

Acting as a Cleaning Lady

By Susannah Donim

Chapter 6 – Sally’s New Girlfriend

What will Sally make of the plump little Spanish cleaning lady who used to be her husband?

Sally came back into Ingrid’s office and whooped with delight when she saw me.

“It’s fantastic!” she said. “You don’t look like... *him* at all. You look just like a grown-up version of... the other Maria!”

“But I’m so *fat!*” I moaned.

“You’re *not* fat. You’re exactly the same size as my mother, and she’s not fat. She’s in great shape...” she stopped abruptly.

“...for her age, you were going to say,” I finished. “But I’m supposed to be in my twenties, not my fifties.”

“Well the clothes don’t help,” Sally admitted. “We need to get you some more suitable things.”

“That’s what *I* said,” put in Ingrid.

“Do I need to remind you that we don’t have any spare money to spend on clothes?” I said to Sally. “Especially ones we’ll never need again after the Tribunal?”

I saw Ingrid raise an eyebrow at *that* word but she said nothing.

“Oh, nonsense,” said Sally. “We can probably get all we need for thirty quid from one of the charity shops.”

Ingrid cleared her throat.

“Can I assume that we’ve done all we can for today?” she asked. “Only it’s after five o’clock...”

“Oh yes, sorry,” Sally said, “and thanks for doing such a great job with... Maria. We’ll get out of your way now.”

“There’s just this,” Ingrid said, handing Sally an envelope. “Our final invoice....?”

Why didn’t she give it to me? *I* was the client, after all. She clearly recognised Sally as the boss.

“Oh yes, thank you. I’ll pass it on to Maria’s sister. She’s paying, as you know.”

“That’s fine, thank you,” Ingrid said. “Our account details are in there, if she wishes to pay by bank transfer again.”

“Come along now, Maria,” said Sally, “and remember: Spanish only from now on.”

“*Si, Señora,*” I said, with a sigh.

Sally led the way to where she had parked the car. I was a little apprehensive about going outside but the grounds of the Transformations manor house were deserted.

“Fat, fat, fat,” I grumbled as I waddled and wiggled my way to the car. “I’ve *never* been fat.”

“*Spanish*, Maria,” said Sally, shortly. “And you’re *not* fat. You’re plump and sexy and voluptuous and... just wait till I get you home!”

* * *

But the first thing I did when we got home was press a pack of frozen peas on my lips. That helped. The throbbing seemed to abate a little. I flopped down on the sofa in the lounge and watched the six o’clock news. While the peas were melting and my lips were recovering, Sally started making phone calls. After about half an hour she came bouncing back in triumph.

“You’re booked up for the next three weeks!” she announced proudly.

I looked at her aghast.

“Well as soon as I saw you at Transformations, I knew you were going to get away with it, so we’ll just repeat what you did for Dorothy. I’ll drop you off and go round the house with the client, translating what she says, and you can make notes. Then you spend the day cleaning, and I’ll pick you up at about five-thirty. It’ll be four or five days each week.” She laughed excitedly. “We should just make the mortgage payments, especially if you go back to each client for a couple of hours each week...”

I still hadn’t said anything. I think I was in shock. A new unwanted career as a cleaning lady was opening up before me.

“Well, aren’t you pleased?”

“Er, yes, dear,” I said. “*Gracias*.”

“*De nada*,” she said. “Stand up!”

I complied, still a little wobbly with my sore lips and skin, and my new jiggly figure and long hair. I stood still as Sally walked around me, examining every detail of my transformation.

“It’s positively *uncanny!*” she marvelled. “I can’t see any giveaways at all. Even your Adam’s apple is concealed by that double chin! How on earth do they do it?”

The ice was helping a little, so it didn’t hurt as much to speak, and I gave her a short version of my day. She started fingering my hair.

“These extensions are brilliant,” she said. “They look completely natural. I can’t tell which is your own hair and which is fake.”

“It’s *all* real. It’s just that *I* grew some of it, and someone else grew the rest. Also, it’s all attached, so please stop pulling.”

“Well it’s a great dye job,” she said. “No one could tell. Now I want to see what’s underneath it all!”

She started undressing me. She had pulled my cardigan off and unzipped my dress before I could protest. I was soon standing there in just my pink bra, panties and tights, feeling thoroughly mortified at my wife seeing me in that state.

“Wow!” she squealed. “What a body!”

“Don’t... please... this is really embarrassing...”

“Why? It’s just a costume for a part; I’ve seen you in sillier outfits than that; and you look fantastic! Come on, get ‘em off, gorgeous!”

She twirled me round and unhooked my bra. I immediately felt the weight of my massive boobs descending and pulling on the sore, newly-waxed skin of my chest.

“Wow! They’re really realistic, aren’t they? And look at those lovely rolls of fat round your tummy!”

She slapped the top of the prosthetic and the said ‘rolls of fat’ wobbled embarrassingly, but – as she said – realistically.

“Knickers down, sweetie!” she said, grabbing the sides of my panties and pulling them down to my ankles. I had to step out of them or risk falling over.

“What does it all feel like?”

“It doesn’t feel like anything,” I wailed. *“It’s not me!”*

“I’m an actor playing a part,” I told myself. *“There’s no need to be embarrassed. I’m an actor playing a part.”*

But it wasn’t working. I had never been more humiliated in my life, standing there, a naked fat girl, in front of my wife. I found myself crossing my legs to conceal my faux vagina and folding my arms to cover my breasts, even though it wasn’t really *me* I was trying to hide. Sally laughed her head off.

“Come on, let’s get upstairs, sexy!” she said, happily.

She grabbed my hand and started pulling me towards the bedroom. Then she stopped suddenly.

“Hey, where’s your thingie? Below your spare tyre, you’re totally flat... down there.”

“It’s the prosthetic. It gives me a completely female shape and conceals my genitals.”

“It’s not glued on, is it?” she asked, clearly concerned. “It’s not *permanent*, like your boobs and hair?”

“No, but it’s a bit of a bugger to get on and off.”

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll manage. Come on, Maria, your mistress needs you.”

She resumed dragging me upstairs. My breasts swung painfully from side to side.

“I’m not your maid,” I said, firmly.

“Whatever,” she said. “Just go with the flow, sweetie. I promise it’ll be worth your while.”

And it was. We just had to avoid any kissing, as my lips were still too sore.

I couldn't see how she could find Maria in the nude sexy. But it was like that time when I was Fifi. Even *she* didn't know what was getting her so worked up. She said it was something to do with the knowledge of who – and what – was under the disguise.

She had me wear one of Carol's nighties and we went to bed for a protracted period of foreplay. She seemed to love kneading the artificial flab of my generous boobs and buttocks. I couldn't see how this could lead anywhere, given the constraints my equipment was currently under, but I went along for the ride. By a combination of boob-sucking, fingering and licking, I was able to help Sally to a satisfactory orgasm. As she lay there panting, she declared it was now time for my treat.

As expected, it was a struggle getting my 'abdominal prosthesis' off. It took both of us working together. In the end we managed by unrolling it like a sock (or a condom) with the result that it ended up inside out. Extracting my penis from its tube, and allowing my testicles to descend once again after their confinement in their body cavity, were unique experiences too.

Still, one can get used to anything if the reward is sufficient. Sally took full charge, managing our lovemaking from above, impaling herself on my freed and engorged member, her exquisite breasts massaging my face, then pressing down on my plump fake ones. I couldn't remember a more exciting climax.

"How was it for you?" she asked breathlessly afterwards.

"Great!" I said.

"All great?" she insisted.

"Well... it was a game of two halves," I admitted, not wanting to say more.

"Come on; out with it!"

"This may all look sexy," I said, "but I can't actually *feel* anything through these prosthetics. Obviously I was very happy to... um... do what *you* wanted, but..."

"What?"

"It was hard work and I didn't get anything out of it till we took my artificial bum off. If you were hoping for a mutually satisfactory lesbian experience, it wasn't like that for me. I can't actually feel you kneading my tits or false buttocks."

"No, I understand," she sighed. "I was just curious. I'm not really that keen on lesbian lovemaking and if you're not getting anything out of it, it's no good for me either. We'll just have to keep taking that thing off every night. I did enjoy being on top though. How was that?"

"Oh that was great," I said. "You're quite the little athlete in the upper position, aren't you?"

She laughed. "Hey, I just had a great idea!" she said.

"Do tell," I said, sceptically.

"Implants! You could have D cup breast implants. You'd definitely feel it then."

"Let's call that Plan B, shall we? Or maybe D."

Afterwards I put on a negligée and we went downstairs for a late dinner and a bottle of wine. I felt a little strange, being a plump woman with 42D breasts above the waist and a slim man below. Sally also seemed to find the combination disconcerting and insisted I keep my nightie and negligée properly wrapped around me to conceal any evidence of the male half of my anatomy.

“Mum said you can have all her old underwear. She’s bought herself lots of new stuff in Oz, but we’ll have to get you some panties in Dave’s size to match your nighties,” she said.

“We’re supposed to be saving our money,” I protested, though the idea of wearing sexy knickers as half-Dave gave me a little thrill.

It was still early evening and I dreaded anyone dropping round and seeing me in this state, but the only likely visitors were Anna and Phil and they were away for the weekend. They had promised to drop by on Sunday night to see Maria, the finished product.

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I woke up the next morning to find Sally playing with my boobs. I only realised what she was doing when she started massaging them with such vigour that they began pulling on my chest underneath.

“Morning, sunshine,” she said, flicking a bogus nipple. “Your boobies are amazing! They feel just like the real thing.”

“Not from my side, they don’t,” I sighed. “I still can’t feel anything.”

* * *

Since it now seemed that Carol had taken up semi-permanent residence in Australia, Maria took over her room. I didn’t sleep there, of course. Nothing had changed between man and wife (except that, if anything, Sally was even more sexually voracious), but we needed somewhere to keep my clothes and cosmetics. It was also easier for me to wash in Carol’s *en suite*, and do my make-up and hair at her dressing-table, rather than compete with my wife for hers.

Sally insisted I spent Sunday ‘practising being Maria’. So first we had to put my feminine lower half back on. The prosthesis was lying in a corner of our bedroom where it had been carelessly discarded the night before. It looked like a flesh-coloured flotation device, or maybe a rubber girdle for a fat woman.

I took it into Maria’s bathroom to wash it while it was still inside out. Then I hung it up to dry while I took a shower – my first with boobs. Ingrid had said that I could wash all my prosthetics as though they were real flesh. Hot water and soap wouldn’t affect them, she claimed, and I put that to the test.

I borrowed Sally’s shower cap as I really didn’t want to get all my new hair wet, as Sharon had advised.

After my shower, with a towel wrapped round me in the women’s manner covering my breasts, I studied my face in the bathroom mirror. My lips had stopped hurting, though they were still swollen, and of course they were much thicker now with the filler. I hardly recognised myself. I saw a stranger, a *female* stranger. The face, chin and neck prostheses made my face rounder, more feminine.

While waiting for my bottom half to dry I went out to the bedroom to put my contact lenses in and try to do something with my hair. I’d showed Sally the booklet of ‘simple hairstyles’ that Sharon had given me. I called her and she was keen to help.

First she wanted me to learn how to braid my hair. She liked the French Twist but also showed me how to put my hair in plaits and persuaded me to keep them for the rest of the day. She said they made me look younger. I thought they would clash with Carol's rather middle-aged clothes, but Sally just took that as an excuse for us to go out and look for some younger styles. Eventually she grudgingly accepted that we shouldn't be wasting money on new clothes for Maria, but she insisted on dragging me out to the local shopping centre anyway.

"You need to learn how to window-shop," she said, "and try things on even when you have no intention of buying anything – like I've had to do a lot recently," she added bitterly. "Also you need your ears pierced."

"What? I don't want my ears pierced!"

"Oh hush. Most women your age have pierced ears and I've got lots of earrings I can lend you."

So followed another extended session with the two of us getting me into my fake bum, hips and thighs. I found a pair of Carol's granny knickers which were stiff and held my rolls of fat in tightly. They were much more comfortable than the fancy pink panties Sally had picked out for me to wear the day before.

Then we had to choose my outfit for the day. Sally insisted on another dress so that she could continue my education in feminine mannerisms, gestures and gait.

I put on a slip and looked through Carol's wardrobe for something that wasn't too middle-aged. I eventually found a multi-coloured shirt dress that I quite liked. It was predominantly yellow and black and more importantly it covered my upper arms and came down to below my knees. Sally also insisted I spend the day in the heels that Ingrid had given me.

Finally, we set off for the shops, Sally driving. I sat rigid in the passenger seat trying to arrange the seat belt comfortably around or between my boobs. I was feeling apprehensive, to say the least. This wasn't like playing a part on stage. I would be performing in front of hundreds of people with no script. This would be improvisation, but with none of the other actors aware they were in the production.

I was worried I would attract unwelcome attention. This wasn't like the previous time I had been out in public as Fifi, or Sally's mother as I later became. Then we had been in a dimly lit restaurant ten miles away from home territory. At our local shopping centre, on a Sunday morning, we could easily bump into people we knew.

"Remember you don't speak English," Sally reminded me, unnecessarily. "Just smile shyly whenever we meet someone and let me do all the talking."

"No problem. You usually do all the talking anyway."

She snorted. "*Spanish*, Maria," she said, sternly.

As we made our way from the car park onto the first-floor shopping level, I was aware people – especially men – were looking at us. I hoped it was because Sally was so attractive, but inside I knew that Maria was sufficiently exotic as to attract attention herself. I was plump but shapely; I had dark skin, like a particularly rich sun tan, and long black hair. There weren't many women like me in Pinner on a Sunday morning.

"I *really* wish you hadn't given me plaits," I muttered to my wife. "I look silly."

"In Spanish," she hissed.

"Let's go to the Ladies'," I said in Spanish, "and let my hair down."

"No! Hair as long as yours flying loose would attract even more attention. This is a good lesson for you. You need to learn to ignore all the admiring glances. Be *haughty*. Think Kate Moss on the catwalk."

Our first port of call was a mid-range jeweller's.

"They charge £5 for ear piercing," Sally said, reading a notice over by the earring display. "Or it's free if you buy a pair for more than that."

Sally chose a pair of gold hoop earrings for £2.99. The saleslady confirmed she would pierce my ears and put the hoops in, all for £5. She seemed bored and clearly didn't want to spend her Sunday morning fitting naff earrings to a fat immigrant girl.

"You should leave the earrings in until your ears are completely healed," she said loudly, in the mistaken belief that talking louder would penetrate the language barrier.

I looked at Sally for enlightenment, and she translated the girls' instructions into Spanish for me.

"For several days after the piercing," the girl continued, "you need to clean your ears and put ear cleaning solution, rubbing alcohol, or antiseptic ointment on them."

Sally continued to translate, and confirmed we had both alcohol and Savlon at home. So now Maria had to face the world in big hoop earrings, plaits, and a middle-aged woman's summer dress. I fervently hoped that no one we met would know the real me, and on Monday I would be back in my plain slacks and a cleaner's smock.

We spent the rest of the morning looking round the shops and admiring clothes that we might have bought for Maria if we'd had any spare money. In a Marks and Spencer fitting room I even found myself stripped to my underwear and trying on more age-appropriate dresses. It wasn't altogether horrible. In fact, it was quite fun.

"That looks lovely on you, Maria," Sally said with a grin as I posed in a pink minidress.

She was joking of course. I looked terrible, like someone had tried to squeeze too much sausage meat into too small a casing.

"Do you have to keep calling me Maria when we're alone together?" I said in Spanish.

"Well... yes. *You* may be an actor, but I'm not, remember. What if I were to call you Dave when I'm going round a house with a client? Then where would we be?"

We eventually stopped for a coffee and to rest our feet – well, *my* feet, which were starting to ache from the unfamiliar heels – and that was where we finally met someone we knew. It was a neighbour from two doors down, Mrs Willoughby – I didn't know her first name – who was leading her sullen teenage daughter out of the coffee shop as we were going in. She had clearly seen us and came over to say hello. And because she was wondering who I was, of course. Sally made the introductions.

"And this is Maria," she said.

I smiled and muttered, “*Hola,*” in my Maria voice.

“Her family were our neighbours when we lived in Madrid,” Sally continued. “She’s staying with us for a while...”

“Oh, to improve her English?” the Willoughby woman suggested.

“Er, yes that’s right,” said Sally. She lowered her voice. “She hardly speaks a word yet, and she’s very shy.”

They exchanged a few more pleasantries, while the daughter looked bored, and I tried to act friendly and polite while pretending not to understand a word of the conversation. Eventually we parted and Sally and I were able to join the queue for coffee. I had only met the Willoughbys a couple of times as Dave, but clearly neither of them recognised me. Success!

“We hadn’t thought of that,” Sally said in Spanish, as we waited to be served. “Everyone will assume you’re over here to learn English, so you’ll need to improve gradually. Eventually you’ll have to be able to talk to the clients you clean for. We’d better work on your voice.”

I agreed. “But it takes time to learn a new language, doesn’t it?” I said. “And this whole farce is only going on for a few months – till the Tribunal. Then Maria can disappear forever. It’ll be OK.”

I got more looks from the other customers while we drank our coffee, but when they heard us speaking Spanish, people seemed to lose interest. I was able to convince myself that the attention I was attracting was because of my exotic appearance, rather than because I was being recognised as a cross-dresser.

On the way back to the car I got my first wolf-whistle from a couple of workmen. I blushed with... embarrassment? Pleasure? Whatever. They were whistling at Sally, of course.