

Maid in India

Based on a true story



MONICA GRAZ



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MAID in INDIA

a real life chronicle

by **Monica Graz**

PROLOGUE

As told by Sarita... This is an extraordinary chronicle based to a large extent on real facts, as described to the author by an Indian transwoman in her early fifties named Sarita, who had gradually become a full-time maid to her wife and larger family. The pro-

cess was slow and had taken twenty-four years for Sarita to reach today's stage.

Sarita, whose original male name is unknown to the author, married in an arranged marriage and with her pretty wife Priya had moved to US in the Midwest where they both had worked for many years and had produced two beautiful daughters. In the US Sarita started being the housemaid revealing to her wife her crossdressing and submissive tendencies.

They had moved back to India when their daughters were in their early teens. They are now living in West Bengal in the suburbs of Kolkata where both Sarita's and Priya's families are originated.

The author wants to warmly thank Sarita for being so forthcoming and truthful. Sarita's encounters written below are narrated in first person mode.

CHAPTER 1

USA, where it all started with my wife's encouragement.

I had been a secret crossdresser from my early teens and the only people aware of it were my mother and her trusted maid – more about that later – but my first exposure to my wife was when she had picked up her bra laying on the bed, which I had removed minutes ago from her breasts and asked me if I wanted to try it on. My response was a spontaneous yes as she sat up, a cunning smile on her face, and asked me to put my arms inside the bra straps and she had expertly hooked it on my back. That was the pivotal moment that marked my life forever! She hadn't known at the time and I had never mentioned anything to her but at that moment a whole new world had opened up for both of us. Later a lot of conversations and sharing had happened and had continued for days, weeks and months. All my hidden female clothes came out, some from storage, but

I hadn't revealed initially my wigs, heels and corset. Those items were in a box at the basement. She had eventually found them, going through the boxes in the basement without asking me. It was a problem initially, because I hadn't confessed everything to her, but she eventually calmed down and accepted them.

Her positive reaction made me open up to her and confide my inner thoughts and feelings. That had made our relationship more real according to her, but she had kept complaining for some time that I should have been honest with her from the very beginning.. It was still a mystery to me though how she had figured everything out. Probably from that dreamy look in my eyes, she could tell that I was longing to wear her bra.

And ever since, she takes the credit that she was the one who took the initiative and helped me to open up, otherwise I would had kept this a secret until I would had get caught with the boxes in the basement. Twenty four years later we certainly had moved a long way, and because of the understanding and support I am grateful to her all the way. I always had called her my Goddess, my Devi but she was not mature enough at the time to fully under-

stand the power she had over me. By the time we decided to return to India she had become the leader, getting the upper hand in our relationship.

My wife always was, and still is very particular about cleaning and her standards are very high, so from the very beginning she was very demanding and had insisted that I keep those high standards myself as her willingly committed cleaner and maid. I explain below how I reached that stage.

Cleaning the floor on my hands and knees is something that I had started early in our married life, within the first two years, while living in the Midwest in USA, right after we got married. In short, when we moved into our rental townhouse my wife already knew about my cross dressing and she and I shared this in the bedroom often. I showed her everything I had hidden. I only had western clothes and undergarments, lingerie, wig, shoes and corset at the time . No Indian items to wear. After moving into the townhouse which was relatively big my wife took me seriously and said that she would help me with cross-dressing if I was prepared to take up the full amount of housework, something that I eagerly had accepted. After figuring out the weekly routine she said that she would prefer if I could do the clean-

ing in Indian maid's saree rather than a western maid's uniform. I said yes, as all of this was ultra exciting for both of us. She contacted some friend in India who had sent by mail a box with four simple cotton sarees, used by maids. The order had arrived three weeks later and finally when the parcel reached our home, my wife showed me how to handwash each of the sarees, dry them in the basement and iron them. During the next weekend I put on the purple and white border saree when my first cleaning in saree took place. My wife showed me how to wear the saree and then I started cleaning. That particular day I had to do three bathrooms and the kitchen floor and foyer and vacuum the whole place. There was real wooden floor in our kitchen, foyer and dining space. So the first day I got a bucket and a sponge on a long stick which is squeezable but hard to clean when the sponge picks some stuff from the floor. I used warm water in the bucket adding a cleaning and shining product for wooden floors, a chemical which would clean and give a shiny look to the floor. After two efforts of using the sponge my wife didn't like the cleaning quality and blamed it on the sponge. She also found out that a bucket with warm water and white vinegar in the warm water is better than the chemical I was using and she gave me



soft rags, a light towel to use to put in the bucket of water and wipe the floor in the kitchen and got rid of the sponge and the stick. My wife said the sponge gets dirty after a little while of mopping the floor so it is not acceptable. I was doing the kitchen, foyer, and dining room three times a week working on my hands and knees wearing my maid's saree and lipstick. The lipstick was hers. She liked putting it on me. We kept doing this for the next several years. This setup was great. In the meantime our children were born. So wiping the floor on hands and knees was an original task three times a week. Nowadays, it is a much harder task, in comparison to the USA. Wiping the floor here, on my hands and knees, is much harder as the entire floor is mosaic and bathrooms are tiles. Much larger floor space as well to wipe as there are no carpets except only for a few rugs under the tables.

Saree makes a working woman more vulnerable because of the constant feeling it may come undone at the shoulder or even at the waist as it is held by a knot which is done by hand and also the folds in the front are also done by hand just tucked in the petticoat waist line. The petticoat itself is tied just by a string also. I guess that feeling makes the saree wear-

ing woman feeling more feminine, sensual and demure.

Back to India

When we came back to India from USA, we decided to settle in West Bengal where both our families have roots and homes. We found an apartment in a newer suburb situated at the southern part of Kolkata, but close to an older suburb and the countryside, so we would be in close proximity to both types of lifestyle. The girls were in their early teens. My wife and I had decided before the move that she would be the one to work outside. I would be, to start with anyway, the stay at home husband and father, but secretly the maid and cook. I had found work from home for 5 days a week several months after my wife had started working. I did the secret maid work during school hours when girls would be at school. I would change to dad by the time they were back from school.

Here is some more information about our new life after settling here. Women of all classes in this part of India wear saree at app. 90%, the remaining 10% wearing western clothes or shalwar kameez.

My wife wears a saree 40% of the time to go to work, the other 30% she wears Shalwar Kameez and the remaining 30% western clothes as a result of staying for years in USA. I don't get a chance to wear western clothes here. I used to, when we lived in the States, but I'm not allowed anymore, Indian saree is the only outwear I can wear. But, we both wear western clothing when we go to bed at night. We don't sleep in a saree or any Indian style clothing when in bed; we got over the years used to wear comfortable nighties or slippers, or light tank tops, and comfy panties for sleeping. Even now that we don't share a room, we both continue to wear the same nightwear. Sometimes we do spend the night in each other's room but this had become rarer, especially since the Covid pandemic. My wife seems to prefer it that way and she is quite cool about it.

Aprons are not part of my daily wear, The maid uniform here in India consists of a very simple cotton saree. I'm lucky because mine is a little upgraded with a design on both borders. The ones sold as maid uniforms in shops don't have that design on the border; they usually are solid black or any other color like white. You will find on line Indian maid saree uniforms, like I just mentioned but not many, as

maid saree uniforms are used by employers in very rich homes, not in the general population where we belong. What I wear, are sarees made of soft cotton with simple designs.

My wife on the other hand being an employer with western influences, wears an apron when she cooks or makes anything special. Her aprons are full aprons with a bib, of unisex design, not the feminine ones with frills and lace that are still popular in the West.

I now am very much used wearing my maid's cotton saree during the day, this is my only outer wear lately and I feel quite comfortable in it. But my sleeping clothes are still western, as that had been the case since our marriage and our stay in US.

The maids' cotton saree is strong enough to withstand the work on hands and knees, so this is the best possible option I or any other maid has. It becomes light weight after a few washes and I feel no discomfort wearing it. Doing domestic work in a saree can be slightly complicated though. The hard part is to handle the shoulder part when getting down on your hands and knees, but after a little while you get used

to it and a small pin that attaches the shoulder part of the saree to the blouse underneath can help a lot.

As I had already mentioned, my wife does not allow the mop and bucket, she says the mop leaves marks on the floor, so I still get down on my hands and knees to regularly wipe the entire apartment's mosaic and tiled floors. This particular task is by far the hardest and then follows the hand washing which happens every day in limited amounts; delicate items of course have to be hand washed and line dried, so six days is the norm each week. These two are the most labor intensive jobs and the most frequent ones. Cleaning bathrooms comes next.

I had already mentioned that I use a small bedroom in our apartment. My wife uses the master bedroom and I go in only with her permission to clean and when she invites me. Girls have their bedrooms as before.

Apart from my wife, my mother in law was the first one to know about my crossdressing while we were still in USA. Upon return I had stayed at my mother's in law country home for a total of four months. Part of the time my wife was there, part of the time only my mom in law and a few times both

Mom in law and my wife were present. During that time my wife and mom in law were teaching and guiding me in domestic arts, but as my wife had started spending more time in the city with our daughters and looking for work, I was under the control of my mom in law who got me to follow her live in maid throughout the day, starting with the morning chores until the cleaning up after dinner had served. So I had developed a close relationship with this maid whose name is Rakhi. That was many years ago but Rakhi still works for my mom in law and every time I visit the country home I meet her and we spend time together as two domestics working for the same lady. It has happened several times and she welcomes me with open arms and we amicably chat between work and after dinner, We don't communicate when we are not in the same place, she doesn't call me or I don't call her on the phone. I am accepted by her, though I feel some occasional reservation as she had met me before as her employer's son in law. Other maids those days are the temp maids who work occasionally at my mother-in-law's city home.

My mother's live in maid Mitali, who had to go during the pandemic lock downs has now returned,

so when I go to my mom's home once a week to do the deep cleaning, Mitali is present and she helps me mostly by guiding. She had been my mom's maid since I was fifteen years old and she was only twenty three herself and since then she had mostly worked in my mother's home. She is now close to sixty and the most accepting and understanding one among the maids. As I mentioned I had known her since I was fifteen years old, and that old connection makes things easier. This is the other reason why my mom accepted my crossdressing so easily when my wife revealed everything and asked her to come to the core circle for support, participation and blessings. That was not difficult for my mother. I'll later share facts of what had happened when I was a teenager back at my mother's home. I'll share facts that even my wife hadn't heard before.

Outside the house, trips are very few with only my wife or mother in law always in the car. Mother's in law driver has known my situation for the longest time. My mother's driver also came to know my status recently, as I cannot hide who I really am, since I am not as passable as I would like to be. I am five feet seven and overweight, which doesn't help but there are middle aged maids out there who are large or ex-

tra-large, but their voice is normal. I try not to speak when I go out unless I am with the drivers or maids that know me, or with my wife, mother, mother in law, or sister in law inside the car, or home. When out in the street, I speak in a whispering mode. Going out in femme mode is only to the three town homes and my mother's in law country home for the weekly cleaning. I don't go to any public places, I just am driven from home to home.

Weight loss is a big issue for me due to my sweet tooth. My wife has tried to put me on a diet by controlling all food intake but it had had so far failed. Well a new effort is on the way. All three ladies will start an encouraging training process and help me to try and eat less sweets and gradually stop eating them in order to lose weight. I do hard manual work all day long, but I can't control the sweets and ice cream and that stops me from losing weight. My wife keeps telling me that if I lose some weight, say 30 to 35 pounds she is certain that men will start flirting with me. I said that I don't feel like flirting with men, but she insisted that all women want subconsciously the attention from men, based on their looks and I am not an exception . My jaw dropped when I heard that, but my wife insisted by saying that if I

lose those 30 to 35 pounds my inner need to be accepted as a female by men will be dramatically increased. She also added that I have to try hard and this is the only way to improve my health and make sure that my knees ache less when I'm down on my hands and knees scrubbing floor. And she finished with a threat by saying that if I am not able to do the scrubbing on my hands and knees, she will be forced to hire an outside maid, as she will not change the way the cleaning work has to be done, 'I hope you understand that', she concluded. I would be devastated if that could happen, so I really have to make a serious effort to accomplish the weight loss target as soon as possible.

The interesting thing about my larger family is that they are open minded people that you don't often see in the very traditional Indian society. For instance my mother in law is into women for many years, and she is with the same woman for many years now. This is why she was able to understand my inclinations and special feelings. Her lover is a younger woman in comparison to her age and my guess is they have been together before I got married to my wife.

My sister in law is also exceptional. My wife is a very good friend to her sister's husband, even more so since I had been outed to them. The dynamics between my sister in law's husband and my wife are interesting, they enjoy each other's company and seem to chat a lot when they get together. Not a big deal really, they are strictly friends with no sensual aspect in their relationship.

My financial surrender to my Devi, the complete role reversal and taking up the housework as a common maid are the essence of my existence today. The girls are coming along slowly, and the pandemic had brought us together and allowed my wife to break through my doubts and inhibitions and had as well brought the girls into the scene.

During the pandemic my mother was finally informed by my wife about my new role in the family, which as expected wasn't a shock to her, since my mom knows me well and remembers my teenage years when I was crossdressing in order to help her maid Mitali with housework and other domestic chores. My wife insisted that now is the time to establish long term solutions about my new servant's role, because of quarantine related health and safety

issues, as she has not being able to hire outside domestic help.

Going back to finances, our bank accounts are now under my wife's control, and she is also working with my mother on the legal aspects of her inheritance, so that everything goes directly to her and our two daughters.

My wife and two daughters went on vacation a few weeks ago and for the first time I wasn't included. Instead I had to stay behind at home and continue working in the three houses, my mother's, mother's in law and sister's in law.

A memory that is strongly imprinted in my mind is what had happened some years ago, and that was my arrival day at my wife's apartment accompanied by my mother in law, after spending about four months at her country home in training. I had travelled that day fully dressed in a cheap maid's saree. That was the pivotal moment as from that day on my wife had become the headperson and the decision maker in our household. It was something I've done before but only in my wife's presence. This time I was asked to do it in front of my mother in law and the building's doorman who had brought up in the



elevator the two pieces of luggage and was standing behind us. I was asked by mother in law in a commanding tone to show my respects to my employer. And without any sound and with my face mostly covered by the Achal or Pallu of the Saree I prostrated myself on the mosaic floor kissing my Devi's shoes. That was the moment of my total surrender!

Back in USA I had many times prostrated at my wife's feet as a gesture of worship and had surrendered myself for several minutes with gentle kisses on her shoes which sometimes were the ones she was wearing outside. So the act was not totally unfamiliar to me. The new thing was that it had happened in the presence of other people. In the days and months that had followed, mostly in private but sometimes in front of the mother in law I was prostrating to my wife, while she was usually sitting, but sometimes while she was just standing. This form of submission by prostrating is still something we have between us but it has not been seen by others except by the mother in law and at more rare occasions by my sister in law. So the girls or others have not seen that yet.

I'm now asked to call my mother in law in private Mom or Mam and in public always Mam.

The same applies for my mother.

As for my sister in law, she prefers to be called Mam or Madam either in private or in public.

As for my wife, I call her Devi in private and in public. Honey, or sweetheart are not anymore allowed but Madam is acceptable in front of strangers. I can only say her name when she is in the mood for me to be in the husband role, but this is happening less and less now, as I move faster towards the direction of being her permanent maidservant rather than her husband.

Another big step stone in our relationship was when My Devi/wife has made it clear that she needs her freedom and she wants to open herself up to other options as she sees me less and less as her husband. She feels that we can move to a different level in our relationship and I should from now on devote myself to take care of her and her larger family. She knows that my strong tendency for being the housewife, maid, cleaner will continue to grow over time and she can see how femme I am now in my domestic and submissive role. This is why she believes that 24/7 ownership is now possible.

I asked her the other day, what she feels about maid Sarita. She replied that she had felt many things both positive and negative about maid Sarita over the years, but now she mostly feels that maid Sarita is someone she can trust to take care of her home and family. She likes and trusts Sarita as much as one can like and trust her long term housemaid, a maid who has the will and capacity to be the best maid ever, a true maid for life.

That maid was once upon a time a husband and father but all that is well in the past behind a shadow, like it had happened in another life. She wants maid Sarita to be more submissive and eventually accept ownership as a slave. I asked what she means by slave and she replied that we will eventually go together through it. I am not yet certain how to bring my mind to accept it and I simply replied that I don't know what that exactly means and how can I comply to that. At that stage the conversation had suddenly stopped with my Devi saying that she will give me some time to absorb what I've just heard and we will come back to that very soon.

The inheritance of a substantial sum of cash from my mother, will go directly to my wife and the girls

and a little gift to my mother in law. I had already signed a legal document on that so I can't back off at a later stage. I had fully accepted that a while ago. Soon the funds will be transferred to their accounts.

My current room is a spare bedroom, as the master bedroom is used for years now, only by my wife. She has a plan to take over one of the walls in this spare room to place an altar for worshipping Lord Shiva. The apartment does have a non airconditioned maid's room which is empty at the moment, but for how long I wonder?

It can get very hot where we are at the suburbs of Kolkata but not as bad as in Delhi. I excessively sweat as I work and I have to change my saree, blouse, petticoat and underwear, after a well needed shower at about 3.00 to 4.pm. Then I get dress in fresh clothes and continue with less heavy chores and the cooking. Some of the bedrooms have A/C units but there is no central A/C system.

I am not using a wig now as I did when we were in US, it is too hot for that in India, in particular for maidservants and domestic workers like me. I travel in my maid's saree in the car which is driven either by my mom's driver or my mom's in law driver.

Sometimes my wife accompanies me but some days she puts me in the car with the driver as she has other things to do. I think it is a matter of time before she completely stops to come with me. Both drivers are now aware and can be trusted. I never talk to them though. My mom's in law driver had known for some time and recently my mom's driver was also informed of my new status in the family.

CHAPTER 2

Going back to my teenage years at my mother's house, when I was about 14, I was asked to clean my own bathroom and sweep and mop my room. No cross dressing just simple maid's work. From that day on, the cleaning of my space became my responsibility as our live in maid Mitali stopped cleaning it. Later, when I was about 15 years old, I secretly started wearing my mom's bra, panties and a full slip that she was using as her nightie. At 16 I was caught and as a result I was asked doing more domestic work in a saree, that had been introduced as part of my outer clothing. And I had gradually started helping Mitali who took me under her wing showing me how to do properly all the domestic tasks. That continued until I had become 19 and had moved to USA.

There I had kept my crossdressing a secret until my wife on an impulse had put her bra on me. And I had never looked back after that. Sarita the maid had arrived to stay.

I am lately, extremely busy with a full house. I want to clarify that I look like a typical overweight 50s plus woman in domestic service, which is not exciting for anyone to look at, as I am not pretty and my figure is large, with a non-existing waistline and womanly layers in my lower back. It is more on my services that everyone focuses on, as they expect me to do more and more work and nobody pays attention how the saree looks on me. But I am always in a saree and have been for a long time now when I am at home, or at mom's, mom's in law, sister's in law apartments. My wife keeps pushing me to find a way to lose a significant amount of weight, something that seems very challenging to me. So what I simply wanted to say is that in the larger family they accept me as a typical overweight maid in a saree.

The girls had finally met their saree wearing father late last year during the holidays period, just before they had to go back to Uni to start the spring semester. Now they are back in the house for part of

the summer and they have again met their saree wearing father turned housemaid. They had known it since my wife had told them in the summer of 2021 when she was visiting them on campus. They told my wife that she shouldn't have hold back that sort of information about me and this encouraged her to be more open with them. So now they know and they've seen me in action and in a saree since their arrival.

I continue the three days a week outing to do the cleaning for my mother, my mother in law and my sister in law. I go as a maid in a saree with the driver in my mom's car or mom's in law car. They had seen me coming and going and had made no comment.

The girls had asked my wife and had been given permission to simply call me Sarita, not dad or father. I do spend a good amount of time washing and cleaning for them since they have arrived with very little reaction so far, trying to act as this is the most natural thing in the world. My wife makes a big effort to establish a feeling of normality in our home trying to emphasize to the girls the new reality.

I had been extremely busy during the past week as I had completed seven continuous days of intense

housework, and my wife is very annoyed with me as I had disobeyed her without really indenting to do so. I'll explain later on that.

New rules are gradually implemented. I wear a maid's saree full time, I eat now all my meals in the kitchen, after serving and cleaning up. I'm not allowed to sit at the dining room table. I can't sit on chairs or other pieces of furniture in the living room. I can only sit when in my room. Those are new working rules.

My wife and her mother had a four day vacation by the beach without me or the girls or any other person known to us. Since their return my wife had been totally preoccupied with her tablet and cell phone, always messaging or staying glued to the monitor. As I've heard from my mother in law, but without many details, she had met some guy or guys at the beach. No photo was shown to me, but everyone else got to see pictures taken by my wife. My Devi had suddenly developed a very Devi-like like attitude towards me and I'm asked to prostrate at her feet with my forehead, arms and fingers while my knees are on the floor and my back raised. I collect dust from her shoes as I kiss them with my lips and I stay down as long as she keeps me there, while she is busy with

her tablet or cell. This is new development since the beginning of June, and even more so, since she had returned from her vacation.

I really miss chatting to her, so I had tried on several occasions, but she was immediately stopping me. It may be some time before she changes her attitude and have an open discussion and I cannot do without it for long. This month our girls had more exposure on the new situation than all the other months together. They had increased my Devi's confidence, when they had told her that she should had been more open and honest with them. So, my Devi had openly announced to them that my new lowly status in the house, that of a full time housemaid was going to be permanent. This had added even more confidence to her and removed any shyness she might still have. No more details at this stage as I have to go back to my chores.

We use Hindi, Bengali, and English in our larger family, a compete mixture of languages at times. My mother and mother in law don't use English that much though they know enough and understand even more. Here in West Bengal the main language is Bengali, the language that less educated people use

like the maids and drivers. So, my communication with them is only in Bengali.

The girls had gradually started distancing from me since early this year. When they are at home it is simply the exchange of a few words related to their room, doing laundry etc. and when they are at university there is no contact except for some updates they want to share, no chat or any phone call. The eldest one had graduated from College at the end of May. They don't show in a direct way that they look down at me, but I am certain that deep inside them they probably feel that way, as they accept the fact that I probably am an embarrassment to them. So they 'accept' me in my new social status in the family gatherings or homes but they don't want to interact with me at any other places. This feeling can be painful and humiliating at times, but I have to live with it as it is totally my choice.

Starting the beginning of July, my Devi had implemented the following written rules.

1. Eating in the kitchen after having served the family and not participating in any way as a member but only as a maid when social gatherings happen.