies in the past few weeks she hastily said, "We shouldn't worry about Master Dennis's activities and obligations this particular period Miss. We both know that Dennis had a mental blockage and couldn't produce any work so Lita was and still is the answer to that problem. We'll deal with the Arnellos family when the time comes and I'm certain that we'll find some suitable answers."

Magda understood that Dennis was trying to reassure her that they were not doing anything dangerous or extreme and decided to move a step further with Lita's 'education'.

So, she said casually, "I have been thinking Lita that you probably should expose yourself more to the outside world as a maid. I know that you go out in your uniform doing the shopping but this is not enough. I thought it would be good if you could interact with

others maids and people at the same level of the social ladder. Do you agree with that idea?"

Lita felt the familiar excitement rising as she managed to ask, "What do you have in mind Miss?"

"Well, I have a lady friend from Poland who works in one of the top galleries in Chelsea. She is an art historian and critic and acts as a curator for the exhibitions hosted at the gallery." Magda replied and stopped briefly to check Lita's reaction.

Lita looked puzzled thinking why Magda was telling her all that. She certainly was not at all involved in the art world and her knowledge in that field was minimal.

Magda continued with a cunning smile in her face, "The owner of the gallery is a very rich Arab from Qatar who lives with his family in a big mansion in Mayfair not far from here. They employ a Filipina as a live-in maid but they need an outside help three days a week. It is a large house and a family with three children so the poor Filipina can't cope with the work. She definitely needs an outside assistant and this could be you, if you agree of course."

Now Lita understood what Magda was trying to tell her all along and the familiar butterflies in her stomach were back in full action. Could she actually work as a maid next to a Filipina for another employer who would have no idea who she really was? That was too much to absorb and too exciting to believe. She was blushing all over as she looked questioningly at Magda not knowing what to say.

Magda sensing Lita's excitement and eagerness to hear more continued, a smirk in her face, "It's quite simple really. Every second day, say Monday Wednesday and Friday you will be there at 9.00 am and you will work until 5.00pm, the perfect part time cleaner's job. You can easily walk there and back. You can go with your uniform on, no point of losing time in changing clothes; you will walk from a maid's job to another maid's job."

Lita looked perplexed. This was a far too big step to take. Working as a maid in another house next to a Filipina maid? Is this a dream coming true for her? She fidgeted with her apron as she looked questioningly towards Magda, "But Miss Magda, how are we going to cope with the paper work? Wouldn't I need an employment contract? And what name I'm going to use? Don't you think it could be risky?"

Magda had anticipated those questions and answered quickly without thinking, "They don't want any paper work done, they are rich Arabs and they hate dealing with the British bureaucracy. They already employ legally the Filipina maid and her name is Rosie by the way, short for Rosario. You are going to be paid in cash at the end of each day, 7 pounds an hour which is below the going rate but as my Polish friend said me you will collect untaxable money under the table so you should be quite satisfied. And you will be simply known to them as Lita, no surname needed."

She chuckled as he remembered something else. "And of course, you will be working next to a Filipina. That will bring memories back from your encounter

with the original Lita, the maid of your childhood years who obviously influenced you a lot.”

At that point Lita looking rather furtive decided to let out her small secret of the past few weeks since she became the maid in her own house, “You know Miss Magda, ever since I became Lita, remember how I first mentioned to you the *‘ako si Lita’*, I started teaching myself Tagalog with the help of the many existing on line programs, the urge is very strong and I learned quite a bit. I even had some on line chats with Filipina maids working in Hong Kong; there is a very big community of Filipina maids there.”

She had a mischievous look furtive as she added, “I only wish that Master Dennis would be so busy and efficient working in his PhD as I am with my Tagalog lessons.” She consistently continued separating Lita the maid from Dennis the rich heir.

Magda chuckled once more. This Dennis/Lita creature never ceased to amaze her. She practically was asking to be a Filipina maid now! How odd.

“Wow! You never stop to amaze me Lita dear,” she said excitedly. “Isn’t it a good coincidence that you will be working next to a Filipina? This is your chance to improve your Tagalog and learn also what it really means to be poor and travel to the other end of the world to work as a domestic worker to support a whole family back home. We do to certain extend the same thing in Poland but Philippines are something else. Nearly one in three women work abroad as maids, nannies or nurses at the best of cases and with

the money they send back support the economy of the whole country."

Shivers of excitement run through Lita's spine. Being an anonymous girl simply called Lita, no surname needed, or any paper work for that matter was ideal for her. She could create her own myth of being the poor uneducated girl who had to work to support her family back home like the Filipinas all over the world. She should probably try to speak in a less posh accent. She could become a less educated girl coming from her crisis ridden country to UK to find a better life like the early Greek migrants that went to US at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, more than a century ago.

Magda's intuition picked up her thoughts once more, "You should try and speak English in a simpler manner not using all those fancy words educated people use. You better try and lose your posh Oxford accent and speak like a foreigner. It will be very simple if you try to limit your vocabulary to 100 to 200 commonly used words which will do the trick. Could you do that? This is also a clever way to protect Dennis's identity and promote Lita's presence."

"I was just thinking about that Miss, I think I could do it," Lita answered giggling, using for the first time her heavier Greek accent.

"Right then, it's settled." Magda said, "I'll call my Polish friend and tell her that you will be in the residence tomorrow morning at nine. Use the traders' entrance in the basement and ring the bell there so Rosie can let you in."

For the first time since they started this conversation Lita had an uncomfortable feeling. Was she crazy appearing in public and exposing herself using Lita's persona? What if she was recognised by the many friends of her father in London? What if the rich Arab family knew about her father who was wheeling and dealing with the rich Arab world?

But then she remembered what Magda already mentioned to her and what she felt herself all those days that circulated in London doing her shopping in her maid's uniform. She was practically invisible; nobody was paying attention to her, another working girl clearly running errands for her employers.

The excitement shivers replaced once more her worries and she simply answered to Magda, "I better get on with my chores, lots to do since I'll be working out tomorrow."

"Good girl," Magda answered in a condescending manner, "Off you go then."

## **PART 4**

It was 8.45 in the morning and Lita was walking fast down the street. Dressed in one of her uniform dresses, the mint green one, her sensible working shoes and a cardigan to protect her from the morning chill she was heading for her first outside work as a maid and cleaner. Her heart was beating fast as she tried to avoid the looks of the morning walkers, though no one seemed to pay any attention to her, an-

other migrant domestic worker clearly running an errand for her employers in that rich part of Mayfair.

She was carrying a small canvas shoulder bag with some basic cosmetics a couple of aprons and Dennis's mobile phone and credit card for emergency reasons. She was slightly amused and excited as she looked at the hem of her work dress where a few spots of discoloration were very obvious, clearly the results of chlorine and a big tell tale for her activities. She also couldn't fail to notice the state of her hands which already lost their softness and looked rather red and rough, the hands of a domestic. Miss Magda was very pleased when she noticed that in the morning before her departure from the Arnellos residence.

"You are safe Lita, nobody could detect anything else but a domestic worker on you at the moment. It is not only your uniform and hands but also the lack of any frivolous accoutrements, a totally utilitarian look." She said chuckling happily.

Lita wasn't certain if she should be pleased or worried with that comment so she simply said, "Thank you Miss Magda, that makes me less worried for my first day in a new working environment. I certainly am interested in keeping a low profile."

She looked at her cheap wrist watch again. She wanted to be there on time for her first day. She wasn't far now, probably another 5 minutes' walk? She tried to revise her 'Lita's story' or 'Lita's myth' as she started calling it. She revised it again in her mind. She was in London for over a year now working as a live in maid in the Arnellos residence. The family was away for an indefinite period and the apartment's caretaker

Miss Magda Matveyev kindly agreed to let her work as a cleaner at an outside job for an extra income in order to be able to help her family in distress back in her country. She was single with no other attachments or obligations.

She turned the corner and there it was in front of her the house she was going to work as a maid. The house where nobody would know anything about the rich guy called Dennis. They would only know Lita the migrant woman with no surname who would work for some extra money badly needed.

The familiar excitement butterflies were back combined of course with a large amount of anxiety. She looked at the building, a typical white stucco Georgian house probably 150 to 200 years old. She saw the grand main entrance and then in a few meters to its right a low metal gate with steps going to the basement. That was the traders' and servants' entrance and there she had to go.

She took a big breath, and tried to remember her Tagalog greeting she was going to use if Rosie was answering the door. She started descending the fairly steep steps with slightly trembling feet. She timidly rang the bell and waited patiently her knees still trembling. She heard steps approaching and in a moment the door opened and a small Filipina woman probably in her early forties, wearing a standard morning uniform, light blue dress, half white apron and comfortable canvas shoes looked at her appraisingly taking it in instantly that a fellow maid was at the door. She was about to say something but Lita managed to speak first.

*"Magandang umaga. Ako si Lita."* she said in her best singing Tagalog, wishing good morning and stating her name.

Rosie - because this must have been the Filipina who opened the door - was clearly taken by surprise because she answered also in Tagalog, *"Marunong ka bang mag Tagalog?"*

Lita thought that this is enough for a simple introduction and said in English, "I speak a little Tagalog. What I know I learned it from a Filipina we were working together some time ago." She half blushed as she said her first innocent lie.

*"Ako si Rosie,"* she said smiling and then continued in accented English, "Come in Lita, Mistress warned me about your coming, I see you are already appropriately dressed for work. Would you like a cup of coffee before I start showing you around?"

"Yes please, that would be lovely," Lita answered in her up market accent and then she remembered that she had to change the way she spoke English, 'simpler words, heavier accent and the occasional grammar error is the answer' Magda kept reminding her and she was going to concentrate on that.

As Rosie was pouring coffee from the coffee machine they both heard steps coming down, the unmistakable sound of heels.

Rosie looked concerned and said in haste, "Mistress is coming down; probably she heard or saw you coming in, quick put this apron on; she wants her maids properly attired all the time."

As she was talking she moved fast to a drawer opened it and retrieved an apron and threw it to Lita who quickly tied it firmly around her waist making certain that the bow was symmetrical at the back. That moment a door opened at the far end of the kitchen and in a few seconds she came face to face with her new employer.

She saw an impeccably dressed and heavily made up woman, probably in her mid forties walking towards them. She watched Rosie with the corner of her eye standing at attention, her hands cupped together in front of her apron and she did the same.

“Good morning girls,” the lady said in a chirpy voice.

“Good morning Ma’am,” Rosie answered with a slight curtsey and within seconds Lita did the same imitating rather clumsily Rosie’s movement.

The lady turned to Lita and scrutinized her with her large dark eyes. “I am Mrs. Leila Ahmad and you must be Lita. Miss Matveyev spoke very highly of you and your working ethos and efficiency. I understand that you are a live in maid in a big residence nearby, where Miss Matveyed is the caretaker. Is that correct girl?”

Lita thought it would be appropriate to answer the question with a slight curtsey again and said in accented and slightly bad English, “Yes Ma’am, I am Lita and I am maid in a house near here. The family is away and Miss Magda allow me to work out for some extra money that I need to support my family back home Ma’am.”

“So I understand girl, so I understand,” Mrs. Ahmad repeated and continued in a firmer tone, “I intend to employ you unofficially three days a week Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9.00 am to 5.00 pm. Your wages will be a flat sum of 50 pounds per day which you will receive by Rosie at the end of your working day. You are unofficially employed here so if anybody ever asks you what you are doing in this house, you simply say that you help a fellow maid on a voluntary basis. Do you understand girl? I don’t want any trouble with the local authorities.”

Lita blushed all over as she answered with another small curtsey, “Yes Ma’am, I understand Ma’am, I don’t work here just help Rosie as a vol..., sorry Ma’am I don’t remember the word you just said?”

“That’s all right girl, the word is volunteer. I’m glad we understand each other.”

She looked at Rosie who still was standing at attention and turned back to Lita, “Rosie will explain everything to you and what your duties are going to be. We are a family of five, Mr. Ahmad and our three children who are all at school presently. They will be back at about 4.00 in the afternoon and you will have the chance to meet them all.”

She paused and was getting ready to go and then she turned back and looked at Lita again, “and something else Lita, there are things in this house that are *‘haram’*, Rosie knows them all and she will tell you. You see we are a Muslim family and though we are not in Saudi Arabia we follow certain rules about food etc.”

Lita said, "Yes Ma'am, but I not know word '*haram*', what it mean?"

She looked at her in an amused look, "I can tell that you had never worked in a Muslim house or country before Lita, '*haram*' is anything forbidden by our religion in Arabic."

She paused and added, "The opposite of '*halal*' which I'm certain you heard before, like '*halal meat*' etc."

Lita's eyes got brighter; of course she knew about halal food, she had eaten several times in Arabic restaurants. She simply said, "Yes. Ma'am I see shops selling halal food in East London when I go visit friends there."

"Good girl, I knew you would understand." Mrs. Ahmad said and turning to Rosie, added, "I'm off Rosie; I have meetings to attend and friends to meet. I'll be back in the early afternoon before the children are back from school. Explain to Lita certain things and do put her to work. This is your chance to remove some of the work burden from your shoulders, make sure that you use it."

She started heading back to the stairs but turned again as if she remembered something extra, "And girls could you please coordinate from now on your uniform dresses to be the same color? I see today a green maid and a blue maid, next time I expect to see two maids color coordinated. Is that clear girls?"

"Yes, Ma'am," both Rosie and Lita said in unison but by that time Mrs. Ahmad was already going up the stairs to the main floor

## PART 5

During the next few hours, Lita realized the hard way what serious housework means. She also realized how easy her job was in the Arnellos family house where she had to practically take care of an empty place. They started their cleaning from the bedrooms in the first floor. She instantly understood that cleaning the four occupied and heavily used bedrooms was a different story altogether. After they finished the master bedroom and its adjoining luxurious bathroom they had to tackle the childrens' bedrooms. As expected they were very messy. Clothes thrown on the carpeted floor, wet towels on the bed, dirty knickers and bras hanging at the back of a chair. Lita was surprised and appalled. She could never believe that people can be that messy.

As they were working together Rosie started explaining about the family. "This is Akilah's room, his name means '*clever*' in Arabic. She is their oldest child; she has just turned 18 some weeks ago. She is really clever and very good at school but very arrogant and messy as you can see from her room," she started saying as they were stripping the bed to change the sheets.

"Wow Rosie," Lita answered, "I never saw such a messy room." And immediately smiled secretly thinking that really and truly that was her first real maid's job outside the Arnellos residence, but she couldn't really reveal that to Rosie, could she!



Rosie who was quite clever picked something though because she said, "Probably you never worked before in a house with teenage children. Believe me they are usually that messy."

Lita blushed and answered immediately with another white lie, "You are right Rosie, I worked for older people and in one occasion for a family with very young children," thinking simultaneously that she had to remember what she was saying because she could be easily trapped in her own lies.

When they moved to the next bedroom Rosie continued, "This is Zahra's room, the name means '*radiant*' and it is true, Zahra who is now 16 is a very pretty girl and very coquettish."

Lita had to ask this because she was thinking it all along, "Are they required to be covered those girls when they go out? Are their parents strict like that? I saw the mother before, Mrs. Ahmad I mean, who was very smartly dressed and quite heavily made up."

Rosie chuckled and said, "Not here in London but when they go to Qatar they have to be covered. I spent a few weeks with them there about a year ago and I even had to wear a scarf when I was out shopping or doing errands."

Lita was singularly excited hearing that but tried not to show it. Being a maid in an Arab country would have been quite a challenge she thought.

When they finally reached the last bedroom, which was much tidier than the previous ones she said, "And this is the boy's room. He is 15 and his name is Asim meaning '*protector*'. She smirked when she said that

and added, "He is a very sweet boy and not at all the protector type. I would say he is the one who needs protection, he is very shy and vulnerable and both his sisters tease him mercilessly. He is his mother's darling boy and he is the one who protects him. The father is not happy with his son's softness and he simply ignore him. Mr. Ahmad is very traditional and would like his boy to be more assertive or even aggressive like all Arab boys should be."

She chuckled as he remembered something because she added, "And Asim is the only one of the three who occasionally offers to help me with the housework. The other day he helped me with the washing up wearing one of my aprons. The girls teased him mercilessly but the mother was there to protect him as usually."

Lita smiled secretly thinking that Asim was probably a boy following the steps of Dennis but also admired Rosie's clever assessment of the family and their characters, she was quite an astute woman. She had the singing accent of a Filipina but her English was correct and quite educated.

Rosie understood that and said, "You know Lita, I wasn't born to be a maid; that happened from mere necessity. I studied to be a school teacher back home but the needs of my family pushed me to go abroad and look for a job so I can send back the invaluable foreign currency, quite a standard practice for us Filipinas."

Lita felt guilty when she heard that. Here is Rosie becoming a maid out of necessity and he (Dennis) in Lita's persona pretending to be a maid for what? Some deeply rooted erotic feeling? A submissive streak?

Some unfulfilled desire to serve the others? A guild feeling because he was born into the world of the rich? A mixture of all? He/she still was trying to explain it.

But then she had a glimpse of her image in the bathroom mirror and seeing her Lita persona in her slightly dishevelled uniform and soiled apron she thought, 'No, this is me, I belong to these clothes now and I want to continue belonging to them!'

And she silently repeated her mantra, **'I am a she, I want to be a convincing female and I want to be a maid!'**

And then she heard Rosie's voice again, "And thinking of that, you sound quite educated yourself. I saw you before when you talked to Mme Ahmad and you were trying to speak in bad English with an accent, but all that time we work together your English is very posh and upmarket, so to speak."

She gave Lita a quizzical look and added, "And of course I can see that your experience in cleaning is limited. The way you hold the vacuum cleaner, the way you dust or clean bathrooms is much slower than the average cleaner. I don't want to be critical here and I can see that you try very hard and that you are eager to do an excellent job but you are not what you appear to be."

Lita blushed all over when she heard that. She was so relaxed and pleased working next to Rosie that she forgot completely about her pretend uneducated persona. It never occurred to her that a Filipina maid would pick that. She felt even more uncomfortable

when she realized that she was herself a victim of the stereotypical approach of all the so called 'civilized Westerners', that a Filipina is there to be a domestic servant and that's about it.

Her mind was working fast, she had to answer to Rosie's remarks. Should she reveal partly the truth to her adding probably some pretend reasons why she was doing it?

She decided to be more straightforward with Rosie. She already confessed to Magda her fantasies and inclinations. Why not to Rosie? Somehow it was simpler for her to reveal her inner feelings to a domestic worker than to some one of her own class and wealth. Except of course the fact that under Lita's utterly convincing disguise a young man was hiding.

"You are very clever Rosie and you picked well, I am not a maid by necessity, I am a maid because I am in the middle of a project as part of my university studies. It has to do with the influx in the West of domestic workers from third world countries and how the developed Western world is coping with that."

She stopped and looked at Rosie who had a sceptical look then continued, "I thought if I could step in a real maid's shoes I could get a proper inside feeling of what those people are facing with their employers, their paper work etc."

Rosie smirked, "Come on Lita, it certainly is something more than that, I saw you looking at yourself in the mirror before, admiring your maid's uniform and apron. No real maid is doing that, they usually detest

to wear a uniform. I think you get a thrill from wearing one."

Lita froze when she heard Rosie's quite accurate assessment. She felt that the woman could read her like an open book. What is she going to say now? Just accept the stark reality that she gets a sinister pleasure from being a uniformed servant or find another kind of excuse. Once again, she decided to go for a partial truth, Rosie was no match for her.

"You are right Rosie. I get a sinister pleasure from wearing the maid's uniform and the apron in particular. I feel that I belong to those clothes! Lita exclaimed her voice cracking from emotion.

*"Ikaw ay masunurin at mapagpakumbaba,"* Rosie said in fast Tagalog and of course Lita couldn't understand it.

Rosie seeing Lita's wonder expression said in English, "You are obedient and humble; this is what those words mean in our language. We have people like you in Manila where I come from but they usually are effeminate men who want to work as maids. Are you sure you are not a boy underneath Lita?" Rosie laughed as she asked the question.

Wow! This woman is so perceptive Lita thought blushing all over again but this time she decided to defend Lita's female persona so she answered indignantly, "Of course not, how could you say that! I'm all girl and very proud of that and yes, I am a submissive, this is how we are called at this end of the world."

"Ok, Miss Submissive," Rosie answered in a mild tone of voice realizing that she pushed Lita a bit too

far. "This is your choice and I respect it. For all I know you can be a maid to your hearts' content. I only wish I had your money and could play the way you do."

Lita wasn't certain how to answer that but Rosie didn't give her a chance because she looked at her watch and added, "We'll talk more about that later but now we're running out of time, Mme Ahmad will be back shortly. Give me a hand and let's carry all those sheets and towels to the laundry room and then we can tidy up the living and dining rooms downstairs. Nothing much, just a careful dusting and vacuuming. Mme Ahmad is very particular with dust; coming from the desert she has an aversion for it."

It was past 2.00pm when they finished their chores and went back to the kitchen. Lita was starving by that stage and Rosie prepared for both two nutritious sandwiches followed by a much-needed coffee.

"Madame Ahmad will be back any minute now and I should find for you a blue uniform dress, remember what she said to us, she wants us in matching uniforms."

She went to hers room and came back carrying a dress like the one she was wearing. "I think this one will fit you, it used to belong to a larger girl that worked here briefly. They all come from the same shop down the road as we both know, 'Alexandra workwear'. Hurry up and change, she will be here any minute now, she always is back before the children."

Lita went to the bathroom by the maid's room, the only one she and Rosie could use and changed quickly. The dress was slightly big but she didn't pay

much attention. Who cares how a maid looks anyway she thought chuckling silently. She tied her white apron back on paying attention to the symmetrical bow and joined Rosie to the kitchen.

She barely had time to have another sip of her coffee when they both heard the noise of the front door opening and closing.

“Madame is back,” Rosie whispered to her and added, “She wants to be called Madame, the French way, her family has a connection with Lebanon and they were French speakers over there.”

Mme Ahmad came straight to the kitchen and both maids stood up and slightly curtsayed.

She looked at them critically saying in a casual manner, “Ah, there you are girls. And you look much better with your matching blue dresses.”

She scanned the kitchen with her eyes as if she was inspecting the premises and then addressed Rosie, “How did it go with Lita today, is she a good enough cleaner, was she following your instructions Rosie?”

Rosie answered with a little bob, “Very well Mme, Lita is a natural in housework and very eager to follow my instructions. She is a fast learner too. She could be a Filipina for all I know.”

Mme Ahmad turned now to Lita, “I’m glad to hear that Lita, this is a big plus if Rosie tells me that you work like a Filipina, they are the best in housework as we all know.

I asked Rosie to assess your work and whole demeanour as a cleaner and maid. If Rosie’s comments

were negative I wouldn't have kept you. Of course, they will be other occasions to judge your performance but for the time being you have a job in this house three days a week."

Lita curtsayed once more and remembering her Pidgin English she said in a heavy accent, "Thank you Mme, I try to be good with work in this house and help Rosie as much as I can."

She noticed with the corner of her eye that Rosie looked amused with her performance in front of Mme, now that she knew the truth.

Mme Ahmad though understood nothing and said, "Good. Carry on girls with your chores, the children will be back soon and you have to organize their meal. They come back very hungry as Rosie knows very well. I'm going upstairs to change."

"Yes Mme," they both replied in unison

## **PART 6**

Lita was full of contradicting feelings and emotions as she was walking fast towards the Arnellos residence. She was still wearing the blue uniform dress that Rosie gave her. She felt slightly embarrassed as she realised that they were strong discolorations at the hem of the dress most probably from the use of cleaning chemicals, but as usually nobody seemed to pay any attention to the young woman walking in the streets of Mayfair. She was obviously a cleaner or a maid going to or coming back from an errand.

A whole new chapter of her Lita persona has been opened widely as she acted as a maid during the past few hours at the Ahmad's residence, a chapter that touched her profoundly. She had experienced in a disturbingly exciting way that being a maid in a 'real life' situation was something that kept her very alert and alive. She let everybody in the Ahmad residence to boss her around and to give her orders and instructions and peculiarly enough she found that this 'putting her down' situation was bringing constant waves of secret joy and sexual stimulation. She simply couldn't understand what was happening to her. She had a feeling that an inner force had taken over and was pushing her Lita persona to new totally uncharted waters.

She found herself suddenly in front of the Arnellos residence building. She automatically used the servants' entrance and the service lift that took her up to the apartment. She entered from the back door directly to the kitchen. She removed her cardigan and automatically put her white half apron on. A thin smile crossed her lips as she then realised that this little white piece of material, this small apron, had started everything!

She was wondering if Miss Magda was at home and if she would have to prepare dinner for her, as she was washing her hands in the kitchen sink, when she heard a noise and turned.

Miss Magda was looking at her disapprovingly. "I told you before Lita that is not hygienic to wash your hands in the kitchen sink; you should do that in your own room using your own basin."

Lita blushed as she hurriedly dried her hands in a tea towel. "Sorry Miss Magda, I just came in and I completely forgot about that."

"Try to remember next time please, I don't like to repeat myself girl."

"Yes, Miss of course," Lita answered blushing even more and continued, "Would you like me to prepare some dinner or you have other plans for tonight Miss?"

Magda, looking more excited now, said, "Never mind that girl, I'm not hungry, let's have a cup of tea and you can tell me all about your day at the Ahmad residence."

She instantly felt more relaxed as she heard that and certainly would like to talk to someone who could understand her Lita persona and her uniquely unusual day.

She put the kettle on as Magda continued talking, "I already talked to Mme Ahmad; she just called me before on my mobile to tell me that you are informally hired to work there every other day. She said that you appear to be a good domestic worker and Rosie approved of you. She even said that you are as good as any Filipina maid, you must have liked that didn't you Lita?"

Lita blushing again said, "It is true, Miss, working next to Rosie brought back memories of my childhood and the original Lita. I even had the chance to talk a bit in Tagalog with her."

"How very interesting", Magda chuckled, "I'm glad you were able to liaise with a fellow Filipina

maid. She looked again as Lita was standing preparing the tea, "Is that a different uniform dress you have on? I don't remember seeing it before. In fact, it looks quite worn out."

Lita smiled and as she was serving the tea said the story of Mme Ahmad demanding that the two maids had to wear matching colour uniforms and that the dress was an old one that Rosie has given her. Magda chuckled and added ironically, "Now you are getting the hand me down clothes from other maids, it must be quite appealing to you I guess."

Lita blushed uncomfortably as they both sat down around the kitchen table for a chat.

"Now Lita I want you to tell me everything. How did you find the family, how was Rosie with you, how you felt yourself; come on speak up girl," Magda said impatiently.

Lita started talking quite freely, there was no need to try and hide anything from Miss Magda; after all she was her only ally in this weird adventure of her.

"So, you are telling me that Rosie was able to understand that you were not what you appeared to be? She was able to tell that you were pretending to be a maid and in reality, you must be a different person?" Magda asked in a slightly worried tone of voice after Lita finished telling her how Rosie managed to corner her with clever questions.

"Yes Miss," Lita answered equally uncomfortably, "She could tell because of my 'posh' and educated accent when I was talking to his."

She paused and immediately added, "she is a very clever person that Rosie Miss, she is quite educated herself, she studied to be a Teacher but..."

"Yes Lita, I know all about it, we've talked before and she told me her story. But in your case, you seem to be forgetting yourself. I told you many times that you should adopt a more uneducated heavy accent; after all you are not British yourself. The posh voice is a huge give in."

She stopped and looked more worried now, "Did you actually tell Rosie who you really are? Did you mention your connection with the Arnellos family?"

"Certainly not Miss, I'm not that stupid," Lita answered defiantly but then added all blushing, "She actually pressed me a lot and I had to admit at the end that I like to be a maid, I like the uniform and I like to be ordered around. But I don't think she suspects anything about the boy hidden underneath Lita's uniform." She said that last sentence chuckling with mischief.

"I see," Magda said sceptically, thinking how she was going to handle the whole Lita situation. She also had a feeling that they both have entered uncharted waters and their movements had to be well planned and cautious from now on. Dennis might want to play his Lita fantasies but Magda had to think of her position in the family and the income that comes with it. Any wrong movement now and she could easily lose her job.

An awkward silence followed and then Magda said excitedly, "I think I found a way for you to stay in

Rosie's good books without revealing anything else about your personal situation. You can even profit from Rosie's presence to become a better maid and improve your Tagalog; in other words, to become a substitute Filipina maid. You would like that Lita wouldn't you?"

Lita looked expectantly at Magda, she wanted to find out what she had in her mind; she simply said, "Yes, I would like that providing that we play it safe and there is no danger of exposure which could be detrimental for both of us Miss. So, what's in your mind?"

"Rosie is always in need for extra money, she has a large family to support back in Philippines so you simply leave your wages with her. That way her weekly income will be increased by 150 £, a considerable sum for Filipino standards. Then you will treat her like she is your mentor and start acting like a junior maid taking orders from her and ask always her opinion."

Magda stopped to take a sip of her tea looking for Lita's reaction. She could tell that she was excited as she was playing nervously with the edge of her apron. Then suddenly it dawned on her. Lita was definitely getting some sort of sexual arousal from all that maid persona game. She could see it in her dreamy and slightly watery eyes!

"And of course, you must learn to act the part," she continued, "No posh and educated accent for you, just basic English. And speaking of that you should try that in this house as well when you communicate with me; try to talk in simpler terms with a heavier accent like any uneducated foreign girl would. Do you see my point in this Lita?"

Lita, all her buttons pushed again, said in a different voice and accent, "Yes Miss, I agree with you, I try to use simple words. Can you probably talk to Rosie about not me collecting the money and she can keep it all? I cannot tell her that, I am shy like that Miss."

"Good Lita, that was brilliant!" Magda exclaimed, "This is the voice and accent you should practice. And don't you worry about Rosie; I'll talk to her tomorrow and explain everything. Of course, we keep that a secret from Mrs. Ahmad. She is your employer and she must always believe that you are paid properly for your work in the Ahmad residence."

"Yes, Miss, of course," Lita answered a bit uncomfortably. She always had in the back of her mind the unusual if not weird situation she let herself in. But once more she realised that she couldn't control it, a peculiar uncontrolled drive was pushing her to that direction.

Then she heard Magda's voice again, "All of a sudden I feel very hungry, could you please prepare one of your nice fresh salads, I'll have it in the dining room with a glass of chardonnay. You have your dinner after you serve me here in the kitchen, then bedtime for you, you must be exhausted."

"Yes, Miss, right away Miss," Lita answered as she started collecting the tea cups. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour Miss." She tried again to modify her accent realising that she should be constantly vigilant about that, until it would become a second nature to her.

## PART 7

“Girl! *Halika dito.*” Rosie yelled impatiently to Lita from the dining room, in that peculiar mixture of Tagalog and English, *Taglish* as it was called between the Filipina maids abroad

Lita hastily had a last sip of her coffee checked her appearance in the kitchen mirror- a habit that she couldn’t resist- adjusted her work apron and run towards the dining room where Rosie was setting the table for this evening’s dinner party.

“Yes Miss Rosie,” she said with her customary small bob. In the past few weeks she started calling her Miss, to Rosie’s delight; she did it without being asked, simply because her submissive genes had completely taken over and she was acting as the junior maid in the Ahmad household with Rosie becoming more and more the housekeeper.

“We have only two hours for the house preparations and then we have to change to our black and white serving uniforms.” Rosie continued with urgency in her voice. “Go and clean very thoroughly the guest bathroom, *linisin ang banyo*” “repeated her order in Tagalog as if Lita couldn’t understand English “and be aware” she continued “that Mme is very particular about it. Make sure there is plenty of toilet paper and clean handtowels. Then come back here and help me set the table.”

“Yes Miss Rosie, *linisin ang banyo*” Lita answered repeating Rosie’s order like a young army recruit,

looking at the same time at the huge table that could sit 14 people and a feeling of apprehension and fear overtook her. The Ahmads have asked 12 important people for a semi-formal dinner and she was worried if some people of Dennis father's connections in London might be present. After all, as Magda confessed to her, Mr. Ahmad had lots of contacts in the Greek shipping world. The only guest that Lita already knew was Magda herself. The Ahmads invited her because they wanted to personally thank her for finding this 'jewel of a maid' as they have called Lita on several occasions.

She took her cleaning equipment and started cleaning the guests' bathroom which was quite big and had the option of male and female cubicles. Over the past few weeks she had become very proficient in her cleaning under the strict supervision of Rosie and the scrutinising eye of Mme Ahmad.

As the bathroom area was full of mirrors she couldn't resist looking at herself dressed in her daily maid's uniform, '*uniporme ng dalaga*' as Rosie used to call it. She looked quite dishevelled after a whole morning of heavy housework but her look in the mirror never stopped creating an inner excitement to the point of sexual stimulation. More than four months later she never thought of abandoning her 'Lita being in Service Program' as she called it.

Her mind drifted away to the past few weeks and the events that had driven her deeper to the present predicament as she worked mechanically. She thought once more, that more than four months had passed already since the day that on an impulse she put

Magda's white serving apron on, this humble piece of clothing that started the whole thing.

After her discussion with Magda at the end of her first day's work at the Ahmads residence she followed her advice and offered her wages to Rosie as a gesture of good will. Rosie accepted them eagerly without any second thoughts as if she was expecting it. Now that she was thinking again about the whole incident she was nearly certain that Magda must have mentioned something to Rosie beforehand. After that a new kind of relationship was established with Rosie becoming her strict mentor and instructress in all aspects of being a proficient maid. They also started together a so called 'Filipinisation' program where Rosie made a point of giving commands in Tagalog or Taglish and Lita trying to follow them, with difficulty to start with but with lots of eagerness to learn more as if the original Lita that influenced her so much during her teenage years had moved in to her body!

She was down on her hands and knees scrubbing one of the toilet bowls when she remembered, still with mixed feelings, the e-mail her alter ego Dennis received from his University. His supervising professor, the one who was going to examine his thesis had a car accident and he was in hospital in critical condition. So, all his teaching and his PhD programs were suspended indefinitely! Wow, what an unexpected turn. He didn't have to feel guilty anymore of not being able to do his research. He immediately wrote to his father and said how much devastated he was after the news and he was going to take a year off to change scenery and try to rethink his life. His father was unexpectedly

quite understanding and as he was - as expected- in a very busy mode gave his consent and simply added to his message, 'Stay out of trouble Dennis and be in regular touch. Anyway, Magda tells me that you are in good spirits and I'll ask her to be more supportive. And if you decide to travel, you know funds are not a problem, but please keep me informed of your whereabouts. You could probably come down to Mykonos for a few weeks and enjoy the Greek weather.'

Dennis thanked his father, but the last thing he wanted right now was to be Daddy's spoiled son in a familiar place. He politely refused and said he would keep him informed for his movements.

Lita barely suppressed a smile when she observed herself in her current condition, kneeling in front of a toilet bowl cleaning it and looking as any dishevelled cleaner or maid. If only Dennis father could see him now in full Lita mode!

She got a shock when she heard Rosie's voice behind his, "You are slow girl, '*ikaw ay magabal*', chop, chop and come and help me in the dining room."

"Yes Miss Rosie, finish very quickly and coming," she said in her bad English that was becoming nearly automatic by now, to the point that Magda had said to her the other day, 'keep talking like this girl and nobody would suspect that you are anything else than what you appear to be, just another uneducated migrant cleaner.'

When a few minutes later she joined Rosie in the dining room the latter gave her a disapproving look saying, "You look dirty girl, '*marumi babae*' and you

smell also, go and change your apron with a clean white one and make sure you wash your hands well, I can't let you setting the table with that stained apron on, run along now, not much time left"

"Yes Miss Rosie, be back in a minute," Lita answered secretly enjoying Rosie's bossy attitude and run to her room by the kitchen. When she came back a couple of minutes later she looked quite tidy again with her clean apron and her hair tied back more vigorously.

She started helping Rosie in laying the table. She worked mechanically; after all she was familiar with that sort of semi-formal dinner parties. She remembered how she loved helping the original Lita, back in Dennis parents' house, to set the table on similar occasions. She remembered all that cutlery and crockery they had to use and all those glasses and of course the pristine white napkins.

They were finishing in the dining room when Mme Ahmad appeared suddenly. Both of them were too busy to hear the front door opening. She scanned the table and said, "At first glance it looks correct but I'll come back for a proper inspection; is the guest bathroom clean and ready?" She looked at Rosie as she said that.

"Yes Mme," Rosie answered with a slight bob, "Lita just finished cleaning it."

Mme Ahmad sniffed the air, an unpleasant look in her face. This time she turned to Lita and said in a rather condescending manner, "You smell of perspiration girl, it is a very unpleasant smell that lingers

around, make sure that you have a good shower and put plenty of deodorant afterwards."

Then with a more amused look added, "After all you are not a Filipina in that sense, true Asian girls never smell. Rosie has to work with you a bit more. You might clean well like a Filipina but certainly you are not bodily clean like they are!"

Lita blushed all over and for a moment the Dennis genes took over. How dare she talking to me like that she thought? She managed to control herself though and answered with certain indignation in her voice, forgetting momentarily her Pidgin English, "I'm sorry Madame, I had to work very hard to finish all the cleaning and as it happens it has been an unusually warm day for this time of year. I'll have a good shower later Madame."

Mme Ahmad ignored her indignant tone of voice and simply added as she was talking to a simple peasant girl just arrived from her village to the big city, "Make sure you do that and you should make a habit to use deodorant before you dress in the morning, I can assure you it helps a lot to avoid unpleasant smells when you perspire."

She left as abruptly as she came heading for her bedroom to get ready herself. As she was climbing the stairs added, "I probably already mentioned to you both that the children will stay out tonight with friends and Mr. Ahmad will arrive directly from his office with some of the guests."

"Yes Mme, very well Mme," the two maids answered in unison and then Rosie looked accusingly at



Lita, saying in a low voice, "You forgot yourself again girl and talked like an Oxford professor. Thank God that Mme Ahmad is too preoccupied and paid no attention. And of course, she is right, you must start using deodorant before you put your uniform dress on every morning and make sure that your dress is well washed. Unfortunately, the material of our uniforms, that polyester cotton mix, is not the best, real cotton is much better."

"Sorry Rosie," Lita answered still upset and forgetting her rule to address her as Miss, "Mme took me by surprise and I answered without thinking. She is right of course; when you do lots of manual labour you must be careful on those issues. Probably we could check on line if we can buy cotton uniforms, I am prepared to..."

Rosie rolled her eyes and stopped Lita with her hand, "Enough of your pontificating Lita, we can talk about that another time. Let's finish here and go to prepare ourselves. We have an hour until the arrival of the caterers and two hours before the guests start coming."

## **PART 8**

"Inspection time girls!" Mme Ahmad said clapping her hands and both Rosie and Lita run from the kitchen to the central hallway. They both were dressed in a formal black and white uniform, elegant but quite conservative, the hem of their dresses a couple of inches below the knee. A smart white half apron and a small white cap completed the outfit. They presented

themselves and curtsayed as she looked at them critically.

“Yes, you both look very dapper and professional and you smell nicely as well,” she said giving a side look to Lita who blushed remembering how she was chastised earlier for being a bit smelly. This time she added plenty of arm deodorant and light lavender cologne that Rosie provided.

Mme looked at the clock and added, “In a few minutes the guests will start arriving. You Lita will stand by the door and welcome them with a slight curtsy, nothing theatrical, just a small bob and then take their coats, bags or whatever else they pass to you. I’ll be behind you to greet them. As I told you already Mr. Ahmad will come directly from the office with a group of his colleagues.”

Then turning to Rosie, she continued, “Rosie you will start circulating among the guests with a tray of champagne, orange and apple sparkling juice. I expect that half of our guests will stay out of alcohol.”

“Yes Mme,” both maids said in unison as she dismissed them with her hand.

Lita moved behind the main apartment door waiting for the bell to ring with mixed feelings. She was worried that someone among the guests could potentially recognise her and tell Dennis father. She couldn’t even start thinking about the implications of such a possibility. She looked again at the large mirror by the entrance and a smart but fairly plain looking maid looked back at her. She liked what she saw; her submissive fantasy was in full swing now as for the first

time she was dressed formally in the black and white outfit. Wasn't that her ultimate dream after all?

At that moment she nearly jumped as the bell rang. She took a deep breath and opened the door with a smile in her face. Mr Ahmad with a group on two men and a woman behind stood by the door. She hastily bobbed and let them in.

He completely ignored her and rushed to greet his wife with a slight kiss. In the meantime Lita was busy collecting whatever was passed to her, some bags and coats that she took them immediately to the small wardrobe by the guests' bathroom. In the mean time she heard Mr. Ahmad's booming voice as he was addressing his wife, "I certainly made an effort to be back before the arrival of the other guests, so now I can be in the reception committee right next to you my dear. You know Alan, Chris and Zetta from the office of course."

"Please come all in and get a drink," Mme Ahmad answered jovially and she motioned to Rosie to approach with her tray. Then she turned to Lita who was standing in attention by the door. "I hope you remembered to hang up all the coats properly Lita."

"Yes Mme, of course," she answered with another bob as she heard Mr. Ahmad telling to his wife. "Ah, Lita is her name then, I couldn't remember it as I came in. She looks quite smart in her formal uniform darling; you are so good in training them properly."

At that moment the bell rang again and more people arrived. Lita started to count them; she remembered that they were expecting 12 people in total, ex-

cluding the Ahmads. They would all sit to a 14 people formal dinner. And now she remembered that at the last minute Mme Ahmad put on the large dinner table little cards with the names of the guests allocating them seats. She regretted now that she hadn't sneakily looked at them

Within the next 10 minutes ten people have arrived but Miss Magda and another person were still expected. She was very curious to see if Miss Magda would be escorted by a gentleman, she had no idea what her private life was, in particular after she became a maid and Magda started socialising, madly trying to mix with the upper echelons of the London social scene.

The bell rang again. Lita feeling more relaxed now thinking that the risk of being recognised as Dennis had practically vanished opened the door with a beaming smile to greet her mentor and friend.

And yes, it was a very elegantly dressed Magda standing in front of her smiling.

"Hello Lita, you look very smart this evening in your formal uniform, the picture of domesticity."

Lita bobbed and said, "Thank you Miss Magda, I am very proud of my uniform and of course you look very beautiful tonight."

Then she raised her eyes to greet the man who was hiding behind her all that time and she nearly fainted from shock. The man who was looking at her, a big smile in his handsome suntanned face was no other than her or rather Dennis' father, the famous

ship-owner and great womaniser Andreas Arnellos himself!

“Papa what on earth are you doing here?” she started whispering but at this moment and as Mme Ahmad was approaching fast to greet them Magda managed to say to her in a low voice, “Act normally as if nothing unusual happens, your father knows everything and approves, I’ll explain everything later.”

And as Lita, knees trebling and blushing all over, started to collect their coats her father turned to her and said smiling, “Lita is your name isn’t it girl? I heard Magda calling you that. That name brings back memories to me; we used to have a Filipina maid called Lita years ago, my son Dennis used to be very fond of her.”

Lita’s jaw fell open as Magda managed to wink at her. At that moment Mme Ahmad was there greeting Magda warmly, “Hello my dear, I’m so glad you managed to come tonight.”

“Hello Leila,” Magda said giving a small kiss to Mme Ahmad and then turning towards Mr. Arnellos she said, “May I present to you Mr. Andreas Arnellos, he is an old friend of mine from the years I was working in Greece. He is here for a few days on business.”

“Glad to meet you Mr. Arnellos, are you in shipping? Let me introduce you to my husband.” Mme was saying and Lita was listening with an open mouth holding the coats in her hands. No mention of the apartment up the road, no mention of her father being the owner of that apartment where she was ‘playing the maid’ during the past few months. And where on

earth her father was staying if he was already in London during the past few days?

Mme turned and looked at her sternly, "Lita don't stand there looking like a moron, take those coats to the wardrobe and then go and help Rosie with the drinks. Move on girl."

Lita blushing all over curtseyed and said, "I'm sorry Mme, I was absent minded." And as she rushed towards the wardrobe she saw both her father and Magda looking quite amused because she was told off by Mme.

Later as she was circulating, tray in hand, she was watching the dynamics of the various small groups as they were chatting. Her father was talking very amicably with Mr. Ahmad obviously on some sort of business scheme; Magda was still next to Mme Ahmad as they were circulating together talking to the other guests. She also has noticed the amorous looks that her father exchanged from a distance with Magda. And then it dawned on her, they were lovers! Her father and Magda had an affair. How stupid of her not to work it out earlier.

She nearly dropped the tray as she murmured to herself, "Oh my God! What a mess I'm in."

At that moment she felt Rosie next to her whispering, "Come back to your senses girl, what on earth happened to you, you behave like you have seen a ghost, Mme has been watching you."

"I'm a bit tired Rosie, I'll try to concentrate more." She whispered back. And then both started circulating again, a false smile on their faces, until Mme asked the

guests to move next door to the dining room. Dinner was about to be served.

It was past midnight and an exhausted Lita still dressed in her formal uniform was sitting in the Arnellos residence kitchen table facing Miss Magda who was sitting opposite her. Both were slowly sipping from mugs of steaming tea.

Lita still very confused and unsettled after the sudden appearance of her father at the Ahmads' dinner party and his hasty departure as soon as the dinner had finished was very eager to find out from Magda what was really happening.

Magda looked at her sympathetically and started to talk, "I guess I owe you an explanation Lita of what happened tonight at the dinner party and how Dennis's father decided to make this sudden appearance at the Ahmads' residence." In her usual way she persisted in separating Dennis the rich heir from Lita the humble and poor maid.

Lita couldn't hold herself any longer and finally exploded, "Where on earth is my father Magda, why didn't he come to stay in here? Did he fly back to Greece? I tried his mobile before but there was no answer."

Magda maintaining her calm continued, "If you let me talk I'll explain everything, just pay attention girl!"

Lita, looking down at her uniform dress and apron and remembering that she still was the maid answered in a soft voice, "Sorry Miss, please tell me what is happening."

“Ok then, here is the story,” Magda started, “A few weeks after you decided to become Lita and leave Dennis and his life behind and especially after you started working as a housemaid at the Ahmad residence I thought that it was getting too risky for both of us to keep it secret, so I decided to tell Dennis’s father what was happening and how Lita emerged from Dennis’s ashes like a phoenix.”

As Magda stopped to have a sip of her tea, Lita got her chance and asked boldly, “Do you have an affair with my father Magda? I saw you both exchanging amorous glances during the dinner party earlier today.”

Magda blushing but keeping her cool answered, “Yes Lita I am romantically involved with Andreas for some time now. We started our little affair when I was still in Mykonos. I know him though, I know he is a ladies’ man and we will not be a couple for ever but at the moment we have a great time together. I hope that answers your question Lita.”

Lita stunned by the directness of Magda’s reply simply said, “Thank you for letting me know, after all it is your and my father’s private life and I have no saying in this.”

“I’m glad you think that way and I also think that as Lita the maid you should take your distances from Dennis and the Arnellos family for the time being anyway. I believe that this is what you decided some time ago on your free will, isn’t it?”

“Yes, being Lita is my decision and I don’t regret it so far; it opened other unknown and very often pecu-

liarily exciting paths in my life" Lita answered "But I still want to know where my father stands now that he knows."

"Fair enough," Magda said, "Dennis's father is not hugely concerned or worried about Lita's appearance, on the contrary he thinks it might be beneficial for you. Mr. Arnellos as you know better than me is a very shrewd man and he could tell that during the past year or so you have been struggling without any serious enthusiasm to write your dissertation being at the edge of depression. In a way it was good that you were obliged to stop it because of your supervisor's unfortunate accident. So, rest assured that he is not looking down at you."

She stopped for another sip of her tea giving Lita the chance for another question, "But why he is not staying here? Is he still in London, doesn't he want to talk to me face to face?"

Magda smiled benignantly, "He is still in London, he stays in his Club for a few days but he thinks it is not the time for a face to face talk with you. This is the reason you can't find him in his mobile. He came to the Ahmads dinner party to see you in action as a maid and he was very impressed. He saw in you a different person, motivated and full of energy even if that energy was the humble energy of a maidservant."

"But, how about my cross dressing, how about Mr. Arnellos's son being nothing but a common tranny, isn't he annoyed by that?" Lita said nearly crossed with her father being so indifferent to Dennis' very bizarre choices in life by any acceptable bourgeois standards.

Magda once more surprised Lita with her answer in her even and calm voice, "Probably you don't know your father that well after all. He is an extremely broadminded person and a strong advocate of the LGBT movement. He only mentioned yesterday to me before meeting you as Lita, that in today's world nothing surprises him anymore. In the 'politically correct' world we live, cross dressing is another perfectly acceptable form of free expression."

All that was news to Lita who once again had mixed feelings, she was hurt that her father refused to see her but also relieved that he was not appalled by her decision to impersonate a female and most importantly to become a maid. And she knew that deep down she was pleased with the recent turn of events. She never felt as positive for a long time. She was full of vitality and looking down at her apron once more, proud to be a maid.

Magda's voice brought her back to reality, "Mr. Arnellos whom you should see from now on as your principal employer gave me 'carte blanche' to deal with you if you want to continue to be Lita the maid. That means that I'll be your direct employer and you will refer to me for anything that concerns you and your work. You are fully employed as a maid in this house and you will receive a monthly salary for that. Working outside this home, like now being a housemaid for the Ahmads 3 days a week, has to be approved by me. Are you ok with all that so far?"

The familiar excitement butterflies in Lita's stomach appeared to be very strong again; her submissive genes were kicking on. She was going to be properly

employed as a maid at her father's or rather Mr. Arnellos' London residence with his approval and Miss Magda would be her formal employer? What a turn of tables was that!

She hesitantly answered, "Yes Miss Magda, I'm ok with that."

"You will continue to go to the Ahmads three times a week and you will continue to fraternise with Rosie and improve your Tagalog. I already talked to her and she will make certain that when you are working together she will talk to you only in Tagalog. And of course, you have to lose your educated English; you already have been trying to do that with Mme Ahmad. This had to become a second nature to you. I expect you to talk more Pidgin English with me in this house as well. Is that clear girl?" Magda continued her tone now becoming more authoritative.

Now that all the submissive buttons were pushed by Magda, Lita furiously blushing lowered her eyes and looking down at her aproned lap whispered, "Yes Miss Magda, it is all very clear."

"Good, I'm glad we understand each other Lita," Magda said and added mischievously, "And if you behave yourself and are a good maid I might authorise some working vacations for you."

Lita looked at her confused, "Vacations? What vacations Miss?"

"Well, the Ahmads are going to spend a month in Qatar at the end of the schools' season which is happening in about a month's time and asked me if I can spare you for that time so you can follow them as their

second maid because Rosie is of course going. Would you like that?"

Lita was speechless. Going to Qatar as a maid for an Arab family? That would/could be her ultimate dream or nightmare? It would certainly be a very interesting and out of the ordinary experience. She answered a bit hesitantly this time, "Yes, that would be interesting I guess; I'd love to live that experience. But I would need some proper papers to travel. Am I going to travel as a female? And with what passport?"

"Good question. Of course, you have to travel as a female, the Ahmad family know you only as Lita the maid, they don't even know your surname yet, something we have to invent now. I'm working on it as we speak. Mr. Arnellos has some useful contacts in the right places and they will be able to provide proper identification for you. I'll know more in a couple of days." Magda said as she looked at her wrist watch.

"Well, I'm dead tired and so you must be. Let's call it a night. You have lots to do in this house tomorrow; it looks a bit abandoned at the moment. So be up bright and early put one of your morning uniforms on and bring me a cup of tea at about 8.00am. Good night girl"

Magda got up and at the same time Lita shot up as well and said with a small curtsey, "Good night Miss, thank you for putting my mind at ease, I must admit that I look forward to that trip to Qatar however scary appears to be."

"Pidgin English please Lita, forget your posh accent," were Magda's parting words.

## PART 9

Lita looked again at her brand-new passport and the photo attached to it. She was more concerned than usually. Was she going a bit too far this time? Her crossdressing and submissive tendencies were all declared loudly in her passport photo. All she could see was a young plain woman dressed in a maid's light blue dress and a white apron, the white collar of the dress and the slightly frilly end of the apron bib were very clearly seen.

She looked at the passport name again, 'ANGELITA CORNELIA FUSTEANU' a Romanian national! That was what the passport mentioned. She checked through the pages and found a digital stamp for a three months entry visa to Qatar as a domestic employee of the Ahmad family. Miss Magda and Mme Ahmad managed the paperwork, legal or illegal, very well between themselves. She would be able now to travel to Qatar for up to six weeks under the protection and guidance of the Ahmad family according to the strict migrant Qatar laws and the unwritten 'KAFALA SYSTEM' that dominates all foreign domestic workers in the Middle East countries.

"Lita where are you?" She heard Miss Magda's voice from the living room and she instantly jumped to her feet, straightened her apron and cap and presented herself with her customary small bob.

"Have you been studying your new passport then?" Magda asked amused because Lita was still holding the passport in her hands.

"Yes Miss," Lita said in her perfectly modulated female voice, "I am a proud Romanian now Miss and I don't know a single word of this language."

Magda chuckled and said, "You don't have to girl, nobody is going to check your Romanian, just concentrate on your Pidgin English and your Tagalog. Rosie tells me that you can understand her completely now and you can even answer occasionally, you are getting there girl and soon you'll be able to be a proud Filipina and not a proud Romanian."

"Yes Miss," Lita answered as the familiar excitement run through her spine like an electric shock. Miss Magda knew how to tease and stimulate her at the same time.

But then her excitement turned to anxiety again as she continued looking at the new passport, "I'm scared Miss," she abruptly said looking at Miss Magda, an inquiring look on her face, as if she was expecting some reassurance from her.

"You shouldn't be scared girl," Magda said reassuringly, "On the contrary you should be pleased and excited because a deep dream of yours is about to become true. You are the one who said to me more than once that it would be a tremendous experience and adventure this trip to an Arab country."

"Yes Miss, that was a dream for me but now that the real thing is about to happen I'm worried that something might go terribly wrong and that I could end up in terrible trouble in Qatar. After all I'm still a boy under Lita's disguise."

Magda looked at her more seriously now. She understood that she had to be more reassuring to Lita. "Let me explain a few things to you girl," she started in her firm employer's voice. "You must realise that you are completely under the protection umbrella of the Ahmad family. They obtained the visa for you and you travel with them as their domestic worker. They are fully responsible for you and nobody can touch you in Qatar without their full consent. You are literally bound to them like a modern-day slave. As soon as you arrive your passport will be taken by Mrs Ahmad and you will be issued a temporary identity card to be able to circulate in the city of Doha where the family has their luxurious apartment in one of those high rising buildings. They will explain to you all about the dressing code and the way you should behave in public. Rosie will tell you things as well, she has been already to Qatar with the family before."

"Yes Miss, Rosie already explained a few things to me especially about the dressing code, a uniform dress with long sleeves and a pair of leggings under the skirt and of course we have to be covered when outside the house." Lita said as the excitement started to come back. The whole story about being a maid in an Arab country was very arousing and tantalising for her.

"That's exactly the case girl and please don't forget your simple English, you started talking again in a more educated mode. I know you had the need to ask important questions but you must realise that your bad English and good Tagalog will keep you out of trouble in Qatar."

"Yes Miss, sorry Miss, I speak little English Miss," Lita said in her heavy accent with a broad smile.

"Good girl," Magda smiled back, "But I'm starving now got and prepare one of your nice fresh salads, I saw you carrying back fresh vegetables from the market this morning."

"Yes Miss, right away," Lita said and with a slight bob went back to the kitchen.

\*\*\*

The huge Qatar Airways airbus A380 was approaching Doha after more than six hours of flight. Rosie and Lita were sitting in economy class seats at the back of the plane and as expected the Ahmad family were sitting in the business class area in the front. Rosie spent most of the time talking to Lita in slow Tagalog telling her stories about her family back in Philippines and Lita was trying hard to answer her back in a mixture of Tagalog and English words.

At that point and as the pilot announced that they would be landing in 30 minutes a flying attendant approached them with a smile, "Which one of you is Lita?" she asked pleasantly.

"I am Miss," Lita answered eagerly so much conditioned by now to address everybody around her in a respectful mode.

"Your Mistress wants to talk to you, please follow me."

"Yes Miss," Lita said as she unfastened her seat belt and stood. She straightened herself up and she shook

her legs that were a bit numb after all those hours of sitting. She was very simply dressed as advised, in a long sleeve blouse, floppy pants and sport shoes.

They practically crossed the whole plain and they entered the business class compartment where the Ahmad family, father mother and the three children were sitting comfortably, all watching films or playing games on the screens in front of them. Lita felt jealous about how comfortable they looked and she remembered her trips only months ago when she was a rich young man called Dennis travelling on business class only. All that seemed so far away now.

“Ah Lita, there you are,” Mrs Ahmad said looking at her standing maid who gave her a small bob to the amusement of the flying attendant.

“I wanted to tell you a few things about our landing in a few minutes and what you and Rosie will have to do.”

“Yes Mme,” Lita answered all careful now. She was very worried and Mme Ahmad could see it in her eyes.

“You don’t have to worry Lita,” she said reassuringly, “Both Rosie and you have valid visas and you enter the country as our servants. This is very standard in the Arab countries. Families often travel accompanied by their domestic staff. You simply follow us to the exit after we pick our luggage. Mr. Ahmad will talk to the passport control officer and you and Rosie with your passport ready just stand behind us and follow our instructions. Do you understand everything I said so far girl?” She finished in a condescending tone thinking that Lita’s English was limited.

"Yes Mme, understand Mme, and Rosie next to me to explain." Lita answered in her best Pidgin English.

"Good girl," Mme said smiling sympathetically to her maid and continued, "Once we go through customs a Van will wait for us to carry us all and our luggage to our downtown apartment."

She stopped for a moment and then she added as if she remembered something important, "Ah, I nearly forgot. You and Rosie carry in your bags head scarves. As soon as we land and before we step out of the plane you both must wear your scarves, Rosie will show you how. We are in a Muslim country now and you have to respect our customs. Understand girl?"

"Yes Mme, understand Mme," Lita answered as a shiver of excitement run through her spine like an electric shock. She was going to be a covered woman from now on, what an adventure!

"You can go back to your seat now and tell Rosie what I just mentioned to you." Mme Ahmad said dismissively as she turned back to look at her screen.

The flying attendant who was standing behind Lita all that time, smiled as she signalled at her to follow.

Twenty minutes later the giant plane touched very smoothly the tarmac at the Doha's Hamad International Airport.

As they were landing Rosie who had a slight flying phobia was holding tightly Lita's hand. At that moment Lita felt sexually attracted to that Filipina who was 10 years older than her. After all, her male alter ego, carefully hidden under Lita's disguise was very much alive and kicking. But in Rosie's eyes she was a

female and a fellow maid so unfortunately, she had to control her sexual urges.

Lita's heart was pounding as they had to go through passport control even if Mme Ahmad had reassured her that they were safe and there was nothing to worry about.

She was very conscious when the passport control female officer looked at her as she was covered with a black head scarf, a shayla as Rosie said it was called, and then at her passport photo where she realised she was looking at the maid of the family.

She smiled and said in a friendly tone as she stamped her passport, "Welcome to Qatar Angelita, enjoy your stay though I expect that your employers will keep you very busy."

"Thank you, Miss," Lita answered nearly bobbing feeling at the same time a huge relief. She went through without any trouble. Pouf!

Soon the van carrying the Ahmad family, the two maids and their luggage was speeding through modern motorways to their destination that was one of the residential towers of Doha. They arrived in about 30 minutes and the van stopped in front of a luxurious entrance where a concierge that clearly was from South East Asia, probably a Filipino rushed to greet them. As the family started to disembark Mme Ahmad turned towards the maids and said, "The driver will take you two girls down to the basement garage where you can use the service elevator to carry the luggage up. We are on the 24<sup>th</sup> floor. See you very shortly."

"Yes Mme," the two maids answered in unison as the van started to move towards the garage entrance.

Lita felt the familiar excitement shiver. Their status was established right from the beginning, they were the 'help' and they had to use the servants' entrance. Welcome to the Qatar domestic world she thought to herself!

The apartment was vast with superb views to the city and the sea beyond. The two maids got the guided tour by Mme and Lita immediately understood why both of them were needed. Vast living and dining areas, five bedrooms, large kitchen with an adjoining laundry room and right behind it a miniscule apartment for the domestic staff, two bedrooms each the size of a cupboard and a small WC shower facility. Lita was very pleased that she wouldn't have to share with Rosie, which could have been quite awkward.

"Now girls," Mme Ahmad's voice brought her back, "Go and unpack your staff and I want you back in half an hour in morning uniform."

She noticed the question look in both maids still wearing their head scarves and added, "Inside the apartment you will be dressed in your normal uniforms like in London and you don't have to cover your heads. But if we get visitors, in particularly Qatari male friends you will have to wear a different dress with long sleeves and probably a head scarf, I'll explain all that later."

Yes Mme," both maids answered in unison with the customary bob and started towards their quarters as they heard her adding, "We'll order some pizza for

now, the children must be starving and then we'll decide about food shopping and other matters."

And as she started to go turned back as if she remembered something important, "I nearly forgot girls, please hand me your passports, I'll keep them safe in the house and Mr. Ahmad will give you later some sort of temporary identity card during your stay here, in case you are stopped in the street. Police can be very harsh here to illegal migrants so you must always carry your identification that links you as domestics to our family."

"Yes Mme," both girls said as they opened their bags to hand their passports and Lita remembered that Miss Magda had warned her about that so it didn't really come as a surprise. Didn't she call her a modern-day slave at the time?

Later as they were unpacking Rosie was explaining to Lita the various realities of their day to day life in Qatar speaking as always in *Taglish*.

Lita as usually had her ears extended trying not to miss what Rosie was telling her.

"You know Lita, I think you are going to enjoy your stay here, the work in the apartment is not going to be as hard as in London now that we are two. Last time we were here I was coping alone and that was quite tiring for me. Then if Mme follows the pattern of the last time we were here, we'll have Wednesday afternoon and the whole of Sunday off."

"But what can do with free time here Miss Rosie? Two maids like us where can go? And what wear when go out, uniform and scarf to cover head like

good Muslim? Lita asked in her version of *Taglish* with more English words but with bad grammar.

Rosie chuckled because she loved when Lita was calling her Miss and said, "No uniform Lita when we go out on our days off, just cover well all parts of your body and wear the black head scarf. We'll be in uniform dress without apron only when we go to the super market for shopping or run other errands for the family."

"But you did not tell what to do in free day?" Lita continued in her Pidgin English which by now had become a second nature to her.

Rosie, a broad smile on her face said, "Don't worry girl we usually go to a Mall only for women, where all the foreign domestics hang around. There we'll meet lots of Filipinas and gossip for everything, our employers, our families back home and we can also eat cheaply good Asian food. There is a place that makes good Filipino food, I'll treat you there to a chicken adobo. So, you have to pay attention to me when I talk to you in Tagalog, some of those Filipinas you are going to meet speak even worst English than you."

Lita was excited because even Rosie was looking down at her now. She was also excited with the prospect of meeting all those maids and be one of them. Her ultimate dream was about to become true as Miss Magda would say now.

The voice of Mme Ahmad from the kitchen brought them back to reality, "Girls have you finished unpacking? We need some tea please and the pizzas will be

here in half an hour so you can prepare the table in the dining room."

"We'll be there in a minute Mme," both answered in unison as they tied their half white aprons on. Lita couldn't suppress a smile looking down at her apron. She couldn't forget that this little piece started everything and brought her at a foreign and exotic country as a maid!

\*\*\*

Two weeks later The Ahmad family were more or less acclimatized to Qatar, after all that was their country though the three children were a bit uncomfortable, in particular the two girls Akilah and Zahra who were not at all used to all those restrictions that applied to all females in the Arab world. When they complained to their mother her answer was always the same, 'You should consider yourselves lucky girls that you are of Qatari and not of Saudi origin. If you were in Saudi Arabia you would be covered from top to bottom with an abaya and a niqab.'

As for the boy, Asim, he was also uncomfortable because he was a 'softy' and not at all like the other Arab boys of his age who were full of arrogance, trained to be alpha males from the start of their life. Asim was different and Lita was suspecting from the beginning that he could/should have cross dressing and submissive tendencies even if he wasn't fully aware yet.

So, one day that Asim was alone in the house as the rest of the family were out visiting relatives and they



wouldn't be back for several hours, Lita with Rosie's amused approval decided to put him to the test.

He was in his room playing games in his laptop as Lita dressed in her usual morning uniform and a matching work apron was moving around him tidying up and dusting. Asim was sneakily looking at her or rather at her uniform as she was working; she could tell as she was watching him with the corner of her eye.

At that point she turned to him and said casually, "Asim, you look terribly bored, would you like to give me a hand with the housework? I'm running out of time today because Rosie is not able to help me, she is busily cooking, she has to prepare a very elaborate dinner for your family."

His dark olive skin turned nearly purpled from embarrassment or excitement? I really couldn't tell, but I could tell that he was hesitant but deep down he wanted to do it so I added, "Don't worry, I'm not telling anything to your parents or sisters, that will be our little secret."

"How about Rosie, she might tell my sisters and then they will make fun of me" he said cautiously still looking purpled.

"You shouldn't worry about that, Rosie is very sympathetic to that and she likes you; she told me that you helped her before in the London apartment."

"Oh," he answered relieved now, "I guess it's ok to help you, it is true, I'm bored and I didn't really want to go and visit those relatives, they are funny people,

very conservative, men have to be in separate part of the house from women, I find that peculiar."

'You are a small rebel and you will have problems because of that in your later life,' Lita thought and added loudly, "Come along then, I'll give you one of my aprons to wear to protect your shorts and t-shirt."

Within the next few minutes Asim wearing a full working apron with a large bib that had strings crossing at the back, an apron that looked like a skirt since it was covering his shorts underneath, was happily vacuuming all the bedrooms under Lita's supervision.

She could read on his face all the symptoms of joy and excitement, he was enjoying himself immensely and he was sexually stimulated. 'I was right', she thought, he definitely is a submissive cross dresser.

At that moment Rosie came from the kitchen and said to Lita in a loud voice, "He loves doing housework, don't you think? We could easily turn him to a maid."

"Yes, we could," Lita answered back, "But we have to be careful with him, his father could kill him if he knew and his sisters would mercilessly made fun of him."

"You are right, we have to protect him, he is such a good boy," Rosie conceded and added, "But let him enjoy himself, the parents won't be back until this evening so you can make him clean the bathrooms and probably show him how to make beds, he can learn a few different types of work today."

"Yes Miss Rosie," Lita said jovially, "By the end of the day Asim will be a proficient junior maid, proba-

bly I'll let him wear one of my uniform dresses as well."

"I'm sure he would love that," Rosie answered laughing and went back to the kitchen to continue her cooking.

All that conversation happened in a mixture of Tagalog and English, as it was their standard way of communicating those days, but also because they didn't want Asim to understand what they were talking about though he was totally absorbed in his vacuuming.

Within the hour Asim completely dressed as a maid now, dress and apron, canvas shoes and even plain female underwear underneath, was down on his hands and knees scrubbing the master bathroom's tiles. He had this dreamy look on his face as if he was in a trance mode.

As she was watching him, Lita felt a guilt pang because she knew that she had released all the inner feelings and tendencies of Asim, Pandora's box was open now and he could never look back. But then again, those feelings and tendencies would come out sooner or later; she knew that very well from her alter ego, Dennis, didn't she? She was only hoping that Asim could survive the strict and rigid Arab society. The good thing was that like in Dennis' case his family was well off and he could survive somewhere in the West, probably London, and definitely stay out of the Arab countries.

At that moment Asim lift his head and blushing all over asked Lita, "Am I doing all right Lita, does the floor look clean now?"

"You do splendidly Asim," Lita answered, forgetting momentarily her Pidgin English and using her posh accent, "One day you will make a good servant to some person you don't know yet."

"You really think so?" He asked a mixture of anxiety and expectation in his voice.

"Yes, but not for a while Asim, you have a long way to go. You are only 15 now, you have to finish your school and study afterwards and then when you are a mature person you can decide for yourself. My advice at the moment is to keep a low profile and don't talk about your tendencies to anyone and especially not to your father and sisters."

"I know," he answered back sceptically, they already make fun of me; they call me a 'softy'. Only my mother seems to understand me."

"Yes, I've noticed that," Lita said and then added looking at the clock above her, "But I think its time to go and change back to your boy clothes, your family will be back soon and you wouldn't like to be found in a maid's dress and apron, would you?"

"Certainly not," he said giggling, "My father would probably have a heart attack."

"Good boy, and thank you for helping me today," Lita said and added, "Let me give you some cream for your hands, they look a bit rough and red after all those detergents you came in touch with. Next time

you do housework for me I'll give you a pair of rubber gloves to wear."

Asim's eyes shone with happiness when he heard that. There was a promise for more housework and that idea sent shivers of pleasure to his spine.

\*\*\*

It was during breakfast a couple of days later when Mme Ahmad announced casually to the family, "My friend Magda is coming today to stay for a few days with us. She would love to see a bit of Qatar. Her flight from London arrives at 4.00pm this afternoon and I'll send the driver to get her."

Lita who was serving at the time was greatly surprised when she heard that. Miss Magda in Qatar? Wow!

At that moment Mme saw her as she was pouring tea and turning to her said, "Ah Lita, there you are. You probably heard me, your employer, Miss Magda, arrives today. You can prepare the spare bedroom for her. She will be here for a few days. In fact, we'll be flying back to London together. You must have missed her girl?"

"Yes Mme," Lita said in her bad English, "I glad she come, prepare room for her,"

"Good girl," Mme said and added, "On second thoughts, you probably should join the driver when he goes to the airport to pick her. She will be glad to see you there and you can help her with her bags."

"Yes Mme," Lita answered as a jolt of excitement went through her spine once more.

The fact that Miss Magda had to see her in her 'Muslim regalia' wearing her hijab and a conservative uniform dress, long sleeves etc was very exciting for her. After all Miss Magda was the only one who really and truly new what was hidden under Lita's persona.

"Off you go then, you can tell Rosie at the kitchen about Miss Magda's arrival, she could prepare a nice meal for tonight, something traditionally Arabic. Rosie would think of something. Anyway, I'll come to the kitchen and talk to her in a few minutes."

"Yes Mme, tell Rosie that," Lita answered doing her little automatic bob as she turned to go back to the kitchen.

A few hours later she was waiting together with the driver for Miss Magda to appear, coming out from the customs area.

'Ah, there she is', Lita thought as she saw her emerging from the gate looking very elegant in a conservative way. She was carefully dressed but she was uncovered. Lita remembered then that foreign women were allowed to circulate publicly in Qatar uncovered but decently dressed, except for domestic workers who had to observe the local customs since they were working in Muslim homes.

She waved at her and Miss Magda, an astonished look on her face, approached them.

"Oh my God! Is that you Lita? You look so different, so Arabic, I wouldn't be able to recognise you if you haven't waved at me."

"Hello Miss," Lita answered with a small curtsy and smile. "Glad that you are here Miss but surprised also. Thought you not like very much Arab countries Miss" She added mischievously.

"You are right Lita, Arab countries are not my cup of tea, but I wanted to see you all and get the feeling of Doha." She stopped as Lita offered to take her bag and then added, "I came also to see you Lita, I have news for you, don't be alarmed, nothing bad, just news about Dennis and his family."

Lita felt instantly worried, "I hope nothing bad happened to Dennis' father Miss." She asked, her voice full of concern.

"Don't worry girl, everything is under control, I'll tell you the news as we drive back to the city." She said as she turned for the first time to face the South Asian man who was patiently waiting next to Lita. "You must be the driver that Mme Ahmad sent, we can go now."

"His name is Berto and he is a Filipino," Lita said proudly, "He is the general factotum of the Ahmads in Doha," added chuckling.

"There you are, the general factotum again, and I can see that you now expand your connections with Filipino males, said Magda sarcastically.

Lita who must have missed the sarcastic tone of Magda, continued in a boasting manner, "I met lots of Filipina maids in Doha Miss, Rosie took me a few times to the Mall they all hang out. It was good for my Tagalog Miss."

Magda rolled her eyes smiling, "I can see you are still on the same path to become a true Filipina. Keep walking to that direction and you never know your wish might be granted one day."

Lita felt a shiver of excitement and anxiety at the same time. 'Was I really walking to that path?' she thought as she followed her Mistress to the car, carrying her suitcase.

Magda asked Lita to join her in the back seat and soon the SUV started rolling gently to the highway towards the city of Doha.

They were silent for a couple of minutes as Miss Magda was looking out to absorb the view of the city as the first skyscrapers started appearing in the horizon. Then she turned and looked at Lita as she put her hand on her lap feeling the material of her uniform dress, "My, this material is even coarser than the normal polycotton uniform dresses you wear in London, you must feel hot wearing that long-sleeved dress with the pants underneath."

"That's all right Miss," Magda chuckled, "At the apartment I'm allowed to wear my normal uniforms like in London without being covered. Only outside the apartment I'm dressed like this. All foreign domestics are required to dress like this in Qatar."

"Thank God that doesn't apply to female visitors like me. I wouldn't have come if I was asked to be covered. I find that very demeaning for women."

"I like it Miss," Lita said lowering her voice, "I find it exciting and very erotic and I feel even more feminine like this."

“That doesn’t surprise me girl,” Magda answered with a smirk keeping her voice low as well, “You were not born a woman as we know, you try to become one and a humble one for that matter, you enjoy serving others and Muslim women are pushed to that role from the day they are born so you are able to fit better in that socially backward society.”

Lita wasn’t certain how to answer that, Magda was right, she was thriving in the role of homemaker, maid, servant, general factotum, you name it. So, she simply said, “Yes Miss, I guess you are right.”

Magda turned again and looked at Lita, “I must say that the scarf you are wearing frames your face well and makes you look even more feminine, your small features and the slight makeup you learned expertly to use is adding to that.”

Lita blushed with pleasure when she heard that. Miss Magda was very clever the way she praised Lita’s feminine features and made her feel proper in her female persona.

Another couple of minutes passed and finally Lita had to ask in her proper Oxford English that still could master, “So what are the news Miss from Dennis’ family? You know I’m dying to find out. I haven’t contacted Dennis’ father since the day I met him in the Ahmads’ dinner party.”

Magda finally decided to tell her, “All right then, I’ll tell you the news, but please don’t interrupt me until I finish, unless of course I ask you for something specific, then you can ask questions. And keep your voice low, whatever I’ll tell you now is confidential and the

driver should stay out if it, I see that he is trying to extend his ears to pick parts of our conversation."

"Ok Miss," Lita whispered, "I'm all ears."

"A week after you departed for Qatar your father had a minor stroke in New York where he was at the time for a shipping conference."

"Oh No, OMG," Lita said keeping her voice low.

"Ssh, I told you not to interrupt me," Magda said annoyed, "It's a minor stroke and he is fine now. The doctors say he avoided the worst because he got immediate care. He is in the Mount Sinai Cardio Center one of the best hospitals in the world and he will stay for another week for observation."

Lita kept quiet as Magda looked around to catch the spectacular view of the City of Doha, then continued, "He asked after you and I reassured him that you are treated fairly as the Ahmads family housemaid and you still try to live your dream in that sense. Isn't that true Lita?"

"Yes Miss, it is true," Lita answered without any hesitation but added in a concerned voice, "But, Shouldn't I go and visit him, hasn't he asked to see me?"

"No Lita, he hasn't asked to see Dennis who is anyway in deep disguise now." Magda said adding with emphasis now, "He gave me though a Power of Attorney to handle all his legal affairs in London including the apartment and Dennis other persona Lita. I am already in contact with his lawyers' firm in London 'Johnston and Johnston Esq'. The power of Attorney enables me to decide about your employment's issues,

I mean the employment of the Romanian Angelita Cornelia Fusteanou as you are known now. I can fire you, or lend you to other people like now, or ask you to work multiple shifts if needed with the appropriate payment of course. I'm not going to starve you Lita provided that you do your maid's job diligently and without any complain. Do you understand me so far? Any questions?"

Lita was deeply excited and concerned now, as often was the case since she started this peculiar trip to servitude. "But what about Dennis Miss, will he cease to exist, how are we going to explain that?"

Magda chuckled as she answered, "You shouldn't worry about that Lita. Dennis' father decided the night that met you in your Lita persona that you were on a trip of your own trying to find your sexuality, trying to discover other hidden sides of your personality and being an open-minded father decided to let you follow that route. In the mean time Dennis is going to be in a tour discovering the world, trying to get over the fact that his PhD process was interrupted by the unfortunate accident of his professor. So, you can forget about Dennis for the time being and concentrate to Lita's existence that from now on becomes even more real."

The temporary disappearance of Dennis and his father's isolation seemed quite real now to Lita. She instantly realised that her only contact with her old world was going to be Magda and she had to be very loyal to her. Magda was going to become the key for her future whatever that was going to be.

With her usual intuition Magda picked Lita's thoughts and said, "Yes Lita, I am everything to you

now, your employer, your mentor, and why not your main Mistress and you are what you like most, my general factotum to be used as I see fit. So, you better be good and loyal to me. I am your key to your future from now on."

Lita looked at her with awe and admiration. Was she finally trapped to a life of servitude and for how long? Would she be able to change the course of events if she decided to go back to her Dennis persona and would Miss Magda allow it? Would Dennis' father interfere in the future if asked, or Magda would stop it? Questions without clear answers at the moment.

She looked at Madga, eyes filled with tears, "Yes Miss, you are the key to my future and at the moment I can live with it. I am and will be your general factotum for the foreseeable future. So please accept my complete devotion."

Magda took both her hands and squeezed them. "I hope those tears are tears of joy and not tears of fear and frustration Lita dear, and yes, I accept your complete devotion."

At that moment the driver turned his head and said in his accented English, "We'll be in the apartment in five minutes Miss, I hope you enjoyed the ride and you liked the scenery."

"Yes Berto, thank you for the ride; I'm certainly impressed with Doha, it looks very modern and spectacular." Magda said in a loud voice and added, "That ride gave me also the chance to catch up with my maid Lita, I had some good news for her."

Then she turned to Lita and added with a mischievous smile in a low voice, "I'll make some arrangements for you to go to a school for maids in Manila. There you will be among Filipinas, practice your Tagalog more and unpractice your educated English. That would be quite an exotic trip for you girl wouldn't be? Then you will be able to feel like a true Filipina, the true Lita in that sense!"

As she finished her sentence she saw with the corner of her eye that Lita was practically trembling from excitement. At that moment she understood that she touched her most sensitive cord. And somehow, she knew that Dennis had gone for ever.

**THE END**