

General Factotum



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GENERAL FACTOTUM

By **Monica Graz**

CHAPTER 1

I was seriously unhappy to the point of depression when I met Linda. It was totally unexpected of course since I am not the flirting type and I am naturally too shy to initiate a chat with an unknown woman.

It was as if everything was planned to happen that particularly warm and balmy Friday night. I was sitting alone in my favorite bar with the funny name 'joker', since my two closest friends were busy and couldn't join me in our steady Friday night outing, our '*jour fixe*' as we called it.

I was enjoying my glass of white chardonnay when I sensed a female presence next to me. It was mainly the perfume that attracted my attention taking me away for a moment from my gloomy thoughts. I

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slightly turned and I saw a smiling and warm face looking at me. I smiled back instinctively and nodded slightly.

“Hi, I am Linda” she said in a very natural and relaxed manner offering her hand to me. I was quite surprised, women shake hands rather rarely, especially in bars but I was quick to react taking her hand and saying at the same time, “Please to meet you Linda, I am Paul.”

Her hand shaking was strong and firm, again quite unusual for a woman. She looked at me in the eyes as she continued chatting, “I can assure you it is not my habit to chat with unknown gentlemen but I was somehow intrigued by you. It is not such a common sight for a man to sip wine in a bar, at least in the quite macho town we live.”

“I hate beer and strong drinks don’t agree with my stomach” I answered back rather intrigued by her remark.

Soon we were chatting like old pals. Linda was a very straightforward person asking direct questions which required clear answers. Later I realized that at the end of this unforgettable evening she knew much more about me and my private life than I knew about her. She had a unique way to extract information.

Two hours later we were both quite tipsy when I asked her to come to my small apartment for a night cup. She accepted eagerly adding that she would love to see my place. When we stood up to go I realized for the first time that she was clearly taller than me even in her completely flat shoes.

We drove in her fancy SUV since I had to sell my car last week to raise some money to cover urgent expenses. Unemployment wasn’t fun by that stage; my

financial resources would be exhausted very shortly and I would face a rent problem by next month.

But as I was sitting next to a very beautiful lady inside a fancy car, assisted by several glasses of wine I was feeling quite euphoric. I haven't had that experience before; for the first time in my life I was picked by a woman!

My apartment was very clean and tidy since I spent a few hours this morning doing my housework. Linda instantly noticed that.

"Wow, I am impressed, what a tidy place and it smells so nicely, not that cheap cleaning stuff some cleaners use. You must have an excellent cleaner." Linda said clearly surprised by the sight.

I answered with a mischievous smile throwing for the first time a hint of my preferences and preclusions, "Unfortunately I don't have the option of a cleaner, not enough funds for that. I do the cleaning in my apartment; in fact, I spent several hours this morning cleaning, that's why you see it so tidy and fresh smelling."

I stopped to look at her; she clearly was interested, then I added, "But I have to admit that I like housework, it gives me a satisfaction when I see the finishing product of my efforts, I sometimes think I must have been some sort of domestic worker in my previous life." I thought this last remark was bigger than a hint but the wine helped me being bolder.

She looked at me with fresh interest, but before she was able to say something I added, "My God, I am not a proper host, I forgot to ask you what you want to drink. Some more wine, tea, coffee?"

She smiled at me and said, "Not any more wine I might get a hangover tomorrow, but can I ask you if

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you have any hot chocolate? It helps me to sober up after a long drinking night."

"As a matter of fact I do", I answered back, "I am a hot chocolate lover as well."

I went to my kitchenette to prepare our hot drinks and Linda followed me. She was looking around checking everything. She was clearly the observing type. When I opened my pantry door to retrieve two mugs she instantly spotted my work apron hanging behind the door.

"Is that your apron?" She asked in a playful voice?

"Yes it is", I answered truthfully. I decided to be quite open with her, she wasn't the type of person you could lie or play little games; she was too straight forward for that. "I use it when I do messy jobs around the house, I feel more protected then."

"Protected from what?" she asked innocently. "You certainly could wear your old jeans and a T-shirt to do your messy jobs; most cleaners do that nowadays."

I decided to go all the way with Linda, the worst that could happen would be for her to get angry or annoyed or even scornful with me, but somehow, I felt that her reaction would be not negative. Call that a trannie's intuition!

I simply said, "Though we just met or even because of that I want to be frank with you. I am very fond of aprons and lots of other feminine clothes. You see Linda I am an occasional cross dresser."

I stopped preparing the hot chocolate and turned to look at her.

Her expression didn't change at all; she simply smiled at me and said, "Wow, what a straight forward confession. I like your straightforwardness; I am flat-



tered that you confided such a personal feeling and tendency to me.”

Suddenly, a new world opened for me, I wasn't rejected or ridiculed, and Linda acted positively to my 'confession'.

She interrupted my thoughts by saying, “Please finish preparing our hot chocolates so we can park comfortably on your sofa and talk, I am quite intrigued by what you just said.”

It was nearly two in the morning when I stopped talking. She was a good listener and her questions were precise and to the point. I told her that I was a heterosexual cross dresser since I remember myself; that I adored everything feminine and I admired and respected women. I told her that I studied hotel management and I had quite a good job as an assistant manager in one of the top hotels in town but I was made redundant because the hotel was cutting down in costs and that I was looking for a job during the past two months.

I never mentioned though that I was fired because I was caught by one of the hotel maids dressed in her working clothes in one of the changing rooms thinking that I was alone and safe since it was late at night. She simply returned to retrieve something important from her locker. Bad luck indeed but also a totally stupid movement from my part.

Of course, there was a mini scandal at the hotel and I was dismissed with a summary decision from the management. And as expected, I was refused a reference letter and that made my job hunting much harder now.

I also told Linda that I was a competent cook and housekeeper since I had to learn the basics during my

hotel management course and my internship afterwards.

She was clearly intrigued when I told her that I had no immediate family in town, all my relatives where in another part of the country. I only mentioned my two good friends, Alex and Mathew both friends from my college days.

By that stage I was quite exhausted and Linda looked tired too. Probably I should offer to put her up her for the night but I was worried she might take it wrongly.

She excused herself to visit the bathroom and she came back smiling mischievously at me.

"Is the nightie behind the door yours?" She asked, the smile still framing her handsome face.

When I nodded affirmatively blushing slightly she added, "Very good and practical choice, something that I would choose to wear. A sensible cotton long night gown is very comfy at night."

She thought for a moment then suggested: "Would you mind very much if I spend the night with you here? It's very late and I am too drunk and tired to drive."

"I meant to ask you that but I didn't dare," I eagerly answered. "Of course, you can stay, I'll give you my bed and I can sleep in the couch, I just..."

She interrupted me with her hand. "You don't have to move out of your bed, we can share the bed but we both are going to behave. We can be two girl friends sharing."

That last phrase of Linda excited me tremendously but I had to behave. I kept my voice as cool as possible when I said. "Of course, we can share and cuddle also. I promise to be a good person." I nearly said 'girl' but

something stopped me, I was still uncertain about Linda.

“Great,” she exclaimed. Could you please lend me one of your nighties?”

We were so tired that we collapsed within minutes. During the night, I kept touching her body but I was very careful not to wake her up. I never stopped thinking her last phrase, *‘we can be two girl friends sharing’*; it was a phrase that kept coming back to me all night.

CHAPTER 2

The smell of fresh coffee woke her up. I was already toasting bread when she joined me for breakfast. We both sat around the table in our nighties feeling slightly alien to each other; it was quite bizarre as a sight.

Linda decided to break the ice, “Have you any plans for the weekend Paul?”

I couldn’t lie to her, I had no plans whatsoever. I was not looking forward to a rather bleak weekend and another job hunting anxious week.

I simply said, “No plans Linda, I am all yours.”

“I like that, you can be mine then for the weekend.” She said rather seriously now.

I was excited again; Linda was getting more assertive by the minute. She didn’t give me time to think because she added, “I am going to have a shower, you can wash and tidy up and then we go to my house and plan from there.”

She was nearly ordering me already! I managed to say, “Yes, Linda, that’s a good idea. Let me give you some clean towels.”

"Thanks sweetie," she said as she was getting up to go to the shower. She stopped as if she thought of something and added, "Would you like to pack an outfit of your female clothes and some other accoutrements so I can meet your other side?"

I looked at her speechless, I haven't expected that. She raised an eyebrow and smiled, "You seem surprised by my suggestion, I thought you would love to appear in your other persona."

I found my voice giving her a tight smile, "I'd love to do that Linda if you are prepared to meet Paula."

She answered, eyes narrowing in pleasure, "So this is your femme name? Paula? I must say is not very exciting, too near your male name. If we continue to see each other I would probably rename you if you don't mind, we'll find a more suitable name, but I must meet first your other side, then the name will pop up naturally."

I gave her another tight smile; she was no match for me this lady, too assertive and strong minded. And yet I was up in the seventh heaven, I thought I was in the middle of a wild dream.

I was blushing as I answered her, "I better rush then, I have to finish my chores, decide what to take and then shower as well."

'Good,' Linda smiled like a Cheshire cat, "Since you shower last you can also tidy up my mess."

I was tempted to answer with a 'yes Madam, as you wish Madam' but I decided against it, it was too early to reveal my submissive side to Linda; I'd rather live to her the initiatives. Somehow, I had the feeling we were heading the same way from opposites sides.

Soon we were driving in Linda's luxurious SUV. I was sitting next to her clutching my 'Paula's' bag feel-

ing unusually high. All the gloom and doom had abandoned me, I was in the middle of a dream, those things don't usually happen to unlucky guys like me.

Linda's voice brought me back to reality, "We talked a lot about you last night but you know very little about me so I should probably tell you a few things that you have to know."

She stopped and gave me a side look. Her Cheshire cat smile was in her face.

"You probably have worked out that I am a well-off person. I live in a big house in an up-market suburb. I live alone with my two beloved Persian cats Jasper and Jay. I also had until very recently a live-in Filipina maid who unfortunately had to go back to her country for family reasons. I work in my family business in the city as a stoke broker and all in all I live a very intense and busy life."

"I am impressed," is all I managed to say truthfully and not ironically, thinking at the same time what on earth a girl like her is doing with a guy like me.

She must have read my mind because she continued in a calm voice, "You said it last night Paul that I am an open and straightforward person so I'll be frank and to the point with you."

"I would appreciate that Linda," I answered back not exactly knowing what to expect and yet full of positive anticipation. Probably a work proposition?

"I am not looking for a boyfriend Paul; you probably understood that last night when I avoided having sex with you and you were such a darling sharing so graciously the bed with me."

You should have known the effort I made not to touch you, I thought to myself.

Linda continued, "What I need is a 'general factotum' a favorite expression of my father." She sent an amused side look at me thinking that I wouldn't know what she meant.

And she was right of course, since I automatically asked, "A what...?"

"A general factotum, a person *to do everything*, from the Latin '*fac totum*' She was nearly laughing from my reaction as she continued, "I have a big house, two animals I adore, a large garden including a solarium; I need a housekeeper and/or secretary and you appear to be a prime candidate if my intuition is correct and it usually is."

I noticed that she added that last phrase without any modesty. She was obviously very certain of herself and her ability to judge and choose correctly.

It is a work proposition after all! But general factotum, housekeeper/secretary, in other words some sort of domestic worker? Isn't that something like a dream coming true? Was she suggesting that I can work for her as a female? I was lost in utter confusion when her voice brought me back to reality.

"I can tell you have lots of questions Paul and I am sure I'll be able to answer them all in the next few hours. I leave the highway now, in another few minutes we will be in the house."

CHAPTER 3

Large forbidding house, this is the impression I got as soon as we stopped in front of the main entrance. We had to go through a large gate monitored by cameras and then a short drive brought us in front of the

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house. I would call it a Hollywood mansion, from my experience of films and soapies.

Linda deactivated the alarm and we moved in surrounded instantly by two immense and fluffy Persian cats.

"Hello Jasper, hello Jay, hello little darlings, have you missed me, I know, I know, I abandoned you last night." Linda was talking and patting them at the same time, you could instantly tell how fond she was of them.

She was still talking to them when she pointed me with her finger, "This person here might be your new companion guys, and I'll tell you the name when we decide for one, but you should be kind to him."

I looked at her aghast; I was a nameless person for the cats.

She smiled at me benignly, "Don't be offended sweetie, those two animals are very bright and I don't want to confuse them with your real name not just yet anyway since we might give you another one if you decide to come and work for me, so be patient and follow me to the kitchen, before you get the guided tour, I am dying for a fresh cup of coffee.'

We moved to a spacious and well equipped kitchen and she immediately said, "Let me show you where I keep the coffee things so you can start preparing one, do you know how to use an espresso/cappuccino machine?"

She was asking me to prepare coffee in her own house; she was already testing my abilities to be her..., what she just called it? Ah yes..., her 'general factotum'.