

# Maid in Oaxaca



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# MAID IN OAXACA

By Monica Graz

## PROLOGUE

Patricia Martinez Torres is a pretty and highly intelligent Mexican woman in her mid-twenties living in New York. Her father Diego Martinez Torres is a high-ranking diplomat serving at the UN Mexican delegation. Her mother Alicia Martinez Torres is 'old money'. She is the sole inheritor of vast pieces of land and properties in the southern state of Oaxaca at the vicinity of the town of Juchitan.

In the district of Juchitan is the land on the ancient Zapotec people whose language and culture still thrive there. One of the many distinguishing characteristics of Juchitan is its population of *muxes* (pronounced *moo-shays*) which means women in Zatopecan dialect, clearly influenced by the Spanish word *mujer* for woman.

But the *muxes* are not biological women, they are people who were born biologically male and were encouraged to dress from an early age in female clothes either because they

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manifested some inclination towards that or because the family had too many sons and needed a substitute daughter to take up female duties within the family, usually with the blessings and the complete tolerance of the society.

Some have their breasts enhanced, others have nose jobs. Quite a number of them are permanently dressed as females wearing the colorful dresses, so popular within their culture. The majority of *muxes* start very young, before their teens and are trained in womanly ways by family and friends, taking their place in Zapotec cultural tradition that predates the Spanish colonizers.

Patricia meets Chris Galliano a free-lancing translator in his late twenties, who occasionally work in the UN's large Translation Department, in one of the many receptions and other social functions she has to attend because of her father's position. They instantly like each other and a mutual attraction is developed between the two and soon they become an item and make plans to move in together.

Chris is a small built rather shy person something that Patricia likes and is attracted to. He is totally heterosexual and adores women. He soon reveals to Patricia that he is an occasional cross dresser and he enjoys dressing up now and then. He also reveals to her that he has a strong desire to be a maidservant because he loves to clean and look after other people.

Patricia is quite intrigued but not very surprised because growing up in the state of Oaxaca she has come across many *muxes* who were and still are an integral and accepted part of the local society.

## PART 1 – NEW YORK

### CHAPTER 1

I've met Patricia or Pat as she liked to be called in one of the many functions at the New York UN building and it was love at first sight. Her father was serving as a diplomat at the UN Mexican delegation and I was one of the many



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free-lancing translators at the UN building being fluent in English Spanish and Italian.

Pat is finishing her Ph.D. at Columbia University in Social Anthropology and her subject is quite intriguing as I was going to find out very soon.

We started dating and we spent hours talking about anything imaginable. We were both 'citizens of the world' as Pat called us from the very beginning with multi-ethnic and multi-cultural backgrounds.

I had an Italian background from my father and an Irish ancestry from my New York born and raised mother.

Pat on the other hand was Mexican from both parents but her father was a direct descendant of Spanish nobility that colonised Mexico centuries ago and her mother was coming from the southern province of Oaxaca where her family had lots of land and properties. She had Spanish and indigenous blood since her father married one of the local girls belonging to the ancient Zapotec people.

We were already seeing each other for more than a month when the unexpected happened. It was Friday night and we had a very nice meal at an Italian restaurant accompanied by the house red wine, a rich Chianti. We were both getting tipsy touching each other amorously when Pat, her dark brown eyes quite sparkling, had suddenly said, "Let's go to your place Chris, you told me you live alone so let's go and become more intimate, I want you badly tonight."

I was completely taken by surprise because I was thinking to ask her to my place but only after some planning and preparation of the apartment and myself but tonight, I certainly wasn't prepared for that.

I tried to get out of it with various excuses but when I saw the hurt look on her beautiful and expressive eyes, I gave in.

All I manage to say during the taxi ride to my place was, "Please Pat try to be understanding with what you will witness in my apartment, since one or two aspects of my character are a bit idiosyncratic and I never had the chance to talk about them, though I had and still have the intention to do so."

She appeared slightly puzzled and looked at me quizzically. I gave an awkward smile at her and she smiled back saying, "I'm all in for surprises Chris dear. For as long as you are not a serial killer or a child molester, I can accept anything. We both are open-minded and citizens of the world, remember?"

I looked at her and smiling nervously said, "I couldn't agree more," thinking at the same time, 'let's see how open-minded you can be when you discover that I wear panties and I have a closet full of various female clothes'.

Because Pat was about to discover very soon that I was an occasional but very committed cross-dresser!

The apartment was located in the Upper Manhattan not far from the UN building and was all I could afford in that part of New York. A single bedroom place with a comfortable open kitchen living space and a nicely done bathroom was all I had.

The first thing that Pat noticed was how clean and tidy the apartment was, "Nice place you've got here Chris, so tidy and clean" she said in her slightly tippy voice, "You must pay a bomb to a cleaning service for that." She added meaningfully.

I blushed for the first time tonight as I answered hesitantly, "Actually I do all the cleaning Pat, I love cleaning and you are right, it would be above my means to be able to pay a cleaning service. It's not such a big place after all."

"Wow, I'm impressed Chris," Pat said giggling and continued, "I probably would need a person like you to keep me tidy, I am a very untidy and messy person and my mother and our maid always tell me off. I would be terribly embarrassed to show you my room at my parents; apartment here in NY."

And then she added still giggling, "But let's set our priorities first; any chance for a drink, some red wine perhaps?"

"Good idea, I think I have a good merlot somewhere in the kitchen. Go and park at the sofa and I'll join you shortly." I said quickly trying to change the subject but Pat being curious kept looking around.



She opened a tall cupboard next to the fridge that I used as some sort of pantry and immediately noticed the two aprons hanging in the back of the door. Here we go I thought with mixed feelings, now she will start asking more questions.

“I love your aprons Chris. Are you wearing them when you clean or cook?” she said looking at me mischievously.

Blushing again I answered in a more determined tone, “Yes, as a matter of fact I do. The apron makes me feel more domesticated and more inclined to do housework. It is a pleasant feeling for me Pat.”

“She examined them more closely now, feeling the material and looking at the design.

“I quite like them, they certainly have a feminine touch, I’m glad they are not those ugly BBQ type aprons,” she continued as she kept examining the white one with increased interest.

“The white one is part of a maid’s uniform, isn’t it? I’ve seen it before, my parents’ maid has a similar one, it is matching her dove grey dress,” added, a cunning smile on her face.

My God, she is so observant, nothing can escape her attention. Should I tell her that the matching grey dress is hanging in my closet and I love wearing it when cleaning?

Probably not yet, a step at a time I thought as I answered cautiously,

“You are very observant Pat; yes, I bought this apron at a domestic uniforms shop.” I said and added trying to change the subject once more, “Let me open this bottle so we can have a glass of red.”

## CHAPTER 2

“So, how serious are you Chris in exploring your feminine side?” Pat asked as we were lying in bed, both wearing matching cotton nighties – both mine of course -after hours of very intense love playing. “I know you are not gay; you certainly have proved yourself tonight but I can also tell that you love being a girl. Would you perceive yourself as a

transgender person, have you ever considered of going in transition mode?"

She looked at me, her soft eyes smiling warmly as she continued talking, "I'm sorry if I ask so many questions darling but I care a lot for you, we are not very long together but I've developed very strong feelings for you."

I looked back at her, my eyes in tears. She hasn't rejected me after all! I fully confessed to her my cross-dressing tendencies, after she saw in my closet all my female clothes and underwear, after she saw my grey maid's dress. On the contrary she wanted to find out more about and why I was like that, squeezing my hand as she was asking those questions.

"Oh Pat, I am so relieved that you accepted my other side, my feminine side. I have these tendencies since I remember myself; helping mother at home and occasionally trying her clothes, fraternizing with the maid when I was a teenager, buying whenever I had the chance and a bit of money pieces of female clothing of all kinds, panties, bras, skirts, blouses and the occasional apron."

Pat squeezed my hand even harder as I kept talking as if she wanted to encourage me to let everything out, "You understood already that I'm not gay, on the contrary I adore women and their world and of course I adore female clothes of all kinds."

I stopped again to catch my breath and wipe my eyes. For the first time in my life I was able to talk so openly about myself.

"I don't consider myself transgender and I certainly never had any tendency to go all the way, operation and all that," I said with conviction in my voice, "But I do love to cross dress. I feel totally transformed when I wear a dress or a skirt and blouse outfit. I feel that I cross an imaginary line and move to a different sphere. You must have noticed already Pat that I'm not effeminate when I am in my boy clothes but I feel that 'I become totally feminine' the moment I feel the dress or the skirt caressing my legs and knees, it's absolutely magic for me!"

I stopped there because I became quite emotional, I nearly had a sob as I finished my last sentence.

“Relax honey, don’t get so emotional. I love hearing your story. In fact, I’m much more familiar than you could ever possibly imagine with what you are describing. I came across lots of similar cases. My PhD is very close to the subject of cross-dressing, masculine versus feminine, gender orientations etc.,” Pat said as I looked at her in total surprise.

“I know you look surprised but my interest in you is real and genuine. I liked you from the very beginning I set eyes on you, the night we first met. Something about the way you walked and looked at people, the shy polite approach when we first started talking, all that was definitely a plus for me. I love men like you and I hate macho self boasting types.”

Pat continued still holding my hand reassuringly.

“You should probably tell me more about your PhD research Pat, I’m curious to find out what you are exactly researching; you made me very intrigued now. And thank you for accepting my other side so graciously.”

“All in good time Chris dear, we are both totally exhausted now and my eyes are closing. Let’s call it a night and tomorrow morning we can have a leisure breakfast and I’ll tell you all about my research.” She stopped briefly and giggled as if she thought of something then added, “Probably you can make and serve breakfast wearing your maid’s uniform, wouldn’t that be nice for you?”

A shock wave of excitement went through my body when I heard her last words; was she asking me to wear my maid’s uniform tomorrow? Wow! All I managed to murmur in a cracked voice was, “I’d love to do that Pat; you can’t believe how happy you made me by suggesting that. Goodnight darling.”

We turned to a spoon like position, our bodies touching through the delicate nighty material and soon we were fast asleep.

## CHAPTER 3

I fell asleep thinking of tomorrow morning and what sort of breakfast I could prepare for Pat. Probably I should run down the road to the boutique bakery and buy some fresh croissants and a nice marmalade. I remembered that I had eggs and bacon in the fridge; and I had coffee and cream. The last think in my mind as I was drifting away was the grey dress hanging in the closet.

At about 9.00 I sneaked out of bed, and run to the bathroom. I had a quick shower and put some clothes on to go and get fresh provisions. Back in the apartment I went quietly to the bedroom where Pat was fast asleep. I picked what I needed and went to the bathroom to get changed. I inserted my C breast forms to my bra and then I put on my grey maid's dress. I buttoned it up and looked at the mirror. A boy in a dress was looking back at me but I didn't mind that, this is what I was anyway, a boy in a dress. I touched my lips with a pale lipstick and went back to the kitchen to start breakfast. I put my white apron on making sure that the bow was symmetrical in my back and started to fry the bacon. I was certain that the smell of bacon and fresh coffee would wake up Pat.

I was humming in front the sink washing some cups as I suddenly felt Pat's hands cupping my breast forms and murmuring to my ear, "Good morning my sweet maid. Your breasts feel so real! You look adorable in this dress and apron. Turn around so I can see you."

I blushed as I turned around wiping my hands in a tea towel, "Good morning Pat, you certainly managed to startle me," I said in a higher pitch voice something that was automatic for me when dressed in my female clothes. "Take a seat, breakfast will be ready in a couple of minutes, freshly squeezed orange juice, eggs and bacon, croissants in the oven and some strong coffee in the plunger."

"Wow, you are spoiling me Chris and I'm really starving," Pat said half-jokingly as she sat in one of my two chairs next to the kitchen table, still wearing the nighty she borrowed from me last night. "I could get used to this and

then you will be sorry because I can be a demanding employer.”

She winked at me as she started sipping her orange juice. But I got a new shock wave of excitement the way she was talking to me even if she was partly joking. She already knew how to push my buttons.

“I’d love to be employed by you Miss, I would be a good maid for you,” I replied in the same half joking way but we both knew somehow that there was an element of truth in all this.

“Now sweetie, let me look at you. You look good in that uniform, neat and dapper like a proper maid should be. Of course, you have a boy’s face but your features are soft and you have a fine bone structure, your hands are not big and your legs are superb, many women would kill for those legs, and that touch of lipstick is just right.”

“Thank you, Miss,” I said with a sly smile, still blushing, and trying to curtsy in a rather comical way as we both burst into laughter.

Then I added in a concerned cook’s voice, “Come on, let’s eat before those eggs get stone cold,” and I started serving.

We were in our second cup of coffee when I asked the question that I was dying to ask since last night, “Now Pat, could you please tell me what is the topic of your PhD, I’m very intrigued to find out.”

Pat looked at me and said as if she hasn’t heard my question, “Next time you dress for me sweetie you should wear a wig and a nice maid’s cap and some makeup. That I think would complete the picture. And by the way when you are dressed like this is there a name that you use? I know that Chris can be male or female like Pat for that matter, but I’m certain that you would prefer a definitely more feminine name, all cross-dressers do to my knowledge.”

“Blush, blush again as I replied hesitantly, “Yes Pat, I like the name Cristina, spelled the Spanish way without the h and for short Crissie.”

“I quite like that name,” Pat said approvingly, “Very appropriate and it’s clever that you chose a name that can be

used in both the Anglo and the Latin American world. We have lots of Cristinas and Crissies in Mexico.”

“Now that I know your proper girl’s name, I can answer your question Crissie.” Pat said smiling mischievously.

“Have you ever heard the word ‘*muxe*’ or ‘*muxes*’ in plural? It’s pronounced *moo-shay*,” Pat continued as she was looking at me questioningly.

“No, I never heard of that word and my Spanish is quite good as you know.”

“But because your Spanish is good you must know the word ‘*mujer*’ which of course means woman.”

“Of course, I know *mujer* I said smiling, I try to be one as we speak,” I added jokingly.

“So *Muxe* is *mujer* in the local dialect of the Zapotec people. Remember when I told you the other day that my mother originates from the province of Oaxaca in Southern Mexico. She was born and raised there in the town of Juchitan and she is half Spanish and half indigenous Zapotec. Her family owns vast pieces of land and property there and now as the sole inheritor she is probably one of the richest in the area.”

“That means that I date a rich girl,” I said happily “but I still can’t see what *muxes* have to do with your PhD or my TG tendencies.”

“Let me finish Crissie dear,” Pat replied rather bossily this time, “You see *muxes* are not biological women, they are people who were born biologically male and were encouraged to dress from an early age in female clothes either because they manifested some inclination towards that or because the family had too many sons and needed a substitute daughter to take up female duties within the family, usually with the blessings of the family, in particular the mother, and the complete tolerance of the society.”

I looked at her open mouthed. How come I never heard of that? “Wow Pat, what a story; I’m completely fascinated by what I’ve just heard. I always believed that Mexico is a completely macho society. This is one of the reasons I never really wanted to visit your country.”

“You are right of course about Mexico being a macho society and a very dangerous one for that matter with all those

drug cartels etc. But there is that small part in the Oaxaca province in the south where *muxes* exist and are accepted and in some cases venerated also, especially some old ones.” Pat said looking at me cunningly, and then added abruptly. “And of course, I can see now that you are a *muje* sweetie. I studied them enough to know that you were born to be one yourself.”

At that point I felt a bit worried and insulted, I had to ask her, “So Pat have you been seeing me only as a study case for your PhD? Am I really your Guiney pig?”

She looked at me horrified and jumped from her chair and rushed to give me a long hug. “How on earth you could imagine such a thing my little Crissie? I’m ever so happy that we found each other, you are my ideal male specimen and you have so many qualities that I love and admire. Yes, you are a potential *muje* but that is exactly what I like in you and that has nothing to do with my PhD. I think we are made for each other!”

“I’d like to believe that because I have similar feelings for you. It’s so surreal and yet so exciting that you accept me as Crissie,” I answered, still feeling her strong hands behind my back playing with the straps of my bra and still hugging me.

“I have a confession to make as well since you were so open to me, letting out all your secrets. I’m bisexual, that’s why I feel so comfortable with your girl side. I also like your eagerness and tendency ‘to offer’ and somehow to be ‘of service’. Your eagerness to be a maid is indicative of that. Other people would call you a submissive but being an anthropologist, I try to avoid that term as is not politically correct; I prefer to use the general term carer. That suits my personality as well because I like to be at the receiving end of your caring.”

“I’m impressed,” I said without the slightest trace of irony, “You certainly are very knowledgeable on those issues, sexual, anthropological, cultural, you name it.”

“So, you understand now why I think of you as a *muje*? But I can add here that you are ‘*my muje*’. I want you to belong to me so I can mould you my way with your full consent of course. I wouldn’t even dream of doing anything that

you would oppose. Are you game for that my darling Crissie?”

“I had-again- tears in my eyes as I answered, “Yes Pat, I’m your *muxe*, and yes, I want to belong to you and it’s true what you have just said, we appear to be very compatible.”

“That’s what I like to hear. You are the sweetest and you are mine you are my Crissie!” Pat said, her eyes sparkling. Then in an anticlimax mode she added naturally, “Thank you for the super breakfast, it was the best I had for some time. I am going to have a shower now, and you can clean up here and do the dishes like a good maid.”

As she finished her sentence, I felt another surge of excitement as I received my first order as a maid!

She was heading towards the bathroom as she turned back and said, “Would you mind if I borrow a pair of your panties, and do you have a spare toothbrush? Next time I’ll come more prepared to your place.”

## CHAPTER 4

“Do you want to marry me Chris or shall I say Cristina and move in with me?”

It was several weeks later and we were having a nice glass of chardonnay sitting at an elegant café not far from the UN building when Pat asked me the question that was dropped like a bomb. But I knew her well enough by now not to be completely surprised. That was her style all right. She loved to come out with big things out of the blue without any previous warning.

I replied cautiously with questioning eyes, “Wow! What do you actually mean Pat? Are you proposing me? And where to move in? Aren’t you living with your parents?”

She giggled in her usual flirty way, her pretty face shining with anticipation, “Slow down Chris and I’ll explain everything. But first I have a present for you.”

She opened her bag and took out a small box that pushed towards my side of the table. I instantly knew that it was a ring. Was she offering me an engagement ring?”