

# The White Apron Was The Reason



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# 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

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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

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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."