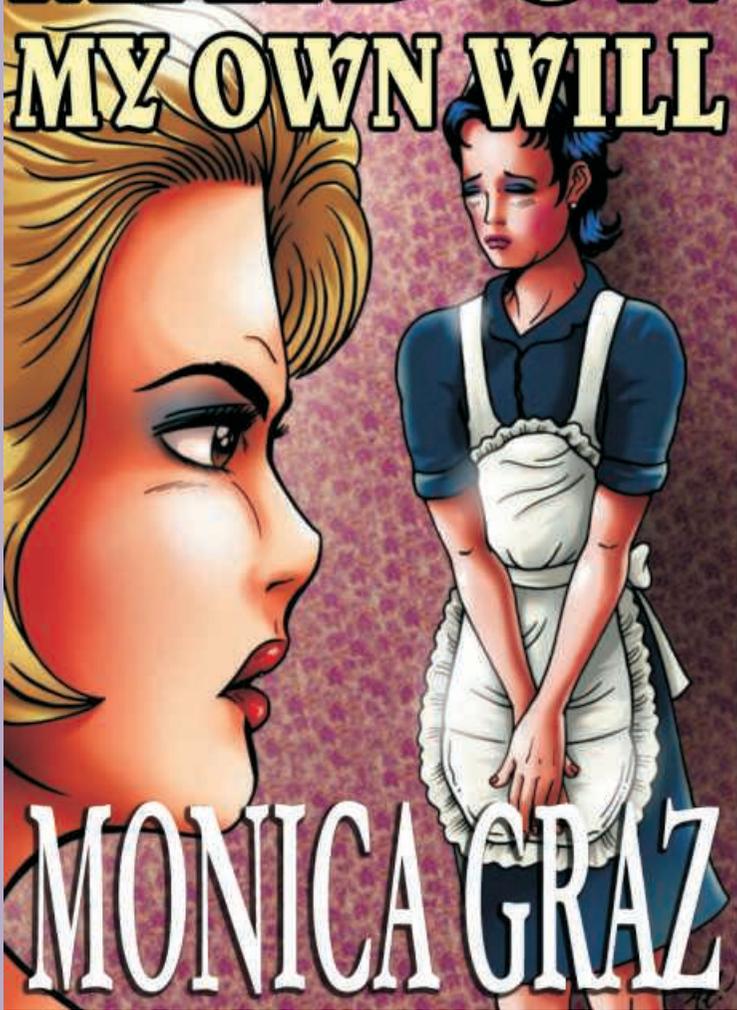


MAID ON MY OWN WILL



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MAID ON MY OWN WILL

By Monica Graz

CHAPTER 1

APRON, THE INITIAL SEED

She startled me as I was doing the dishes humming one of my favourite tunes. She came behind me, put her hands around my aproned waist and whispered in my ear, "Robin darling I loved the dinner tonight, your cooking skills are getting better by the day. And you look so neat in your apron, doing the dishes now. Thank you for being such a jewel". She kissed me again and her tongue played a bit more with my ear, something that excited me tremendously.

I turned around to face her wiping my rubber gloved hands on my apron , “ Oh Chris, stop being so naughty, you excite me and I still have my chores to finish.” She looked at me mischievously and continued, “I guess I have to wait till bedtime to seduce you my darling and I have a report to finish also. Be a dear and get me a cup of tea when you finish with your chores in the kitchen”. She started going and obviously she remembered something because she turned back and said, “And Robin, could you check if my white blouse, you know the one with the tiny buttons is ironed? I know you washed it the other day. I want to wear it tomorrow; I have an important meeting, thank you doll”. And before I had the chance to answer, she left for her study.

My life with Chris flashed through my mind as I was finishing tidying up the kitchen. I met her two years ago and we instantly felt an attraction for each other. Coming from a similar social background, both University graduates and fairly ‘intellectual’, we found lots of things in common. A couple of months later I left my small bachelor’s apartment and moved in with her. Though she was living alone, she had a great house, inherited from her rich family. She had a high powered job in a law firm, being a junior partner. I was a freelancing computer specialist operating from home, so I had to organize my working space in a room in Chris’ house. We both decided that marriage was not one of our priorities, so we left it as an open issue to reconsider at a later stage.

From the very beginning I was dead honest with Chris. I told her that without being a committed cross dresser I liked wearing some ‘discreet’ pieces of female clothing like panties and camisoles under my male clothes or a nightie in bed. She didn’t mind at all, on

the contrary, she said to me that a man with such an 'idiosyncrasy' is more sensitive and less able to cheat on a relationship.

Though I had a natural inclination towards housework I stayed out of it for sometime. Chris, being herself a lousy housekeeper, was employing someone to come and clean the house every second day, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. She was a nice Porto Rican lady in her late forties and a committed cleaner. Since I was working from home I got to know her quite well. Amelia, that was her name, was very chatty and soon I knew everything about her family back home, her various problems, marital and financial etc. I was fascinated watching her working around the house. She had her own room and always changed in an overall and apron before starting working, nothing fancy, a plain cotton dress light blue or pink and a large matching working apron, the style that was popular for maids in the 50s and 60s.

I started asking her questions concerning her work, why this detergent or that liquid for cleaning tiles or how you treat the wooden floor etc, etc... Though not educated, she was ecologically conscious and was using environment friendly products. Soon I was helping her in some of the heavier works wearing one of her practical full working aprons to protect my clothes. She didn't mind at all, in fact she was pleased because I was following her instructions and was a fast learner. She started making comments of the type, "Well Robin, you could probably get a job as a cleaner, you are very careful and efficient; most cleaners, including experienced housemaids are not as good as you."

For some reason she was calling me with my first name from the very beginning and I never stopped her.

On the other hand Chris was 'Miss Christina' for her, after all she was her employer and I was only a guest in the house.

Chris voice interrupted my reverie, "Robin darling, how about this cup of tea, I am dying of thirst!"

"I am so sorry Chris; it took me longer to finish in the kitchen. It's coming in a minute."

I fixed a tray with a small tea pot, cup and saucer and a jug of milk and rushed to her study. She was busy writing, but she thanked me and asked me to serve it for her. As I was getting ready to go she looked at my apron with a slightly disgusted look, "I wish Robin darling that you could change to a fresh apron when you are through in the kitchen, this one is wet and dirty."

"Sorry Dear, I rushed in here and I forgot all about it. I'll change now."

She smiled at me. "That's OK darling I only tease you. Now shoo I will never finish this damn report and I do want to go to bed with you as soon as possible!" She said that and made me blush all over. How silly of me.

I was ironing her blouse in the laundry room and my mind drifted again. I was thinking that I was Chris' 'little housekeeper' as she liked calling me for over six months now. Amelia had to depart urgently for Puerto Rico, some sort of family disaster, her married daughter had a car accident and broke both her legs, so she had to go and look after her two grand children, father being overworking etc...So we lost our competent cleaner.

Chris was devastated of course, she couldn't even think of changing her lifestyle, she was far too busy for

that anyway and good domestic staff is so hard to find those days etc, etc... So I stepped forward and volunteered to take over Amelia's work. In the beginning she refused to discuss it. "Come on Robin, you don't want to do that sort of work, you have your own work to think about and there are other less boring things for you to do than cleaning a big house like this one."

But with my solid arguments I gradually convinced her. "Look Chris, I work from home anyway and at the moment my computer work keeps me busy for about 3 hours per day, so I have plenty of time in my hands. Then I know most of the work Amelia was doing, I was watching and helping her for months now. But the most important is that I enjoy doing housework. It is like a physical exercise for me and after spending hours in front of a screen is more than welcomed for me that sort of manual work."

She finally agreed and said to me, "Fine, you convinced me. But let me tell you two more things. I expect you to do a proper job; after all you volunteered to do it. Keeping a house clean etc is a job like any other and you must be prepared for criticism if I am not satisfied. I will inspect your work and you will accept my remarks as Amelia would. Is that all right with you?" I was getting ready to answer but she stopped me with her hand.

"Let me finish darling. The second thing I want to tell you is that if you ever change your mind and you find the work too hard or too boring or too demeaning or whatever, please tell me and we will find another solution. I don't want my little Robin to be unhappy!"

She always had a way of making me blush. I told her that I agree with her terms, they were not that hard

anyway and from that day on I became her 'little housekeeper'.

Soon I started cooking too, I was fed up with the 'take away' food we were eating all the time, it was fattening too and we both were trying to lose some weight.

The apron became a standard piece of apparel for me. I started using Amelia's aprons; I loved them, as they were feminine, full and protective without unnecessary frills that probably would embarrass me. Chris bought a couple of aprons for me but I sort of ignored them, they were the unisex 'butcher' style and I found them very boring. She understood and next time she bought a couple of feminine ones, not frilly or anything, just aprons that a normal housewife would wear.

Her voice brought me back to reality. It came from the bedroom this time. "Robin darling, it's bedtime, Chris is waiting for you!"

CHAPTER 2

BECOMING THE HOUSEWIFE

We were in bed in our matching nighties chatting happily. Chris who was a health freak liked her clothes made from natural fibres and in particular bed clothes, so our nighties and our sheets were pure cotton. The nighties were made of fine cotton and were very expensive. From the very beginning she insisted that we should wear matching ones that only she could afford to buy, usually from exclusive lingerie shops. As usually she took the initiative and started caressing me.

“So how my little housekeeper is doing, did you have a good day?” she said to me as she was lifting my nightie touching my thighs with gentle fingers.

“Yes darling I had a good day, I am very happy with this new recipe, it worked out well and you said you enjoyed the food.”

“Of course I did, you are becoming more and more a gourmet cook and before I forget, I asked my friend Jennifer to join us for dinner tomorrow, try and surprise us with something exotic.”

‘But darling I planned a light dinner for tomorrow because is my big shopping day and then I have all the ironing to do, you know sheets and all that.’

She slapped me slightly on the thigh and said in a pretend austere tone of voice, “Now listen to me you little thing, all housewives can modify plans at a last minute’s notice if they have to and I can’t see why you should be different.”

She never called me a housewife before, but somehow it excited me and she felt it instantly in my erection. “Oh, my little darling, you like to be called a housewife don’t you. Strictly speaking you are not one yet, but you will be one, once we decide to get married. Would you like that Robin? Would you like to be my little wife and wear pretty aprons and look after our guests?”

I was more and more excited. “Oh yes Chris, I would love that” I said with a trembling voice as she started to mount me. Soon we were engaged in a frantic love session where Chris was definitely the aggressor.

We were much more cool and controlled at breakfast next morning. Chris was in a rush, finished quickly

her cup of coffee and as I was taking her to the door she gave me a quick kiss and said, "It's all set then, we come back with Jennifer about 6 o'clock. We will have drinks first and then you can serve dinner. She stopped and looked at my working apron, one of Amelia's and continued, "And darling, have a nice apron on please, one of those I bought for you, not one of Amelia's, they are very servant like; we don't want Jennifer to think that you are the maid here do we?" And before I had a chance to answer she rushed to the car.

I was quite intrigued by her last phrase, 'housewife' yesterday, and 'maid' today; did she have something in mind? Whatever it was though, her little remarks made me singularly excited!

It was a busy day for me. I did a major shopping in the local supermarket and then I had to catch up with my freelancing computer work as well. I must admit that I wasn't doing that well with my professional activities lately. I was losing lots of contracts that in the past were a routine for me and my income was dropping considerably.

But I had Chris' backing in that issue. She repeatedly said to me, "Don't worry Robin darling about your work, I make money now for both of us and with your nearly full time work in the house, I don't expect you to kill yourself for some extra money."

By 5.00 o'clock I was done in the kitchen. Dinner was ready, except for some final minor touches. I had a relaxing shower and changed to my 'good outfit', which was a rather unisex shirt and trousers ensemble. We bought them together with Chris from a shop that specialized in that type of clothing. In fact Chris insisted and I bought the shirt that buttoned in a feminine fashion, right over left. Only an experienced eye

could pick that though. I put a clean apron on, one that Chris bought me, a nice blue striped gingham one with a bib and shoulder straps that crossed in the back and fastened in the strings. I tried to make the bow as symmetrical as possible. The look in the mirror made me think once more that I had to loose serious weight, I wanted my waist slimmer than that, only then I could wear my aprons more proudly. 'Stop it Robin!' I thought to myself, 'you are not a woman and stop pretending that you can look the part!' I smiled at that thought and went back to the kitchen to start the salad dressing.

The ladies would be here any minute now and I still had to set the table. I thought about Jennifer, I didn't know her well; I met her several times in a social context. She was working with my wife in the Law firm; she wasn't a lawyer but a legal secretary and the right hand of the top man of the firm. I think Chris had another reason of befriending her, some 'inside information' was always useful in a big Law office, in a competitive environment that you had to protect your back at all times.

Jennifer was coming out of a nasty relationship with a married businessman, a relationship that turned very sour and created lots of waves. Of course she was bitter and Chris stood by her all that time. She knew that I was keeping house for Chris at this phase of our life and she found it very positive and supportive, at least this is what Chris told me.

I heard the bell ringing and found it strange, did Chris forget her keys? I wiped my hands and rushed to the door smoothing my apron. Chris and Jennifer were standing there in big smiles. "Hello darling, did you forget your keys?" I asked innocently.

“Of course not Robin dear, but we thought with Jennifer we shouldn’t surprise you in case you were more indecent?”

I looked puzzled and Chris added laughingly, “Oh, nothing serious darling, just in case you still had your working apron on or something similar.”

I blushed slightly and let them in. They both greeted me with a girlish kiss in the cheek and gave me their coats and bags. For a moment I felt like the maid, but they did it so naturally that I took them graciously and hanged them in the hallway alcove.

I heard Chris’ voice from the living room. “Drinks time Robin!” I went in and they both had kicked their shoes off and were comfortably parked in the couch.

“You look very nice and neat Robin. I love that apron, it does suit you!” Jennifer said with a big grin, but without any mockery in her voice. That made me feel more comfortable and Chris added, “I bought that apron for Robin; I was fed up seeing him wearing all the time Amelia’s aprons. He still uses them but only for the heavy housework. Now how about some drinks, I could kill for some gin and tonic!”

Dinner went very well, they loved my food and though the table was set for three, I spent most of my time serving them, changing their plates, filling their wine glasses etc. They happily chatted most of the time and they included me in their conversation only to ask me for something or to praise my cooking. I removed my apron when I finally was able to sit at the table and funnily enough both ladies noted it immediately.

“Now Robin, why you took your apron off, you are so sweet in it” Chris said and Jennifer agreed instantly.

“Would you mind very much putting it back on dear?” Chris continued and her voice had a touch of authority.

I blushed and said meekly, "Of course not dear, the only thing is that I was going to change shortly to my work apron to do the dishes and I thought to sit with you ladies for a little while, I didn't really have the chance to see Jennifer at all."

Jennifer said instantly, "You are right Robin, we kept you busy practically all evening, how naughty of us, but your food was delicious. Probably you could come and cook dinner at my place one day, would you like that?"

"That would be a great idea" Chris exclaimed, "You need that sort of distraction at the moment Jennifer, so before you go tonight we'll set a date. Isn't that all right with you Robin darling?"

I had to agree, since Chris was so warm about it. "I'd love to do it anytime Jennifer" I said in a slightly hesitant tone though.

In the mean time they forgot about the apron and I sat with them chatting, mostly about Jennifer's recent bad adventure. When they started talking about the office and their work again, I excused myself and said that I had to do the dishes and tidy up the kitchen. I don't think they noticed when I left the table. Back to the kitchen I put on one of Amelia's large protective aprons and my rubber gloves and started the dishes. Halfway through though I realized that I still had to collect some glasses and plates from the table. I went in with a tray and started collecting the remaining unwashed things. The ladies were still engrossed in their conversation but as I was departing for the kitchen I heard Chris telling me, "Thank you Amelia!"

I nearly dropped the tray. I turned to face her and then she realized and started laughing. "Oh my God, I was so taken by Jennifer's story than I took you for

Amelia. It is that apron obviously. Anyway I am sorry darling. You don't mind do you? Anyway you are doing Amelia's job at the moment and you are wearing her apron, so it's not that unfair to call you that."

Jennifer joined in, "Robin that apron is not as nice as the other one, but it is so practical and so old fashioned. I remember when I was a young girl we had a maid that was wearing a similar one on top of her uniform dress. God it brings back memories!"

Chris continued, "Now that you mention it Jennifer I remember our maids in my parents house had similar aprons but I remember also that they were not allowed to come in front of the guests wearing them, so they kept their serving white aprons on, under the big ones so they could whisk them off quickly in case they have to appear in front of us or go and answer the door etc."

She looked at me questioningly, "Well dear Robin you are not a maid, but to tell you the truth I am not happy seeing you in this room with this apron on and the rubber gloves!"

I blushed and managed to say, "You are right Chris, but I was in the middle of doing the dishes and I thought it would take only a minute to take those things away. Anyway now I know and I will be more careful in the future."

Jennifer looked sympathetically at me and said, "You shouldn't be hard on him Chris, after all he is doing a great job, he is a real gem in the house and I guess he still has a lot to learn." She sighed and continued turning to me, "I wish I had a person like you Robin to help around in my apartment, it's not as big as this house but I certainly need a helping hand around the place."

I felt awkward because all that time I had to stand in the middle of the room with a tray in my rubber gloved hands, wearing a big wet working apron, listening those two blathering on. I was getting ready to say to Jennifer how sorry I was that I couldn't help her, when I heard Chris' excited voice, "Well Jennifer I have a wonderful idea, I can give you Robin for a whole day. He can come in the morning, clean your place, do the washing or anything else you need like ironing etc and then he can cook dinner and we all have a merry evening. How about that!"

I was aghast when I heard it. She was offering my services to another person, without even asking me! She had such a nerve. I was about to start protesting when Chris turned to me and said very sweetly, "I know Robin darling you wouldn't say no to that suggestion of mine. I think Jennifer deserves some pampering at the moment and you are the one who can do it. After all this house doesn't need you on a daily basis, don't forget Amelia was managing very well, coming only three times a week. Please darling, say yes."

She was so sweet and loving that I simply couldn't say no to her. And I must admit that deep inside I felt a peculiar excitement and a pleasant flickering of my stomach. Somehow I found the whole idea fascinating. Pretending that I was hesitant I said in a small voice, "I guess it's all right, housework is housework, I might as well do it."

They both clapped their hands happily and we agreed that this coming Saturday, that is in three days time, I would go at 8 o'clock in the morning, Jennifer would give me instructions what to do and then she would go off shopping with Chris. They were going to meet at a shopping mall at 10. How well they orga-

nized my time and their time! I was going to clean bathrooms and scrub floors, they were going to have fun sipping their cappuccinos and buying fancy clothes.

I thought that I could go back to the kitchen at last, but Jennifer's voice stopped me once more, "and Robin, please bring with you your working clothes and aprons, I don't have anything to give you. Feel free to wear anything that is comfortable for your housework. I couldn't care less if you are Robin or Amelia or Nancy or whatever. I just want the work done and I must add that I might be a lousy housekeeper, but I am a demanding employer and I will certainly inspect your work."

CHAPTER 3

CAUGHT IN AMELIA'S CLOTHES

Chris had to depart early next morning on a business trip. We got up at seven, she rushed to the shower and I went downstairs to the kitchen to start breakfast. Still on my nightie I tied an apron on and started squeezing fresh orange juice.

She looked very smart in her elegant Armani business suit when she came down half an hour later. She looked at me as I was pouring coffee in her cup and smiled, "Look at you my little Robin, the perfect picture of a sweet housewife!" I blushed but I didn't have the chance to answer, as she continued, "Well, I better rush, I have a plane to catch and look at this rotten weather. I'll probably be back quite late so don't bother to wait for me for dinner, I'll call you later."

She grabbed her bag and coat gave me a girlish kiss and departed. I looked at her expensive SUV as she was driving away. The weather was rotten indeed. I went back to the kitchen to finish my cup of coffee and plan my day. Though I wouldn't admit it publicly, I felt good about this 'role reversal' in our lives. I was becoming more and more the 'house partner' in our relationship and Chris was becoming more and more the 'breadwinner' and she didn't seem to mind it. Her personality was more assertive than mine and obviously she was able to survive in the 'cruel' outside world more easily than me. As I was finishing my cup of coffee I couldn't stop thinking how lucky I was that I didn't have to catch a plane on a day like this.

I didn't really want to change to my male clothes to start housework, even if those clothes were usually of the unisex type, a truck suit in colder days, a t-shirt and shorts when it was hot. I really wanted something different. I decided to be bold, after all Chris wouldn't be back for hours. I went upstairs to the little room where Amelia used to change. I knew that she left behind all her working clothes. What the hell, I was going to dress in her clothes today; after all I was doing her work for weeks now!

An hour later I was the maid! Amelia's clothes were not fancy, but I definitely looked the part. I was wearing my own panties and vest, a bra that belonged to Amelia and had seen better days, a striped blue cotton dress that buttoned in front with white piping around the collar, the short sleeves and the two front pockets and a matching large working apron. I even tied around my longish hair a head triangle of the same material. Black pantyhose and comfortable rubber sole shoes finished off my appearance.



I started my chores with a 'feeling' and an intensity I never had before. Somehow my maid's gear made me a more committed cleaner. I practically 'attacked' the upstairs rooms and in particular the master bedroom.

As I was moving around vacuuming I couldn't stop looking at myself in the various mirrors. A rather plain girl in a maid's uniform was looking back at me. Now in a dress and apron, I could see more that I had to loose weight. I definitely had to improve my waistline.

Satisfied from my work I turned off the vacuum cleaner, thinking already for a break with a cup of coffee, turned around to head for the door and froze on my tracks!

Chris was standing there looking at me with an amused expression of half mockery!! I blushed and turned beetroot red. I started apologizing but in her usual confident manner she stopped me and said, "My flight has been cancelled because of the weather and I came back home to pick some other papers on my way to the office," She looked at me in a more critical manner and continued in a rather sarcastic tone, "So my 'darling little housewife' decided to demote herself to a maid?" As I was getting ready to answer she stopped me with her hand and said firmly, "Let me finish please. You decided to dress as a maid to do your chores on your own will, is that right?" I nodded silently. "And you feel comfortable wearing maid's clothes as you work around the house?" I blushed again as I was looking at her.

"Answer me please!" she said impatiently. "Yes Chris I do feel comfortable working around the house in those clothes" I meekly answered back.

"In that case you stay dressed as you are for the rest of the day. Continue with your work and after dinner tonight we are going to discuss the whole issue. I need to do a bit of thinking myself, ok?"

I got a bit panicked thinking that she might decide to end our relationship. "Oh Chris, I hope you are not

mad at me, it was just an impulse. All of a sudden I had this strong need to dress and act like Amelia, since I am doing her job for sometime now. But if that annoys you it won't happen again. Oh Chris you now how much I love you." I nearly cried as I said this last sentence.

"That's exactly my point Robin", Chris said in a softer tone, "this is why I asked you if you like wearing maid's clothes. I know already that you love doing housework, so if you put those things together it is obvious what your inclination is. Well I have to rush now, we'll discuss it tonight Don't worry though I am not going to kick you out of the house, but if you prefer to act like a maid I think we should redefine our roles and commitments in our relationship. Now run along to your chores I have more serious things to do."

She dismissed me like a servant! And to make things worst she yelled at me from the front door as she was going out , "And be sure to wear a nicer apron, preferably a white one, on top of your uniform dress when I come back tonight, I am sure you will find something appropriate among Amelia's things. Bye for now!"

CHAPTER 4

MILLIE THE MAID IS EMERGING

The house was clean and tidy and dinner was ready when Chris came back around six

O'clock that evening. I still had Amelia's uniform dress on but I found a half white apron among her things and I put it on, following Chris' suggestion. I re-

moved also the head scarf and replaced it with a white hair band that I thought was more appropriate.

Chris used her key this time and came straight to the kitchen where I was busy, fixing some salad dressing. I blushed as I turned around to face her, I was excited but very nervous still about the whole thing, I wasn't sure which way to go, I needed some help.

Chris eyed me from top to bottom and her quick mind picked my nervousness because she said casually, "Hi Robin, I like the white apron and hair band, you look the part, but how about a drink, I'm dying for one. I'll be in the living room."

She left as quickly as she came in, but I felt relieved somehow, I sensed that she was not angry or negative about my appearance, just tired from a very busy day.

We had our dinner together, though I felt a bit awkward sitting at the table with Chris and being the maid at the same time. She felt it also because she said, "Well darling, I think that in the future and when you are the maid you would serve me first and then you can have your dinner in the kitchen. But we will discuss all that later, as I said already we must redefine our roles and commitments as a couple. I have some ideas and you can tell me what you think."

I joined her in the living room after I finished doing the dishes and tidied up the kitchen. She turned the TV off and motioned me to go and sit next to her in the couch. I still was dressed in Amelia's clothes; an inner force prevented me from changing to my regular outfit. Somehow I wanted to make a point that I was pleased the way I was dressed.

"You certainly need some coaching darling how to sit properly when you wear a dress, keep your knees

together and place your hands on your lap." She looked at me half jokingly as I adjusted my position in the couch and continued, "Now Robin, I'll try and be frank with you, obviously I accept your little idiosyncrasies and I am satisfied with our relationship, otherwise we wouldn't have been together. Today though, another side of your persona came out. I already knew your skills around the house and how you enjoy doing the housework and cooking etc, but today you went a step further and you declared, very clearly indeed, that you like doing your housework not as a partner or a 'housewife' as I like to joke with you, but as a maid. Am I right so far?"

In my usual manner I blushed, but I managed to answer with a steady voice, "Yes Chris, it is true, I somehow felt very comfortable wearing Amelia's working clothes moving around the house doing my chores, much more in peace with myself. I can't explain it even to myself Chris, I feel very natural and relaxed, but alert and excited at the same time; my energy is doubled when I worked in the house dressed as a maid, who knows probably I was a maid in my previous life!"

She looked at me moving her head sceptically , "Probably you are right you know, probably your genes are maid's genes, in the other hand if you go back to your childhood, probably you were helping your mother or the maid around the house and the 'feeling' stayed with you. One wonders indeed! But my dear Robin I am not a shrink and I don't intend to analyze you, lets go back to more practical matters. Do you intend to keep working as a maid in this house, or this was a small game for the day?"