

by Amanda Hawkins

Maid for Halloween

Mom waited until the morning of the 31st to break the bad news. “I have to work tonight,” she told us at breakfast. The brats howled their protest.

“It’s okay, sweeties,” she continued, “Vinnie will take you out. You don’t mind, do you, dear?”

I muttered “sure, why the hell not” into my cereal. Had to be better than manning the door, right?

“You’ll find my costume in my bedroom, hanging on the back of the door. Give yourself plenty of time to get dressed.”

“You want me to wear *your* costume?”

“Of course. Your step-brother and -sister are going as Donald Trump and his wife. You’re the maid.”

“But the maid thing was your idea, not mine.”

“I know. But I can’t be there, so I’m asking you to help out.” She must’ve seen the look on my face.

“Listen, young man. My job pays the bills around here, including that college of yours. Is it too much to ask that you help out now and then?”

Man, she really knew how to push my buttons.

“Thank you, dear. Now, you’ll find everything you need in the dresser. Don’t wear your boy underwear under the dress; people will know. And pick the right color brassiere, so it doesn’t show.”

“Jeez, Ma. People are gonna know anyway.”

“No, they won’t. After class this afternoon, you go to my salon. They’ll fix you up.”

Why did I agree to this crazy plan? I mean, I’m a regular guy. I like girls. Sure, I like to dress up like one now and then, but who doesn’t? It’s normal.

On Halloween, Mom always used to dress me up as a princess or a little witch, and then there’s been parties and school dances. Normal stuff like that.

Sure, I’ve got some of Mom’s old lingerie stashed in the back of my closet. That’s normal, right? It’s what regular guys do. I’m normal, okay?

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At the salon, Sally is Mom’s regular stylist. When I showed up, she took me right into the back and got started on my hair. “Oh good, it’s nice and thick,” she said. “That’ll hide the weave nicely.”

I didn’t have long to wonder what the hell she was talking about: hair extensions. Same dark brunette as my own hair, but long enough for a girl.

I asked her, why not just wear a wig?

“She wants you to look nice, Vinnie. Not like some clown in drag. Any frat boy can do that. Don’t you want to look like a real woman?”



I wasn’t so sure that I did. At least, that’s what I told Sally. Privately, well... maybe.

With my new hairdo cemented in place, she set to work on my face. A strong depilatory cream was followed by a pair of slim needles—collagen, Sally said—to bring my cheeks to greater prominence.

“This seems like an awful lot of—”

“Hush up, boy. I’m not done making you pretty.”

She applied foundation and blush, and blended the contours of my new face. Then dusting powder. She left the rest for Mom to finish later.

I escaped with my hair in a ponytail, barely able to pass as a guy from a distance. Fortunately, I made it home without seeing anyone I knew.

I helped the brats get dressed, and then it was time to climb into my own costume. Or rather, Mom’s.

It was your standard black maid’s dress, with white lace trim and a small apron. I stripped off my shirt and rooted through Mom’s dresser for a black bra. I found an underwire job that left my upper chest bare, and managed to wedge enough body fat into the cups to present minimal cleavage.

I picked up a half-girdle. Shit, did she really expect me to wear her underwear? But, what the hell, it was nothing I hadn’t done before.

Mom came in just as I was zipping up the dress.

“Very nice,” she said. She handed me a brand new pair of white stockings. “I’m glad you thought to shave your legs. I forgot to mention that.”

Oh yeah, that. Good thing I ‘thought’ to shave them two days ago, before all this came up.

Mom sat me down in front of her vanity. I’d seen her makeup in action before, but never applied to my own face. She accented my eyes with liner and eye shadow, darkened my eyebrows and swept mascara through my already-thick eyelashes. And finally, cranberry lipstick for a female mouth.

“All done, dear,” she said brightly. “Didn’t I say you’d turn out pretty?” She shook my hair out of its ponytail and brushed until it tumbled smoothly, like warm water, onto the exposed skin of my neck and shoulders. “Congratulations,” she whispered into my ear. “You are now the family maid.”

“Oh, joy...” Man, if she wasn’t paying my tuition... She patted my cheek. “Do try to stay in character... Vanessa.” She spoke sternly, in a voice that would brook no disobedience. “From now on, you *are* the maid—understand?” She showed me the webcam that had recorded my transformation and forwarded the images to her computer at work. She left to my imagination what she might do with the images.

My heart sank. She was serious. “I’m sorry, er... madam,” I said meekly. “How may I serve you?”

“That’s better.” She brightened. “It’s nearly time. Go get the children ready. Oh, and put these on.”

It could’ve been worse. The shoes she handed me had ankle straps and very narrow heels, but at least they matched my dress. And I’d worn them before.

The brats played their parts to the hilt. They made me carry their bags, loudly referred to me as ‘the help’, and scolded me when I failed to maintain the required three paces back of them at all times. I saw lots of people I knew, including our immediate neighbors, but no one seemed to recognize me.

Silently, I thanked both Mom and Sally for all they had done. Looking like a real woman suddenly made a whole lot of sense.

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Mom was home when we got back, handing out candy at the door. Most of it, I noticed, was gone.

“I thought you had to go to work,” I said.

“Change of plans.” She led me into the living room. I nearly died on the spot. A man was waiting there.

“Vanessa, this is Mr. Williams. We work together. Trent, this is Vanessa, our maid.”

“H—hello, Mr. Williams.” I recognized him. One of the younger—and handsomer—sales associates. I hope like hell he didn’t recognize me.

“Hello, Vanessa.” He grinned. “I told Helen she *had* to be exaggerating, but I was wrong. You are indeed a beautiful young woman.”

I blushed. What the hell was going on?

“Vanessa has been with us—oh, over a year now.” Mom touched my shoulder. “She’s like a second mother to my darling children. Isn’t that right?”

My head dipped. “If you say so... madam.”

“You’re off duty now, dear. Call me Helen.”

Trent escorted me to the couch and sat down next to me. “I’m afraid this isn’t just a social call,” he said smoothly. “I have a favor to ask.”

I gaped up at him. “A favor? From me?”

“I’m afraid so. I’m going to a party at the house of an important client. Tonight. But the woman I was going with has taken sick.”

Mom piped up: “It wouldn’t look proper if he showed up alone, dear. You know how people talk.”

“What’s that got to do with me?” But I already knew the answer.

“I know it’s last-minute,” Trent said. “But would you consider coming to the party as my date?”

“I’m sure she wouldn’t mind,” Mom said. “It’s not like she’s seeing anyone at the moment.”

So that was her game. Take away my only plausible excuse to refuse, effectively forcing her son to go on a date with another man. But why?

I nodded slowly. “I—I’ll have to change...”

“Of course,” Trent said quickly.

“I’ll help you, dear. We can use my room.”

With the door closed, I confronted her. “What the hell are you *doing*, Mom?”

“Excuse me? I know you feel like part of the family, young lady—but I am *not* your mother.”

“But I’m your *son*.”

“No, Vanessa, you’re the maid. Deal with it.” Then she smiled. “But like I said, you’re off duty at the moment, so please do call me Helen.”

I shook my head. “Jesus... So you really want me to go out with this guy?”

“It’s up to you, dear.” She sighed. “But yes, I think you should. He’s a very nice man.”

Huh. In other words, just shut up and do it.

I stripped off the maid uniform. Mom had me lie on the bed, then glued a very expensive pair of breast forms to my chest. She didn’t try to justify it in terms of me being the maid, she just went ahead and did it. While the glue dried, she applied makeup to my chest and contoured the edges into invisibility.

“I know you don’t have a lot of experience with men,” she said, as she wrapped me in a strapless red brassiere. “And everyone knows that Mr. Williams is a terrible womanizer. So you be careful.”

She handed me a pair of black pantyhose and I slid my legs inside, shivering at the sensation.

“However... most young women would consider Trent to be a bit of a catch. You might want to think about that when he brings you home.”

“Are you serious? I don’t want a *boyfriend*.”

“I know, I know.” She returned me to the vanity and refreshed my makeup, then handed me a skimpy red dress. “But you don’t want to be a maid your whole life either, do you? Just put a little something extra into that first kiss. See where it goes.”

I held the dress up by its spaghetti straps. “This is a bit revealing, isn’t it? Why can’t I wear that nice cocktail dress of yours—the navy blue one.”

“Trent brought this for you. It’s the outfit his date was supposed to wear.” She shrugged. “The party has a serving-girl theme, I understand.”

“I see. So the guys get to wear tuxes—”

“And the women dress like Playboy bunnies, yes.”

Mom smirked. “Don’t forget your bow tie, dear.”

I inhaled and stepped into the dress. With a lot of wriggling I got it to cover my bra, but that still left a whole lot of real estate in full view. The black felt bow tie hid my throat, but not my major assets. Mom loaned me her best earrings and I wore the same high heels as before.

It felt like I was open for business.

The woman in the mirror was beautiful. I couldn’t believe she was me. Poor Vincent had never been much to look at, never had much confidence. I knew Vinnie couldn’t pull this off. But Vanessa, she was something else. And someone else.

I picked up Mom’s favorite perfume and spritzed my wrists. “I guess I’m ready.”

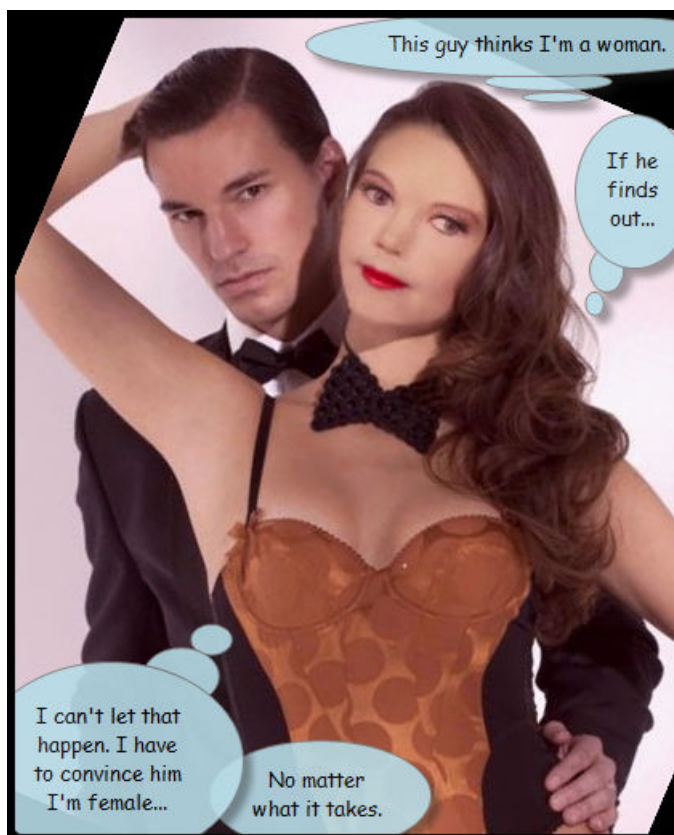
Mom insisted on taking our picture before we left, as if Trent was taking me to the prom. We hammed it up a bit, he with his arm around my waist and me cooing up to him like it was a fashion shoot. I even let him kiss me once, right there in the front room while Mom clicked away with her camera.

Better to get it over with, right? No point worrying about that first kiss all night.

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Trent took me to a mansion on the edge of town. I don’t know who the owner was, or what business he was in, but from my point of view the party was just a bunch of rich guys in tuxedos standing around, drinks in hand, ogling a gaggle of gorgeous young things—of which I was one.

Trent was nicer than the others, though. They just talked and drank, and ignored their dates, while he was very attentive. We danced and he kept my wine glass full, and he even took the time to talk to me as an equal—while never letting me forget that I was a lady. He’d lift my hand to his lips, touch my hair, nuzzle my cheek while we danced. Best of all, even though he didn’t know he was doing it, was that he made me feel like a woman, even though I wasn’t.



“Vanessa,” he whispered, while we were alone on a balcony overlooking the garden, “without a doubt, you are the prettiest girl here. None of these other women even come close.”

“But Trent, they’re all so beautiful.”

“They’re all ordinary, next to the extraordinary.”

So I kissed him, right there on the balcony. Long and hard. How could I not? He was being so nice. Plus, we were in a garden, surrounded by flowers, and the moon was full. Hey, I’m only human.

After the party, we drove up to the lake. I knew it was a mistake—I knew where it could lead—but I really didn’t want the evening to end. And did I mention that the guy drives a Mercedes-Benz? How is a girl supposed to resist a car like that?

We parked high on a bluff, overlooking the water. It’s where my buddies often took their dates and I knew exactly what they got there. Did Trent want the same thing from me? Part of me hoped so.

I snuggled up close as he described my womanly attributes with such conviction that I wondered if I was still a guy under all that beauty. Whatever the truth was, at that moment I was a woman—and, for one night at least, Trent was my man.

His hand left my shoulder and crept into my hair. It gripped the back of my head. I looked up and found his mouth closing in on mine. Instinctively, my lips opened. Our lips touched, parted only briefly, then came together and moved in unison.

We spoke in tongues. I knew it was going too far, but I couldn’t help myself. I was drunk on being a woman. My free hand crept into his lap.

He moaned and held me closer. His fingers raked through my hair, which I felt sweeping across my back as we clutched at one another.

I felt him pluck at the straps of my dress. “I can’t—you know,” I whispered. But I gently rubbed his crotch. “But I could—you know.”

“You don’t have to,” he said hoarsely.

“I know.” I touched his lips with mine. “I want to.”

I opened his pants. I was shocked—his was way bigger than mine. I wondered about taking it all in, but at this point I didn’t have much choice.

I let it slip between my lips. Then his hands grasped my hair and I officially lost control of the situation. The world vanished behind bouncing curtains of dark hair, while I grabbed what air I could as my head bobbed up and down. All I could think of was that this man was treating me like a woman—a real woman! Nothing else seemed to matter.

Mom smiled at me when I got home. I didn’t say a word—I didn’t have to. She knew.

All she said was, “Happy Halloween!” ■