

Mika

The Constant Cleaner



MONICA GRAZ



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MIKA,

THE CONSTANT CLEANER

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER 1

First person narrative - Mike Simmonds or Mika

It was Saturday again! My special cleaning day! The day that I could clean the house dressed in my cleaner's outfit.

All my life I have been an occasional but committed cross dresser. I loved my dresses and skirts but above all I loved my humble cleaner's uniform

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and I already was dressed in it. Nothing fancy, just a plain housekeeping dress of the type that hotel maids have to wear, a working apron, pantyhose and comfortable shoes. And of course, the appropriate underwear, matching panties and bra and my very realistic breast forms, the only expensive item of my cheap outfit.

I fixed my thick longish hair into a more feminine manner, I put some lipply on and I was ready.

I had no illusions of course as I looked at myself in the mirror. I knew that I had an androgynous look and I couldn't easily pass in public as a female but that didn't stop me doing it. The inner satisfaction I felt, sexual and not only, was the strongest possible drive, a drive I couldn't resist though I have tried to stop it on numerous occasions over the years. The urge was far too strong.

But this Saturday was going to be double special because my girlfriend was coming to visit me. She wanted to see Mika 'in action' as she said. She had keys to the house so she said she would call sometime in the morning. She added that I could go on with my cleaning schedule and she would let herself in.

I was full of anticipation as I had a quick breakfast and a cup of coffee, before I carried upstairs the vacuum cleaner and my other utensils to start the cleaning. The house which was a 'gift' from my rich parents was biggish, two bedrooms, two bath-

rooms and my study since I worked from home as a software specialist.

As I started my cleaning, I couldn't stop thinking about the imminent visit of Linda my girlfriend. We were together for more than six months now and she was fully aware of my cross-dressing tendencies. She had stayed in my house many times and had seen me in my nightie and various other girly outfits but she had never seen me in action as a maid. This was going to be a novelty for both of us and my adrenaline was on red as I started vacuuming the bedrooms.

"Well, hello Mike or shall I say Mika," I heard a voice yelling at me behind my back.

I stopped the vacuum and turned back to face Linda, a beaming smile on her face.

I was blushing all over as I said hesitantly, "Oh, hello Linda, I couldn't hear you coming in with all that vacuum cleaner's noise."

She looked at me critically, her smiling eyes all sparkling from excitement, "Look at you, the picture of domesticity. I was watching you for a couple of minutes as you were vacuuming. You were so involved with the task as if it was the most important job. Now I understand what you were trying to tell me all those months, your commitment to cleaning and the love of being a maid."

Still blushing and with a shy smile I asked, "How do I look, am I convincing enough, am I looking silly?"

"You certainly don't look silly to me, but you are still a boy in a dress and apron. Yes, you have softer features than the average male, a prominent bosom and great legs for display but you have a long way to go to look really womanly."

She obviously saw the disappointment in my eyes because she hastily added, "But of course we can correct all that fairly easily, complete makeovers are quite popular these days!"

I felt excitement and fear when I heard those words. Makeover was a long-standing dream of mine but I never dared to proceed that far. And now Linda was proposing it?

"You did touch a very sensitive chord of mine Linda. Makeover has always been the ultimate dream for me. But would you go along with it? And what about our relationship, would you be able to accept me as Mika on a more permanent base? I don't know what to think," I said, wiping my sweaty hands on my cotton apron.

"I must admit that I like that soft feminine side of yours, it somehow compliments parts of my character," she replied and then added, "And don't forget that so many months later and after you've confided to me your cross-dressing tendencies, I still am here with you, so yes, I can see a very convincing Mika emerging after a serious makeover. But before we go that far we must sort out other aspects of our relationship and what will be your new role after that."

The feelings of excitement and fear for the unknown intensified as I said, "Shall I go down to the kitchen and make some fresh coffee so we can sit down and discuss all those issues you've just mentioned? You made me very intrigued now."

"Yes, lets just do that." Linda simply answered as she turned to go downstairs. I quickly followed, being very conscious of what I was wearing.

CHAPTER 2

Six months later

First person narrative - Linda Caraway

As I was looking at Mika moving around the house, I couldn't believe how much she had changed during the past six months. She was looking so different, so womanly in her pretty housedress and apron, a perfect picture of a 50s housewife.

"Where on earth you manage to find those dresses that you love to wear around the house Mika? They look so old fashioned." I asked with genuine curiosity."

"Ah Miss Linda," she answered a mischievous look on her face, "I found a wonderful second hand shop with very cheap vintage clothes. I became quite friendly with the shop's young owner; she even knows my TG identity."

I was amazed how Mika was so open now about being a TG person. I was also secretly pleased that she insisting calling me most of the time Miss as if she was my employee, which somehow, she was in an unofficial way.

“You are such a crafty little thing,” I replied with a small laugh and looking at my watch added, “It’s getting late, I have to run, lots of meetings are on my agenda today.”

“Yes Miss, you better go. Any preference for dinner tonight?” She asked innocently, her hands playing with her delicate organdy apron.

“Let me think. Fish would be nice. How about some nicely marinated fresh salmon and a green salad? Let’s try and be good tonight, we both need to lose a couple of pounds. Your cooking has been very enticing the past few weeks.”

“That’s a great idea Miss, I agree with you, I need to lose some weight, my waist line is not what it should be.”

“And Mika,” I added with a cunning smile, “I would like you in a nice uniform tonight when I’ll be back. How about a black or dove grey dress and a nice white apron? I want my pretty and efficient maid to welcome me tonight with a chilled white sauvignon blanc on a tray.”

I was amused when I saw her blushing. I could tell, she loved my suggestion. I know her too well by now, she would grab any opportunity to be in a uniform.

"Yes Miss, I'd love that, have a nice day at work." She replied as she rushed towards me and gave me an unexpected tight hug saying, "Thank you for everything you have done for me Linda."

I was touched by her spontaneity but I managed to keep my calm saying, "That's all right dearest, what I've done for you I've done for myself as well. We're at the same boat for a long sail I hope."

"We certainly are Miss and you are the very competent captain of that boat!"

"You will make me late little minx; I better go or I'll be late for my first meeting." I said in an anxious voice as I opened the door and rushed to my car parked outside.

As I was driving, I couldn't stop thinking of all those changes that had happened in our lives during the past six months.

After a very successful makeover Mika was now permanently in female clothes and she was very happy about that. And I was always now thinking of Mika as a she. I haven't seen her once in trousers, even lady's pants since her transformation started. She loved her vintage clothes and her uniforms and I was equally happy to be part of it. She gradually adopted the role of my housewife/maid and I definitely encouraged it. It was a magic balance between us and somehow it was working.

She was still working from home as a software consultant but I had noticed that she was gradually distancing herself from that field as if she was los-

ing interest. When I confronted her, she truthfully answered that since her transformation she was not that keen to continue working in that field and she was discouraging potential clients. She then had added in a burst of honesty that it was a matter of time before she was going to stop working in that field altogether.

That had worried me a bit and not because of a loss of income because Mika was independently well off through her parents. I was worried that she might be very soon bored staying at home all day. There is so much you can do in a house as a maid and/or housewife.

And then I had this idea that could solve the problem. I asked around at my work, it was a big firm with tens of people working in it, if they were in need for a very good and committed cleaner who desperately needed work and who happened to be a transitioning TG. In other words, I was offering Mika as a maid/cleaner and I was the one giving the proper reference since I mentioned that she was already cleaning for me twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays.

I got an enthusiastic response from several people and I selected three ladies who were living alone and were not the ones I would socialize with. So, I offered Mika's services for three days a week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday with the going per hour minimum fee. I then added that Mika was

used to wear a simple maid's uniform when at work and that impressed them even more.

All that happened behind Mika's back and I barely could suppress a smile when I thought that tonight after dinner, I was going to announce it to her as a 'fait accompli'.

I was dying to see her reaction though I was strongly believing that she would accept it eagerly. It had been another one of her many fantasies as she had confessed to me after one of those long love sessions we often had.

I let a sigh of contentment as I was entering my work's garage looking for my allocated parking space. Life was good having Mika at my beck and call and it was even better because our sexual life, very unconventional at times, was extremely satisfactory.

CHAPTER 3

The same evening

First person narrative - Mika

I checked once more my looks in the mirror. I thought I looked very smart in my black dress, half white apron, black tights and black 2in court shoes, I kept my long hair - thanks to the hair extensions during my makeover - back in a high ponytail and I added a white hair band. I certainly looked the part, a 'pretty and efficient maid', as Linda men-

tioned to me this morning. I wasn't so certain about the 'pretty' but I did look 'efficient'.

I was unusually nervous waiting for Linda to be back from work. She had seen me many times before in a maid's uniform and all sorts of female outfits but tonight for some reason I felt that it was going to be a special night, I had that feeling when she was departing for work this morning, somehow I sensed it as I was hugging her, a particular look in her eyes. Call it a feminine intuition, if I was able to have developed such a thing.

I heard her car in the parking lot in front of the house and I run to the fridge to take out the wine. I filled a glass with the chilled and very pale sauvignon blanc put it on a tray and moved by the door, my heart pounding.

She came in flustered, a sign that she had a difficult day at work, but the moment she saw me waiting with the tray, she smiled, "That's my girl, that's what I was dreaming all day long, thank you Mika, you are a jewel."

"My pleasure Miss," I answered with a blushing smile and a slight curtsey, something that I've never done before, it was spontaneous.

"I like that Mika, please keep doing it, it does emphasize your current station."

She looked at me more carefully as she had her first sip of wine, "And you do look efficient and very real. That black dress looks good on you and its length is correct, just below your knee. And the

apron accentuates your waist. Have you lost some weight?"

More blushing as I answered, "I wish I were Miss, but no, it's just my waist cincher belt."

"Good for you. I wouldn't be able to wear one of those, too restrictive for me."

"You are right Miss, I never wear one when I'm doing my chores, but I love to have a narrow waist and as a TG person I know my limitations, so the belt helps towards the illusion for a more feminine look."

Aren't we chatty tonight?" she said and after another sip of vino added, "I better go and change but I'm famished, you can serve in 5 min. And please join me, we have to chat."

CHAPTER 4

The same evening

First person narrative - Linda

As I was changing to my comfy house clothes, I was thinking that Mika suspects of something and she expects something! I saw her worried eyes when I said to her, 'we have to chat'. But I'll tell her tonight after dinner. If her drive to be a cleaner and a maid is as strong as I suspect she will accept my proposal even if she pretends that she maintains some reservations.

The meal was sumptuous, Mika was fast becoming a very competent cook. The bottle of wine we shared made us more relaxed and slightly tipsy.

After she cleared the table, I asked her to open a second bottle of wine. We both looked a bit tipsy so the conversation that followed was more relaxed and with a few giggles.

“Have you nearly packed up your old business Mika?” I asked innocently

“Yes Miss Linda, I only have a client now and I’ll finish his project by the end of the week. After that I want and need a break from the software world, it’s too stressful and competitive for me.”

“I’m glad to hear that Mika because I found some work for you to get you out of the house, work as a cleaner.”

The mixture of fear and excitement in her eyes was precious. I was enjoying that and the wine was intensifying that enjoyment.

“Wow, that sounds scary! What time of cleaning, where?” Mika replied full of anxiety.

“Well, it’s not scary at all and simpler than you think.” I continued with a smile and a reassuring voice.

“I asked around at work and three ladies are in desperate need for a good daily cleaner so I offered your services. I thought Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday would be good days. That leaves Monday and Thursday to catch up with the housework in



this house and of course the weekend will be more relaxing and we can be together. What do you think?"

The excitement was prevailing in Mika's face now as she replied, "That's a huge step for me Miss, facing the world out there as Mika. Have you mentioned anything to those ladies about my special TG condition?"

"Of course I did, you couldn't fool them however well you can portray a female. Women are far better than men to 'read' TG people like you. But that was beneficial in a way because they all said to me that TG people tend to be far better maids and cleaners because usually it is their choice to do so and not a necessity. And they were spot on in your case. You are a committed maid and cleaner on your own will, nobody forces you to do that. Am I right Mika dearest?"

She was blushing now as she said, "Yes Miss Linda you are right. Nobody is forcing me but can you tell me a bit more what this is about?"

"Well, as I told you already three ladies want to employ you. They are all single and they need you once a week. I'll tell you details and other practical issues tomorrow. I already mentioned to them that you are used to wear a simple uniform when working and they were impressed. I'm the one who vouches for you; I told them that I use you as my cleaner twice a week and I am very pleased with

your work. So please make an effort not to disappoint them because that will reflect badly on me.”

“Wow again! You act as my employer. Do those ladies know about our relationship, that we live together etc...? And of course, I’m intrigued about the uniform. Do they provide one or I’ll have to take one of mine?”

“Yes, I had to act as your employer, that was the only way to ‘sell’ your services. And don’t worry I don’t socialize with those ladies; they are in other departments and they have no idea about my personal life. So, you shouldn’t worry about that. As for the uniform, I have no idea if they will provide one so when you go to start working pack a plain uniform and matching apron and as soon as you arrive go and change to your work clothes. I forgot to add that you are going to be paid the minimum wages per hour for a domestic worker. All is going to be informal and under the table. At the end of your working day you will collect your wages in cash.”

As I was talking, I was watching Mika. Her mind was racing fast in order to absorb all those eminent changes in her life. Up to now she was acting in the privacy of our home, playing dressing up games and acting as the housewife/maid at the same time. All of it was partly erotic partly real with my encouragement and participation. Now she was going to go out to the real world being a real cleaner for people who expected her to act as one.