

# Housemaid in My 50s

A Sequel



**MONICA GRAZ**



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For information address

Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
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# HOUSEMAID IN MY 50s

## A SEQUEL

**By Monica Graz**

### **A SYNOPSIS OF THE ORIGINAL STORY CHAPTERS 1-29**

Nick (Nicky) Carson announces to his wife Pamela Manley (Pam) that he is getting early retirement under favourable conditions. He is 55 and says that he would love to get the housekeeper's responsibilities at their large mansion since their (twice a week) Filipina cleaner Linda also in her mid-50s has to move back to her family in Philippines.

Pam has her reservations but Nick is very persuasive and eventually she is convinced to accept his request. In her late 40s she has a high paying job in the legal profession with prospects of partnership. She knows that Nick is a repressed crossdresser and very keen in doing housework. For the past two years he was acting as Linda's informal assistant. They have a daughter of 22, Katherine (Kath), finishing her studies in another town.

The first person who is informed about their decision is their common friend Tania who is very sympathetic to Nick's crossdressing tendencies. Nick for years has been confiding to her

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his fascination for female clothes and his love for housework 'properly dressed'.

Linda eventually departs but she introduces Nick to a friend of hers Annie de Laurentis an ex Filipino maid who had climbed the social ladder and is now running a domestic agency importing foreign domestic workers. She says that Annie might be useful in case he changes his mind and he wants to employ a new cleaner. Annie informs Nick that she has a shop that provides everything that has to do with cleaning, from cleaning materials to housekeeping uniforms.

Pam suggests a search for eco-friendly cleaning material and some practical housekeeping dresses. She knows that Nick would wear a dress and apron during her absence to do his house chores so he might as well look the part.

Nick visits Miss de Laurentis premises and buys all the necessary cleaning materials and three simple housekeeping dresses in pale colours with matching aprons.

During the weekend he is 'kicked out' from the master bedroom and moves to a crummy little room by the kitchen. He is invited back though for some exciting sex where he really confides to Pam his inner need to become the maidservant.

He formally starts on Monday dressed appropriately as a housemaid. Later in the day he receives a very detailed e-mail from Pam in which she renames him Nikki and sets out the rules of his employment. They are strict but fair. He agrees to sign a one-year contract. He has to address Pam as Ma'am or Mrs Manley. He simply becomes Nikki Carson a female domestic worker.

He goes through a makeover organised by Miss Annie. He serves at a dinner party at home as the newly employed housemaid where the three closest friends of Pam are invited, Tania who already knows his new status, always supportive and sympathetic, Melissa who is the strictest of the three and completely treats him like a servant and Eva who is into Indian culture and philosophy and sees Nikki's conversion as 'karma'.

During the next few weeks Nikki is fully established as the housemaid at the Manley residence, he (she) follows a housekeeping seminar organised by Miss Annie together with three Filipinas and an Indian girl whose name is Arka.

Miss Annie makes up a story and explains to them (to Nikki's surprise) that she is a transitioning TG person and has serious financial difficulties because she became suddenly unemployable. But a kind lady (Mrs. Manley) gave her a job as a housemaid. So, Nikki has a lot to learn and the girls should be kind and understanding to her.

Arka is fascinated by the story and being Indian and from a lower cast and believing in karma says that there are lots of TGs like Nikki in India and they are called 'hijras'.

She starts befriending Nikki and convinces her that she would look good in a saree. Nikki agrees to wear one and Arka gives her an Indian name 'Harita' meaning 'Green'.

Six months later Mrs Manley and her maid Nikki are moving to a new house at an upmarket suburb where uniformed maids are in common sight as they move around running errands, doing shopping or walking the dog for their rich employers. Mrs. Manley is in a process of organising a big dinner party with lots of people from her work milieu and Nikki is going to serve assisted by Arka. Nikki feels more comfortable now as a 'substitute female', she is dressed 24/7 in female clothes, mostly her uniform dresses and as Mrs. Manley told her, 'You don't look like a man in drag any more Nikki, you rather look like a slightly masculine working-class woman'.

Finally, Nikki reveals to her employer Arka's influence on her and how she has been renamed Harita and has been out a few times wearing a saree pretending to be a woman of Indian descent.

Mrs Manley is fascinated by the whole story and initially agrees to Nikki's change of name to Harita, she says she reminds her of Harriet.

During the dinner party, one of the guests, Debbie Simmons who is a HR officer at Pam's legal firm and had met Harita in the past as Nick, recognises and confronts her.

Pam comes to her rescue and explains everything to Debbie who in a mischievous manner offers a part time job to Harita at their firm as an office cleaner.

The party is a success and after the departure of guests, Mrs Manley and Arka discuss various possibilities for Harita and how she could become an Indian female migrant domestic worker. Pam being quite tipsy is fascinated by the prospect and Arka has a

sinister interest to push that option. Harita feels excited and terrified at the same time. She feels that she loses control of her life and yet she is secretly attracted to that option.

A trip to India is suggested where Harita would be immersed to the Indian culture and to the ruthless class system where she would be attached to the lower cast of ‘dalits’ or ‘harijans’.

Harita goes to bed frightened and fascinated at the same time. She has a disturbed night with scary dreams.

*READ ON...*

## **CHAPTER 30 – Indian plans cancelled**

“You know Nikki, on second thoughts, I think that the Indian venture or adventure for you is far too risky and I won’t allow it to happen.” Mrs Manley said looking at me as I was serving her a second cup of coffee.

She was sitting at the small breakfast table between the kitchen and the dining room. It was Sunday morning the day after the big dinner party and the conversation that followed late last night between her and Arka about ‘Harita’s (mine) Indianisation project’ as they happily called it.

Arka had left early in the morning having other commitments and we were just the two of us.

Sunday was my best day of the week. Everything was informal in the big mansion. Technically it was my day off and I was not obliged to wear my usual housekeeping uniform. We were both in our nighties and I had my usual kitchen apron on to prepare and serve breakfast. Wearing an apron was by now a second nature to me. I somehow felt naked without my pinnie on.

I looked at her with immense relief, somehow a burden was lifted. “You know Pam- I was allowed to call her that on my day off-, you really and truly take a big burden off my shoulders. This Harita project however exciting it sounds, made me feel out of my depth. Thank you for rescuing me from Arka’s clutches.”

She looked at me surprised, “I thought you liked Arka, I thought Arka is your friend and confidante.”

“She is and she isn’t, she is a bit pushy and I think she has her own agenda. She tries to climb fast the social ladder and at the same time she pushes me down the same ladder.”

“I had the impression that this is your agenda dear Nikki; ever since you started to follow the housemaids’ way you never stopped to go down a step at the time. You thrive in your subordinate role, you like being demoted to the lowest of the low.”

I blushed with her candid remarks, Pam could be very much to the point in a sarcastic way. “I guess I do,” I answered truthfully, “but I got scared with the push I got from Arka, that Indian adventure, as you called it, made me very worried, I had nightmares last night.”

“And I don’t blame you for that, India is a scary place to be, especially for a TG person and I wouldn’t like to learn that you have been stabbed to death at a back alley of New Delhi!”

“That’s a truly scary thought Pam and I’m so glad you don’t allow it to happen.” I answered as I wiped my sweaty hands on my apron. “Probably we should inform Arka so she will stop making plans.”

“Leave that to me Nikki, I’ll call later Miss De Laurentis office, she probably is there now. I gather that she is on her way to become Anna’s trustful assistant; you are right, this girl is ambitious and she does climb the social ladder and before you know it you will end up cleaning her apartment as well.” Pam said in her mischievous manner.

A jostle of excitement run through my spine as I heard that, “She had already mentioned that to me,” I hesitantly said.

She looked at me, her eyes sparkling from excitement and mischief, “Come here maid and be quick about it!”

“Yes Madam,” I said feeling that the Mistress/maid syndrome was back in the air. I fast approached her.

“Kneel in front of me!”

I awkwardly did it feeling a bit puzzled, as my submissive genes started kicking in. That wasn’t Pam’s style. She never had asked me before to kneel in front of her.

“Are you a servant Nikki? Do you really like being one?”

“Yes Madam, you know that I like being a servant, I have been one for several month now and literally speaking, I feel it more and more on my skin; look at my red hands.”

She smiled at my remark and continued, “But you are MY servant, Nikki! Mine and only mine. And I’m the one who will de-



cide where and for whom you are going to work as a maid, cleaner or whatever else I consider fit for you. So don't commit yourself to Arka or Miss de Laurentis or any other potential employer unless you come to me first. Is that clear?"

"Yes Madam, I belong to you and you are the one who decides," I answered feeling very humble now.

She pulled the bib of my apron revealing the top of my cotton nightie, "I know you like your informal look on Sundays but you should wear something more appropriate when you prepare food. I don't necessarily want you in uniform on a Sunday but put a house dress on or a blouse and skirt outfit, nothing fancy, just homy and comfy."

"Yes Madam," I said with a cunning smile, looking meaningfully at her nightie.

She understood my look because she said sharply, "Don't look at me maid, I'm the Mistress and I wear what I feel like, I could come down naked or with my knickers on inside out if I feel like it."

I smiled benignantly, "Of course Madam, you are my employer and I'm only the maidservant in this household."

"And since we're clearing the grounds this morning, your identity remains the same, Nikki Carson, female domestic worker. You can occasionally use the name Harita which I incidentally like a lot, as your spiritual name, especially if you continue your close contact with Arka."

"Yes Madam, I like that name too but I feel more secure as Nikki Carson than an Indian hijra called Harita."

All of a sudden Pam leaned forward and hugged me whispering to my ear, "Nikki or Harita or whatever, you are mine darling, you are my maidservant, my general factotum and potentially my slave. Now go and change to something homy and come back with your tools, I badly need a manicure and pedicure. Sunday is the perfect day for that."

## CHAPTER 31 – New prospects of work

"I think I'll take up the offer of Miss Debbie Simmons and send you to work as a cleaner in our Firm. You can find out the other side of the corporate world, the side of janitors and cleaners.

What did she mention yesterday, three times a week, an afternoon shift?" Mrs Manley said to me as I was doing her toe nails.

I was sitting in my special wooden low stool dressed in a simple house frock and a plastic pinny and I looked up at her with a certain amount of anxiety, "Yes Madam, she mentioned three afternoons per week between 3.00 and 8.00pm." We were in a strict Mistress/maid mode again.

"I see if I can ask Debbie to bring the shift an hour backwards, say 2.00 to 7.00pm so I could probably drive you back in my Volvo. You can take the bus to go there, the nearest stop is about 10 min walk from the mansion as I remember you telling me." Mrs Manley casually said.

I gently put one foot down and picked the other one as my mind was running fast. I was thinking of various possible scenarios and implications. The positive thing is that Miss Debbie Simmons is aware of my condition and she will hopefully offer me some protection from unforeseen problems.

"But they might see us leaving together in the evening. Could there be a potential danger in that Madam?"

"I don't think so, we'll be meeting in the underground garage and go from there. And even if someone asks, I'll tell them what is practically true. You are my maid and I allow you to work part time as an office cleaner because you need the extra money."

As we were chatting, I started to give her a foot massage.

"Oh! It's so soothing Nikki, keep going, your hands are magic. You make me feel so... good."

"Thank you Madam, I learned a lot in that on line course, thanks to YouTube."

"You do learn fast dear and I love it, but let's come back to the possibility of you working parttime in our Firm as a cleaner; I have to ask you more formally, are you ok with it? Shall I proceed organising it with Debbie Simmons? Everything you do as Nikki inside or outside this house is not forced on you, it happens on your own will, remember that?"

I blushed as I was looking down at my Mistress foot resting on my apron as I was rubbing it. I felt once more the familiar tickling in my stomach, I was excited as I replied, "I hide nothing from you Madam, so I'll be open and frank; yes, I want to work as a

cleaner in your Firm, it will be a new first for me, I'll expose the new me to the outside world."

"That's brave of you Nikki. Your strong drive to this peculiar social downgrade has no limits and clearly I'm the one who has to control you as I did when I stopped you from going to India to an unknown and dangerous future."

"Yes Madam, you are right and please stop me when you think I take too many risks."

She looked sceptically at me, "I can do that up to a point Nikki, you are after all responsible for your actions. I'll help as far as I don't become annoyed or bored with you. At the moment I happen to enjoy as much as you this extraordinary phase in our life."

"I'm relieved to hear that Madam; This is not a game anymore; it is very real and I would be very worried to know that you could become bored or annoyed with it."

"I'm not bored or annoyed, not yet anyway," She abruptly said and moving her foot added, "Enough of the foot rub Nikki, please go and make a cup of tea and we can continue this conversation in the back garden we still have a lot to talk about and it's such a lovely day."

"Yes Madam," I said as I started to collect my manicure pedicure implements, "Tea is coming and I managed to bake some scones earlier when you were having your morning ablutions." I gingerly added.

"What a housewife you are dear Nikki. And please put one of your nice pinnies on when you serve tea, this plastic apron you wear looks messy." She meaningfully remarked.

"Of course Madam, this is my special pedicure apron," I said with a small curtsy like the good servant I was.

## **CHAPTER 32 – New prospects of our life together**

"This strawberry jam is divine, is it your own creation Nikki?" Mrs. Manley asked as she was happily devouring her scone with the jam and double clotted cream.

"Yes Madam, I made it some weeks ago. Remember when we visited that farm up north buying all sorts of organic fruits and veggies?"

“How can I forget; it was one of your first outings as Nikki and you were terrified. I had to do all the talking.”

We were both sitting in our patio in the back of the house. She was wearing her comfy track suit on and I was in my usual ‘Sunday best’ a house frock modestly covered by a full and practical apron.

Pam looked at me and chuckled, “When I look at you these days, I see a mature slightly masculine woman and not a cross dresser anymore. Your hair has considerably grown and Jennifer your beautician has given you a nice and practical cut. No trace of beard left, the laser treatment you did months ago has clearly worked and you move more gracefully as a female, nothing exaggerated there like those loud trannies. The fact that you feel a skirt around your legs at all times makes you subconsciously daintier looking.”

“Always to the point Pam, always! And you seem to understand so well the way I feel.” I chuckled back. “But since you started this conversation, and with the utmost respect to my Madam, I would like to ask, “How do you see the whole Nikki venture developing? Have we already reached the point of no return? Can our relation survive the stress of this strong change that happens to me?”

“Those are the questions that pester me as well and I’m not certain that I have the answers yet. All I can say is that I feel mentally fine and erotically more gratified than ever.”

I blushed hearing once more the sincerity in Pam’s voice. She was as usually frank and open.

“And to be more precise,” she continued, “I feel much freer to pursue my career now that you are the homemaker and I dare say that the sex is again great for both of us after years of stagnation. I probably am a latent lesbian but I much more enjoy the gentleness of my maid in her soft nightie when she worships my body rather than the pretend aggressiveness of Nick in the days of our conventional period. We are two concessional human beings and yes, our relation can survive because we both gradually find our balance on our new levels of social acceptance.”

“Wow! This is very deep Madam for a humble maid like me but I do know that much, I am very relaxed and comfortable in my new role.”

“I can see that, look at you gleaming from joy as you sit across me in your house frock and pinny, you seem to belong to them,” she exclaimed immediately adding, “You belong to them but you belong to me as well and I love this particular feeling of benign ownership.”

Blushing again I managed to murmur, “I feel the same way Madam, I belong to you and I like that feeling of benign ownership as you called it.”

“So, we both agree that there is no way back for you and our strong new bonding is based on the Mistress/maid rapport that will be enhanced as we proceed to the next phase.”

I was puzzled hearing that, what next phase? Is there to be one? Now that my Mistress stopped the Indian venture is there something else to happen? Probably she means the new part time cleaning job at her Firm. I was about to ask but she continued,

“We have to make you more real as Nikki the maid. Your voice needs coaching, you still sound like a man when you talk freely like now, or you try to use a falsetto voice when you are surrounded by other people, in particular when serving at dinner parties like last night. Your voice sounded a bit false. I’m getting some professional advice on that at the moment.”

“You are right Madam, I’m very aware on that, especially when I’m out shopping or when I appear in front of guests in the house. Yes, I’ll look it up on line for ideas,” Being aware of my voice this time, I was practically whispering.

She heartily laughed, “This is a very husky voice Nikki, you sounded like a hooker. You do need some proper coaching, I’ll probably send you to a specialist who could adjust your vocal cords, but then again, we have to decide how permanent and not reversible the changes should or could be. It’s your life after all.”

“I appreciate your concern Madam and I am in a conundrum myself. My inner pushing is not to stop though.”

“Go for it then, I am fully behind you. But don’t forget that the road you are taking is not the easiest. There will be challenges and difficulties. I can tell you one for instance. You have to deal with our daughter Kath. Last time she visited we were still in our old house and you were in the beginning of your transition so you could still be dad to her, a dad that retired early and decided to become a househusband to facilitate his wife’s career.”

“Yes, I remembered that I tried to explain to her that I always enjoyed doing housework and I feel very relaxed being the stay-at-home partner, the so-called homemaker. I made a point of being on an apron most of the time she was with us, I tried to put an emphasis to my new position in the household; I just stopped short of wearing one of my housekeeping dresses.”

“And we both know that she will be coming in about a month’s time to spend several weeks with us. She is looking forward to enjoy the new mansion and her special ample quarters in it.”

We both knew that Pam with her consulting interior decorator paid a lot of attention in converting two adjoining bedrooms to a self-sufficient space containing a bedroom, a study/kitchenette and a very luxurious bathroom, ‘Kath’s quarters’, as she called the space. And our daughter had seen only photos of that.

“I guess my work load will considerably increase with our daughter’s presence in the house, she is not the tidiest girl as we both very well know,” I said half-jokingly adding in a more concerned voice, “But I’m not yet certain how to handle her and what to say. I practically live and act as a woman 24/7 now, I know that we both have to deal with that.”

“Not only as a woman dear Nikki, you live and act as a female servant, that’s your choice and you should never forget it. So, when Kath comes to stay with us you will not be able to hide it. By that time, you will probably be working as a part time cleaner as well so you better be prepared for that,” Pam said looking at me seriously.

And continued, “But I must admit to you that I already started preparing her for what she will face when she comes, I already mentioned to her that you are becoming more and more like our old maid Linda and you prefer to dress in a maid’s uniform when you do your housework. I even added that you started exploring various aspects of your feminine side.”

“Have you mentioned all that to our daughter?” I asked visibly shocked, “And how did she react to that?”

“You will be relieved to know that she wasn’t at all surprised. You know what she said to me and I try to quote her, ‘I’m not surprised Dad have a feminine side, I always remember him as the carer even when you both were hard working parents. He was the one waking me up, selecting the clothes for me to wear, preparing

breakfast, and tidying up my room, while you were driving me to the school. And I always remember him with an apron on, thinking at the time that my parents somehow reversed their roles,' unquote, Pam mentioned with a certain sarcasm in her voice.

"And as of yesterday, our daughter has the first photos of Nikki the housemaid in her mobile. I sent her a series of nice working photos of my maid as she is doing her morning chores, from dusting and vacuuming to cleaning bathrooms on her hands and knees!" Pam chuckled.

"You really did that? I don't believe it, and how come I haven't notice?" I impertinently gasped, forgetting my place.

"Not unnecessary excitement please Nikki, that is probably for the best for all of us as a family. Certain things should be out in the open. And don't forget your place girl, I address you as your employer now," she strictly added though it was clear that her tone was not fully serious.

"I'm sorry Madam, I did forget my place," I replied in a softer tone, "But I still have to ask. When have you taken those photos without me noticing and what was Kath's reaction?"

"A few days ago, I stayed behind for an hour answering some urgent emails. But you had to start with your chores and as I saw you wondering around in your morning uniform with the vacuum or the duster and then down on your knees cleaning my bathroom, I couldn't resist the temptation to take some photos of you in full working mode. You were so absorbed with what you were doing, that you haven't notice me as I followed behind you with my mobile phone. You looked so satisfied though, I even heard you humming at one point, so I once more reconfirmed my initial feeling that you are a natural in that role."

I blushed and asked again, "And what was the reaction of Kath?"

"Like I said, she wasn't at all surprised; on the contrary she called me instantly back to tell me how natural you looked. She did recognise you but as she said, she hasn't seen a grotesque picture of a dressed-up man but a picture of a female maid doing her morning chores and I quote again her own words, 'I'm amazed how natural and feminine he looks in his uniform,' unquote."

Blush, blush again and the familiar stomach fluttering; now our daughter knew as well. I felt that I crossed the Rubicon and that was the point of no return for me. I felt an immense relief in a

sinister way, I wouldn't have any more to think how to approach our daughter, Pam had taken the initiative and had done it for me.

"That's that then," I said in a resign manner, "probably it's for the better after all; I can be my true self from now on even in front of our daughter."

"And you probably should start to adapt to the idea that Kath would eventually become your employer no2, in other words you will end up addressing her as Miss Kath or Miss." Pam added in an amused tone.

She saw the horrified look on my face and hastily added, "Don't panic though dear Nikki, nothing happens under duress, it will naturally come to you at the end. Think how normal it is for you now to think of me as Mrs Manley or Madam, I can see it in your face, you feel rather uncomfortable whenever you call me Pam," she chuckled.

I sighed, "You are right Madam, it's a second nature to me, I certainly see you like my employer. But Kath?"

"It's too early to worry about Kath. When she is here everything will take its course," she dismissively added as she looked at her watch, "I guess it's time to go to my study and check my emails and call your friend Arka. You can continue with whatever chore you have in mind."

"I'll give a good mop to the kitchen floor it's dirty after last night's dinner party and I'll tidy up your bedroom and bathroom Madam, then I'll deal with my space, I usually clean it once a week," I said as I stood up straightening my dress and apron."

"Oh well Nikki, a woman's work is never done," my Madam replied winking at me, but don't kill yourself today, its your day off and you worked very hard yesterday. You can relax at your space after you clean it. I know how much you like your maid's quarters, not many servants have that sort of luxury, a small fully equipped space with a sitting area, kitchenette and shower facility."

"Thank you, Madam, I love my new space, it's so much better than the crummy little room I had to move in at our old place after I became the maidservant. That was the shocking realisation at how radical my decision was at the time."

"Well, I can't forget dear Nikki that my maid is of a certain age and she is entitled to the appropriate accommodation, basic but decent." She said impatiently looking once more at her watch.



“Get moving though, you are a chatter box this morning girl. You are dismissed!”

“Certainly Madam,” I replied with a small curtsy.

## CHAPTER 33 – Encounter with Arka

I was about to finish my Monday supermarket shopping when my mobile rang, “Hi Harita,” I heard Arka’s singing voice, “Where are you girl, I was calling at your Mistress’ house. Are you out shopping?”

“It wouldn’t be hard to guess,” I ironically answered, “What else a maid like me could do on a Monday early afternoon? Strolling in the park?” Then changing my tone continued, “I’m checking out now and heading back to the house. It’s a busy day for me after last night’s event.”

“Why don’t you call in at Miss Annie’s premises. We have to talk after yesterday’s phone call from your Mistress and the cancellation of our Indian trip. I am really disappointed on that.”

“But I am in uniform and a bit dishevelled looking, I whisked my apron off, put my cardy on and came here just for the shopping.”

“So what; you are a maid and you move around running errands for your employer, you are invisible Harita and you know that. Just get here for a cup of coffee,” she nearly ordered me.

“Yes, Ma’am, I’ll there in 15 minutes,” I jokingly replied.

Soon we were sitting in her small office next to Miss Annie’s more majestic one. She was her assistant now and she was very proud of it.

“So, what really happened Harita?” she asked me as we were sipping our coffee, “Mrs Manley was adamant, she said it was a dangerous trip and she simply changed her mind and she wouldn’t allow it. Do you have to do anything with it? Have you got cold feet as well?”

I looked at her seriously, I had to be frank, “It is her decision, she is my employer after all. But I can’t hide it, I was worried myself, a far too big step for me Arka, you are right I’ve got cold feet as well.”

She ignored my answer and changed the subject, “Your Mistress told me that you will start working soon as a part time cleaner in her company. Isn’t that a big step as well?”

“It is and I’m very worried but it is here in this city where my comfort zone is. Also, I’ll be working at my employer’s company and Miss Debbie Simmons my immediate supervisor is aware of my condition so that makes me feel more at ease.”

“Well, it’s your life Harita, a life fully controlled by your Mistress though and I have no other choice but to accept it.” Arka said with a smirk.

And before I managed to say anything she continued, “I gather your Mistress calls you Nikki again but do you mind if I keep calling you Harita?”

“Not at all Arka, not at all, I eagerly replied, “I love to be called Harita by you and Mrs. Manley said to me that can be my spiritual name. But officially I am still Nikki Carson a domestic worker and that’s the name I’ll be using if and when I’m employed as a cleaner at Pam’s, oops sorry, I mean Mrs. Manley’s company.”

“Glad to hear that, and we probably can continue your so-called education in the Indian culture and class system. And you can still wear your saree on your days off when you are with me. Would you like that?” Arka said eyes shining with mischief. She was at her element again.

“I’d love that,” I gasped full of excitement again that Arka was back to be my friend, “I want you to be my teacher and spiritual mentor.”

As Arka started to say something the door opened and Miss Annie appeared impeccably dressed and made up as usually.

“Ah Arka, there you are, I need you in my office in a few minutes, a potential customer is coming. Then she looked at me, a thin smile on her face, “Well, hello Nikki or Harita, or whatever you’re called these days. Shouldn’t you be doing your chores at this hour? I see you are dressed for it.”

I automatically stood up as I was used to do in front of anybody addressing me those days, and I nearly curtsied as I answered slightly embarrassed, “You are right Miss Annie, I should be home working but Arka called me when I was shopping at the

supermarket and asked me to come for a cup of coffee and a chat. I'm about to go anyway."

"Yes Annie, I asked her to come, I wanted to find out what happened and Mrs. Manley cancelled our Indian trip." Arka interferred. I couldn't stop noticing the familiarity she had developed with Miss Annie they were in first name terms now.

"I see," Annie said and turning back to me added, "I was planning to call you but I might as well tell you now, your Mistress called me yesterday and instructed me to put your name down in my list of maids available for extra shifts in case I need a replacement if someone of my regular staff calls sick. So, you might be prepared for that. It will be a short notice so if you start working part time for your employer's company you should send me your hours of work so I know your availability. Clear enough for you Nikki?"

"Yes Miss Annie," I excitedly replied this time properly curt-seying, my submissive genes being in full action again.

"Ok then, you might go now girl, Arka and I have work to do."

"Yes Mis Annie, I should be going anyway, I have shopping in my car's boot that needs refrigeration. Good bye for now."

And then turning to Arka, "Good bye Arka, I'll be in touch with you."

"Bye Harita, looking forward to our next meeting, I love to see you again wearing your green saree."

Annie, looked at her and smirked, "Come on Arka, stop teasing the poor girl." Then turning to me, "Off you go girl, back to your chores or your Mistress might punish you." She smiled winking at me.

## **CHAPTER 34 – Dinner party again!**

The message came to my mobile in the middle of the morning. I heard the beep as I was finishing my morning coffee. It was from Mrs. Manley, short and to the point, 'I meet Tania for a drink after work and then we come for dinner around 8.00pm, prepare something nice and healthy, you know Tania's vegetarian preferences. And be presentable, you're serving. Your Madam.'

Oh dear! A vegetarian dinner in such a short notice? I looked at the kitchen clock; I have several hours in front of me, I must plan a menu and go shopping.

Then another beep on my mobile always resting in my apron pocket. Another look and another message from my Mistress, ‘Two more for dinner tonight. We have two adorable out of town young lawyers visiting our central offices for consultation and they are at a loose end so I invited them to join us. So, dinner for 4 please and keep it vegetarian. Mx’

Shit! Two more to come and young men as well? What a horror. I had to call Pam immediately though she warned me on several occasions never to disturb her at work.

Another beep, ‘Wear your black uniform dress. I want you to impress the boys! M’

Oh God, I have to call her. I hit her number and she instantly picked, “I knew you could call Nikki and I know you feel panicky but there is nothing to worry about. Tania is your trusted friend anyway and the two guys are young and naïve. It’s another good test for you to pass with honours so be formal and keep your voice down. I’ll tell them that you have a cold and you nearly had lost your voice.” She said speaking very fast.

“But Madam, I must...”

She stopped me, “Don’t Madam me tonight it’s too old fashioned, simply call me Mrs. Manley and call Tania ‘Miss’. As for the two guys, their names are Tom and Doug, just call them ‘Sir’. I have to go now, I’m about to enter a meeting. Bye Nikki and don’t disappoint me tonight.”

She disconnected before I had the chance to say a word.

So that’s it. A vegetarian dinner for four tonight and I ‘m alone to prepare everything. All of a sudden, I felt an energy of excitement. I can do it; this is my role at the moment I’m Nikki the maid and I have to make my Mistress proud tonight. ‘

It was past 6.00pm when I managed to finish my cooking. A nice spinach pie and a vegetarian moussaka were kept warm in the oven. I remembered tonight my ‘Greek phase’ when years ago when our daughter Kath was a teenager, I used to cook for her some Greek dishes, an influence from a friend who was running a Greek restaurant. Vegetarian moussaka was one of her favourites at the time and so was the spinach pie or spanakopita. I also pre-

pared a fresh green salad bathed in French dressing and a dessert of finely cut strawberries with cream. Two bottles of Sauvignon Blanc waiting in the fridge were my choice of wine.

I badly needed a shower so I rushed to my small shower facility practically next to the kitchen. I had a quick shower, and dressed carefully in my more formal black and white uniform. Black dress, white half apron with a broderie anglaise pattern and one-inch black court shoes. I combed my longish hair and adjusted carefully on them a white band. Not exactly a maid's cap but something close to it. Light makeup and a pale lippy completed my preparations. I checked my appearance in the mirror and I was thrilled how real I looked.

I coquettishly lifted my dress so I could check underneath the lacy end of my half-slip. I loved to wear an underskirt; it made my dress fall properly on the body without sticking to my legs. It was such a femininely divine feeling.

Back to my duties, I set the table for four as I was instructed during my course in Miss Annie's domestic classes and I inspected the guests' WC. All in order waiting for the arrival of my Mistress and her guests.

Checked the time on my wrist watch, I still had close to an hour to kill but a beep on my mobile put me instantly on alert mode. The message from Mrs. Manley was as usually crystal clear, 'Be there in 15 min, prepare two gins and tonic for the boys and 2 glasses of white for Tania and me. We decided to skip the drink and come directly to the house. Mx'

And a second beep, 'Is everything ready and you fully presentable?'

'Yes Mrs. Manley, everything is ready including your maid Nikki,' I replied.

'Good maid! see you soon.'

I just had finished in the kitchen the preparation of the drinks and some crisps to go with them when I heard the front door key and loud laughing voices coming in.

'Nikki, we are here, could you get the drinks please? Our new friends are very thirsty.' I heard Pam's loud voice clearly excited.

'Yes Mrs. Manley, coming!' I yelled as politely as I could with my pretend female voice.



With a mixture of anxiety and anticipation I put everything in a tray and walked towards them as they were already moved to the sitting room.

“Ah, here you are. May I introduce to all of you my maid Nicoletta, Nikki for short?” My Mistress mischievously announced. She is with me for many years and I am grateful to her because she makes my life so much easier.”

I was furiously blushing as I was moving around offering them drinks. Tania smiled at me benignly and the two guys moved their heads to acknowledge my presence.

As Tania picked her glass of wine she whispered at me, “I didn’t know that your name is Nicoletta.”

“Neither did I,” I whispered back, “It seems that Mrs. Manley is playing games with me.”

“You look adorable by the way, I can see your little slip under your dress, so feminine!’ She teased me

“Thank you Miss Tania,” I said more loudly this time realising that my Mistress was looking suspiciously at us.

I moved towards the two gentlemen. The first one that picked his glass smiled at me and said, “Thank you Nicoletta, I prefer that name from Nikki, I had a friend of Italian descent who had that name back in university, I’m Doug by the way.”

“Thank you Sir,” I politely replied as I moved to the other gentleman. He picked his glass and smiled to me, “Thank you Nikki, I prefer the shorter version of your name, easier to remember, and I’m Tom by the way.”

“Thank you Sir,” I said again not knowing what else to say, I wasn’t supposed to socialise with them.

Mrs. Manley picked my slight embarrassment and said, “Thank you Nikki, you can go back to your preparations, I’ll let you know when we are ready to eat.

“Yes, Mrs Manley I’ll be in the kitchen if you need me,” I politely replied with a hint of a curtsey. I didn’t want to exaggerate in front of those two young guys.

“She is so polite and old fashioned,” I heard Doug saying as I was moving back to the kitchen.

I was trying to keep myself busy in the kitchen with bits and pieces listening their loud voices and laughing from the living

room, in particular the voices of the two ladies. Were they flirting with the two guys who were about 20 years younger? Old farts I thought a cunning smile on my face.

And then I heard the sound of the little crystal bell. I was summoned.

“Ah Nikki, we are moving to the dining room now, you can start serving.”

“Yes Mrs. Manley.” I politely replied with a more pronounced curtsey this time. I was in a full submissive mode by now.

I turned to go back to the kitchen and heard the voice of Tom this time, “Wow, a curtsey, I haven’t seen that in real life yet, only in movies.”

They all happily laughed as I heard my Mistress replying, “She is very old-fashioned Tom, Doug already had picked that.”

“And of a certain age too,” Tom added with a chuckle.

They did enjoy the meal and they all praised my cooking. Tania in particular was in her usual way very enthusiastic, “You excelled yourself today Nikki dear, I had eaten your vegetarian dishes before but both the pie and the moussaka were superb.”

“Thank you Miss Tania, very kind of you,” I replied in my husky voice as I was collecting the dishes.

“Poor thing she had developed a cold during the past few days and her voice is badly affected, some sort of pharyngitis my GP said,”

“Get well soon Nikki,” Doug and Tom said in one voice and Tania added, “Yes dear Nikki get well; your Mistress would be at a loss without you. I wish I had a jewel like you in my home.”

“You can always borrow her for a day to come and clean your place, she wouldn’t mind that, isn’t that right Nikki?” She chuckled as she looked at me.

She had put me on the spot and I started blushing in my usual way, “Yes of course Mrs. Manley, I could do that if Miss Tania is willing to have me.”

“I’d love to have you sweetie, I’ll organise it with Mrs. Manley.” Miss Tania replied as my Mistress added, “You can bring the dessert now Nikki and prepare some coffee, we’ll take it at the dining room.”