

PRISONER OF GENDER

By Darlette Davis



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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PRISONER OF GENDER*

By DARLETTE DAVIS

“Do you know why you are here, Martin?” The rather severe looking, heavily made-up, bob-haired lady, probably in her forties, looked at me intently.

“Yes, I'm going to work for you full time at yard maintenance and anything else you want done around your estate. I'm happy to be here.”

“Indeed, I have no doubt you are. And you are correct, you are here to do exactly as I want you to and it will be full-time, seven days every week. To start with, my name is Manuela Granado, and I'm Ramon Granado's sister. You may call me Madam.”

“Yes, Madam.” I was suddenly fearful. This woman was going to be a rigid taskmistress and I momentarily trembled in a sudden realization that I must do nothing to cross her, even once.

“Secondly, I have you for three reasons. First, I have observed you working in my yard on the days you have been assigned to me and I like the quickness and thoroughness of your work. Next, you are what I would call a pretty young man, not handsome but pretty. Frankly I'm not attracted to either men or boys, but pretty boys with possibilities interest me. Finally, Ramon feels sorry for you. The men have been picking on you, he tells me, ever since you've been incarcerated. The way you look I can see why. So when I suggested that I might have uses for you he jumped at a way of getting rid of what he called an ‘innocent troublemaker’.

*(A one page Spanish To English "Dictionary" is at the end of this book.)

I reflected on her description of the hellish treatment I had been subjected to in prison where I and other young men, particularly Americanos, were systematically “made love to” by the informal leaders of the convict population and those that could pay them handsomely for their referrals.

“I just want to thank you for taking me away from the situation I have been in, Madam, and I want to help you in any way I can.”

“That's a good boy, Martin, but you may have some problems adjusting to what I'll be expecting of you now and later. For now, you'll not be doing as much maintenance outside as you will be working inside my villa. Also for now your immediate superior will not be me, but my maid, who you may be shocked to soon find out is also a mistress of mine, Juanita Velez, who shares my sleeping quarters. She should be addressed as Senorita Velez.

“Mondays and Fridays you will be doing mostly outside work. The other days you will be occupied at cleaning washing, ironing, dusting, making beds, serving meals,

and so forth. On Sundays, which is Juanita's day off, you will be my maid, doing Juanita's job in her absence where I will have an opportunity to closely observe your performance. ”

“That sounds very nice, Madam.”

“Incidentally, during your leisure you may go anywhere on my property, which you know is extensive, but you will restrict yourself to within my walls. The little radio choker locked around your neck will activate if you don't, with dire consequences for you.

“When you're not outside during your leisure, you will occupy your bedroom just off the kitchen, which has a small TV. If I'm not here, you may go anywhere downstairs as long as Juanita is with you. With you, she might be able to practice her skill in my billiards room. Also there is the library where you can help yourself to any book including ones that teach Spanish, which I expect you to use at all times within three months.

“Now, speaking of Juanita, let's call her so you can meet your new supervisor.”

Juanita appeared to be a rather spirited, athletic girl in her twenties, about my age, who proudly wore a crisp, starched maid's uniform, complete with a saucy little cap and tiny apron. Like Madam, she was lavishly made up and had the same ebony hair, only hers was loose, straight and long to where it ended in soft curls slightly below her shoulders.

I stood, and as we shook hands, I realized her good natured face, although totally a contrast with Madam's rather stern features, was made up exactly the same. Narrow eyebrows, consisting entirely of arched black pencil lines, iridescent green eye shadow, a circle of rouge on each cheek, and lips, generously painted a bright carmine. Even her long crimson nails exactly matched Madam's.

As we turned back to face her, Manuela remarked, “Please be seated, Juanita. Martin, you might remain standing, as I would like you to do whenever you are in Juanita's or my presence until one of us permits you to sit down. It will help you in being able to make a quick, and cheerful response when we ask anything of you. Well, Juanita, what's your first impression of your very own little criada?”

“Oh, I think he, I mean she, will be just marvelous, if she can work as beautifully as she will look,” Juanita said excitedly. “I can't wait to bring her to a change. It will be like the days when I was dressing my dolls.”

She smiled at Manuela, then turned to beam at me.

Apparently I was in for an adjustment I hadn't planned on. Down Mexico way, there seemed to be a continued resolve to ignore what remained of my manhood. But this would be a progression of sorts, I wryly reflected. Now I would actually be made to look like what I had become in the imagination of my oppressors in prison, a reasonable facsimile of a female, though the as yet unknown reason, the “possibilities” that “pretty boys” had for Manuela, appeared no longer to be brutally sexual, thank goodness.

When the ladies had seated themselves Manuela said, "Now Martin, you can see that Juanita is a very attractive young lady and you will be working very closely with her. So I should remind you, if you so much as lay a finger on her person, in fact if you ever disobey her, in fact if you ever respond to any suggestion or order she gives you with less than your prettiest smile, the very next day you will be back with Ramon for the rest of your sentence. Is that crystal clear?"

"Yes, Madam, it is crystal clear."

"Now," Manuela continued, "as you have already surmised from Juanita's observation about doll playing, you will live as a young girl with us. Juanita prefers that she be the only person in my villa to wear my maid's uniform, and I agree. Also she would like you to appear as a young criada in training. In other words you might in time be allowed to appear to grow up and earn the right to wear a professional maid's uniform.

"So, with the exception of make-up which you will learn to apply to duplicate that of Juanita and myself, you will be dressed as a preteen. All your clothes have been selected and you and Juanita will have them fitted on you tomorrow.

"But first thing, before your shopping, you will have some pampered time where you have probably never been," Manuela continued, almost breathlessly, as if conferring a precious gift, "namely a real ladies' beauty salon. Thank goodness, your hair is already long although I will want it to grow much longer. There you will have it dyed a bright blonde.

"After that, it will be cut to give you little girl bangs and you will be instructed how to braid it on each side, which is the way you will henceforth wear it, even when you do yard work. Although, for that, we'll see you have a flowery kerchief and a cute little ribboned hat so that it will stay neat and clean.

"But enough for the details. I will leave the rest to Juanita."

"Thank you, Madam," I spoke up, strangely roused at her plans for me, "but before you send me away I just want to say that although both you and Senorita Velez are very attractive ladies, I respect you too much to ever attempt to take advantage of you. Also I am not crazy. I would much rather be made to look and work as any kind of woman you want me to be than be regularly humiliated by a bunch of sex starved convicts. I will be very happy to have blonde hair and learn to wear it in braids."

"All right, I think we'll get along, dear. And maybe someday you'll really be as happy as you profess you will be once you've gotten used to seeing yourself day after day made up and wearing your little girl dresses. Also, I assure you," she added enigmatically, "you'll have opportunities in the future to test your positive expectation to prefer being any kind of woman I require you to be.

"Now, you may leave. Juanita will show you your room and get you started on your training and preparations for tomorrow. I won't be seeing you tonight as I have another engagement. But do get a good night's sleep. You have a big day tomorrow when you will be saying good-bye to Martin and meeting your new self, 'Maria Martinez'. See, you keep your name in a slightly different form," she added with a little laugh, to which I responded with what I hoped sounded like an appreciative titter.

After leaving Manuela, Juanita took me to my tiny room between the kitchen and a small bathroom where she showed me the contents of a wall cabinet. It was already stocked with toiletries I would need. Plus lipstick, rouge, eye liner and other cosmetics I would learn to use to mimic the rich make-up style of the ladies. Juanita singled out the safety razor, suggesting that in addition to my face, I should use it weekly on my arms, legs and underarms.

In my closet I saw a couple of my work uniforms from prison as well as a dress which Juanita removed to lay on the bed.

“Maria, those uniforms will be for you to use outside but the dress is an old one of Madam's that you probably won't wear after tomorrow. It's just for tonight and wearing in town while shopping. You might take off your shirt and pants right now and put it on. Unfortunately we don't have shoes for you yet so temporarily you can use these pool sandals that have some stretch. Why don't you change right now, then I think the best thing would be for you to sit on the floor next to this chair, which will be as good a place as any for me to remove your eyebrows.”

“Won't I look funny without eyebrows and won't it hurt a lot?” I was suddenly concerned.

“Oh no, silly, I just pluck them out one by one. It might startle you at first, and hurt a little, but I'm quick and it won't take long. Afterwards you won't feel any discomfort. We ladies do it all the time, as you will learn to do.

“Then as for artificial eyebrows, yours will look just like mine. You just have to remember to pencil them in every day and redo them whenever you have to wash your face. I'll draw them on right after I'm through plucking you, then I will show you how we want you to do the rest of your face. After a week or two it will become a habit and you will be doing it like an experienced *senorita* without even having to think about it.”

The next half hour or so passed with Juanita eliminating my eyebrows, then sitting me in front of the mirror so I could watch how she was putting on my new face. During this time, while frequently interrupting me to give me make-up tips, she wanted to hear how I had become imprisoned.

“It was so quick and simple I didn't know what was happening to me, *Senorita Velez*,” I began. “I was hitchhiking from Mazatlan after bumming around there for a few weeks when I caught a ride in a car driven by a guy who smiled at me and just said, ‘No ingles. San Diego mañana’. Then without another word he had me take the driver's seat and we started out. He was fast asleep before we were five minutes out of town, going north up the coastal highway.

“Four or five hours later he had just woke up and we were on the outskirts of Culiacan where we got flagged down for running a stop sign or a red-light, I didn't even see which.

“Anyway, my ‘passenger’ sat bolt upright, and as the *Federates* pulled ahead to block us, he was out the side door, racing across three lanes of traffic. The cops didn't even bother to chase him. They were interested in the driver.

“As you might guess, the guy's flight wet their appetite and the subsequent search yielded a couple of plastic bags full of white powder and that was it. Despite the best efforts of my family in the States, I was eventually moved from jail to what they called “El Palacio” where the bars clanged behind me and I was looking at twenty years. Later I was told more drugs move through Culiacan than any other city in Mexico. As you can see, some don't.”

“Oh, how terrible, Maria, and you just an innocent traveler. But I hear you have not been there too long, less than a year Madam said. She also told me she had requested you and I can see why. You are a good worker and she liked your looks. You are going to make a lovely criada, Maria, and you should pray that you can learn to enjoy it.”

“But in the meantime, how can they trust you? In addition to being homesick, right now you must just hate being turned into a little girl, so you must be thinking about escaping every moment.”

“Except for two reasons, Senorita Velez,” I explained. “One is the paper I signed in front of Chief Granado that says I requested this assignment of my own free will, there was no coercion of any kind, and that any misbehavior or any objection on my part will mean an immediate return to prison.

“Then there is this permanent fixture locked around my neck. It tells where I am at all times and if I leave the property without Madam's having notified the authorities, I will be picked up in five minutes and be back at ‘Et Palacio’. They know I am afraid of that too take any chance on freedom or crying about being changed into a maid.

“What I couldn't figure out was why the choker. The standard radio attachment is sort of bulky and goes around the ankle.”

“Oh, I can tell you about that,” offered Juanita. “It is no secret and Madam is rather proud of it. She had asked her brother if a necklace type alarm was available and he told her it was but it was very expensive.

“However, she wanted it because of her plans to turn you into a criada for two reasons. It wouldn't make it obvious to anyone that you were a convict and she felt we could work around it in dressing you, either covering it with a scarf or high necked blouse, or blend it in with other neck pieces or beads. Actually it is not unattractive by itself, as it just looks like an oversize copper or brass choker.

“By the way, you heard what Madam said about your learning Spanish as soon as possible. I would love to help you. We can spend an hour or more on it every night if you like.”

“There, you're all made up and the reason I'm combing your hair is so it looks like how a young lady would wear it. Now tell me what you see.”

“I see Maria Martinez.”

“And what do you think of Maria Martinez?”

“I think I would like to ask her on a date. Do you think she will like me?”

Juanita laughed. “Oh, I think she might as long as you don't tell her you are in the pen for twenty years. But then again you wouldn't be bothering her a lot so she can concentrate on becoming a professional in her new career. Also criada trainees work-

ing seven days a week don't have a lot of time for romance. Oh, I'm so sorry Maria. That doesn't sound funny at all and I meant it to be.”

“That's all right, Senorita Velez. If a year ago people had told me being forced to wear dresses would make me feel like I'd gone to Heaven, I would have thought them out of their minds. But now, trying to be a perfect criada will be that much better than being a boy toy in prison. And although I will have to do a lot of praying to look forward to painting my face and donning a dress every morning, I don't think it will be all that difficult working for you.”

“That's nice to hear, Maria. And how easy it's going to be to call you by your new name, the way you look all dolled up! Now let's take a few minutes to go over your maid duties. You know a lot more about what you'll be doing around the yard than I do, so we won't go into that.”

“But basically I have all the contact with Madam during the week. I help bathe her, sometimes help dress her, I do all her personal errands and I prepare her lunch and dinner, of course, now with your help. Also because you are here I will be taking courses so that I can become her private secretary and travel companion.

“I won't go into the duties you will perform on your own like making beds and washing until I join you in doing them the first three or four times.

“Except when we're on a break, you will stay with me whenever I'm working and you're not somewhere else doing your chores.

“The only thing I ask you to do for me right now is learn as soon as possible how to make breakfast so I can bring it to Madam in her quarters, then sit down here to eat it with you in the kitchen. You'll get up every morning at six and I will see you around seven when you will have breakfast ready. In a short time I will show you menus for the week and teach you their preparation.

“Now let's go prepare supper for ourselves and afterwards if you'd like I will give you your first lesson en espanol.”

* * * * *

The next morning I was up at 5:30 so I would be ready to meet Juanita promptly to make breakfast. I showered, shaved, and dressed, then dared to pencil on my eye-brows, I thought adequately, after a couple of tries. My remaining time was occupied trying to style my hair like Juanita had, with barely adequate results.

Following breakfast, Juanita retrieved Madam's tray, then had me do the dishes and mop the kitchen floor. Next she sat me down for my make-up application.

“Now this is the last time I'm going to do this for you, Maria. From now on you will do it yourself, with my supervision of course, until you get the hang of it.”

An hour later we were in Juanita's cute little late model car, a gift from Madam. It was not just for personal use, she told me, as she also used it to perform Madam's errands, drive her about town and also do the twice-weekly grocery shopping.

As we entered Culiacan, she reviewed our schedule for the morning.

“First, as Madam said, we will go to the beauty salon where Madam's own hair-dresser will attend you. She understands you are male so you can talk with her without reservation except you are a nephew visiting from out of state who enjoys appearing as a female when visiting her. While waiting for you I will have a manicure and pick up a bottle of nail color the same as mine for me to show you how to do your nails at home. We'll want to keep them shorter than mine though, so you won't run into problems doing your yard work.

“After that we go only one other place, but its the largest almacén in town where we will be visiting several departments. A professional shopper at that store, who has dealt for years with Madam will do the rounds with us, and she also understands you to be a transvestite.

“She and I will do all the talking that is necessary with the clerks. When we're all through you'll go to one of the dressing rooms where you can slip into some of your new things so we can give Madam a complete picture of the new Maria upon our return. Any questions?”

“Yes, I've been wondering about one thing. Here I'm going to be trying on clothes that normally are for girls, ten to twelve, would you say? How in the world will they have anything that will fit me?”

“Ah, normally they wouldn't,” responded Juanita in a conspiratorial tone. “But you saw your work uniforms in the closet. We have had them for three months now ever since Madam and her brother decided you would join us and she's had the store back-order sizes that were compatible with your uniform. The same for your shoes the sizes for which the Chief had provided to Madam. There should be no problem except for alterations which is why the clothing wasn't waiting for you at the villa.”

The beauty salon took almost three hours and I was able to relax and actually enjoy it, what with all the pampering washing, cutting, stripping, coloring and combing out. Even the painstaking lesson in braiding my hair was fun. It reminded me of how we used to make whistle straps in boy scout camp.

Afterwards we had a bite at the almacén cafeteria, thereafter visiting several departments starting with Women's Wear. Madam's order had arrived including jumpers, blouses, dresses and very short little girl style flared and pleated skirts. Everything fit except for some needed alterations on a couple of items.

In Shoes, we picked up another of Madam's prior orders consisting of two pairs of girls patent leather flats, an ankle strap in black and a crossover strap in red. A dressy pair of pumps was also included for occasions when guests were present.

Nearby we purchased a pair of panty hose to go with the pumps and several pair of knee-high white nylons to wear with the flats.

In Lingerie we again picked up previously ordered items such as petticoats and a couple of training bras of all things. Panties in my size were available in the ladies section as were a pair of little falsies to, as Juanita put it, “suggest emerging breasts.”

While there we also found a woman's waist cincher that I thought both unnecessary and uncomfortable, but Juanita insisted I take it as “Madam wished” that I not appear to have “too straight a figure”. Madam, it appeared, had thought of everything.

But that wasn't all. Notions found us picking up ribbons for my braids and bows of different sizes for the top of my head. And in Millinery, Juanita even remembered to buy a ribboned hat with a wide brim and a couple of kerchiefs for my outside work.

When we were through, it was after three and I was as tired as if I had been working in the yard all day. The last act was for Juanita to select my going home outfit from among the things that didn't need alteration, after which I learned how to put them on by myself. All went smoothly except for some struggling with my bra and the buttons on the back of my blouse.

When I emerged from the dressing room, Juanita after admiring me profusely, giggled as she playfully pinched one of my brand new breasts.

Then, as I turned to pick up our packages she said, “One minute dear, let me show you how we'll do the ribbons and bows which will be part of your dress whenever you're in the house.”

With that, she deftly tied a red ribbon at the end of each of my braids and snapped a big red bow in the center of my head just above my bangs.

“There, now,” she announced with airy self-satisfaction, maybe you won't pass for ten years old, but to look at you in this outfit, no one is going to be overly surprised if we tell them you're just twelve and very big for your age.”

Following the ride home, despite her admonition of the morning, Juanita had me lean over so she could carefully refresh my make-up for the third time that day .”

When she had finished, I said, “Thank you, Senorita Velez, for a very enlightening beauty care and shopping day. I think I even enjoyed most of it, and you know what I'd like to do when you show me to Madam to let her know how enthusiastically I'm adapting my new role? When I say hello to her I'd like to make her a big curtsy. Could you show me how to do it?”

“Oh, Maria, she'll be thrilled, but she'll think I put you up to it. When she gets over her surprise I'll quickly let her know that it was your idea right here in front of the garage. C'mon we'll wait till we get to the kitchen where I'll show you how to do it in a grand manner.”

It had been about three months since I had started as a criada trainee and I was still experiencing occasional elation at no longer having to endure the boredom and physical humiliation of prison life. To be sure, there was a tacit form of emotion if not abasement in having to live as a housemaid and dress as a growing girl, but that was

not without its equally tacit sensual pleasure. I was discovering a shocking, if latent, personal proclivity akin to that of Madam's imaginary transvestite nephew.

There was likewise boredom in my present arrangement.

With two competent people looking after the wants of one person, there, not surprisingly, were times when I found myself working less than two or three hours a day. Is this all there is, I idly reflected more than once. That recurring thought came to take on an eerie aura of impending change, however, from the occasional words of both Juanita and Manuela.

There never was boredom, and I always enjoyed my time with Juanita for she was kind, thoughtful, spritely and fun to be with. I liked working with her as well as joining her in activities such as doing my Spanish lessons and providing her with a suitable victim in our billiard games following my evening studies.

Occasionally Madam would sanction my accompanying Juanita on a shopping trip and then my pleasure was augmented by being able to get away briefly from the unyielding fetters, however luxurious, the villa had come to represent.

It was one such trip, when we were having coffee at the almacén cafeteria, while waiting for an order of Juanita's to arrive, that engendered the start of my puzzlement as to what strange experiences lay before me. We had, during our drive to town, been quite warm and friendly with each other and my growing fondness for Juanita momentarily caused a lapse in my rigid observance of all of Madam's admonitions since the start of my domestic servitude.

“Senorita Velez,” I ventured, “I enjoy being with you more and more each day. Is it possible when we are alone together without any chance of Madam's overhearing me, that I might call you `Juanita'? It's such a pretty name and it fits you so perfectly .”

Suddenly the expectant smile on Juanita's face vanished in a frown and she stamped her heel painfully on my instep, causing me to wince in pain. I think I would have been roundly slapped had it not been for the people around us.

Through clenched teeth, she said, almost in a cadence count, “You are never, ever to suggest that again. anything that Madam has ever requested or ever is to request of you, you are to obey implicitly. I hope I hurt you, so you will better remember it. I can tell you, if she had heard you, you might this minute be headed back to El Palacio.”

We finished our coffee and sweet roll in silence.

I didn't know who was in the greater state of agitation, myself or my red-faced mentor.

Afterward, on the drive back to the villa, Juanita briefly referred to the incident but it furnished no insight into her uncharacteristic behavior.

Thank goodness I had not addressed her outright by her given name or expressed my growing attraction to her.

“Maria,” she said, “I like having you with us for many reasons. You are a good worker, you make my life very much easier for me. I have time to take courses to better my position and you are good company. We seem, as you Americanos say, to hit it off together.

“However, to make it work we must continue to honor the barriers Madam requires be maintained between us. It is not good that we even become friends. When you are a real *senorita*, maybe you will understand. And surely you will understand when the time comes for us to part.”

Become a real *senorita*, and time for us to part?

Within my mind, the connotations fairly screamed out for further explanation!

“But *Senorita*, why should we be parting. You mean if I were to commit another infraction? And becoming a real *senorita*. I know I'm not a real *senorita* now. You mean that's what I will be after I've been here long enough to become a professional *criada*? What do you know about what's ahead for me?”

There was a silence, then Juanita spoke.

“Maria, I had hoped those few words would soften my terrible reaction to your innocent question in the cafeteria. But I have said too much which makes it worse and I don't want to talk about it any more, okay?”

She glanced at me briefly, her eyes glistening then reached down to give my hand a little squeeze.

My experience with Manuela, on the other hand, during this period was rather infrequent and such occasions were usually short. I would see her mornings when I would go to retrieve her tray, at lunch occasionally when she was home, and at supper as well where I again served. While I took my noon and evening meals afterward in the kitchen, both she and Juanita now dined together.

There were many times of course where we would come across each other as I worked around the house making beds or cleaning, polishing and dusting and then occasional evenings when Juanita and I would both serve at dinner parties, sometimes for women only, sometimes for mixed company.

The one social instance where I served exclusively was at Madam's weekly poker games. Those were habitually attended by the same four to eight matrons of around her own age or older. At these affairs, which would last about three hours, I would sit off to one side, with hands folded, occasionally arising to pass *hors d'oeuvres* or repair to the bar for drink orders.

Occasionally one of the ladies, all of whom seemed thoroughly familiar with my situation, would pull up a chair, after returning from the powder room, to sit with me briefly and ask me about my previous life and how I enjoyed my present duties. They were all uniformly complimentary about my work and appearance, frequently whispering to me, as if I had not heard it before, what a dreadful shame it was that I was not a real *senorita*.

These sessions were perhaps the most fun I had all week, with its variety of attractive, friendly women. They were serious, if outspoken players and I enjoyed silently kibitzing while hundreds of pesos worth of chips changed hands during each hour of play.

Even on Sundays, however, there were few if any extended periods of interaction with Manuela, as again she was frequently out. When this happened, with Juanita also away, I was locked in my room, having previously prepared a sandwich for my lunch.

This arrangement was actually not unpleasant as the outside door to my bathroom was left unlocked and I was able to wander about the property and allowed use of the pool. Madam “trusted” me to wear one of her old bathing suits for such ventures.

It was just this last Sunday though that Manuela provided me with indications, again, as Juanita had during our day in town, that my life was in for unknown changes which, while helping to relieve my boredom, would possibly not be as comfortably routine.

“Maria, next week I would like to see you for a little tryout for something I have in mind for you, following which if you prove satisfactory, we'll set up some other sessions so I may assess your acceptability and stamina for what I have in mind. In this regard, let's set a date for ten Tuesday morning. I would like you to come to the vacant bedroom next to mine, freshly bathed and dressed only in a fresh nightie, this used robe of mine and the sandals you inherited when you first arrived. Please be prompt.”

It was Friday evening, Madam was out attending one of her innumerable functions and Juanita and I were sitting at the kitchen nook table having a leisurely supper.

“You know, Maria,” she was saying, “your progress in learning Spanish is really excellent. Madam herself was remarking on that today. For the past few weeks we have used nothing but Spanish except for a few times when you have had to ask about a word or phrase you don't yet know. It shows how smart and hard working you are.”

“On the contrary, Senorita Velez, there's a saying in the States, ‘If the student hasn't learned, the teacher hasn't taught’. You are completely responsible if you think I have caught on well.”

I meant that, but I didn't have the nerve to say it also helped me that I was in love with my teacher and wanted to please her.

However, I did add, “Senorita, you are such a capable person. There seems to be so many things you might be doing where you would be making a first more than what a criada must earn,”

Fortunately that did not raise Juanita's hackles for she smiled and seemed to want to talk about it.

“Maria, there are many reasons why I will stay here as long as I can see into the future. First, as you know, I love Madam very much. For me she is part mother, part paramour, part protector. I really owe her a lot. In addition, she pays me far more

money than I think I could make anywhere even in a real good office job. In fact I think I make more than that shopper who showed us around the almacén that day, and she once told me she makes more than some of the female department supervisors.

“I've been with Madam a very long time, since I was eighteen when my husband had just run off with an older woman and my father had just died, leaving my mother to support my younger brothers and sisters. Madam took me under her wing and paid me enough so I was able to help my mother very substantially right from the start.”

“That must have been terrible for you both for awhile before you found your way here,” I commented sadly.

“Not really, my dear. For me it was very much a mixed blessing. My father had not been a very nice man. When I was home he used to beat me for the slightest thing, even more than the others because he told me that every little mistake I made or little things I might forget were setting a terrible example for the other children. He would take it out on my mother too for not raising me better. Some days it was pretty bad.

“In fact, he's what pushed me into a marriage so fast. He's the one that arranged it and I couldn't wait to leave. I hardly knew the boy but I think some money changed hands and before I knew it I was married to this little immature man who couldn't keep a job. He'd be even worse than my father, because he would drink heavily when he had some extra money. Then he would slap me around for being a bad wife, as if I should have gotten and held a job for him. Some nights were so bad I have tried to erase them from my memory.

“And that's one reason why I dislike most men and couldn't possibly love a man. Even you I had trouble adjusting to, I was so nervous until I found out how nice you are and I could begin thinking of you as almost a sister. It's very easy to think of you that way right now with your bows and ribbons and that cute little dress.”

“Gee. I never would have thought you had such a life before Madam, Senorita Velez. You are so, what's the Spanish word for it, ‘upbeat’ almost all the time.”

“That's partly my basic nature but it's also because I am very happy here and I see my family often and they are happy, a lot because of me.”

With Juanita in a talkative mood, I wondered if I could elicit some information about Madam from her that would not get her upset.

“I can see you owe a lot to Madam.” I thought that statement might make an innocent bridge. “She seems like such a busy person. Is it just that she is very social or is she into doing good works and business things also?”

“I don't really know, Maria. I know she has loads of friends, mostly wives of government officials, federal, state, city, all the circles her brother moves in. He is the top police officer in our area and he may or may not be among the top law enforcement officials in the country, However, he is very rich they tell me and lives in a villa I've seen from a distance, that would make Madam's place here look like a guest house if it was on his property.

“She doesn't talk to me too much about her brother or her affairs except she has never held back whenever I have been curious about one of her guests for example.

“I know she has told you about our relationship, because she mentioned to me that you knew. She calls me one of her mistresses but I think that is too high a compliment. I know she has spoken of two of her friends who are mistresses of hers who are married or living with very high up people. They are members of her poker club, incidentally.

“No, I am more like a child of hers. She has none of her own you know. She calls me her ‘comfy, cuddly lover’, someone she can curl up with without a lot of excitement and activity. She says it makes such a nice respite when what she calls the ‘heavy loving’ is starting to pall on her.

“She really should have been a man, you know. She has said that. She thinks like a man, and acts like a man and it's just so natural that she would want female sexual relationships.

“Well, that's enough of my talking, Maria. I'd really prefer that anything you learn of Madam you hear from her. I know the more than friendly feeling she has for some of the card players you have observed during her social events here so you're not shocked at her liberal lifestyle. Now, let's hurry with the dishes so I can give you your nightly billiard lesson.”

On Tuesday I had made up my face extra carefully so Madam could see I was trying to exactly emulate her. After taking leave of Juanita who didn't question my mission, I made my way to the room adjoining Madam's promptly at ten.

The door was closed and following my knock, I was admitted to the bedroom I had dusted many times but only occasionally had been used so I had to make it up.

The covers were drawn back and Madam was sitting in a chair near the bed. Instead of her usual combination of satin blouse and slacks, she wore a lacy, sky-blue, baby doll nightie and her hair was combed out in soft waves. She rose to take me in her arms and put her cheek to my lips.

Soft music was playing from somewhere and she started to sway with me, holding me as a man would a woman.

I said, not disingenuously, “You look quite lovely, Madam, and that little nightie is so attractive too.”

“Remind me to let you have it,” Manuela responded crisply, “it was made for someone with your type of face. Now, I think we will dance a short while and then we will see what you are good for in bed. ”

“As long as necessary” took only about thirty seconds as I reacted rapidly to Manuela's supple body.

“Oh, that is very impolite dance posture, Maria. We will have to do something about that, with which she led me into the bed, allowing my arm to go about her but restraining me from mounting her.

“Not so quick, not so quick, my little muchacha. I require a great deal of foreplay. You may start with some kissing and hugging.”

Foreplay with Manuela was a bit like the forever period I once went through with a girl who never did allow me to enter her. In Madam's case, however, she finally turned over upon me and pushed her nipple into my mouth. After a few moments of fervent sucking I was sure I had spoiled everything when I came into my nylon nightie.

“Oh dear, Maria, you must control yourself, you get excited too soon. Now, go right into my bathroom there on the right and take off your nightdress and clean yourself up. Get another one for me from that dresser. I'll have this bebe muneca you admired off and ready for you when you come back.”

When I returned she was lying sideways on the bed, her pillow under her head and mine under her rump, with her legs hanging free.

“Now, muchacha. After you slip into your new nightie, if you'll kneel before me, you may softly kiss your way up my legs to the end where you can lick me like you're having your favorite helado.”

I did as I was told following which she wrapped her legs about my head in a viselike grip, forcing her cunt hard against my mouth.

Her clenched legs were too tight for me to lick her easily so I thrust my tongue around inside her. After a few minutes when I had nearly suffocated, she relaxed her grip, telling me to tend to her clitoris.

With my lips pressed back hard against my teeth, I made rapid motions up and down and all around her little stiff appendage.

“That's a good girl, Maria, you almost make me think I would like a crude man in bed occasionally. Now let's wash your mouth out and come back so we can see if you're ready for another little abrazo.”

After returning, she immediately had me on top of her and I kissed her neck and face until I found myself rising once again. She knew I was ready before I did and I found myself being slipped into her. Her rapid hip movement suggested I do likewise and it was the best lay I ever had as it took several minutes before I had a wonderful orgasm.

“Now, Maria,” she said, pushing me off and rising resolutely, “Let's take a shower together. I'd like to see how well you soap me. I wonder if you can be as good as Juanita. Let's see.”

Lathering her I felt a soft one coming on but as soon as I was through it sunk back in relative tranquillity. “You do need some help in the soaping department,” My lady admonished me ungratefully.

After I had dried myself and Manuela she said, “Now that you're refreshed my dear, I'm ready for another bit of loving. Let's get right back to bed to see what you still have to offer.

What I had left didn't seem to be much, as I tried feverishly to bring myself up while kissing her mouth and breasts.

Finally I pleaded, “Please Madam, take me and rub me a little. I'm sure I can please you again.”