

Maid in Oaxaca

Book Two



MONICA GRAZ





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MAID in OAXACA

BOOK 2

by Monica Graz

CHAPTER 19 – Pat is back in Mexico

“Hola Pedro, qué tal?” I asked Pedro the driver in my quick Spanish as he picked me from the bus station for the short drive to the hacienda.

“Muy bien Señora Patricia,” he replied as he carried my suitcase to the car’s boot.

“And how are Rosa and Crissie?” I continued in Spanish, trying mainly to find out how Crissie was doing. I was away for over three weeks now and except for some brief messages there was no real communication. I was missing her but I knew she was missing me much more.

“They are fine Señora,” Pedro replied in his idiomatic Spanish-Mexican, “Crissie is now totally integrated in the hacienda as part of the domestic staff. My Rosa has been an ex-

cellent teacher. She even looks more Mexican now,” he finished in a chuckle.

I smiled with his remark, “Is she now!” I said as I comfortably sat at the back seat of the expensive SUV and Pedro started the car for the 10 minutes’ drive to the hacienda.

So much had happened during those past three weeks. My trip to New York had been a roaring success. I was offered a job! I was appointed lecturer in social anthropology at Columbia University, I was in the beginning of an academic career. Crissie wasn’t yet aware of that and I was coming back to tell her and take her back to New York to our new life.

But I still wasn’t certain what this new life would entail and how Crissie would fit in. The only certain thing was that Crissie would definitely be part of this life. I had to talk to her and I had to see how Chris, her ‘alter ego’ is feeling. I knew that at the end of the day I would have to take the decisions but Crissie would certainly be included, she was my legal spouse after all.

“We are here Señora,” I heard Pedro’s voice as the car stopped in front of the main house.

“Grazias Pedro,” I said coming out of my reverie. I saw Juana Garcia waiting in the front of the main building.

I came out and we hugged exchanging pleasantries in English. I was about to ask where Crissie was when I heard her saying in her precise commanding voice in Spanish, “Crissie, where are you girl? Come here and greet your Mistress and then carry her suitcase to her rooms.”

“Si Señora,” I heard a timid voice and I immediately saw Crissie stepping out from the deep shade of the verandah to the harsh Mexican sun. Pedro was right, she was very much part of the hacienda’s domestic staff now, she looked like the locals. Her jet black curly hair and darker skin tanned by the unforgiving sun gave her a Mexican look. Her uniform looked clean but well-worn and I could see little sweat stains where the lower part of her bra was and under her armpits, the hot humid weather being the reason.

“Hola Crissie que tal,” I said pleasantly in Spanish, keeping up pretexts.

“Muy bien Señora,” she answered with a small curtsy, looking at me with her adoring puppy eyes, “Glad to see you back, I’ll take your suitcase to your rooms.”

“Grazias, and wait for me there,” I continued in a dismissing manner, “I’ll see you in a minute.”

As she quickly left carrying my suitcase Juana said in a chuckle, “She had been missing you terribly, she adores you so much.”

“I know Juana, I could see it just now in her eyes. I probably appear to you as a cool and indifferent mistress but this is only partly true. Crissie is a big part of my life and she will continue to be so. And I have news for you, I was offered a job in Columbia so I have to rethink everything.”

“Wow, that’s great news Pat, Congratulations! Your parents must be thrilled.”

“Thank you Juana, I’ll tell you all about it tonight during dinner. Now I better go upstairs to my room, I badly need a shower and Crissie is eagerly waiting to catch up with me.”

I found Crissie standing in the middle of the room an uncertain look on her face, playing with the edge of her apron, a sign that she wasn’t certain what was expected of her. Being part of the domestic staff in the hacienda all those weeks pushed her to completely absorb her lowly position in the hacienda’s pecking order.

I had to take the initiative, “Crissie dear, you look worried. I’m not here to reprimand you. Come, I’ll give you a hug, I missed you a lot.”

She rushed towards me her eyes expectant and loving and we hugged for a long time. I felt her body slightly trembling as she was murmuring, “I missed you too Señora, I’m glad you are back.”

“Mm, you smell like a maid dear, a combination of detergents, cheap perfume and a bit of sweat.” I said teasingly.

“Sorry Señora, I ran out of body deodorant and I have no money left to buy a new one and the other maids don’t use deodorant,” she apologetically replied.

“That’s all right Crissie, you smell like a maid because you are one, so you shouldn’t worry about that,” I dismissively said and continued, “But I have news for you, in a few days we go back to New York, your ordeal here is about to finish.”

“Oh really! I’m delighted Señora,” She exclaimed clapping her hands with genuine joy, “ I think I’ve learned the hard way in this hacienda and I fully understand now what it really means to be a maid in a non-protective environment like ours back in US.”

“That was my intention from the beginning dear Crissie. I wanted to make you feel to your skin what it means to be a poor female domestic in an alien environment. Now you know.”

“Si Señora I do know now, and I also know that fantasy can be miles apart from reality.”

“That was another of my intentions. I wanted to push you to the real world of poor female domestics and make you realize that this world has nothing to do with your ‘Maid in USA’ fantasy the one you live in our apartment’s protective environment.”

“I totally agree with you Señora, but I prefer to be a ‘Maid in USA’ as you call it,” I mischievously said giving a small curtsy.

“And this will happen very soon again dear Crissie. We go back to New York in a few days so you will be able to put on your grey uniform and white half apron and become an upmarket ‘maid in Manhattan’ like Jennifer Lopez in her film with the same name some years ago.”

I saw her eyes shining from joy and expectation. My Crissie was so predictable, you could read her like an open book.

“I loved that film *Señora*, it did influence me a lot to my road to become a maid. Remember the uniform you found in my closet the first time we met and you told me that your parents’ maid Conchita had a similar one? It was an exact copy of the one Jennifer Lopez was wearing in that film.”

“I do remember dear Crissie, how can I forget our first encounter in your small apartment? The apron first and the uniform dress after were decisive factors in deciding to have a relation with you. It was your declaration that you were not a macho unpredictable male.”

I looked at my watch and I felt the stickiness in my body, I badly needed a shower. I gave Crissie a stern look, “Time to go back to work Crissie, you are still a maid in the hacienda, you shouldn’t let Rosa and the other girls doing your work. And I’ll have a shower and go down to have dinner and catch up with the Garcias.”

“Si Señora,” she answered a disappointed look on her face, “But you still have to tell me your news, I feel there is something important to tell.”

“You are right, there is something important to tell but you have to wait until tonight.” I said looking at her with a smile, “But I have a cunning plan, tonight after you finish your chores and you are dismissed for the night, have a shower put a nice summer frock on and come to my room and bring your nightie and a tooth brush, you are spending the night with me.”

Her face beamed with joy, “Oh thank you Señora, I was so much hoping that you would say that, I missed so much to be in bed with you!”

She turned and left after a small curtsy. At that moment I realized how naturally and unpretentiously she was doing that. I watched her from my window walking fast towards the domestic staff building. The strings of her apron were moving as she was wiggling her bottom, again without pretention, just a feminine movement. At this moment I understood how far

my Crissie had gone and how eagerly and naturally had accepted that role. And all that without any hormonal assistance.

CHAPTER 20 – Crissie’s encounters

She was back in my room late in the evening after she had served dinner to six people in the dining room, the Garcias, myself and three other guests. I was again impressed how efficient she was as a serving maid. Unobtrusive and polite with very passable Mexican-Spanish. Not that she really had to talk but her answers to various commands and requests were very precise and in correct Spanish. When she had cleared the table and was finally dismissed by Juana she had looked expectantly at me as I smiled at her saying, “Thank you Crissie, excellent serving, Señora Juana and Rosa were good teachers for you.”

Now she was in my room looking fresh and expectant wearing the dress I gave her to wear when we arrived in Mexico, the sleeveless blue cotton frock, with bright yellow sunflowers. She was carrying a cotton shoulder bag with her nightie and toothbrush.

“You look quite refreshed after a hard day’s work Crissie. And you’ve put on the frock I gave you to wear as soon as we arrived in Mexico City, after your makeover at the airport beauty salon. It suits you so much better now, the black curly hair and the sun tan give you that look of a poor peasant Mexican woman.

I saw her blushing but her eyes were pleased with my comment, Crissie enjoyed that look as much as I did. She kept looking expectantly at me though, she wanted the news.

“Right then,” I announced thinking that time had come to tell Crissie the news, “I had been appointed lecturer in social anthropology at Columbia University. My tenure starts the 1st of next month.”

“OMG, you got the job!” Crissie exclaimed and rushed to give me a hug.

“Mmm... you smell much better than this morning,” I jokingly said, “And yes, I got the job and I’m about to start my academic career and I try to fit you in it.”

She looked at me alarmed, that ‘fit you in’ clearly worried her.

“We have to reconsider our life style,” I continued, “You obviously are going to be part of it, you are my legal spouse after all, but my life will change dramatically and so will be yours and we must find our new balance.”

“You mean become a so called ‘normal couple’ like a husband and wife me being the husband?” Crissie asked looking alarmingly sad.

“Certainly not,” I indignantly replied, “You firmly remain the wife and maid. I’ll be the breadwinner and the pant wearer in our family and don’t you ever dare to think any differently.” I said in a pseudo-strict voice.

I saw Crissie’s submissive genes kicking in, her eyes being shiny and eager, she liked what I just said.

“But, we’ll have to interact and socialize with other people. You will be meeting lots of academics and students in your new career. How do I fit in in all that?” Crissie asked, her usual anxiety in her voice.

“Well, I’ve been thinking a lot about it and I came to the decision that the solution is the simplest possible. We’ll come out as a sort of alternative couple and you will be my trans partner. It’s so much simpler in today’s world and in a way ‘politically correct’, in particular in the progressive academic milieu where I’m about to enter.”

“And being your ‘trans partner’ as you just called me, means that I’ll have to be introduced to an hormone program and all that entails it?” Crissie asked her voice a mixture of worry and expectation.

“As a matter of fact yes it is dear Crissie and if I remember well last time we talked here in the hacienda you were willing to move towards that direction and I personally think the time

had come for that; you practically live a 24/7 life now as a woman and you seem to be totally immersed to it.”

“It is true Señora, I have been constantly thinking about that during the past few weeks. And staying in the hacienda and meeting all those muxes in town and in particular Luanna the waitress at the *‘Me Otra Mitad’* café I had been convinced that I want to move that way.” Crissie said and added chuckling, “You any way call me your muxe for a long time now ññ so I better become a real one.”

“That’s true sweetie, right from the beginning I had been fantasising about you becoming my personal muxe and now the time had come. I already had contacted a specialist in New York, an endocrinologist who will assess you as soon as we go back. Taking female hormones is not a simple thing as he told me, it has to happen gradually and with continuous monitoring. I love you very much and I don’t want your health to be jeopardised, I need my wife and maid to be healthy so she can look after me for many years to come.” I emotionally said and I instantly saw Crissie’s eyes moisten, and then tears running down her cheeks.

“Si Señora,” She said, “I do want to look after you for the years to come. I want you to become a famous academic and a university professor and I’ll be your general factotum, your...” she stopped at that point as she started sobbing.

“I know, I know,” I emotionally answered, approaching her for a strong hug. “I know what a little helper I married. Don’t forget that we are in a FLR and I’m responsible for your wellbeing so I’ll be standing next to you throughout the transition period.”

She hold me very tight as she murmured, “You know how much I want to go forward but I only can do it if I can feel my Señora’s support, so thank you for telling me that.”

I thought it was about time to change the subject, too much emotion for both of us.

“Right Crissie, let’s move to less serious matters; have you brought your nightie as I told you? I think it’s time for a real

hug in bed. Take your frock off girl and stop calling me Señora, I'm Pat for you tonight and I want my wife in bed with me. And please keep your bra and panties on..."

"Yes Pat!," she eagerly replied eyes sparkling, as she started unzipping the back of her humble frock.

Crissie was spooning with me after a powerful and emotional sexual encounter where she did use her oral skills to the extreme. She was so good that I started having my suspicions. Was she a naughty girl during my absence?

"Crissie, I'm going to ask you something and I want a direct answer, "Were you faithful to me during my absence or you had a little sexual adventure here and there? The maids in the hacienda, all those muxes you met in Yuchatan? They are all young and very sensual and you, being a trans girl to their eyes, are the ideal candidate."

I felt her body stiffening, a sign of worry. Probably I am right after all.

"Don't worry sweetie, I won't bite, I simply want the truth."

She started whispering to my ear, "It wasn't my fault Pat but I had a small encounter with Luanna the waitress in the 'Me Otra Mitad' café, nothing major, just some 'girls play' as she called it.

"Hmm, it sounds interesting, tell me more Crissie," I said, a tone of annoyance in my voice.

And she started talking and told me everything that had happened during those three weeks of my absence to US. Yes, she had a couple of sexual encounters with Luanna but nothing too extreme, no love making, just kissing and caressing each other. She described Luanna as a very assertive and persistent trans girl.

"But you like persistent and assertive girls," I interrupted her, "As soon as anybody takes the initiative, your submissive genes kick on and you become putty in their hands, that's why



I am lenient with you and will accept this time your little sexual encounters.”

I was the one behind her in our spooning and I gave her a mild slap whispering to her ear, “This is your symbolic punishment girl. Now tell me more. I heard from Conchita that you had been in Alejandra’s house a few times working as her maid. Conchita is very grateful and thanked me for that.”

This time Crissie was more relaxed and told me everything that happened when she worked for Alejandra as her maid.

“It was hard work Señora,” she said reverting automatically to her respectful mode, “Much harder work than at the hacienda and Alejandra was very demanding in her kind way. And I had to deal with three young and unruly boys and the father who is a very traditional Mexican man expecting to be looked after and served when at home. Quite an experience Señora, serving a low class Mexican family.”

“Another little story had been added to your Mexican adventures dear Crissie,” I murmured to her ear still spooning with her and playing with her bra straps. “Were you in uniform when you were there?” I asked cunningly, knowing already from Conchita that Alejandra provided the right clothes for her, an old well used uniform dress and a gingham apron both hand me downs from Conchita.

“Si Señora, Alejandra gave me an old discolored dress and a similar apron full of old chlorine stains. I felt like a Cinderella in rags wearing those clothes and the whole family treated me like a lowly maid. I realized at the time that the low class people tend to treat more harshly their domestic staff if they have that option.”

“Very astute remark Crissie; I came across that during my sociological studies. The lower you stand in the class system, a system that unfortunately still exists throughout the world, the more you enjoy having someone to serve you because it’s such a luxury, and then before you know it you become bossy and demanding. The upper class people are polite but distant, a totally different attitude all together,” I said feeling naughty

and full of mischief. I loved playing mind games with my Crissie.

“But have you secretly enjoyed your humble uniform and the menial work you did for that poor Mexican family? And be frank with me Crissie. No secrets kept between my maid and her Mistress,” I added still playing with her bra straps.

I felt her sexual surge as she answered, “Si Señora, I can’t lie to you, that was another Mexican first for me, I never felt so low and yet so full of life, clearly the Cinderella feeling suits my character and personality. What can I say, I keep discovering a side of mine that I had no ide it existed.” She finished her last sentence with an unusual emotion in her voice and a trembling of her body.

“I somehow was suspecting all those emotions and feelings from you when we started that Mexican trip but it is a revelation even for me how deeply you get involved in that maid-Cinderella mode. I sometimes wonder what you were in a previous life though I shouldn’t believe in all that nonsense,” I murmured as my eyes started closing. All of a sudden I felt very tired; it was a long day for me, a day that had started in my New York apartment and finished in the arms of my partner/wife/maid/lesbian lover in a hacienda in South Mexico.

“I’m falling asleep, it had been a long day,” I said as I was touching her false silicone breasts through the bra fabric, “It would be so much nicer if I could caress your real breasts,” I murmured as I felt her sexually charged again, “But it’s a matter of time now dear, soon you will have your own.”

“Si Señora, I want very much that to happen,” were her last words before we both fell asleep within seconds.

CHAPTER 21 – Final days in Mexico

The next morning Crissie was back in uniform working in the premises with the other maids. I thought that she shouldn’t have any preferential treatment during our remaining days in the hacienda.

We met during midmorning when she came up to my room to tidy up and clean. I deliberately had stayed behind because I wanted to talk to her again about some practical matters and our imminent trip back to US.

She knocked at the door and she came in after my ‘enter’ carrying her mini cart with all her cleaning implements, like a proper hotel maid. Juana was very organized like that and she was running the hacienda like a boutique hotel.

“Buenas dias Señora,” she formally announced with a small curtsy, “Can I tidy up and clean your room Señora?”

I scrutinized her looks. She looked so prim and proper, the perfect domestic. Not a single masculine trace on her face, not any other signs of her true sex, and she hasn’t even started her hormonal enhancement yet!

“Yes, you can Crissie and I’m glad you are here because we have to chat about our trip back to the States and the way you will travel,” I said in a neutral voice.

My last remark caught her attention because she immediately asked, “What do you mean by that Señora? I would think that I have to travel back the way I came here, as Chris Galiano, this is what my passport says anyway.”

“Yes, you will travel back as Chris Galiano but in a more ‘femme mode’, you don’t have to hide your feminine side anymore.”

“But I’ll be publicly ridiculed and you will also feel embarrassed being my spouse,” Crissie quickly replied in a panic mode.

“Not the way I’m thinking to organize it,” I said looking at my watch. “I meet Juana in her office in a couple of minutes for hacienda and farm matters so I’ll tell you what, you go ahead with your tidying up and cleaning and I’ll be back in 30 to 40 minutes to tell you more. Now chop- chop girl, you are still a working maid in these premises and you have other things to do.”

As I was leaving the room I turned and added winking at her, “And please change the sheets, I need fresh ones after last night’s activities.”

As I was closing the door I heard her saying her familiar, “Si Señora.”

I came back almost 50 minutes later and found Crissie in the bathroom on her hands and knees doing corners with a small brush. Her bottom was protruding and her apron strings in a perfect bow were swinging as she was scrubbing the tiles. What a sight! I approached her silently and on an impulse I pulled the strings and undone it.

She was startled, “What on earth...,” she started saying as she stood up and turned to face me looking puzzled.

“Sorry Crissie, that was a child’s impulse, I used to do it to our maid at home when I was a child and the memory must had surfaced when I saw you down on your hands and knees,” I smiled benignantly at her, “Turn around, I’ll tie your apron back.”

She did and I tied it as tightly as possible, I wanted to see how much her waistline had improved, she must have lost some weight during the past few weeks.

She picked my thoughts because she said, “I’ve lost about 10 pounds since we came in the hacienda. I never can have enough food, the maids here are a bit undernourished and the housework and farm work is like hard manual labor.”

“That’s good for your figure and when you start your hormonal therapy your fat will be redistributed and you will develop some womanly curves. You would like that wouldn’t you darling?” I innocently asked

“Yes, I would Señora,” she hesitantly murmured as she straightened her apron with her hands.

“Now, if you’ve finished here, I can tell you the plans of our departure and how it will happen.”

“Si Señora, I just finished; cleaning the bathroom was my last chore so I’m very anxious to find out how we’re going to

do it,” She instantly replied, looking pleadingly at me with her puppy eyes.

“This time dear Crissie, you will fly back as a trans woman, with a doctor’s appropriate certificate. It is as simple as that,” I said with a cunning smile waiting for a stream of anxious questions which promptly came.

“What do you mean by that Pat? Trans woman? Doctor’s certificate? I haven’t been to any doctor. You worry me Pat,” She exclaimed playing with the edge of her apron, a sign of anxiety for her.

“Please calm down Crissie and I’ll explain everything. Come and sit in that chair opposite me,” I coolly replied as I sat on the small couch at one end of the room.

She demurely sat arranging the back of her skirt and keeping her legs together as taught.

“There is a doctor in New York, a family friend, a Mexican American like us who studied in the States and is a psychiatrist specializing in trans people. His name is Dr. Hector Sabado and he knows of you. In fact he is the one who will assess you when we go back so you can start your hormone treatment. He is collaborating with a private clinic dealing with transgender issues.”

“But he is in New York and I’m here, how can he help me?” Crissie asked genuinely puzzled.

“Ah, this is my cleverness dear Crissie. I met him before my departure and he gave me a statement formally signed by him and counter signed by the transgender clinic certifying that you, Christopher Galiano legally married to Patricia Martinez Torres, are under his guidance and observation as a transitioning from male to female person and you are informally known as Cristina (Crissie) Torres until the time that your legal documents will be formally changed. You have to thank your clever partner and employer for that,” I proudly announced.

Her face expression was a mixture of anxiety and awe as she said, “Wow Pat, I can’t believe you did that and I’m not certain if I should be happy or worried or probably both!”

“You usually are both and it’s natural because any change creates a certain amount of anxiety. The question is what I always ask you since we started this trip together. Are you fully convinced this is the way to go? Are you a happy hunter in this adventure?”

She looked at me adoringly, a determination in her eyes, “Look at me Pat; I feel that I belong to those clothes. So yes, I’m a happy hunter for as long as we will be hunting together; for as long as you are happy with your trans partner, maid wife or whatever else you want to call me,” she declared with conviction.

“You know the answer to that Crissie, I love to hear that you are a happy hunter but I’m the instigator to all that, it is my brains and organizing skills that keep us going. I said it before and I’ll repeat it once more, we are at the same boat and we sail to a direction that we both agree,” I said with an amount of self-satisfaction in my voice.

And then Crissie expressed her consent in her usual manner. She stood up gave me a small curtsy and then a hug and a big ‘Gracias Señora’. Then she asked me pleadingly, “Could I see the Doctor’s letter then? I’m curious to see what he says.”

“Not just yet Crissie, you will see it the day we depart, you still have work to do in the hacienda, I already took enough of your time and Señora Juana won’t be pleased. Now run along girl, I’ll catch up with you later.”

“Si Señora, until later,” She said a bit disappointed and with another small curtsy took her cleaning cart and departed.

CHAPTER 22 – Departure from Mexico

“Harry up with the packing girl, we have less than an hour left before Pedro takes us to the bus station. It’s going to be a long and tiring day,” I said as Crissie was struggling with my

suitcase. We both had too much stuff to take back and we had to borrow an extra suitcase from Juana.

“Sorry Señora, I have trouble in closing this suitcase, too much in it. Could you come and sit on it so I can zip it?” She said in a chuckle.

She looked happy and alert though she knew that she was about to be exposed as a trans person in front of the airport security staff. She was dressed in a simple cotton summer dress that accentuated her breast forms and her remarkably thin waist. Her two inch open sandals made her legs look great. A subtle summer makeup and some lippy made her look fresh and young. My Crissie was ready to travel back to face New York again as the new person she had become in Oaxaca.

“Yes of course,” I replied sitting on the suitcase with a laugh as she managed to zip it.

We both exhaled heavily as if we had just completed a hard task and then I addressed her in my didactic way, “So, let me repeat our schedule Crissie, it’s obviously the reverse of what we did some months ago. We take the bus back to Oaxaca City and as you remember the ride is five long hours; then we board the plane for the internal flight to Mexico City. We spent the night in the apartment you remember, my pied a terre in the City and next day we fly back to New York. I expect we’ll be back to the Manhattan apartment tomorrow at about 8.00pm if we have no delays. Clear so far?”

“Si Señora, clear,” she responded and then hesitantly asked, “Can I see that Doctor’s paper now? I have to be prepared to face people accordingly.”

“Not just yet Crissie, we have plenty of time in front of us for that. I guess you can travel as you are until Mexico City, nobody will pay attention, you look so much like a Mexican woman now.”

“And after that? When we fly back to New York?” She asked somehow impertinently.

“We’ll decide that tomorrow morning when we’re getting dressed for the flight back to US. One thing I can tell you

though is that everything you will be wearing will be strictly female. We can decode together how much ‘femme’ you want to look.” I chuckled.

“I’ll answer you that when I read the doctor’s certificate,” she skeptically replied.

“Fair enough,” I said, “Let’s go down to the office and say goodbye to Señora Juana and Senor Antonio. Rosa and the other two maids will be there too, I forgot what their manes are.”

“Sylvia and Marta Señora,” she replied, “But they are uneducated country girls, they are shy and keep a low profile. They never opened up to me, probably because they were a bit uncomfortable with my trans status. Rosa was my only friend in the hacienda.”

“Yes, I’m aware of that, Señora Juana mentioned something to me, But you worked next to them for many weeks now, so they should be there to say goodbye,” I said adding in a haste, “Come along then, we have to rush now.”

They all were in Senor Antonio’s office, him sitting behind his desk, Señora Juana in a chair in front of him and the three maids in full morning uniform were standing by the door giving us or rather me a small curtsy when we entered.

I instantly felt that Crissie was a bit uncomfortable without her uniform on. She wasn’t certain where to stand, she never was anything else but a maid in this hacienda so she would even think to sit down.

I couldn’t hide my smile when she went to stand next to the girls, where she felt she belonged as I sat in another chair opposite Juana. I thought I should break the ice and said in my rapid local Spanish, “I’m afraid time had come dear Antonio and dear Juana to say goodbye, for the time being anyway. As you both know we depart in a little while for our trip back in US. I am immensely grateful to both of you that you gave my Crissie the chance to work here as a maid and get the real feeling of what it means to be a domestic worker in a completely alien environment for her. I knew that she badly wanted to

find out first hand, so I had given her that chance,” I stopped and looked at them as they both were benignantly smiling.

I then turned towards the three maids and said, “Thank you girls for being so helpful and understanding to Crissie and in particular thank you Rosa for taking her at hand showing all the ropes to her. She wouldn’t be able to learn all that without your constant supervision and assistance. I know that I have an accomplished servant and cleaner now at hand.”

I saw all the maids including my Crissie blushing from embarrassment but Rosa was bold enough to say, “Crissie was a very good and keen pupil Señora Patricia, I never met a girl before so eager to learn all those menial and difficult tasks.”

“Thank you Rosa,” Señora Juana said looking at her as if she was talking above her station.

“And you shouldn’t forget Patricia that your maid Crissie had been picking strawberries for a whole week like a true campesina. Even the supervisor Ramon was impressed.” Senor Antonio said in a chuckle.

“And there is always a place for Crissie to come back in the hacienda if you don’t need her in your new life in New York,” Señora Juana smugly added.

I looked meaningfully at Crissie, “Would you like to say a few words Crissie?”

She looked embarrassed still blushing but said in her passable Mexican Spanish, “Si Señora, I want to thank Senor Antonio and Señora Juana who gave me the unique chance to work as a true life maid in the hacienda. This is an unforgettable experience for me and I’ll always remember this place fondly. And I also have to thank you Señora Patricia for being so understanding and helpful.” She finished that with a small curtsy, something that Rosa hasn’t done before when she spoke. So well trained my Crissie!

I had to say the final words and close this unofficial small ceremony as I heard the car driven by Pedro parking outside. Time to depart.

We all hugged and soon we were sitting in the back of the car as Pedro was taking us to Juchitan bus station.

The brand new airconditioned bus was speeding towards Oaxaca City as I turned and looked at Crissie sitting by the window looking so demure in her summer dress. By contrast I was wearing my favorite jeans and a comfortable cotton t-shirt. She looked back at me with her adoring eyes, I knew what she wanted, so I opened my hand bag and handed her an envelop simply saying, "This is the document you want to see."

She cautiously took it and looked at it carefully hesitating to open it. The envelop was formal indicating the doctor's name and his affiliation with the specialized New York clinic.

"Come on Crissie open it, you have been asking for it," I said.

She deeply inhaled and finally took the letter out. She started reading it but I asked her rather bluntly, "Read it loudly please so I can hear it."

"But, she tried to protest, people will hear and.."

"No buts Crissie, all the people in the bus are Mexican, they wouldn't be able to understand but even if they did, they couldn't care less."

"Si Señora," she replied and then started to read in English keeping her voice low as if she was about to reveal a state secret, "STATEMENT - DECLARATION OF DR. HECTOR SABADO, PSHYCIATRIST : The bearer of this letter, Christopher Galiano as his passport and other legal documents certify, legally married to Patricia Martinez Torres, is under medical observation and evaluation as he is willingly transitioning from male to female. During the transition period he/she is prepared and willing to appear in public fully dressed as a woman. When he/she is appearing as a woman he/she is informally known as Cristina (Crissie) Torres until this time that his/her legal documents will be formally changed by court decision. Signed etc... Letter certified by the Clinic so and so..."

“So, do you feel better now? Trans people are more easily accepted these days and the authorities are very aware of that and always careful not to create an international incident, being accused of lack of political correctness.”

She had this confused look, a mixture of anxiety and hopefulness, something that I was used to. “Yes, it is very clear but nowhere is mentioned that I am under medical treatment.”

“Correct. You are not yet under medical treatment so the Doctor couldn’t lie. You will be though when we arrive in New York. At this stage you are mentally transitioning and this is what matters, since if you are not mentally prepared you wouldn’t be able to start the medical and hormonal phase.”

I then cunningly smiling produced another piece of paper from my bag saying, “And this is an official Spanish translation done by our US consulate in Oaxaca City in case the Mexican authorities get stropky.”

She finally started laughing loudly, forgetting her demure attitude and making some passengers turning to look at us, “You are unbelievable Pat, only you could be so utterly methodical. What can I say, you are the best.”

“Thank you darling, this is why you need me in your life, I’ll be always there for you,” I smugly said emphasizing my role in our relationship.

The bus trip to Oaxaca City and the internal flight to Mexico City went very smoothly with no delays or unexpected events. Crissie kept a low profile and let me lead and do all the talking. Late in the evening we safely arrived by taxi to her apartment in the middle of Mexico City.

The apartment was closed for weeks and had a stale smell. We opened all the windows making certain that the mosquito screens were down to air the place.

We both needed a shower but first things first, so I sent Crissie for some basic shopping to the local minimarket. We had to organize a quick dinner with a bottle on nice white.

When she was back I already was out of the shower and I allowed her to shower with hot water in the main bathroom. Her alternative would have been a cold shower to the tiny maid's room WC facility and she remembered that treatment very well from the last time we had stayed in this apartment.

Crissie being Crissie spent some time to clean and tidy up the place and when we finally sat down to a basic dinner and a glass of chardonnay we both were exhausted.

"We have to be out of here at the latest at 10.00am. I already had ordered a taxi. Our flight to US is at 12.00 noon," I said as we both were badly yawning.

"So, How shall I be dressed tomorrow for the trip Señora?" Crissie asked in a concerned voice.

"For a start, as of tomorrow you stop calling me Señora. I'll be Pat for you during our trip back and when in New York we'll talk again, but Madam is more likely what you will be calling me again unless you are differently told. As for how you are going to be dressed is totally up to you Crissie on one condition. Every single item of your clothing has to be female.

"How about my breast forms? Shall I unglue them? I don't even know if I have the right solvent for that. Last time it happened was in a beauty salon."

"Certainly not, your breast forms stay in position. If you want to partly hide them wear a large blouse," I said in a strict tone of voice.

I saw a peeved look on her face, she wanted to protest but she didn't dare at the end.

"Ok, I'll wear pants and a blouse and some comfortable low heel shoes. But how about my hair and makeup?"

"Again it's up to you. There are remnants of your semi-permanent makeup and your hair can't change now. So you can either go for the complete 'femme look' or for the more con-

servative 'normal female look'. But believe me Crissie nobody is going to think that you are a 'full blown man', you lost that look months ago and you did that being fully aware at all times. So don't complain now."

She heavily exhaled as she finally admitted defeat, "I guess you are right, whom I really try to fool. Look at me now, I look more feminine than you in my frilly nightie. Your silky pajamas are definitely more masculine than anything I had on for months and months now."

"Glad to hear that and it's healthy and cathartic if you can accept and face your life as it is today. So, what is the verdict, how my princess is going to travel tomorrow?"

I could see her mind racing as she finally said, "I'll go for the 'normal female look' as you just called it. I rather be looking like a normal woman than the pronounced 'drag queen' or even 'muxe' type."

"Can you describe it to me? How you envisage this 'normal female look'?"

She looked shifty as she said, "Can I surprise you tomorrow? Do you trust me for that? The only certain thing is that I'll travel in a skirt," she emotionally ended her phrase.

"Of course I trust you silly. And let me add here that it is very brave of you to travel in a skirt. That shows true courage. So, surprise me tomorrow!"

I looked at her one more time as we were waiting for the taxi to take us to the airport. She was doing last minute tidying up in the kitchen wearing of course one of her many aprons, but underneath she was dressed for traveling.

She was wearing an ethnic Mexican skirt, the short version of it, the hem being a few inches below the knee. It was patterned and very similar to the ones designed by the fashionable Catalan designer Desigual. The top was a black cotton blouse buttoned in front in tiny buttons and three quarter sleeves. Her breast forms were prominently protruding. She had high denier pantyhose and the shoes were plain black 2in pumps. Her makeup was minimal so she could be recognized

in her Chris passport photo, just a bit of pale lippy. Finally her jewelry was also basic, gold stud earrings in her pierced ears, a gold bracelet and a gold chain around her neck.

“Touché dear Crissie,” I admiringly said when she finished in the kitchen and joined me in the living room, “You are dressed elegantly in a minimal but lady manner. Nothing out of place. You clearly have a talent to dress down elegantly . I would call it simple and chic.”

“She blushed as she always did when praised, “Thank you Pat, it took me lots of thinking to arrive to that result. I thought that being dressed as a woman in a discreet and elegant manner would be more acceptable than being a tarty and loud ‘drag queen’ type of person. I still am not certain though if I do the right thing.”

She badly needed reassurances so I eagerly replied, “Of course you did the right thing Crissie, you don’t want to provoke, you just want to declare your preferred way of appearing publicly.”

I said that, though I had my own reservations how well Crissie would be received in the passport control at both sides. I was ready and determined though to stand by her if she had any difficulties. My social status was quite high in both countries and I could push the right buttons if needed.

A ping in my mobile indicated that the taxi was waiting for us below. I gave her a hug whispering, “All will be fine Crissie, my brave girl; you are definitely more brave that most of those macho men out there.”

We were at the airport in record time, and we went through electronic check in giving our luggage with no trouble. When we queued for the passport control we had to go to different queues, me having a Mexican passport and Crissie her US one. I saw panic in her eyes but I managed to tell her that I’ll be there in the other side waiting for her since my queue was shorter and faster.

Ten minutes later I was standing in the other side looking straight at Crissie as she was approaching the passport

guichet. Luckily for her it was a woman doing the checking and I was closely observing her reaction. She looked at Crissie, then at the passport and asked a few questions. Then Crissie produced the doctor's paper explaining her trans situation. At that point she picked a walkie talkie type of phone and said something. Within a minute another woman clearly more high ranking approached and talked to Crissie who I could see was getting nervous. I was getting ready to approach them when the guichet officer gave Crissie her passport and doctor's certificate and waved her through. I could hear telling her, 'Buon viaggio Señora.'

Crissie practically run towards me, "Oh Pat, I nearly had a heart attack there, the officer was asking me if my breasts were real and of course I said no, then she called this other officer who was more formal and said that I was recognizable as Chris Galiano from my passport photo and there was nothing illegal in the way I was dressed and they let me through," she said exhaling heavily.

"I must tell you that it was easier than I thought, the officer said it, nothing illegal in the way you are dressed, even as a male. There is no law in Mexico that forbids males to wear female clothes. So sauf the minor embarrassment you are fine," I reassuringly announced and added, "now let's go through the hand luggage control and then let's sit and have a glass of white to calm our nerves. Good bye Mexico."

We flew again first class and the treatment was superb. We had our own personal hostess serving us in real porcelain plates delicious food plus plenty of bubbly wine. We both started getting tipsy and I was amused watching Crissie eyeing the pretty bright red apron that our hostess was wearing throughout the trip.

"Stop looking at her apron Crissie, the girl will think that you are flirting her. She would be very amused if she knew that you actually look at her apron, wishing that you could wear it and be in her position doing the serving," I teasingly said.