



Reluctant Press presents:

Maid To Escape

Sally Wild



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MAID TO ESCAPE

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Harry Smith laughed wildly as he powered the rental car through a tight turn on the winding, narrow road snaking through the jungle of the small tropical island. It was a pitch black night and he was drunker than a skunk.

Although the rental was a small, basic, underpowered sedan, in his alcohol soused brain he imagined he was driving a low-slung, powerful sports car, flinging it expertly around every corner. It was so exhilarating to be free of the suffocating presence of his older sister, Carol.

So what if she had paid for this trip for the two of them. After all, it wasn't his fault that he was between jobs at the moment and had to move in with her a couple of months ago. It had been his idea that they take a much needed vacation so she could take a break from her fast-paced job at the bank and he could get over the countless rejections he had suffered in his futile attempt to land another job.

If nothing else, he needed a reprieve from her constant demands to keep looking for work no matter how depressing the whole experience was becoming. Just because he had become less and less energetic in his approach after the first month didn't seem to be grounds for her endless harping. Thankfully he had succeeded in convincing her that a week-long stay on a remote island in the Caribbean would provide him with the incentive to reapply himself to finding suitable employment.

At first the small but luxurious resort Carol had selected seemed ideal for some serious relaxation but after a few days her friend, Margaret Fields, had turned up. She was an older but still beautiful blonde with a bombshell of a figure, Margaret obviously had a lot of money.

Great looks and a large bank account; Margaret was the kind of woman that Harry could happily get to know. Unfortunately, she didn't hesitate to curtly brush him off with the clear message that she was way out of his league. And if that wasn't bad enough, her snotty attitude seemed to re-ignite Carol's need to continually remind him that he had to turn his life around and make something of himself. What a pair of bitches!

Everything had to be done their way. He shouldn't be lazing about and having a good time while his sister paid the bills. He should be focusing on his upcoming battle to get a

job instead of having a good time. Drinking too much was a sign of weakness. He should be looking after his health. On and on it went in a never-ending litany of advice.

Finally his patience had run out while they were all having dinner at the resort's restaurant. Almost totally ignoring the superb food on offer, Harry had concentrated on doing his best to destroy the better part of two bottles of rather fine wine. Not that he took the time to savor the deep red, fruity Merlot. After the first bottle, he just gulped it down heedlessly.

The disdainful looks of his two dining companions only encouraged him to guzzle even more in an effort to numb his senses. Their snide comments about his total lack of redeeming qualities soon faded away into a meaningless buzz he could happily ignore.

When he went to refill his glass yet again, he found the second bottle was empty. He tried to snap his fingers to gain the attention of their waiter but found the simple gesture too much for his completely uncoordinated body. He began to open his mouth to yell at the lax server when his sister grabbed his flailing hand and spoke quietly but sternly into his ear.

"Stop making an ass of yourself, Harry! You have had way too much to drink and will be one sorry little boy in the morning. We both know that you and alcohol are not a good mix. Get back to our cottage this instant before I ask security to escort you there."

Harry glared at his older sibling but didn't have the courage to argue with her. He quickly convinced himself that leaving these two harridans behind would make his evening that much more pleasant. Slurring his sloppy farewell, he staggered from the dining room, totally oblivious to the disgruntled looks and sarcastic comments his undignified departure generated from patrons and staff alike.

In spite of his stupor-like state, he managed to follow the path from the resort's main building back to the cozy two-bedroom cottage he and his sister were sharing. The lush but well-manicured vegetation stopped him from wandering too far off course. Fumbling in his pocket for the key to the door he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks as he sighted the small sedan parked beside their temporary abode.

A wide grin caused his mouth to twitch uncontrollably upward as he contemplated the idea of leaving those two cows even further behind. Who did his sister think she was sending him back to his bedroom? He was almost twenty-five, not a little boy anymore. And he still had the car keys in his pocket from a drive they had taken earlier.

With a whoop of joy at the thought of some exhilarating freedom, he swayed over to the car and clumsily opened the driver's door. A sudden moment of hesitation about driving while so obviously inebriated only slowed him fractionally as he flopped down into the seat. Fumbling the key into the ignition, he started the engine, ground the manual gear box into first and jerked forward so violently that the still open door slammed shut. Just managing not to stall, he picked up speed as he banged the protesting gear box into second and then third. Traveling much too fast, he still managed to avoid hitting anything as he roared by the resort's main building, holding down the horn in a blaring insult to all those still stuffing their faces in the restaurant.

Roaring by the front gate, he was oblivious to the fact that he almost ran down one of the security guards standing there. They were paid to keep undesirables out, not in, and this was far from the first guest they had observed acting in a stupid manner.

Yelling with a rage he had suppressed for the last few weeks, Harry pounded the steering wheel in excitement as he rejoiced in the fact he had finally managed to slide out from under his sister's suffocating grasp. When they got back to the States he vowed to strike out on his own, even if he had to beg on the streets. There was no way he was going to put up with the crap Carol and Margaret were dishing out to him on a daily basis. A man shouldn't have to put up with that kind of treatment from a pair of stuck-up broads.

He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he didn't notice the lights of the oncoming vehicle as he swerved into the far lane in an awkward attempt to negotiate another tight turn. Momentarily blinded by the glare of its headlights, he only had time to throw up his hands in a vain attempt to protect his face as the two cars crashed into each other at a high rate of speed.

Luckily for Harry, his car didn't hit the other vehicle head on; instead it was more of a glancing blow. He ricocheted into some thick but forgiving vegetation that gradually brought his smashed car to a halt. Because he wasn't wearing a seat belt, the force of the collision threw him with considerable force against the steering wheel, knocking him unconscious.

The other car and its occupant weren't so lucky. It slammed into a large tree, crumbling the front of the car into a mangled, almost unrecognizable wreck and killing the driver instantly.

For several minutes after the sounds of the sickening crash had died away, an eerie silence descended around the two cars until the surrounding jungle noises once again came back to their normal volume. Less than five minutes later, another vehicle coasted to a halt beside the accident scene and two men quickly checked the damaged cars.

The one checking the occupant of the car wrapped around the tree took one look at the driver and shook his head in regret at the obvious signs of death. He had too much experience in these matters to hold out any hope but he still took the time to check for a pulse before turning to look down the road at his partner who was inspecting Harry's car.

"Got a live one here," his partner called as he stepped back from the open door. "Banged up a bit and knocked out but other than smelling like a winery, he seems all right. How about your end?"

"Dead, unfortunately. And if it's who I think it is, we've got a problem! Better get Dummy there into our car. We'll get out of here before somebody else comes along."

Even as he was yelling out his instructions, the big man was rapidly making his way down the road to help his partner. In less than a minute, they had pulled Harry out of his damaged car, bundled him into the trunk of their vehicle and rapidly left the accident scene behind.

Chapter 2

Harry groaned pitifully as he slowly regained consciousness. His head pounded from the throbbing pain and his mouth felt as if someone had shoved a dirty, musty rag in it. *What the hell happened, he thought? I remember drinking too much last night and getting in that car but nothing else.*

Slowly he cracked his eyes open and saw that he was in a strange room. *Where am I? This sure isn't my room at the resort!*

He knew this immediately as it was a small, plain room with none of the opulence of his resort bedroom. *It's clean at least. But where am I? It's not a hospital room.*

Harry's ruminations were cut short when he tried to move his arms, only to find that he couldn't. Nor could he move his legs. *What? Don't tell me I was in an accident. I can't be paralyzed. I just can't be!*

A wave of nauseating panic threatened to engulf him before he had the presence of mind to force his head up and look down the length of his body lying on the bed. *Damn, I'm not paralyzed at all. Some dumb mother has tied my wrists and ankles to the bed frame. What is going on here?*

Forcing his head up again, he had another quick look down his supine body before allowing it to quickly, but gently, settle on the pillow. He was under a light pink sheet but it felt as if he had been stripped before being placed beneath the thin covering. Somehow he just knew that whoever had tied him to the bed and taken his clothes was going to be bad news. Weird stuff like this was only supposed to happen in movies!

In spite of the terrible dryness in his mouth, Harry resisted the temptation to yell. That might attract unwanted attention. Instead, he briefly tried to escape from the bonds that were so effectively securing him to the bed. His struggles were brief because he rapidly came to the conclusion that they were a waste of time. The person or persons who had tied him down obviously knew what they were doing. He wasn't going to get free until someone came and released him.

Harry struggled with his desire to be as inconspicuous as possible, the growing discomfort of being tied to the bed and desperately needing something to drink. He was almost afraid to say anything as he wasn't sure that anyone would heed his calls for help. He had heard nothing since awakening to his present predicament.

Finally he could remain silent no longer. "Hello, is anyone there? Help me, please, help me," he tried to coax his dry mouth into uttering his pleas at a volume louder than the initial whisper-like attempt. For agonizing minutes, it appeared as if his fears of no one being close enough to hear his ever louder calls were only too real. Tears of frustration and fear began to trickle down his cheeks as he began to realize how helpless he was and visions of being left to die of thirst crowded into his mind.

He had almost surrendered to a deep despair when the door to the small bedroom suddenly opened. A large man approached the bed with a threatening look on his face. "Shut up, you stupid little wimp! I don't want to hear another squeak out of you unless I give you permission. Understand?"

Harry flinched back against the pillow as the man glared at him and snarled out his ultimatum. He knew that his slight frame would be no match for this brute even if he wasn't tied to the bed so he did the only sensible thing he could by nodding in silent acquiescence to the hooligan's demands.

"That's a good girl," the man snickered in evident disdain. "You're obviously not very bright or you wouldn't be here but at least you know enough to do as you are told. You had better continue doing as you're instructed while you're here, and by that I mean by everyone else in this household, so we don't have to have any unpleasantness and all will be well. Get my drift, wench?"

Harry couldn't understand why the thug kept referring to him as a mere woman but wisely nodded his head in the affirmative. There was no way he wanted any 'unpleasantness.' He had always been a runner rather than a fighter; unfortunately, running would prove rather difficult while strapped to this infernal bed.

The man gave him a feral grin and responded in a less forceful manner, "Great. Now keep the noise down and someone will be along to talk to you in a few minutes."

Harry watched him leave the room with mixed feelings. *At least I know that someone else is here, he consoled himself. But what is this all about? Have I been kidnapped? I sure hope Carol can come up with some money. I certainly don't have any.*

In spite of the hooligan's assurances that someone would be along in a few minutes, Harry felt as if hours passed before anyone came. During that time, a myriad of thoughts about his confinement and what it could possibly mean raced around in his whirling brain. Most of his imagined scenarios ended up with him having to suffer unspeakable, unpleasant indignities.

When the door finally began to open, he felt a blinding flash of relief as he caught sight of the person who entered the room. It was Margaret Fields! What was going on? Had she been captured by these maniacs as well?

"Margaret, what are you doing here? I need help," he stammered as he continued to stare at his sister's friend in amazement. "Get me untied before anyone else comes. We have to escape."

Margaret gave him a condescending look and giggled, "What are you taking about, Harry? The plans to convert you into something more useful than the deadbeat you are at present are moving along nicely."

Harry could only stare at her as if she had lost her mind. What she was saying made no sense. Maybe she was a victim of their dual kidnapping and had gone over the edge as a result of the trauma involved. That would be just like a woman!

"Come on Margaret, snap out of it, you silly bitch," he barked. "It's obvious we are in big trouble here. I'm tied to the bed and there is at least one unsavory character holding us captive here."

Margaret laughed so hard she almost cried. Slowly her raucous amusement came to an end and her eyes took on a steely look.

"Don't ever call me 'bitch' again, you insufferable fool. If anyone here is going to be a bitch, it will be *you!* In fact, you will be a slut, a whore, or anything else I desire," she

snarled. "As for that unsavory character, he works for me and has saved your sorry ass from a slow and painful death."

"What are you talking about, Margaret," Harry asked in genuine amazement. He was trying to wrap his mind around the fact the hooligan hadn't kidnapped either of them but was her employee. And what was this about being saved from a grisly and certain death?

Margaret fixed him with another hard look before relaxing slightly as she observed his obvious confusion. "Tell me what you remember about last night."

Harry gave her a shy smile; he detected her softening attitude toward him and shook his head at the recollection of his heavy drinking and less than stellar behavior at dinner. "I remember having a lot to drink, acting like a bit of an ass at the restaurant, going back to our cabin and getting in a car to go for a drive. The next thing I know I'm here tied to a bed, suffering from a blinding headache and dying of thirst. When that ape of yours made an appearance, I thought I'd been kidnapped for sure. That's why I told you we had to escape when I first saw you."

"So you don't remember being in an accident or anything else that happened before you woke up hung over in this bed?"

Harry slowly shook his head, being careful not to jar his slowly receding headache back into prominence, and said contritely, "Nothing after I got into the car; in fact I can barely remember doing that. Why do you ask?"

Margaret gave him a sardonic smile as she observed how he was trying to manipulate her into being more sympathetic to his cause. She felt a short-lived pang of guilt about what she was going to do with him but hardened her heart as she thought of all the misery he had brought into everyone's lives.

"Even if you can't remember what you did, you are still in really big trouble, little man," she stated in a cool, flat tone. "You got into a car and drove off, even though you were completely incapable of doing so. As a result, you caused an accident, a fatal accident. A young lady died in that accident."

"What, how, where?" Harry stuttered in total dismay. "I don't believe you! I wouldn't kill anyone! What are you talking about?"

"Believe it, you silly twerp," Margaret snapped back. "You were way over the legal limit and forced another car off the road into a large tree. The woman driver was killed instantly."

Harry shook his head in horror, "You've got to help me, Margaret If it comes out that I caused that accident while drunk, I'll be in a big world of hurt."

Margaret fought to keep herself under control. This useless lout couldn't even spare one thought for the girl he had killed. He was only concerned about his own hide and to hell with everyone else. She calmed herself by thinking about how much delight she was going to take in making him squirm when she told him what his stupidity was really going to cost him.

"You don't know how much hurt you're going to suffer if the family of that young lady finds you," she growled as she stared down at Harry tied to the bed. "They are the Conroys, one of the big names in criminal activity on this island. They will use every re-

source available to them, including the local police, to catch you. And once they do, you will see what I meant when I mentioned a slow and painful death earlier.”

Harry turned pale as he listened to what Margaret was telling him. He felt completely out of his depth. What if she was telling the truth? He had never been able to withstand anything more painful than a small cut without feeling tortured. The mere thought of a torturous death made him shiver in abject fear.

“How do I know you’re telling me the truth?” he blurted out with a sudden flash of hope. “I don’t remember anything, so you could be making this all up just to scare me.”

Margaret gave him a look of pure disgust before shaking her head in disbelief. “How could you be so stupid? If it wasn’t for my guys coming along and getting you out of that accident site, you’d already be dead meat – literally! Why would I even want to make this stuff up? However, since you are so dense, I’ll get you evidence even a fool like yourself won’t reject. Don’t go anywhere, bitch!”

With her vindictive words ringing in his head, Harry could only stare at her obviously angry exit as she slammed the door behind her. *What the heck have I gotten myself into?* he grumbled under his breath. *Even if she is making this all up, I’m dealing with some kind of nut case.*

Chapter 3

Harry didn’t have long to ruminate about the increasingly miserable situation he found himself immersed in. He had barely started to mentally prepare his demands to be released from his bonds before he heard the rattle of a cart in the hall outside his room. Seconds later, the door banged open and Margaret pushed the small device into the room.

On the cart was a small television which she plugged into a wall socket and then attached a cable to another outlet. Wiping her hands, she straightened up and turned on the TV. A picture appeared. Harry realized with a start that the image was a copy of his passport picture. Margaret turned up the volume.

Harry’s heart sank as the picture faded away and a video feed began to play, showing the resort where he had been staying. It was obvious from the video and the announcer’s voice that he was watching a newscast - news that featured him prominently in the starring role as the main suspect responsible for the death of a young, local woman while driving under the influence. Images of the police, the accident site, the smashed rental car he had been driving, his sister being mobbed by reporters before being led away by the police and, worst of all, a vicious-looking man demanding revenge for the death of his daughter flickered across the screen. The news anchor’s voice droned on about the extensive search being conducted to locate him.

Margaret finally muted the television and looked at him expectantly. Harry couldn’t meet her gaze and lowered his head in panicked horror as the repercussions of his drunken stupidity slowly sank in. He was in big trouble!

“So do you still think I’m making this up, bitch?” Margaret demanded in an angry tone.

Forcing himself to look up, Harry replied in a small voice, “No, Margaret I can see that everything you told me is true.”

"It surely is," Margaret stated with more than a little satisfaction evident in her tone. "You have really stepped in it this time. Not only are the police looking for you, so is every petty criminal here on the island. And I don't think it matters who finds you first, you will end up in the hands of that woman's family. God help you when that happens."

"Can you help me, Margaret?" he whimpered in fear. "I can't let those vicious thugs catch me. Please, I beg you, help me!"

Margaret stared at him with a predatory gleam in her eyes. It was so typical of his type that he could only think of himself. He had not even thought about the predicament his sister might find herself in due to his asinine behavior.

"Well, I don't know, Harry," she finally replied. "This is a fairly small island without many ways of getting off it. Your picture is plastered all over the local news broadcasts. You don't even have your passport as it has been seized by the police. In fact, if I hadn't brought you to my own property on the island and secreted you away in this bedroom, you would already have been caught. Just how do you propose I help you? For that matter, why should I even bother?"

Harry felt tears trickle down his cheeks; his lips trembled in an effort to articulate some sort of reply to Margaret's questions. He knew that she was his only chance to get off the island in one piece. How it could be accomplished, he had absolutely no idea.

Margaret quickly became impatient with Harry's lack of response other than to cry like the little sissy he obviously was. "You really are a pathetic pantywaist, aren't you, Harry? Maybe we should call you Helen instead. Would you let me do that if I decided to help you?"

Like a drowning man grasping at any object around him, Harry was only too happy to agree to whatever she said. "You can call me H...Helen if you like, Margaret I'll do anything you ask of me if you'll help."

Margaret fixed him with an appraising look, "You'll do anything asked of you, Helen? I mean anything at all, no matter how degrading or embarrassing, to successfully get off this island?"

Harry had a brief second thought about agreeing to Margaret's pointed questions but his desire to escape certain death quickly overcame any of his doubts and he answered almost without hesitation, "Yes, Margaret, call me anything you like and I will do whatever is required, no matter what, to get out of here in one piece."

"Most commendable, Helen," Margaret purred with evident satisfaction. "Maybe we should have changed your name sooner. You seem to be much more sensible about what you need to do in order to get ahead when you are responding to a girl's name. Perhaps this whole ugly business could have been avoided."

Harry winced as she continued to call him Helen but wisely held his tongue and tried to look as contrite as possible. *Let her have her fun. I can brush her off quickly once I'm off this stupid island*, he thought while waiting to see what she was going to say or do next.

"Unfortunately a change of name and attitude will not be enough to get you out of here alive," Margaret continued. "More drastic action will be necessary for that to happen. Luckily for you, not only do I own this lovely property but I have a loyal group of employ-

ees. The couple who are the normal caretakers always go away to visit their family while I'm in residence so I bring a staff of five or so with me - two security personnel, a chef and a couple of maids. I think the key to getting you off this island is to pass you off as one of my staff."

Harry looked at her in surprise. There could be some merit in such a plan; who paid any attention to a rich individual's hired help? A glimmer of hope ran through him as he pondered how she would actually carry out this audacious scheme.

"The idea certainly has merit," he finally agreed. "What kind of position would you have me occupy? I can't cook, so maybe a security position?"

Margaret gave a sardonic laugh, "You, a security guard? Look at you, nothing more than a little sissy, fine features and a girl's name. No, Helen, I think you will be much better suited as one of the maids."

"What, are you crazy?" Harry yelled. "Just because you've decided to call me Helen doesn't mean that I can pass myself off as a woman. Nor do I have any desire to do so. The whole idea is ludicrous. Only a madwoman would even say such a thing!"

Margaret cut him off in mid-rant. "Shut up, Helen. Instead of yelling like an emotional shrew, use your head. The police are looking for a man. It will be fairly easy to turn you into a reasonable facsimile of a woman. They won't take a second look at one of my maids when they come out for a little chat. And they will come here once they discover that I'm a friend of your sister. Of course if you want to do the honorable thing for both her and me, you could always just turn yourself over to the authorities and we can be done with this whole sorry business."

Harry stared at her with a look of horror. Was she completely mad? There was no way he would turn himself over to the police. The outcome was only too predictable. But to become a lowly maid in order to escape wouldn't be much better. A virtual torrent of fear thrust through him as he contemplated the options available to him. Would the police really be coming for a visit? Could he make a run for it? What would it take to become a convincing maid?

Watching Harry squirm as he tried to think of a way out of the quandary he found himself in made Margaret chuckle quietly to herself. It was obvious that he wouldn't have the balls to do anything but acquiesce to her plan. He certainly wouldn't turn himself over to the police and making a run for it would prove to be beyond his limited capabilities.

Finally she had enough of his indecisive pondering and decided to turn up the heat on her helpless victim. "Come on, Missy, we don't have all day. Time is against us if we want to save your worthless hide. Of course, I could always leave you here and make a quick call to the police to come and pick you up."

Harry jerked out of his preoccupied pattern of thinking, "No, no, that isn't a good idea, Margaret Maybe you should just untie me and let me make an effort to escape by myself."

"You?" Margaret laughed with disdain. "What makes you think you would get more than a mile or two by yourself? Do you have a vehicle, money, a passport? Where would you go and even more importantly, how would you get off this island when every exit point will be watched?"

Unnerved by her accurate portrayal of his lack of survival skills, Harry could only bluster, "I can get back to the resort and Carol can help me."

"I very much doubt if you could even get as far as the resort from here. It's over thirty miles away and you don't even know which way you would have to go to find it. Not only that but your long-suffering sister, if she isn't still being questioned by the police, will certainly be under surveillance by any number of people. It's obvious that you would try and contact her if you can," Margaret replied in a cool, reasoned tone.

Harry tried to form some sort of answer to her arguments but found he couldn't really fault her logic.

"Well, Helen my dear," Margaret cooed, "have you decided to take up my offer of employment as one of my maids or shall you head off and fend for yourself? Make up your mind now as I don't have time to dally over this subject any longer."

"Yes, Margaret, damn you. I have to say yes to your demands."

Margaret glared at him, "Not so fast, wench! Let me hear you say that you will be my maid and you had better call me 'madam' as a proper servant girl would. And before you do, understand that if you agree, you will also consent to doing exactly as you are told by me and my staff. If you don't, you can expect some severe punishment unless you want to be turned over to the authorities; after all we are going to be putting ourselves at considerable risk in an effort to help you."

"Yes, madam, I will be your maid and do as I'm told."

Margaret grinned with delight. "Not bad for a start, Helen. You stay here while I make some preparations to get your upcoming transformation under way."

Harry watched in disbelief as she turned to leave the room, "But madam, please wait. Aren't you going to untie me so I can use the bathroom?"

"No. You will have to wait," Margaret stated as she opened the bedroom door. "You are just going to have to learn to do as you are told, girlie. Let this be your first lesson in patience and servitude."

Chapter 4

Harry lay quietly on the bed for what seemed to be hours but in reality was less than twenty minutes before he heard the distinctive clatter of high heels approaching his bedroom door. As it opened, he stared in amazement at the sight of two giggling girls dressed in the classic black and white uniforms that proclaimed them to be maids. One was blonde and the other was a brunette with astonishingly black hair secured in a ponytail and accented by the white maid's headband she wore.

Before he could take in any further details, the two young women, in their early twenties, had closed the door and were standing beside the bed. Both eyed him with open amusement and barely contained their obvious glee at the prospect of personally dealing with a soon to be feminized male.

"Well, Helen," drawled the blonde, "are you ready to join the ranks of the hard working maids of the world? From what Miss Margaret told us, you have been a naughty boy and will have to become one of us if you wish to avoid detection and get off this island."

Harry decided to try to exert some authority over these young upstarts.

"I don't know who you are but I'd thank you to show me some respect..."

Before he could say more, the brunette whipped the sheet off his body and grabbed his testicles in an iron grip. Glaring down at him, she stated in a cold voice, "Shut up, wench! For the foreseeable future, you will be serving under us and doing exactly as you are told. The only way for you to get some respect from us is to earn it. Have I made myself abundantly clear, Helen? Or are you one of those stupid girls who have to learn everything the hard way?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Please, you're hurting me," Harry trilled in a voice several octaves higher than his normal male tone.

The maid relented and stopped twisting his ravaged private parts. "I'm happy to hear that, girlie. Now Lesson Number One is to remember to call me Miss Norma and my partner over here is Miss Clara. And you *will* do everything we tell you to do if you want to save your worthless hide. Do you understand me, Helen?"

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry whined as he started to blush from the thought that he was lying naked in front of two women. The rapidly receding pain in his scrotum only highlighted his crushing sense of vulnerability.

"Hmm, not bad material to work with," Clara mused. "He is obviously a sissy at heart and will quickly learn how to fit into a suitable subservient role. From what I just heard, he should be able to sound like a woman with a bit of practice and his features shouldn't be too hard to alter slightly so he looks feminine as well. I like the fact that he has a nice slender build that we can use to good effect. In fact, I'd say he should take the same dress size as you, Norma."

"Yes, a little padding in the right places and he should be able to wear one of my uniforms," Norma agreed with a large grin. "And he doesn't have much body hair either, but then you knew that already. After all we have done some preparatory work on making sure his body is hairless."

Harry's eyes bugged out at Norma's last statement. He couldn't resist lifting his head and staring down his body to confirm that she was telling the truth. That she was quickly became evident and he allowed his head to fall back with a moan of dismay, causing both of the maids to break out into another round of girlish giggles.

"Don't look so upset, Helen," Clara snorted in amusement. "You should appreciate the fact that we took the opportunity of you being unconscious to give you an all-over wax treatment to remove that ugly man hair on your body. It can hurt a little bit and based on your reactions so far, that might have been more than a little sissy like you could bear."

Almost as if she could read his mind, Norma added in a threatening tone, "Don't think of doing anything stupid when we untie you, girlie. Tom, I think you have met him already, and his partner Nick are always around if we need help in sorting out any problems. Of course, we could just leave you tied to the bed and call the police to come and get you."

Harry gulped as he thought about trying to take on the two security guards if Tom was any indicator of their size and temperament. Nor did he want anything to do with the police.

“No, no, Miss Norma,” he quavered weakly, “I won’t be any bother, I promise. I just want to get off this island in one piece.”

“Very commendable, Helen,” Clara cut in. “Now be quiet while we release you and take you down the hall to the bathroom so we can get on with preparing you for your new life as a maid.”

Harry was too cowed to do anything but nod dutifully as the two women started to untie him from the bed. When they were finished, he stretched his aching limbs in grateful relief. Rubbing his wrists and ankles, he was surprised to see at least some sympathy showing in their eyes.

“That must feel better, Helen,” Norma commented. “You’ve been tied to that bed for quite some time. Now try getting up and we’ll get you to the bathroom. It’s just down the hall; you will be sharing it with me and Clara. Stand up and you can put this robe on.”

Harry, very much aware that he was naked and needed to use the toilet in the worst way, was more than happy to do as she told him. His enthusiasm was only tempered slightly by the fact that the robe being held out for him was a white, satin, lace-trimmed, above-the-knee length, feminine concoction. Still it felt good to pull it around him and to tie off the belt to snug it around his waist.

Following Norma and Clara out of the bedroom and down a short hall, Harry was amazed to feel the sensual touch of the robe on his hairless skin. *It’s almost erotic*, he thought as entered the large bathroom. A train of thought he quickly lost as he caught sight of himself in the mirror above the double sink.

“What have you done to me?” he squealed in horror. I...I...I...”

“Stop acting like a drama queen,” Clara interrupted him. “All we’ve done is dye your hair, thin your eyebrows and make your lips plumper with a few shots of collagen. Oh, did I mention the laser treatment to get rid of your facial hair? You’re so lucky that Miss Margaret had Norma and I trained to use some pretty impressive equipment dedicated to making a woman look her best.”

“But you told me you had only shaved off my body hair while I was unconscious,” Harry moaned as he struggled to take in his altered appearance. His hair was still fairly short but no longer the mousy brown it had been and had been transformed into a more unisex style than he was used to. It was now a dark, vibrant black color that matched Norma’s magnificent tresses.

His face looked smooth, although the skin was a bit blotchy from the laser treatment and his thinned eyebrows made his eyes look much larger. But it was his lips that caused him the most dismay. They were so much more sensual than his normal thin lips. They wouldn’t look out of place on a woman, particularly once they had been coated with a layer of lipstick.

He realized with a sinking heart that he was well on the way to looking more like his sister than his former male self. What could these women do to him over the long term if they could accomplish so much in a few hours?

Norma interrupted his ruminations with a curt, "No one told you we had only shaved your body hair, Helen. We just didn't mention the other procedures we had carried out. I must admit it was quite amusing to watch your reaction when you finally saw yourself in the mirror. Now stop whining and let's get you into the bath for a good soak."

"Certainly, Miss Norma but can I please have a drink of water and use the toilet first?" Harry pleaded with a note of desperation in his voice.

"Oh, very well," Norma responded. "Let me start the bath water, then you can get on with whatever you need to do before getting into the tub. Clara and I will be down in your bedroom."

Minutes later, Harry was immersed in a floral-scented bath that allowed him to start to relax as its soothing influence slowly washed over him. The shock of seeing his altered appearance gradually eased as he felt the warm water lap over his body and the perfumed bath salts inundated his senses.

While he languished in the pleasure of the tub, Clara and Norma bustled about, getting organized for his next steps of being transformed into a maid. The excitement of doing so was almost more than they could bear. Keeping in mind Margaret's instructions, they forced themselves to be calm and methodical in their preparations. She didn't want Harry to get spooked and start resisting their efforts as they had little enough time as it



was to transform him before the police came visiting.

"I wonder when those hormone shots we administered while our honored guest was unconscious will start to make themselves felt," Norma murmured to Clara as they laid out some clothes on the bed in Harry's bedroom. "Combined with the mild sedative and muscle relaxant, they should make our little maid-in-waiting quite compliant."

"Yes," Clara giggled quietly in reply. "Isn't this exciting, getting to turn some macho twerp into a sweet, little maid. I can hardly believe our luck in getting to help Miss Margaret accomplish this so-deserved transformation."

Norma gave her a happy smile in return and nodded enthusiastically before looking at her wristwatch and stating, "Darn, look at the time. We'd better go and get our new girl out of the bath. It's time for her to stop lollygagging and get on with doing some honest work for a change."

Chapter 5

Harry stared at his reflection in the long mirror attached to the inside of his bedroom closet door in disbelief. He looked just like the two giggling maids standing proudly beside him. His mind struggled to comprehend how they had changed his appearance so completely.

It had all started as soon as he was pulled from the tub and told to pat himself dry before applying a floral scented cream over his whole body. It was an experience he found almost as pleasurable as soaking in the bathtub, not that he would ever admit those feelings to anyone else.

"Hurry up and put on your robe, Helen," Norma ordered once he was done. "We are starting to run out of time to get you appropriately disguised. All done? Good, now let's get back to your bedroom."

Back in the room which had obviously been designated as his, Harry stared in bewilderment at the array of feminine clothing laid out on the bed. He also noticed that an interior door he hadn't noticed before had been opened to reveal a closet with a full mirror attached to the rear of the door. Inside the closet there was a neatly arrayed row of dresses, skirts and blouses while high heeled shoes in a variety of colors were lined up with military precision on the floor.

"Don't get too excited, Helen," Clara twittered. "I know this can be overwhelming but we will talk you through everything so there is no need to panic."

Harry realized that he was indeed nearly ready to succumb to an anxiety attack, something which had bedeviled him on more than one occasion when he was younger. For some unknown reason, he found Clara's comment sufficiently soothing to relax slightly.

Watching Harry's posture lose some of its rigidity and his facial muscles become more composed, Norma jumped in. "Yes, leave everything to us but pay attention so you will be able to do everything yourself later. You do want to look natural in this role or someone will see through your act very quickly."

Harry managed a quick smile and nod of his head although his guts still felt as if they were writhing inside of him. The implications of his attempting to pass himself off as a

woman, inconspicuous as she might appear to most observers, were finally beginning to become apparent to him.

Norma picked up a white garter belt and held it up for Harry's inspection. It had four garter straps and a lacy, wide band to attach around his waist. "Do you know what this is, Helen?"

"It...it's a garter belt, Miss Norma," Harry replied hesitantly. He thought he recognized the strange looking garment from the girlie magazines he enjoyed paging through. He certainly had never seen one on any of the women he had dated over the years.

"Quite right, wench," Clara laughed. "Miss Margaret insists our uniform always includes appropriate hose. Although the house is air conditioned, Norma and I have found that a garter belt and stockings are still more comfortable than pantyhose while we are in such a warm climate."

Seconds later, before he could even start to feel any misgivings about wearing such a feminine piece of clothing, Harry found the garter belt strapped tightly around his waist. The reason for the width of its band rapidly became apparent; it was quite successful in pulling in his slight stomach bulge.

"See how I clipped that on, Helen," Norma queried as she stepped back to admire the effects of her efforts. "It certainly has reduced your tummy roll – something you shouldn't have at your age. Don't worry, it will soon disappear once you get into your new regime."

Harry was too flustered to pick up on the meaning of her comment. His agitation only increased as Clara



pushed him down into a sitting position on the bed and proceeded to pull a black stocking up his right leg and secure it with two of the garter strap clips.

"Right there you go, girl, now you do the other one," she demanded as she handed him the remaining stocking.

Harry was amazed at how sleek the nylon felt on his hairless leg; he quickly fondled its mate which he had been handed before rolling it into a donut shape, pulling it up his left leg and clipping it securely in place. He briefly fumbled with the rear clip while Norma and Clara exchanged amused looks at his obvious infatuation with the feel of the stockings on his legs.

"Very good, Helen," Norma purred quietly. "You seem to be a quick learner which is a good thing seeing we have so little time to get you ready. Here are your panties, put them on like a good girl. After all, we don't want your little man to ruin the line of your skirts, do we?"

Blushing at her comments, Harry quickly took the proffered garment; it was a white, nylon-spandex control panty that would be more than sufficient to tuck his penis out of sight once he had put it on. Sliding it over his feet, he continued to pull on it as he stood up. Due to the tight fit, it proved to be more of a struggle than he thought. It was doubly mortifying when Clara stopped him when he had it high on his thighs so that she could tuck his male organs between his legs before giving him a hand to tug it into place around his waist.

"Much better," she declared as she boldly ran a hand over his smooth groin. "You look just like a woman down there. The only way your masquerade will be discovered is if someone pulls these tight babies off you."

"Lie down on the bed, Helen," Norma ordered. "It's time we added to your disguise. This will be even better than those panties."

Harry, rattled by the appearance of his once manly groin, settled back on the bed, trying to avoid the clothing still piled on its surface. He wasn't sure what was going to happen next but had no thought of trying to resist his ongoing transformation. He knew it was his only hope of getting off the island in one piece.

Once he was lying on his back, a giggling Clara threw an article of clothing over his face so that he couldn't see what was happening. "Now, don't you move," she commanded. "We aren't going to do anything to harm you but I want this next step to be a big surprise for you."

Harry tried to relax as the two women fussed around for several minutes. Eventually he felt something cool and wet being brushed onto his chest in the area of his nipples. Then two heavy weights were pressed down onto his torso and held there for four or five minutes. He became progressively more concerned about what was happening.

Just before he decided he could take no more of the suspense, some of the weight on his chest disappeared. Both of the maids burst out laughing. Struggling to remain still, he nervously wondered what their obvious amusement was all about.

Finally the garment covering his face was pulled aside. A gloating Norma helped him up from the bed and guided him over to the mirror on the inside of the closet door. Even

before he looked at his reflection, Harry had a good idea of what he would see as he could feel a strange, tugging weight on his chest.

In spite of this premonition of things to come, Harry still couldn't stop a gasp of surprise from escaping his lips as he stared at the image being reflected by the mirror. He had breasts, large ones at that! Two cones of feminine flesh thrust out proudly from his torso. He couldn't see where they were attached to his body. They had every appearance of being an integral part of him.

"Aren't they lovely?" Clara exclaimed in delight. "I think they might be a match for yours and mine, Norma!"

"Maybe so," Norma replied with a wide smile. "But ours are real while these masterpieces are mainly silicone. They look good but Missy here wouldn't get much of a thrill if someone were to fondle them."

Harry was too preoccupied with his reflection to respond to their playful bantering. With the exception of his face and hairstyle, he looked just like a real woman. The thrusting breasts, hairless and slender body, smooth groin and feminine clothing all conspired to scream out his femininity. Although he knew it was an illusion, it still managed to tear away a large chunk of his male ego.

Noticing how preoccupied their charge was becoming, Clara quickly led him away from the mirror and back towards the bed. This wasn't the time to allow him to have second thoughts about what was happening.

"Come on, Helen. This isn't the time to get all broody. We still have a lot to do before you can melt into the background," she stated as she handed him a white, lace-encrusted bra. "Put this on, it will help support the weight of your new additions."

Harry was quick to appreciate the thought that the unfamiliar and already uncomfortable drag on his chest could be alleviated but he could only fumble with the unfamiliar garment. A sympathetic Norma showed him how to fasten it while the clips were at the front, then slide the band around his back.

"That's it, girlie," she said encouragingly. "Now put the cups over your breasts, slide the straps over your shoulders and stand up straight. Good, let me make some adjustments to the straps so everything fits comfortably. There, does that feel better?"

Harry could only nod with a shy smile, responding to her obvious concern and kindness, feelings he determined he should encourage at every possible opportunity.

"Let's get on with it," Clara ordered. "Sit on the bed, Helen and we will give you some shoes to wear."

Harry sank down onto the bed. Before his pantied bottom had barely touched it, both Clara and Norma were placing black pumps with three-inch heels on his nylon-covered feet. They fit snugly but weren't too tight.

"Up you get, wench," Clara instructed. Both she and Norma steadied Harry as he slowly rose to his feet. Never having worn high heels before, he had to struggle to find his new center of balance before he could stand confidently in his new shoes. He gamely persevered with plenty of verbal encouragement from his two mentors.