

Paradise Island

Plus: A Position in The Family



Copyright © 2013, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

PARADISE ISLAND

By Bea

This woman was literally dripping with jewels. She was elderly, no doubt about that - but obviously very well maintained sporting an even tan under an Armani gown and Farregamo shoes. She had the calm assurance that comes with wealth and studied her menu with a confident mien. "What's your name, waiter?" she asked.

"Michael, ma'am"

"Well Michael, you seem like a nice young man, so let me ask you. What on this menu is fit to eat and what is rubbish?"

It was my last night on the job – Alice, the manager, had pulled me aside earlier in the evening and informed me that my services were no longer required. Despite my protestations and pleading, she was adamant. It was only after I pointed out to her how broke I was that she relented enough to allow me to work this one last night. The restaurant was one of those swanky upscale places and even though I was only paid minimum wage, there were some evenings where I could make enough in tips to support my gambling habit.

Not that I was a stupid gambler mind you, but I had just suffered a run of very bad luck and the vigorish on the few thousand I owed to the bookies was building up at an awful rate and Miguel and Carlos, the muscle men for Domingo, my bookie, were already dropping hints about broken arms and legs. They were only joking - I hoped – After all, how could I have a hope in hell of paying off my debt if I was lying in a hospital bed? But the prospects of getting another job that paid anything at all were slim. A series of big storms and hurricanes were just lying off the coast and tourism was taking a major hit – so I was pretty desperate for money – or some escape route but had neither.

I'm normally a very mild mannered person – a point that more than one girlfriend has mistaken for docility – but things had reached a crisis stage with me and I reacted in a very unusual way to the woman's question.

"Ma'am? I can't afford to eat here, so the only food I've ever been offered is either leftovers or a dish that a customer has refused. In my opinion? The duck a l'orange is good. Other than that, it's mostly over priced, over sauced, junk."

She smiled up at me. "My! What a refreshing young man! Tell you what Michael, I'm somewhat allergic to duck, so why don't you order me a Caesar salad then

come back here and sit with me? I think I'd like to get to know you better."

She immediately sensed my concern about the loss of possible tips and smiled again. "Michael? I never tip more than twenty percent and even at the inflated prices in here you are not going to get rich from me. But I notice that your section is not altogether busy and I just may have a proposition for you that could be of interest. So why don't you do as I ask – like a good boy?"

Yes, I was intimidated, I admit it - but there was something intriguing going on. Proposition? For me? Sounded interesting to say the least. I wasn't very sure how Alice would react to me sitting down with a paying customer, but then smiled to myself. What was she going to do – fire me? So I went and placed the order for the lady's salad and made arrangements for one of the busboys to serve it. A few minutes later, I was walking to sit at the table with (hopefully) my new boss.

"Okay. What should I call you ma'am." I smiled as I pulled out a chair and sat. "Can't be calling you that all night, can I?"

A coating of frost covered her eyes immediately. "*Ma'am* is perfectly acceptable. I am not looking for a dinner partner. I'm talking to someone who may, or may not be, an employee. Is this clear?"

"Yes." And I saw her eyes get even colder. "*Ma'am*" I added hurriedly.

Her eyes got warmer and I breathed in internal sigh of relief. I hadn't blown it altogether, although I found myself even more intimidated now.

"You a homosexual?" she asked slowly and distinctly.

“No way!” I said huffily. “And if I need to be one for your proposition? You can stuff it – ma’am!” I added sarcastically.

She looked up at me from her chair. Spoke very calmly. “The first part of your answer is acceptable. But use words or a tone of voice like that to me again and you can be assured that you’ll *never* hear my proposition. Now apologize, sit down, and speak when you’re spoken to. Understand?”

I cursed my impetuosity to myself. Can’t *stand* fags, but with my slight build and clear complexion have the slimy bastards hitting on me all the time. Even a lot of women assume I can’t perform as a man because of my appearance. Pisses me OFF! But I could tell from her words and her demeanor that I hadn’t blown my chances all together.

“I’m very sorry ma’am” I said humbly, and sat down again.

The change in her was immediate, and incredible. Her eyes sparkled with warmth and understanding and she showed her perfect teeth in a dazzling smile. She reached across the table and patted my hand gently. “*That’s* a good boy Michael. *Much* better! Now can we be friends?”

She was now treating me as if I was some kind of pet - but as it was a helluva lot better than receiving ice daggers from her eyes, I simpered and said “Of course. Thank you ma’am” – which got me another beam of approval.

“How much do you know about women Michael?” she asked kindly a few seconds after her salad had been served to her.

“Not much ma’am. Like most guys? They lose me at times.” I admitted.

“You don’t find our paths of logic easy to follow?”

I couldn't help but laugh. "You hit *that* nail right on the head ma'am."

"Let me let you in on a little secret Michael. Women don't understand logical beings like men either. We're emotional – that's what we deal from – emotion!"



"Must admit that I've thought along those lines myself," I said easily. "But never thought I'd hear a woman admit it."

"Yes dear. You're hearing a woman admit it." she said. Then she speared a piece of egg in her salad on her fork – and then was holding it up close to my mouth! "Here Michael. You look hungry – and I need help eating this salad. So be a good boy, huh?"

"I'd rather not ma'am. Not hu. ."

"*Michael!*" she said firmly.

I opened my lips and found the piece of egg in my mouth "Very good!" she said – and here was her fork back in front of my mouth – with some crisp lettuce on the tines this time! I couldn't seem to object, so opened my mouth again.

"Mmmm!" she hummed happily. "Oh, I can see that we're going to get along just famously! But pull your chair around to be closer to me, would you?"

After I'd done as she commanded, she started to explain the proposition to me, feeding me tidbits from her plate as if I was her pet! I saw the amused looks this performance was getting from the other diners and my waiter cohorts, but no one said anything, though I did hear muffled laughter coming from various parts of the restaurant. I'd have got up and left, but her description of what she was offering was every poor young man's fantasy that had ever lived – no way was I going to leave!

"You see Michael? I'm a partner in an island resort, not far from the mainland. Bluntly? It's a lesbian resort and we make sure that all of the hotel staff are pretty young girls – who don't mind short romantic flings with other women."

"But what does that have to do with me, ma'am. I don't understand . . ."

"Michael? Here, take this piece of yummy anchovy, and just listen, would you?"

Once I was chewing on the salty fish, she continued. "Well, I should think that it's obvious. The hotel staff are, mostly, normal, heterosexual girls who only work there for the money – but like I said earlier? Women are emotional creatures – we want love and romance – especially *romance* - from a male! We can't help ourselves, it's part of our genetic structure!"

"Ma'am. Can I ask a question?" I pleaded.

"Of course! Go ahead!"

"It sounds to me that you're looking for a male stud to . . . help . . . your girls on the island have . . . sex?"

"Exactly! Though we have more than one . . . ahem . . . stud there. Too many girls for one male to satisfy."

"But ma'am? I've got to say this. I'm small and don't weigh very much. Don't have muscles and all that good stuff. . ."

"You're not exactly a *hunk*? That what you're saying?" she interrupted.

I nodded.

"Come here!" she said softly.

"Where?"

"Sit on my lap. I don't want to be overheard!" With that, she took one of my hands in hers and gave me a slight tug.

Sure, it was embarrassing, but do you think I was going to shut the door on what sounded like unlimited sex – with pretty girls – do you think I'm *nuts*? Blushing furiously, and humiliated as I was, I got up from my chair

and to a sudden silence in the restaurant, went and sat in her lap. She gave me a light, possessive, kiss on my cheek, snaked an arm around my shoulders and pulled me back so that my head was nestled against her shoulder. "Oh yesss!" she said happily and started feeding me again.

After a few mouthfuls, she returned to the main topic. "Now, just think about it this way dear. Why do you think my first question was to find out if you were a homosexual? Obvious, no? I can't have a stable of studs fooling around with each other instead of doing what they're there for and servicing my girls, can I?"

"Oh," I said, seeing what she was getting at.

"And as for you not being a hunk? Just as obvious. No offense dear, but I can't have my girls getting film star types, can I? They'd start mooning about, not doing their jobs and probably ignoring the customers. And, most important? The lesbians would get all jealous! If the studs there were hunks, the poor dykes wouldn't stand a chance, would they?"

Everything she said made sense, so I nodded. Smiled happily at her as she fed me another mouthful. She gave me a tight squeeze.

"So? Even though you'd be one of the highest paid employees on the island? You'd have a pretend job of being a cabin boy – or something like that . . ."

"To throw the dykes off the scent?"

She kissed me – right on the lips! "You're not just a pretty face, are you?" she giggled.

"When do I start?" I asked in a daze at my good fortune.

A shadow crossed her face. "We may have a problem there. We're taking three studs over to the island tomor-

row morning, and won't be taking any more over for maybe a moth or so. ."

"I could be ready by tomorrow. No problem," I said eagerly.

She shook her head doubtfully. "Not so fast sweetie. With the storms hanging around? We have to notify your friends, next of kin, where you're going. ."

"Not a problem at all!" I laughed. "I'm an orphan and haven't been here long enough to make friends."

"No girl friend?"

"I wish," I said honestly. "So is it gonna be okay then?"

"Not so fast sweetie. My partners demand that any stud we send over there be thoroughly evaluated psychologically. ."

"Huh?"

"To make absolutely, positively, sure that he's what we want for our girls. To tell you the truth, and I may as well tell you this right now – it can be very embarrassing for the candidates. More than one has dropped out. ."

All of a sudden, my mind focused on Miguel, Domingo and Carlos. "Does anybody – *would* anybody know about you offering me this job?" I asked carefully.

"No. Nobody. Why?"

"Oh just a thought." I said. "But couldn't it be worked out that I get that test tonight?"

A light came on behind her eyes that I couldn't translate. "Now that you mention it? I'm *sure* it could be arranged," she said. "Why don't you bring me a phone to the table?"

My heart was racing. No doubt about it. We hadn't talked salary yet – but I would be transported, as if by

magic carpet, to some romantic island where there were scads of pretty girls just waiting to get banged – by ME! STUD MICHAEL! Not only that? I was getting away from the goddam Columbian Mafia! They'd never find me out there! Practically panting I hurried to Alice to get a phone rigged up for my new boss.

She grinned an evil grin at me. “Rich old lady got you for a pet Michael? Wants you to sit on her lap and feed you? Ooooh! I'll bet you'll just *love* that, huh?”

“Aw, shut up Alice!” I whined. “It's not what it looks like. She's got a . . .” And then I remembered the need for secrecy and shut my mouth. If she didn't know anything, she couldn't pass on any information that would get me tracked down.

“A lot of money?” Alice finished my sentence for me with a leer.

“Yeah!” I said shortly. “How's about that phone?”

It didn't take long. It felt kinda cloak and daggerish but my new boss lady made the arrangements then left the restaurant. I waited twenty minutes, then asked to leave as business was slow. Alice paid me off – and after a bit of an argument - the tip I'd earned, - and I left.

Outside, as I'd been told, a big black Cadillac was waiting for me – no lights and the engine running. As ordered, I made sure that nobody saw me then quickly opened the back door and jumped inside, Closed the door quietly and the car eased away with a powerful murmur of the engine as the lights went on, illuminating the darkness in front of us..

There was a glass panel between me and the chauffeur and it was never lowered until we pulled up in front of a large house, then it went down. “Just go up the pathway to the front door,” the driver said. I wasn't sure if it was a

man or a woman, but caught a tinge of an accent in his/her voice. "They're expecting you."

"Thanks," I said, and left the car.

There was lighting enough for me to see my way, but it was very subdued. Frankly, I'd absolutely no idea where I was and it was a little scary – but thinking of all the pleasures that awaited me in my new job, I forged ahead, pressed the doorbell and heard the chimes echo somewhere in the house.

It took a few seconds, but the door finally opened to reveal a drop-dead gorgeous maid! Almost like those pert young things you see in movies – I mean, black satin uniform, white petticoats? An apron that would hardly cover her pelvic arch? Feminine little flounce cap? Come ON! But she gleamed a set of the whitest teeth imaginable at me. "Michael? SO glad you could make it! Please come in. Doctor is waiting for you! Follow me, please."

She flounced ahead of me, her heels making that great tip-tap sound on the hardwood floors of the hallway, her petticoats swishing ever so alluringly in front of me, smiling back over her shoulder at me every so often. I was starting to like this job already I thought. She led me to a doorway and knocked lightly on the door. A deep, but feminine voice said for us to come in, and the girl opened the door and ushered me inside, standing aside to let me enter than closing the door gently behind me.

The woman was tall, blonde, and had the coldest gray eyes I'd ever seen. She was sitting at a desk, a folder spread in front of her. "You are Michael?" she asked in a disinterested voice.

"Yes, that's me," I said softly, again intimidated.

"Good," she said without the slightest enthusiasm in her voice. "Now listen up. As a favor to Mrs. Arne, I'm conducting this examination on my own time and I'm not

going to mess around. I want you to get it into your head that you're not going to mess around either. Okay?"

"I don't understand, doctor," I said hesitantly.

"Well, let me put it this way honey. I *tell* you to do something? You do it – immediately, without questions and arguments. Anybody else asks you to do anything? It'll be up to you but for the next hour or so, you'd better look on me as your one and only god. I tell you to do anything humanly possible, you do it. You don't? The examination's over. Got that?"

I think so." I replied.

Okay. Strip," she said.

"Huh?"

"One time only. Strip! Take your clothes off."

As I started to take my clothes off, she started writing something into the folder in front of her. Spoke as she did so, though didn't look up. Her voice was a little kinder now. "I don't normally tell a candidate this, but I'll let you in on a little secret Michael. You'll find some of this psychological examination embarrassing, maybe even humiliating, but you won't be given any second chances. Just remember that you do what *I* say – nobody else counts." She looked up at me again. "Undershorts too Michael. Everything off."

Shyly, I took my last item of clothing in front of her, cupping my hands over my genitals for modesty. She got up and walked around her desk. "Put your hands at your sides, please?" she said. Blushing, I did so.

She nodded and, without warning, took genitals into her large hand! It was cold in the room, but her hand was even more like ice! Frightened a little, I let out a gasp, but other than that did not react.

"You don't find me attractive Michael?" she purred, just a hint of amusement in her voice now, "You're not giving me an erection."

"It's cold ma'am," I panted.

"Mmm," she said. "Turn around, spread your legs wide and bend over."

I had a sense of what she was going to do, but still went ahead and did as she'd instructed. As I did so, I heard the sound of a latex glove being snapped onto a hand – and then, bent over, felt something like a lubricant being placed up my back passage. Then, without warning, a large meaty finger was inserted into my anus. I let out a gasp of fear and indignation as it was slowly pushed up deeper and deeper inside me.

"Don't like this either?" she hissed from above me.

"No ma'am," I said honestly. "Not at all."

"Mmm," she said again, and mercifully, the finger was withdrawn quickly. "Here! Clean yourself with this," she said, handing me a moist towelette. "Throw it in that bin over there, then wait for me." With that, she picked up all of my clothes and bundled them together – then left the room.

I was *freezing*! It felt as if I was in a refrigerator. Started walking across the room and back, flailing my arms to get my circulation going. Suddenly, the door opened – and the chauffeur came in! "Hi!" he said softly. "How you doin'?"

"Colder than a witch's tit in here!" I gasped. "Could you turn the heat up?"

He shook his head. "Can't do that, but I could maybe warm you up a little – maybe a lot?"

He was smaller than me, with soft limpid eyes. Suddenly, I got the sense of what he was implying. He started

coming towards me, slowly. "You're a real cutie. Know that?" he whispered.

"Fuck OFF you fucking pervert! Fuck off or I'll belt you!" I shrieked, making a fist and waving it at him.

"Hey! There's no need for that kind of language man. You're very offensive. Know that?" he said, but backed away a little.

"Get outta here! Piss off you friggin' pansy! Move it!" I yelled, taking another step towards him. "Hope you freeze your nuts off," he sneered, opening the door behind him and scurrying out, then closing it quietly behind him.

I was still panting with anger and excitement when the door opened again after a short knock. I was about to yell again when the pretty maid came waltzing in! I immediately put my hands in front of myself to hide my genitals again.

"Oh, you poor thing!" she said sympathetically. "You look frozen!"

"I am," I admitted. "Could you turn up the heat in here?"

She shook her head. "Sorry. This room is always cold. I keep telling the doctor, but she doesn't seem to feel it."

"When will she be coming back? I'd like to get this exam over as quickly as possible so's I can get my clothes back on."

The girl shook her head. "That's just it. She got called to the phone and sent me here to take your measurements. I don't know when . . ."

"Measurements? What for?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. It's always just a part of the examination." She leaned close to me and whispered. "Truthfully?"

I think it's just to embarrass you young guys, but I'm not sure. Don't tell the doctor I told you, okay?"

"Oh, okay," I said. "But I'm *still* frozen!"

"Tell you what? Why don't you come to my room and I'll measure you there? It's just down the hall and it's a LOT warmer there and I don't think the doctor would mind. Maybe you could wear a robe of mine or something while we took the measurements?"

"Oh, I'm not so sure about the robe, but I'd sure like to be in a warmer room" I said eagerly.

"Okay then, let's go!" she said gaily, opening the door. Without hesitation, I followed her back down the hallway into a surprisingly comfortable (for a maid) – WARM – room with a large bed and closets running down one full wall. It was carpeted and lovely and cozy on my bare feet. I sighed happily.

She started taking my measurements, using a tape measure. At first it was standard things – you know, chest, waist, hips – that sort of thing – but then there seemed to be an awful lot of strange ones - from my testicles to my knees – then to my belly button. Then, to my shame, she wanted to measure my penis in an erect position and I couldn't get it up!

"I . . . I . . . don't know . . . what it could be . . . honest!" I stammered as she waited for me to try and get it erect.

"Maybe I could help?" she grinned seductively and came and pressed herself against me!

And? Oh God! I still couldn't get it up!

Let me explain. I *know* I'm hetero. Never fantasized about another guy in my life. Have always dreamed about making it with gorgeous young, pretty, girls. The only thing is that even in my fantasies, I needed the girls

to be really hot for me – almost like I couldn't take the initiative. HAD to wait for them to call the plays.

Now this little maid was everything I'd ever dreamed about – but she was trying to seduce me – but not in a pushy enough way if you catch my drift. I put my arms about her warm body – and tried – OH how I tried to get an erection – but was dead as dead could be down there.

“Oh, you poor dear. I can feel your arms tremble! Oh you poor, poor thing! You're still freezing, aren't you?” she cooed sympathetically.

“Oh YES! That must be it!” I lied desperately.

“Very well then. You just stand there and I'll get you something that'll get you warm!” she said briskly, left me, went to the closet and came back with a long woman's robe. “Here! get this on you. You'll be warm in a minute!” she commanded imperiously.

This was more like my fantasies than I cared to admit, and I was helpless to deny her anything as she was already slipping my arms into the sleeves and pulling it up around me. “See? Look at the improvement already!” she joked as my cock was rising in front of me. She patted it. “It's a nice little one, isn't it?” then added, “Come on over to the bed then and we'll see what we can do, huh?”

Now the robe wasn't one of this frilly feminine things – nor was it silky and transparent. It was a woman's robe, of that there was no doubt. Dusky pink and made of some velvet material it was nipped in at the waist and had a full skirt. The cinched in waist accentuated what hips I had – and also indicated that I had a bust – so in effect, it immediately gave my figure specific feminine attributes. For some reason, it also seemed to make me feel extremely weak so that the maid found it easy to push me over to the bed.

"Aren't you going to make love to me?" she asked, smiling and, as I seemed incapable of doing much, simply took me into her surprisingly strong arms and kissing me firmly, laid me down on my back. Then, without further ado, she kicked off her shoes, reached up under her skirts and pulled her panties down, stepped out of them, then spreading her petticoats out to the fullest, mounted me! "Wheee!" she yelled gleefully as she started to ride up and down on my shaft as I lay, half submerged and trying to fight off the layers of frilled petticoats that threatened to engulf me, my arms waving weakly in the attempt.

I didn't hear the door open but suddenly, the doctor was standing at the side of the bed looking down on me as the maid finally brought me to climax. Shuddering, I shot my load into her, very conscious of the fact that I had just been almost raped – and that someone else had watched the conclusion of the act.

"So Linda? How did he do? Any findings?" she asked the maid.

Linda (for that was obviously the maid's name) settled her wait down on top of me as I felt myself go flaccid inside her.

Linda thought for a moment then spoke dispassionately. "Well? He's not gay. That's for sure. Very uncomfortable in taking the male role – doesn't seem to want to be aggressive. Very weak and soft in the arms."

"Have any problem getting him into the robe?"

"A little – but he might have raised some hell if I'd tried a negligee, so I stuck with the more conservative robe. He let me put that on him like a little lamb."

"Did he take on any feminine characteristics while in the robe, or being screwed by you?"