



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.

Norma and Clara had him practice taking small steps around the bedroom until they thought he could safely do more. It would be a catastrophic setback to their plans if he twisted an ankle.

"That's it, Helen. Now increase the length of your stride but pretend you are walking along a plank so you don't swagger all over the place," Norma ordered.

"Toe to heel, toe to heel. Keep your arms tighter to your body," Clara chimed in as he progressively become more confident in his movements.

After ten minutes, Harry felt as if he was starting to get the hang of walking naturally in the high heels. Both Norma and Clara knew that they would have to work hard on making sure he developed a more fluid, feminine rhythm while moving. They also knew that this training would be better administered in small doses so finishing their trainee's wardrobe became the next order of business.

"We need to get you properly attired, girly," Norma stated after calling a halt to his feminine deportment lessons. "Put your slip on."

Harry looked at the white, silk garment being handed to him before hesitantly taking it. He held up his arms and let it slide gently down his torso until its lacy hem danced to a stop several inches above his knees. For some reason, its butterfly-like caress caused him to tremble with repressed sexual excitement. He took great delight in the soothing feel of the shimmering material lightly tickling his groin and nylon-covered thighs.

Norma reached out and made sure the slip's straps were properly adjusted so that the garment's lace adorned bodice covered his bra cups in an acceptable manner. This only intensified his growing sensual awareness of the joys of wearing slinky lingerie. Unfamiliar but not unwelcome desires began to stir deep within his psyche.

"Now for your dress," Clara commented. She picked up the black, taffeta uniform from the bed. "Let me help you into it this time. Pay attention to what I'm doing as you will have to do this yourself from now on."

Harry bit his lip in a mixture of anticipation for the promised delights of wearing yet another layer of sensual material and anxiety about his unsolicited feelings of arousal generated by being clad in feminine clothing. *It's not as if I'm doing this on a voluntary basis*, he thought. *I don't know why my body is reacting the way it is. I just hope these two harridans aren't picking up on it.*

Unfortunately for Harry, both Norma and Clara were well aware of his reaction to their dressing him in a maid's lingerie and uniform. They knew it would make his transformation all the easier and silently vowed to take every advantage of that fact. In addition, his being sensually stimulated by enforced feminization triggered an erotic reaction in them.

Clara found herself panting slightly as she dropped the uniform dress over Harry's raised arms and pulled the back zipper up as far as it would go. It was all she could do not to lean over and give his neck a gentle kiss as she did so.

Only Norma clearing her throat and holding out the pristine white, pinafore apron caused her to rein in her lustful thoughts. Exchanging a bashful glance with her partner who gave her a knowing wink, she took the proffered garment and quickly crisscrossed

the shoulder straps over Harry's back. After securing them, she tied off the long, wide waistband in a flamboyant bow.

"There you go, Helen," Clara proclaimed with a slight huskiness evident in her voice. "You are all dressed. Go over to the mirror and have a look. Then we will get on with your makeup and hair."

Delighting in the feel of the slip and dress against his nylon-covered thighs, Harry sa-shayed hesitantly over to the closet door mirror. Once again he could barely contain his astonishment at the reflection revealed there.

He now looked just like the other two maids, if you didn't look at his obviously male head. The knee-length black dress with the glistening white apron ending several inches above its hem was demure in appearance but hints of the curvaceous body underneath were more than apparent. Below the dress hem, his slender calves were accented by the black stockings and high heels.

"Aren't you coming along nicely, girlie," Norma giggled. "There is no way anyone would suspect that a man was lurking under that dress. You fill it out as well as I do!"

Harry could only agree with her assessment. He also realized, much to his chagrin, this joy wasn't entirely due to the fact that he needed to successfully disguise himself to escape the wrath of the island's authorities and the dead girl's family.

Chapter 6

"Stop daydreaming, girlie," Clara snapped. "We need to get you back down to the bathroom so we can show you how to apply your makeup and get you properly outfitted with an appropriate wig."

Shocked by her sudden shrewish behavior, Harry could only stammer out, "Yes, Miss Clara," before turning to follow her out of the bedroom. As he did, he was happy to see that Norma gave him a sly wink and a small smile of support. At least one of the maids wasn't turning on him for no apparent reason.

By the time they had reached the bathroom, Clara had regained enough of her composure that she could talk to Harry without sounding as if she wanted to bite his head off. Instead she lost herself in the challenge of taking his male features and turning them into more feminine ones through the magic of cosmetics.

Taking his chin in her hand, she turned his face gently back and forth. She examined his visage as if it was a blank canvas waiting for her artistic talent to fill with vivid highlights. "Hum, this shouldn't be that difficult," she muttered as she continued her scrutiny. "Your features aren't too coarse and we should be able to make them much more feminine with the right makeup. It will be most helpful that we've already thinned your eyebrows, plumped up your lips and got rid of that scraggly facial hair."

Starting to hum contentedly, Clara started to apply a seemingly endless succession of cosmetics – eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, blush, lip liner, lipstick, lip gloss, and foundation. As she worked on each area of his face, Norma explained what she was doing and told Harry that he would have to remember how to do it so he could practice applying his own makeup later.

Although he tried his best, Harry soon lost track of everything that was being done to him. He watched the almost magical transformation of his face from that of a male to a female. His eyes seemed more open, almost doe like, his cheekbones more pronounced, the blotchy spots on his skin disappeared and his lips looked plumper and more sensual.

Finally Clara put down the last brush and beamed with pride as she looked at her creation. "I think that does it. You are really starting to look the part, Helen. What do you think Norma? Have I overdone it or is the effect just right?"

"You've outdone yourself, my dear," Norma giggled happily. "Our new maid is looking quite stunning. Let me add the wig, then we can see the final product."

Harry squirmed unhappily as Norma pinned a long, dark black wig into place. "You have nice hair, Helen," she explained, "but it's still too short to give the effect we want. As it grows out, we will be able to dispense with the wig. For now it will be necessary for you to wear it, no matter how hot or uncomfortable it is."

Harry hardly heard her as he stared at the mirror in bemused astonishment. There was nothing masculine in his image now. In fact, he looked much like Norma with the same dark hair and similar makeup.

Clara chuckled as she pinned a maid's white cap onto his wig. "You look like Norma's twin. Miss Margaret wanted it done that way so people could mistake the two of you for the same person if they saw you at different times. Just a little more confusion once other people come visiting."

Harry gulped nervously as he thought of other people seeing him dressed as a maid. Clara's veiled comment about the police coming around for a visit did little to settle his frayed nerves. Still he took some comfort in the fact that he didn't look the least bit masculine in appearance, which should make hiding in plain sight a definite possibility.

"Wait," Norma yelled excitedly. "We still haven't given Helen her jewelry or done her nails."

"Quite right, my dear," Clara agreed. "You show her how to do her nails and I'll get the other things organized."

"See how red our lipstick is, Helen," Norma asked as Clara bustled out of the bathroom. "That will dictate the color of our nail polish."

Harry looked with considerable misgivings at the bright red talons Norma waved in front of his eyes. How would he be able to cope with those wicked looking spikes on the ends of his fingers?

"Your fingernails aren't this long but we will shape them and apply a couple of coats of polish before we apply a clear sealer coat," Norma explained as she took a file to the first nail on his right hand. "See how I'm shaping your nails so they look a lot more feminine?"

Ten minutes later Harry could only stare in amazement at his hands. The oval shape of his nails and the gleaming red coats of polish made them look smaller and much more like a woman's. *Will there be anything left of my masculine self by the time these women are finished with me?* he wondered.

"Very nice, Helen," Clara stated with a happy smile as she reentered the bathroom with a small bag in her hand. "You've done a good job, Norma. Now let's finish our transformation and take our new girl back to her bedroom so she can use the full-length mirror there to appreciate all the changes we've made."

Norma dug through the bag and held out a silver woman's wristwatch, "Put this on your left wrist, Helen. The face is probably a bit smaller than what you are used to but you should still be able to see it no problem unless your eyesight is really weak."

"No, my eyes are fine," Harry mumbled as he fumbled with the small latch on the watch's metal band. He silently cursed his reshaped nails as they made his first efforts clumsy. He quickly adapted and successfully secured the watch in place around his wrist. *Thank goodness my nails aren't as long as Norma's. I would never have been able to do that,* he thought as he finished.

"And here's a nice silver chain bracelet for your right wrist," Clara chimed in once he had the watch in place. "Just place the small bar through the end link and you will be ready to go."

Harry quickly complied. He felt a wave of relief run through him as he managed to do as he was told on his first try. For some reason he was taking a certain amount of pride in being able to competently carry out any tasks his two mentors required of him.

"I think we will go with the black and white lace choker band around your neck," Clara mused. She showed him how to attach it with two small metal snaps at the back of the material. "Your Adam's apple isn't very pronounced but it's better to cover it up and not take any chances."

"Now close your eyes for a minute, Helen," Norma instructed as she reached into the bag for yet another item. "Come on, quickly now!"

Harry wondered why he had to close his eyes but decided that humoring her would be the best thing to do. He had barely closed them when he heard a sharp snap near his right ear and a sudden pinching sensation in his earlobe. Despite the pain, he managed to keep his eyes screwed shut.

"Good girl, Helen, I'm impressed," Clara exclaimed as the procedure was repeated on his left ear. "All right, you can open your eyes now."

Although he had a good idea of what had just been done, Harry still stared in consternation at the small silver balls gleaming in his earlobes. It was obvious the lobes had been pierced. Even though the rational part of his mind knew the holes would quickly close over once the earrings were removed, he still shuddered at the thought he had been permanently marked.

"You'll have to turn those little beauties every day and make sure you use this solution to keep any infections at bay, Helen," Clara stated as she placed a small bottle on the counter. "You can't be too careful in tropical countries and you certainly can't afford to take a chance on creating a medical problem. Can you imagine the ruckus if we had to take you to the local hospital? But enough of this, let's get you back to your bedroom so you can see the new you."

Harry hurried after the two maids. Being seen by anyone else while out of their presence seemed like a very bad idea. He thought he might be able to blend in more easily if he was with them than if he was on his own.

"Come on, slowpoke," Norma chuckled as he entered the bedroom just behind the other two. "Get over to the mirror and have a look at what we've accomplished in a few hours."

Chapter 7

"Snap out of it, girlie," Clara laughed. Norma giggled at the look of astonishment and disbelief etched on Harry's face. It was obvious that he was almost in a state of cationic shock at how closely he resembled the two maids, particularly Norma. He had been staring at his reflected image for almost a minute.

"What have you done?" he mumbled in a daze. He fought to tear his eyes away from the devastating visual evidence of how much he had been transformed in such a short time. There was little doubt in his mind that even his sister wouldn't recognize him if she walked into the room.

"We've saved your bacon, wench," Norma snapped in exasperation at the self-pitying tone evident in his voice. "Put your macho airs behind you and realize that no one and I mean no one will be able to identify you as a man, let alone the man they are all looking for."

"How true," Clara seconded, "but don't think you are safe yet. We still have to get you trained to fit the image you are projecting. You will have to learn to move, speak and act like a woman, so there is much to be accomplished before our anticipated visitors make their appearance. Do you understand, Helen?"

Realizing the truth of both of their comments, Harry pulled himself together long enough to stutter, "Y...yes, Miss C...Clara."

"That's better, girl," Clara stated with a strong note of satisfaction in her voice. It was important that Harry remained in a compliant state; continually reminding him of the danger he was in seemed to be the best way of ensuring that state of affairs continued.

"We need to get on with some training in basic movements and decorum, not to mention some lessons to further feminize Helen's voice," Norma cut in. "Why don't I start with the voice coaching while you check to make sure we can use the living room area for the other stuff?"

"Very well," Clara replied. "There really isn't room to do any moving around down in the servant's quarters and it will be wise to make sure we don't have any unannounced visitors yet. I'll check with Miss Margaret to see if there have been any phone calls. At the same time, I'll give her a progress report on how her newest maid is coming along. That should take about thirty minutes. Have fun!"

Norma watched Clara leave before turning back to a still bemused Harry staring at his reflection. "Come on, Helen. Snap out of it! Come and sit on your bed while I get you started on speaking like a female servant. Quickly now!"

Pulling his eyes from the mirror, Harry scuttled over to the bed and plopped down with a sigh of anxiety. Before he could get settled, Norma scolded him for sitting down

like a sack of flour and made him get up again. "Keep your legs together, sweep your skirts smooth over your behind and settle gracefully down. Try it. That's much better; now let's get on with some speaking lessons."

Harry watched her sit primly beside him and tried to emulate her posture as she started to lecture him on how to speak like a maid. Now that he wasn't fixated on his feminized image, he knew that it was important to do his best to sink fully into the role he had been thrust into by the unnerving events of the last twenty-four hours.

"Now, it's important to keep in mind that you don't have to say much at all, Helen. Maids are to get on with doing their numerous duties. This should help you immensely as you can keep any comments you have very short. Also try and ensure you don't sound too assertive when you say anything. By that, I mean make everything sound like a question instead of a statement. If you do both of those things and speak quietly in a slightly higher tone than you usually do, there should be no problems. Do you understand all that?"

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry replied trying to keep his voice barely audible, uncertain and in the soprano range.

"Not bad, wench," Norma stated with a satisfied smile on her face. She was thrilled her charge was obviously trying hard to do exactly what was demanded of him. "Now speak up a bit and don't make your voice so shrill, we are looking for husky rather than falsetto here."

Picking up on her approval, Harry answered, "You mean more like this, Miss Norma?"

"That's better," Norma laughed in appreciation. "I think you will get the hang of this fairly quickly. Maybe we can get more of a lilt in your tone, like this."

For the next twenty minutes, Harry followed Norma's instructions. Gradually, both of them could detect a steady improvement in his efforts. Harry didn't stint in his hard work and concentration as he fully realized the importance of what he was being taught. There was no point in looking like a maid if he gave his true sex away the first time he opened his mouth.

"Very good, Helen," Norma finally exclaimed. "Luckily you don't have a very deep voice so it won't be long before you sound quite convincing. Keep in mind everything I've taught you and practice, practice, practice."

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry trilled happily. "I will do exactly as you say. I'm so happy that you are helping me this way."

"Not bad, girls," Clara announced from the doorway. "I've been listening for the last minute or so. Helen here is starting to sound quite natural as a female. Well done both of you. Now let's get up to the living room area."

Harry blushed with pleasure at Clara's words and Norma's clear approval of his positive response to her teaching skills. He was rapidly coming to the conclusion that if they were happy, he would be happy.

Norma gave him a secretive smile, pulled him to his feet and indicated he should follow Clara's rapidly disappearing back down the hall. Stumbling a bit in the unfamiliar high heels, Harry quickly recovered and swayed as gracefully as he could in pursuit of his other mentor.

"Here we are in the living room area," Clara announced after their quick trip down the hallway, out of the servant's quarters, past the large kitchen and into a huge, airy room that overlooked spectacular views of the ocean front less than a hundred feet from the house.

Harry was greatly impressed with everything he saw. For a short time, he forgot his present circumstances as he absorbed the details of his magnificent surroundings. There was little doubt that a lot of money had been poured into the design and construction of Margaret Field's abode.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time to examine it in detail; Clara had more pressing matters on her mind. "We don't have time to show you the whole house yet, Helen. You will have to familiarize yourself with it later. Right now it is more important that we work on making you look like a creditable maid. Miss Margaret has already had one call from the police and she thinks they will be coming out for a visit very soon."

Harry felt a wave of anxiety wash through him as she uttered her final sentence. No wonder they were all so keen on getting him prepared. He silently vowed to do his best to learn as quickly as possible anything they wanted him to assimilate.

Clara smiled slyly as she noted the glint of determination in Harry's eyes when she mentioned an imminent visit by the authorities. There was little doubt that he would do anything they demanded of him. She knew that a malleable student was exactly what they needed.

"Right, then," she continued in an authoritative tone, "let's get on with your lessons, young lady. Before we leave this room, I will expect you to have gained at least a minimum proficiency in curtsying, walking, standing and sitting as a proper maid. I know you will do your best but it is going to take a major effort to accomplish this as quickly as possible."

Chapter 8

"Let's start with the simplest exercise. That is standing," Clara stated. "There are times when a maid will be required to stand unobtrusively for long periods of time but still remain alert for any sign or signal to quietly and quickly carry out any task that needs doing.

"The basic standing position will be to stand up straight, don't slouch, shoulders back, chest, or should that be breasts, out, legs together and hands clasped in front. That's right, girlie. Keep your head up but eyes down slightly, although you have to watch what is going on in front of you. You need to know if anything needs attending to. Just don't stare at anyone or make it too obvious that you are keeping an eye on proceedings. The whole idea is to be almost invisible, to become part of the furniture."

Harry didn't find it difficult to adopt the position Clara demanded of him but standing still in high heels soon became tiring. The unfamiliar footwear, although they were a good fit, pinched his feet and caused his calves to tremble from fatigue only minutes after assuming the required stance for a good maid.

Norma noted his growing distress and gave him some advice on how to move his feet slightly to gain some relief without bringing too much attention to himself in the process.

She also gave him some quiet words of encouragement that allowed him to continue his efforts for longer than he would have been able to if his mind remained fixed on how miserable he was feeling.

Clara gave Norma a wink before finally telling Harry he could walk to a chair about thirty feet away, then return to face her. "Move as gracefully as you can, try to keep in mind what we showed you earlier. We will then have a better idea of what needs to be done to improve your movements."

Harry swayed as gracefully as he could to the designated chair before returning to the two maids avidly watching his every move. He did his best to remember everything they had instructed him on earlier. He wasn't sure if he really had been successful although he relished not having to try and walk in a restricted space like his bedroom.

"Not bad," Clara mused as she watched him turn and come back towards her. "I think the basics are there, we just need to work on a more graceful gait, maybe add a bit of a girly swish to Helen's movements."

"I agree," Norma chimed in. "I'm really amazed how quickly she is picking this stuff up. I wonder if this is the first time our missy has been in a dress and heels."

Harry overheard her last comment and blustered indignantly. "Miss Norma, I assure you I have not done this before."

"I think she protests too much," Clara laughed before continuing in a more menacing tone. "No one asked for your opinion, Helen, so I'll thank you to remember that maids such as you are to be seen and not heard. Got it?"

Harry gulped nervously as he realized he was very close to antagonizing one of his indispensable mentors. He replied with a contrite, "Yes, Miss Clara. I'm sorry."

"Just don't do it again," a slightly mollified Clara responded. "Now as I was going to say before you so rudely interrupted, that wasn't bad at all. You have the right idea. I think a little more practice will make your movements even more graceful. Remember to keep those arms close to the body, take slightly smaller steps and rotate that cute butt a little more and all will be well. Do that lap again. Keep going until I tell you otherwise."

Harry beamed at the praise evident in her evaluation of his efforts and resolved to do even better on his upcoming practice runs. Nodding happily at her latest order, he hastened to do as he had been told.

Twenty minutes later, Clara told an increasingly tired Harry to stop, something he was more than happy to do after trying to adapt his movements to match an almost continual barrage of advice. Standing in front of her, he anxiously awaited her verdict.

"I think you've shown some real improvement in your ability to move naturally in high heels, Helen," Clara announced. "However, it's also obvious that you are becoming tired so some mistakes are starting to creep back in. We will move on to some other things but you will have to work really hard at continually refining everything you have been taught so far. Right now you are passable; with a bit more effort, you will look like you've been walking in heels for years. Do you think you can do that?"

"Oh yes, Miss Clara," Harry gushed. He luxuriated in the thought he could take a break from non-stop walking. Nor did it hurt to hear that his hard work was paying off.

"All right, girly," Norma cut in. "So far, so good but now it's time to learn how to do a good curtsy, a skill that every maid must know. Do you know how to do one?"

"Well, sort of, oh, not really," Harry stuttered as he tried to visualize doing such an effeminate, submissive gesture. He might have seen someone doing it in a movie but it certainly wasn't something he saw on a regular basis.

"I didn't think so," Norma giggled. "It's quite simple really; place your right foot behind your left, bend at the knees while holding the hem of your dress and dip your body, not forgetting to keep your eyes down. Like this. Now you do it."

Harry dipped down into a curtsy, trying to follow the example being set by Norma. He was a bit awkward in his high heels but managed a passable imitation of her movements.

"Not bad, Helen," Clara stated. "However you will have to do it a number of times to look more graceful while you are carrying it out. Norma, do it again and Helen can follow along. That's it. Do it five more times, Norma. Helen, you keep up."

By the time Harry had finished five curtsies, he was feeling confident that he was becoming quite proficient in carrying out this most feminine of salutations to a superior. It certainly wasn't harder than trying to walk in heels.

"That's it, Helen," Norma affirmed as they finished the fifth curtsy. "You are getting the hang of it. Now do ten more on your own. Clara and I will watch for any mistakes."

Harry smiled at yet more praise for his efforts and squeaked out, "Yes, Miss Norma."

"Very good, wench," Clara stated as he finished the tenth curtsie. "I think you were tending to rush at the end but that's understandable. You won't normally have to do so many all in a row."

"That's right," Norma cut in. "However, make sure you do it any time you enter or leave a room when there is someone other than us maids present, when you receive an order to do something or need to speak to someone like Miss Margaret and her friends. Got that?"

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry trilled, more than happy to be finished doing curtsies for the moment. They weren't particularly hard to do but his feet were starting to throb from all the standing and walking in the still unfamiliar high heels.

"You'll be happy to hear that we will move on to learning how to sit; I'm sure you have sore feet by now," Clara said with a knowing look. "Unfortunately, you will just have to live with that pain for the time being. Rest assured you will find it easier every day as you get used to your new footwear."

Harry gave her a strained smile while wondering if this female impersonation was really worthwhile after all. *I'll just have to suck it up*, he thought. *If these women can do it, then so can I. What other options do I really have open to me at this time?*

"Move over to this chair, Helen," Norma called as she indicated a plush armchair. "It's a little low but if you can learn to sit in this baby, you can sit properly in anything. Remember to keep your legs together, smooth your skirt over your rear and control your descent so it looks graceful and you're not falling down like a sack of potatoes. The

movements are the same as I showed you earlier but you will have to take into account how much lower this chair is. You'll also find it harder to get out of."

Harry moved over to the chair while giving it an apprehensive look. It certainly looked as if it would be more difficult to try and sit in it while maintaining any sense of female decorum.

Norma detected his anxiety and told him to stop while she demonstrated what she was talking about. Harry watched her apparently effortless display of feminine gracefulness as she first sat in the low chair, then resumed the standing position.

Reassured by the ease with which she conducted the maneuver, he more confidently swayed over to the chair, turned, smoothed his skirts over his rear and began to settle down with his legs firmly held together. All went well until he found that he had misjudged the distance he had to go down. He fell back into the deep chair with his legs splayed out in an undignified display of his stocking tops. To make things worse, when he tried to stand back up, he found it extremely difficult to do. He ended up exposing even more of his upper thighs as he thrashed around before succeeding in regaining his feet.

Both Clara and Norma couldn't contain their glee at his predicament. They ended up laughing so hard they were wheezing for breath. Harry could only stand there blushing and looking at the floor in embarrassment as he thought about what a spectacle he must have made of himself.

Finally the merriment at his expense died away and Norma chirped, "Sorry about that, Helen. We shouldn't really be making fun of you but that show you just put on was quite priceless. I haven't had such a good belly laugh in a long time. Now let me show you how to sit properly."

Under her expert tutelage, Harry soon saw where he had gone wrong and quickly mastered the art of sitting in a low chair while wearing a dress and heels. After ten flawless attempts, both of his mentors were happy to declare their satisfaction.

"I know you have had to absorb a lot of information in a short time, Helen," Clara declared, "but you have worked hard and it shows. For the moment, I think you will at least be passable as woman not only in looks but in how you move. Now let's do one more thing before letting you have a short rest. It won't take long but it's an important skill for a maid to have as she will be doing it quite often."

"Yes, Helen," Norma chimed in, "you really must know how to maneuver around with a tray, particularly in bending down to place it on a low table. Maids have to do it every day. It would look most suspicious if you couldn't carry out such a simple task. Here, take this tray."

Harry reluctantly took the tray being held out by Norma. It had several dishes and glasses on it but as they were empty, the weight was negligible. However he found he had to hold the tray firmly to avoid tipping anything over.

Once she saw that he was getting comfortable holding the tray, Clara ordered Harry to move over to a low coffee table. Taking careful steps, he managed to do so, although the high heels made this relatively simple task more difficult than he thought it would be.

"Now then, girlie," Clara continued, "bend at the knees so you don't expose anything that shouldn't be showing and place the tray on the table. Ensure you don't tilt the tray as you do or things will start to slide off."

Harry bit his lipstick-covered lips in studied concentration as he successfully carried out her latest order. He found that taking his time allowed him to bend gracefully at the knees while making sure the tray remained level. Uttering a sigh of relief, he straightened up and assumed the proper standing position.

"Quite good, Helen," Norma stated with a big smile. "You took your time and it paid off. Try it a few more times – pick up the tray, walk over to that other table and put it down. Then pick it up and place it down again. Once you have done that, we will give you some glasses with water in them to see if you have really mastered this basic skill."

Summoning up what was left of his rapidly depleting energy levels, Harry minced over to the second table. Bending down in the approved manner, he deposited the tray without mishap. Straightening up momentarily, he retrieved the tray and returned to the first table where he successfully repeated the maneuver.

"That's my girl," Clara cheered. "Now do it one more time. I'm going to fill those glasses with water so be careful."

Harry watched in rising trepidation as she filled the two glasses almost full. He had the sense to realize that he still had to manage the tray properly if he didn't want to spill the water. If he did, he just knew that a break wouldn't be coming any time soon; he badly needed to get some weight off his aching legs and feet.

"There you go, girlie," Norma announced as Clara finished pouring. "Take your time and do a good job. If you don't we will be here until you get it right."

Harry took a deep breath to steady his nerves before bending down from the knees to pick the tray up. He was terribly aware of the fact the glasses were full but he managed to smoothly sashay over to the far table without spilling a drop. Thankful for all the earlier practice of moving in high heels, he concentrated on bending correctly and keeping the tray level while placing it on the table.

Less than a minute later, he successfully lowered the tray onto the table where he had started. He stood back with a happy smile on his face while the two maids softly clapped their hands and complimented him on his efforts.

"Well done, Helen," Norma stated with a big grin. "Would you like to take a break?"

"Yes please, Miss Norma," Harry trilled in excitement at the prospect of a rest. He wouldn't be able to keep going for much longer without one.

"Very well then," Clara added. "It's obvious you need to get off your feet for a while. Let's take you back to your bedroom so you can do that before we continue."

Harry followed the two maids with a sense of contentment as he contemplated the thought of lying down on his bed. He knew he had made great progress in hiding himself in his new feminine persona. Although the prospect of the police coming to the house looking for him was still a daunting one, his confidence level at being able to pass himself off as a mere maid had risen dramatically.

Chapter 9

Harry moaned weakly as someone interrupted his deep slumber by shaking him by the shoulder. He had been dreaming of fighting his way through a phalanx of police officers and threatening gangsters to reach a plane so he could escape from the island. A plane piloted by a beautiful girl closely resembling Norma. He was just sliding into the seat beside her when his dream was rudely shattered by the insistent shoulder shaker.

"Come on, Helen, wake up for goodness sake," Clara called out loudly. "You are supposed to be taking a twenty-minute nap, not spending the rest of the day in bed. Get up, you lazy wench!"

Shaking off the last vestiges of sleep, Harry finally woke up with a start. He realized that far from courageously fighting his way off the island and flying off into the sunset with Norma, he was laying on a bed, looking more like a heroine than a hero.

"About time," Clara grumbled. "I know that you are finding this exhausting but you can't afford to lie around sleeping when there is so much to be done. Miss Margaret expects the police to arrive tomorrow so we don't have much time to get you installed in your new role. Let's get going."

Harry swung his nylon-covered legs off the bed and swayed slightly as he adapted to standing on his high heels. *I must have fallen asleep without even taking off my shoes*, he thought. *Darn, my feet are still sore. At least I feel a bit better than I did when I crawled onto my bed. I was completely done in.*

"Before I forget, you need to use some perfume," Clara giggled. "With all the excitement earlier, we forgot to apply some. Both Norma and I use White Linen so you will use it too. I've brought a small bottle for you. I will leave it on your dresser so you can apply it from now on. Let me show you how to use it."

Norma tilted the bottle and allowed a drop of perfume to flow onto her finger tip. Smiling with anticipation, she slowly applied the scent onto Harry's temples, neck, wrists, behind the knees and finally on his thighs, just above the stocking tops. She took the time to explain why she was selecting these areas and how a girl should always smell nice.

Harry could only shiver in delight as she slowly traced her fingers along his nylons and to the bare skin of his upper thighs. His entrapped penis strained vainly against the snug fit of his control panties while his legs began to tremble with repressed sensual feelings.

Clara smiled even more broadly as his reactions to her caresses become ever more noticeable. Taking a moment to carefully replace the cap on the bottle and place it on the dresser, she pushed an entranced Harry back down on the bed and quickly ran her hands teasingly up under his skirt, over his thighs and onto his pantied crotch.

"Do you like the feel of that, Helen?" she asked mischievously. "Or are you just shaking because you are a scared little sissy who is afraid of a woman's attentions?"

"No, no ... I really do like it," Harry groaned as Clara's expert fingers continued to stroke him to ever more inflamed passion. "Please don't stop, Miss Clara."

Pushing his nylon-covered legs further apart with her knee, Clara let a predatory grin flash across her features as she looked down on Harry squirming ineffectually on the bed. Her nimble fingers danced down his white, hairless thighs, along the dark bands on the tops of his stockings and back up to his pantied crotch. She began to feel a warm, moist, feeling mounting in her own groin as she realized how she was completely dominating the recipient of her attention.

Harry began to squeal in an ever higher pitch as he surrendered to the expert ministrations of his fellow maid and mentor. He couldn't remember ever having been so aroused by a woman. A large chunk of his masculine persona was carved away. He slowly came to understand that much of his excitement was due to his being dressed as a submissive woman and enjoying the passive role in this extraordinary reversal of sexual conventions.

He had almost reached an earth shattering climax when Clara suddenly stopped her caresses and stood up. He mewled in disappointment as he looked up at her and saw the superior look on her face. It was immediately evident that she was not going to allow him the release he so desperately needed.

"Come on, Helen," she stated with an enigmatic smile, "our fun will have to wait for later. There are just too many other things that need doing right now."

"But Miss Clara," cried Harry, "you can't just leave me like this."

"Aw, is poor sissy all hot and bothered?" Clara responded with mock concern before carrying on in a more forceful tone. "You forget your place, wench! I can do what I want and you will obey without question. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Clara," Harry sighed in frustrated acceptance. He knew that any further whining on his part wouldn't change her mind and would probably only succeed in making her even angrier.

Picking up on his obsequious tone, Clara laughed as she pulled him up from the bed, "Don't worry, Helen. A good girl will always be rewarded in the end, particularly if she behaves and does as she is told."

Harry glanced at her with a shy smile as he realized what she was promising. He would do everything he could to be considered a good girl in Clara's eyes.

"Let's get you down to the bathroom and tidy up your makeup and hair, girlie," Clara continued. "You might want to use the toilet while you are there."

Harry was more than happy to follow her down to the bathroom. Clara showed him how to touch up his lipstick and to use powder to cover any shiny spots on his face. Although this took no real skill and only a few seconds of time, doing these rudimentary tasks really affected his male psyche as he was required to do them himself. He could no longer pretend that he was only a hapless victim having feminine cosmetics being forced on him by a skilled cosmetologist.

Noting his despairing look, Clara decided to push him even further. "That's good, girl. Now put things away. Then I'll show you how to use the toilet."

"What do you mean, Miss Clara?" Harry gasped. "I know how to use the toilet without any help from you or anyone else."

"Stuff and nonsense, young lady," Clara responded forcefully. "You can't just stand there and let fly as you normally do. You have to sit like a female. There are certain things you have to do to make it look authentic. No more arguing. Do as I say. Lift up the hem of your dress and slip and pull them up to your waist. Quickly!"

Harry gave an exasperated shake of his head but did exactly as he was told. Hearing that he couldn't even urinate while standing like a man was too depressing for words but he couldn't seem to muster up any fight to resist Clara's demands.

"That's good," Clara continued, "now hold them out of the way while you push your panties down. I know they are a tight fit so you might find it difficult but persevere if you really want to pee."

Harry did find it hard to push the panties down but finally managed to do so while still holding his dress and slip out of the way. He began to begrudgingly see why Clara had to talk him through carrying out a simple function he had always taken for granted.

"Aren't you happy that we put your panties on over your garter belt and stockings?" Clara commented. "At least you won't have to contend with them as well. Now sit down on the throne, milady."

Stung by her flippant remark, Harry still settled down as gracefully as he could on the toilet seat, making sure his penis remained tucked between his thighs. For some inexplicable reason, he didn't want to flash it around while under Clara's strict scrutiny.

"That's the girl, Helen," his tormentor chuckled. "We'll make a proper young lady of you yet. It's time for you to do what comes naturally. Then I'll show you what's next."

It took a conscientious effort on Harry's part but finally he felt his bladder release; his urine tinkled quietly down into the bowl. Used to the noise of a more powerful masculine stream, he blushed at the effeminate sound of his efforts.

"Don't be so bashful, wench," Clara chuckled, mistaking his embarrassment for maidenly modesty. "Once you are finished, take a few squares of toilet paper and use it to wipe down below. It's important we girls stay dry and clean between our legs. We wouldn't want to get an infection, after all."

Groaning inwardly at the thought of the sight he must be presenting, Harry dutifully did as he was told. The sooner he was finished with this degrading scene, the better he would feel.

"Done? Then drop the paper in the toilet, stand up, put the lid down and flush," Clara intoned with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Don't forget to hold your skirts up out of the way. That's it. Now pull those panties back into place. Then rearrange your slip and dress properly. Check to make sure nothing is showing and you are neat and tidy. A good maid must always be concerned about her appearance. Finally, make sure you wash your hands, another important consideration when you are domestic help in a busy household."

Harry carried out each step. Throughout, he was excruciatingly aware of the scent of his perfume, the gentle touch of his silky smooth lingerie and the rustling sound of his taffeta dress whenever he moved. The overall effect and the thought of what sexual delights might follow later if he continued to do his best were enough to distract him, at least mo-

mentarily, from horrifying thoughts of what could happen to him if his disguise was penetrated by the authorities.

“One final check of your makeup and appearance, Helen,” Clara commanded, completely unaware of how deeply Harry was immersed in thought. “We really have to get on with things.”

Suddenly noticing the almost glassy look in his eyes, she realized that he hadn’t heard a word she had just said. A quick flash of fear that he might be cracking under the pressure of trying to escape a terrible fate by disguising himself as a woman raced through her. It was quickly replaced by the knowledge that he was merely succumbing to the pleasures of being dressed in sensual materials and relishing the idea of a promised sexual tryst with her later.

“Helen, you silly bitch, wake up,” she snarled half in anger and half in relief that her charge was not going to suddenly collapse in a catatonic heap. “What did I just say?”

Harry, startled back into full awareness by her strident tone, gulped as he tried desperately to recollect what she might have said to him. Cursing himself for letting his guard down, he babbled out the first thing that came to his mind, “Check my appearance and get ready to go, Miss Clara.”

“Hmm, why do I think that might just be a lucky guess, Helen? But you are right, so get on with it so we can leave.”

Turning from the strangely tantalizing reflection in the mirror, he looked with a smile at Clara and announced, “Ready when you are. Shall we go?”

Shaking her head at his cheeky tone, Clara couldn’t help returning his smile and indicating that he should follow her. *Let’s see if that smarmy smile remains on your face for long, girlie. Somehow I don’t think it will.*

Chapter 10

Stopping just past the bathroom, Clara turned to Harry who was just scuttling up in her wake. “The first thing we are going to do, Helen, is to give you a quick tour of the house. As a maid, you have to know where everything is or it will look most suspicious. It’s too late for you to have lunch but there will be a light dinner later. Don’t make a big fuss if your portions are on the small side as losing a few pounds will make your uniform fit better.”

Harry’s stomach growled softly at the mention of food. He hadn’t eaten a good meal in some time. However he had the good sense to conceal the moue of disappointment that flashed quickly across his painted face. He knew that any verbal complaints on his part would only make matters worse.

“As you have undoubtedly ascertained,” Clara continued with an impish grin, “this wing is the servant’s quarters. Your bedroom is down at the end of the hall, the smallest one as benefits the junior maid. Norma’s and mine are located here just past the bathroom we share. The chef, whose name is Eugene—it is best if you call him sir—and the two security guys, Tom and Nick, have rooms and a shared bathroom further up the hall. That makes a total of six bedrooms and two bathrooms. Got all that?”

"Yes, Miss Clara," Harry replied distractedly as he once again realized how big this mansion must be. The servant's quarters alone were the size of an average house. Giving his head a shake, he turned his concentration back to Clara as she continued speaking.

"You can have a look at my bedroom later. If you're lucky, you might get to see Norma's as well. But we don't have time for that right now so let's continue on with your tour."

Harry's brain buzzed with the implication of what he had just heard. He had the good sense to push any sexual thoughts to the back of his mind as he trotted compliantly behind Clara as she moved out of the hall and into a small foyer. He remembered that this area gave access to the kitchen and huge living room.

"The kitchen is a place you will spend a lot of time in, girlie," Clara stated with a satisfied smile on her face. "It will be nice to have someone else's help. Let's start the rest of your tour by going in and introducing you to Eugene. He doesn't know that you aren't really a woman so it will be a good test of how convincing you are. Remember to call him sir and give him a nice curtsy if you want to make a good impression on him."

"Yes, Miss Clara," Harry gulped as he realized that he would be meeting someone who didn't know he was a man masquerading as a female. The very thought made him tremble slightly in apprehension. He couldn't think of anything more embarrassing than being ridiculed by another male for being dressed in feminine attire. If he couldn't fool an unsuspecting chef, how would he conceal his true identity from the police?

Noticing his nervousness, Clara said reassuringly, "Don't worry, Helen. Eugene is so preoccupied with running a good kitchen he has little time to think about anything else. You will not have any trouble as long as you act in the manner you have been taught by Norma and myself. Just be sweet, demure and obedient as a good maid should be and you will be more than convincing for him or anyone else that doesn't know you aren't a real woman."

Harry gave a weak smile and nodded his head to show he understood. Steeling himself to perform as expected, he followed her through the swinging doors.

As he entered, he was amazed at the size and gleaming perfection of the kitchen. Stainless steel counters and appliances, large and small, gave the impression of a well-organized and practical room that would compare well with the kitchens of any reputable restaurant or hotel.

Clara moved directly toward an alcove off to one side of the kitchen's main working area and called out, "There you are, Eugene. I would like to introduce our new maid, Helen."

Eugene looked up from the cookbook he was reading. He smiled welcomingly and said in a teasing tone, "I see Miss Margaret has finally figured out that you two lazy maids need some more help. I hope Helen here proves to be a more diligent worker than you and Norma. Glad to have you on board, my dear."

Remembering what he had been told, Harry dropped down into a curtsy and said, "Thank you, sir."

Raising his eyebrows in appreciation, Eugene replied, "Good manners as well. You are off to an excellent start, my girl. I can see that working with you will be a real pleasure. Now if you will excuse me, I have to get back to sorting out dinner for tonight. I'm sure Clara here is doing a commendable job of giving you the grand tour."

Harry giggled nervously as he dipped down into another curtsey and looked to Clara for confirmation that he had done well in this first encounter with an unsuspecting male. Receiving a small nod of approval from her gave him the courage to take a closer look at Eugene.

He saw a man of medium size wearing a few more pounds than his mid-thirties age would warrant. Dressed in whites, he presented a professional air while closely studying the cookbook lying on the table in front of him. His features weren't particularly striking but did radiate a pleasant personality as evidenced by the laugh lines around his twinkling eyes and mouth.

Clara cleared her throat before Harry's inspection became too obvious and stated, "This area is where we sit down to relax and to take our meals. As you can see, the table is big enough to seat eight so there is lots of room. I won't try to describe the kitchen layout but as you can tell, no expense has been spared in equipping it with the very best."

"And we only produce the best meals here," Eugene cut in with a short, barking laugh. "Unfortunately that means there is lots of work. I'm sure Clara has told you that she is happy to receive reinforcements. Don't worry about how everything works here, all will become abundantly clear as we gear up for dinner. Now why don't you get on with showing Helen the rest of the house, Clara?"

Clara giggled and dropped him an abbreviated curtsey, "Certainly, your majesty. I was just getting ready to do that so that you could get on with planning one of your culinary masterpieces."

"Shameless hussy, you know that flattery works with me every time," Eugene countered as he waved his hand towards the kitchen door. "But don't stay any longer or I will be forced to find you some work – there's always something that needs doing in here."

Clara blew him a kiss and turned to leave. Harry hesitated for a moment then dropped a smiling Eugene a hasty curtsey before hustling away himself. Relief at having successfully fooled the chef about his true sex flooded through him as he sashayed out of the kitchen.

Stopping in the foyer, Clara turned to Harry and advised him, "Don't be deceived by Eugene's easygoing manner. When he is in the midst of preparing a meal, he is all business. That means he gives the orders and we obey. The rest of the time, as you just saw, he is like a friendly old teddy bear. By the way, you did well in there. Eugene thinks you are just one of the girls. Keep it up and the police won't suspect a thing either."

"Thank you, Miss Clara," Harry replied with a happy smile.

"And you don't have to worry about Eugene trying to become too familiar either," Clara continued. "He is a happily married man with two children. Miss Margaret even flies his family down here at her expense for a week or two when she stays on this island

for more than a month which isn't that often. We're usually here for three weeks or so about four times a year. The rest of the time, we stay at the residence north of New York."

Harry once again was in awe at the thought of how much Margaret Fields must be worth. The money tied up in this vacation home she used for three months of the year was mind-boggling and begged the question of what her more permanent residence would be like.

Before he could speculate further, Clara led him through the foyer and into the dining room. Situated beside the kitchen, it was a dark paneled room with a table large enough to seat twenty people. As he had come to expect, the furniture and the detailing of the room reflected their high cost.

"Miss Margaret only uses this room when she is entertaining," Clara stated. "Maybe two or three times a week, unless she has guests staying at the house, in which case it is used for all the meals. If she is eating by herself, we serve the meal in the library where there is a small table set up."

Harry nodded his understanding while taking in the details of the magnificent dining room. Large windows at one end let in an abundance of light while allowing phenomenal views of the coastline. Like everything else he had seen in the house so far, it displayed impeccable taste that only big money could buy.

"You have already seen the living room," Clara declared as they exited the dining room to reenter the foyer, "but we have to go through that area to get to the rest of the house."

Once again, Harry tried to take in as many details as he could while scurrying along behind Clara as she moved rapidly through the large living room. Now that he wasn't undergoing female deportment drills, he was even more amazed at its size and superb design and furnishings. *Gosh*, he thought, *it must be nice to have the financial wherewithal to be able to live like this. Maybe working here won't be so bad.*

Exiting the living room, Clara entered a large foyer. "This is the main entrance for the house. When visitors arrive, we meet them here and escort them to the appropriate part of the residence. In most cases that will be the living room but if they are staying overnight, it will be the bedrooms down this hall."

As she spoke, Clara moved through the foyer and down a long hall. Stopping at the first door, she opened it and indicated Harry should enter. "This is the library. As you can see, it is a reasonable size. Miss Margaret likes to spend quite a bit of time in this room. She also takes many of her meals here, as I mentioned earlier."

Harry gazed at the bookcase-lined walls of the library which was roughly fifteen feet wide by twenty feet long. Several comfortable-looking recliners with reading lights were situated in the center of the room. A small table and two wood chairs with leather seats were located beside the large window overlooking a central courtyard garden.

"Nice isn't it?" Clara said. "But come on, we still have places to go. Miss Margaret isn't here right now so it's an ideal time to show you everything."

Relieved to hear that Margaret Fields wasn't around to see him dressed as a maid, Harry minced behind Clara as she moved across the hall and entered another door imme-

diately opposite the library. "This is Miss Margaret's office. Never enter this room without knocking if you don't know whether she is in the house or not. Like most people of her social standing, she jealously guards her privacy. Servants like us don't just walk in without permission. Understand?"

Harry hurriedly replied, "Yes, Miss Clara," as he took a quick look around the room. It was dominated by a large desk and leather chair. Filing cabinets were lined up against one wall behind the desk and a work station with state-of-the-art computer equipment was located by the opposite wall.

Clara then showed him a total of five bedrooms, situated further down the hall. Four were guest bedrooms, each with its own adjoining bathroom. Like every other room in the house, they were a good size and exquisitely appointed and furnished.

The bedroom at the end of the hall was larger and even more lavishly decorated than the others. "As you can probably tell, this is Miss Margaret's bedroom. We come in here everyday to make the bed and tidy up so you will get to know it well. The bathroom is over here. Of course, it must be kept immaculately clean at all times."

Harry stared in fascination at the huge bathroom with its gleaming white tile floor, circular tub, toilet, bidet, shower stall and sink. *This must be a lot of fun to keep clean. Not!* he thought. *I hope I'm not stuck with that job any time soon!*

Almost as if she could read his mind, Clara went on. "Don't worry, Helen. You will get to shadow Norma or me for a few days and we will show you what needs doing in each of the rooms. Ensuring they are clean as well as helping out in the kitchen will keep all three of us busy so it's nice to have some extra help, particularly when guests are staying here."

Harry's heart sank as he heard the ominous news about the workload he would be expected to carry as a maid and the fact that guests could soon be seeing him scuttling about in his feminized role.

"Surely there won't be any guests staying here while I'm dressed as a maid," he queried. "Wouldn't that be taking a big chance. What will people think if they discover I'm really a man?"

"Don't be silly, girlie," Clara countered impatiently. "It would look most suspicious if Miss Margaret cancelled all her previous commitments. You can be sure the police will be keeping an eye on things for quite some time. Your disguise won't be penetrated as long as you stay in character. Trust me; the only way you will give your true sex away will be to strip down naked and run up and down the halls, shouting that you are a man. You don't intend to do that, do you?"

"Well no," a partially mollified Harry stated. "But what if I make a big mistake or don't act like a maid should around other people?"

"My goodness, you are insisting on being a right little ninny aren't you, Helen?" Clara laughed. "First, you will have had more training before any guests arrive. Second, it can be explained that you are new at the job and still being taught the finer points of being a maid. Third, if you really screw up, the guests can be assured you will be suitably punished. How would you feel about being bent over a chair, having your dress and slip pulled up and receiving a good thrashing on your cute, pantied butt?"

Harry, who had been reassured by her earlier comments, was aghast at her last one. "Surely that wouldn't happen, not in this day and age. I would die of humiliation."

"Don't be so certain about that, little girl," Clara declared with an enigmatic smile. "I've seen stranger things happen in some of these ultra-rich households. If you want to make sure nothing bad is going to happen, then don't make any big mistakes - or too many little ones either. Am I making myself quite clear?"

"Yes, Miss Clara," a thoroughly subdued Harry replied. There was little doubt she was telling him the truth. Someone in his position would be even more vulnerable than a real maid.

"Perk up, wench," Clara chuckled. "There are no guests scheduled for at least a few days as far as I know. Right now, your biggest challenge will be to blend in until the police are satisfied that you aren't hiding out here. And the best way to do that is to learn your new role in life as quickly and thoroughly as possible. Let's get back to the kitchen; Eugene is probably getting anxious about dinner. As I said, he is a hard taskmaster when its time to prepare meals but he sure knows how to cook some great food."

Chapter 11

Harry gave a tired sigh of relief as he squirmed down into his bed, luxuriating in the feel of the long, silk nightgown against his fatigued body. He let his mind wander back over what had happened after he and Clara returned to the kitchen.

As Clara had predicted, Eugene had pounced on both of them as soon as they walked through the door. "There you are! About time," he grunted. "Norma is doing something for Miss Margaret, so I need all the help I can get. Luckily there are no guests tonight so it's mainly a meal for the staff but we mustn't let our standards slip. Helen, how much experience do you have working in a kitchen?"

Sinking down into a curtsey, Harry apologetically squeaked, "Not very much, sir. Just the basic stuff."

Eugene rolled his eyes, "I know exactly what you mean. You will have to be trained almost from scratch. It really is appalling that domestic help is so poorly educated these days. Well, I guess it can't be helped. Clara, show her how to make a salad, then come over here and help me with the remainder of the meal."

"Certainly," Clara tittered, "Helen, come with me and I'll get you started."

Several hours later, Harry had been introduced to the joys of not only making a salad but setting the staff table, helping to prepare the tray for Miss Margaret's meal and starting the washing of what seemed to be a mountain of pots and pans. He thanked his lucky stars that Norma actually took the tray down to the library for the mistress of the house. Having to do that particular duty would have been too much to bear.

By the time the staff sat down to dinner, he was ferociously hungry but didn't dare protest when Clara only served him a fraction of what he would normally eat. The situation was made worse by the fact the three men tucked into their much larger portions with obvious gusto while Norma and Clara made remarks about how the ladies had to watch their weight.

Surprisingly, the meal was a relatively cheerful affair with a good deal of playful banter. Even the knowing looks Tom and Nick gave Harry soon faded away and he found he could relax sufficiently to actually enjoy the dinner. Not that he worked up the courage to partake in the lively discussion, confining himself to making short, non-committal answers to any questions directed to him. He forgot himself sufficiently to laugh at some of the more outrageous comments as everyone tucked into the various courses.

After the meal was finished, Harry and Norma cleared the table while Clara picked up the tray of dirty dishes from the library. With three of them working together, it didn't take long to place the dinnerware and cutlery in the dishwasher, hand wash and dry the pots and pans and clean up the kitchen.

Once that had been accomplished, Norma told Clara to take a break while she worked with the new girl on makeup and dress skills. Clara nodded her approval before departing to her room after giving Harry what could only be considered a promiscuous wink.

"Come along then, Helen," Norma ordered. "Let's go down to the bathroom. I will show you how to apply your makeup. It's something you should know. You can't expect me or Clara to do it on a daily basis."

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry dutifully replied before mincing daintily along behind his mentor. He dearly would have liked to lie down for a rest but he knew that there was no point in arguing as that would only make matters worse.

As they moved toward their destination, he once again became aware of the female clothing he was wearing, a phenomenon that had waxed and waned as he went about his maidenly duties during the day. The pinch of the high heels, the rasp of the stockings, the taut feel of the garter belt pulling on the nylons, the slithering sensation of the slip and dress and the tightness of the bra around his chest all played a part in producing this overwhelming sensation.

"Here we are," Norma announced needlessly as they entered the bathroom. "The first thing I'm going to teach you is how to remove your makeup. You will do this every evening before you go to bed. A woman does not leave cosmetics on her face overnight. That is just asking for skin problems. Do you understand that, Helen?"

Harry answered in the affirmative as he began to worry about having to redo the makeup he removed. There was no way he could replicate the cosmetic wizardry created by Clara earlier.

Norma soon showed him how to cleanse and moisturize his face at the end of his work day. Harry wondered why he felt a sense of loss as his cosmetically enhanced female facial appearance disappeared.

"Very good, Helen," Norma stated once he finished. "Now we have a clean palate to work with. I know you won't be able to match Clara's earlier efforts so we will keep this lesson centered on the basics – foundation, powder, eye shadow, mascara, blush and lipstick. I'll talk you through it and then you do it. OK?"

Relieved to hear that everything was going to be explained to him before he attempted it and that he was not expected to learn more than the basics, Harry happily agreed. *Maybe*

if I do well, this can be short and I can get to bed early, he thought as he focused his attention on Norma's instructions.

Almost an hour later, he tiredly examined his made-up face in the mirror. This was the third attempt at it; finally he seemed to have done well enough to gain Norma's approval. Once again, although it wasn't as expertly done as Clara's labors, his visage was more feminine than masculine.

Noting the fatigue evident in his drooping shoulders and slightly trembling legs, Norma gave him a mischievous smile. "I think that's enough for tonight, Helen. You are starting to get the hang of it. With a bit more practice, you will become quite proficient. Before you remove your latest effort and do the rest of your evening toilette, let's go to my room for a short break."

Harry was more than happy to trot along behind her as she left the bathroom. Thinking about his earlier experiences with Clara, he couldn't help wondering what Norma had in mind. As his thoughts turned to more lustful pursuits, some of his exhaustion fell away as they entered the bedroom and Norma closed the door.

As Clara had told him, the bedroom was larger and significantly more luxurious looking than the room he had been assigned. The bed was a double rather than a single and the furniture against the pink colored walls looked to be of a higher quality as did the curtains covering the window.

Norma hurried over to the curtains and pulled them together to shut out the rapidly darkening night outside after telling Harry to flip on the light switch. His heart beginning to beat more rapidly in expectation of the sexual delights he could soon be enjoying.

"Clara told me what a selfish little slut you were earlier," Norma stated as she eyed him with a predatory glint in her eyes. "You will have to learn that you are here to serve others and not the other way around. You will only be allowed satisfaction once you have learned to be submissive and giving. Tonight, I will start you down that path."

As she spoke, Norma approached. Taking his hand, she led him over to the side of her bed. "Don't move, Helen," she ordered as she began to run her hands over his feminized form, pulling up his dress and slip so that she could stroke his upper thighs and his pantied crotch.

As she continued her gentle caresses, Norma gave him a passionate kiss on his lipstick covered lips and aggressively pushed her tongue into his mouth. Trembling with the desire to reciprocate, Harry managed to remain perfectly still as he took the passive role his mentor seemed determined he adopt. *If I play this right*, he plotted *I can take a more active role when the moment is right. Releasing my cock from its nylon prison and thrusting it into this sexy woman will be a real pleasure.*

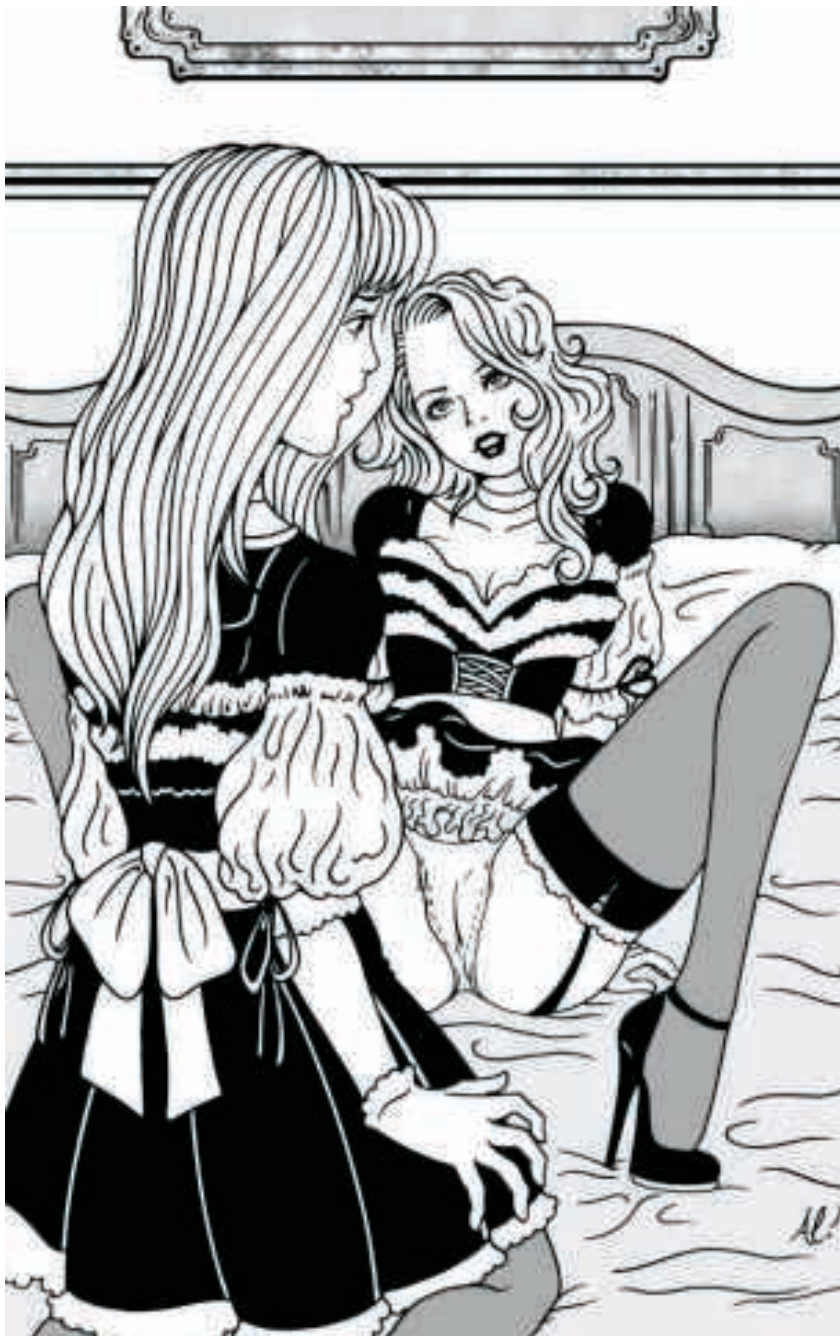
Norma finally pulled back and took a deep, shuddering breath, "That was very good, girlie. You were able to control your macho desires and took the female role. Let's move on to the next step. Pull your dress and slip back down, then kneel here beside the bed."

Realizing that his dress and slip had been pushed up around his waist by Norma's roaming hands, Harry quickly brushed them back down and slowly sank to his knees as

he had been instructed. *What does she mean by 'next step'?* he wondered? *I'm not sure I like the sound of this but what else can I do but go along with whatever she tells me to do?*

Smiling at her charge's acquiescence, Norma sat on the bed and slid over so that Harry was kneeling directly in front of her. Splaying out her knees, she pulled up her dress and slip so that her pantied groin was fully displayed. Harry's eyes bulged out as he took in the seductive sight of her upper thighs partially covered by her black stockings pulled taut by the garter belt which disappeared beneath her white, satin panties.

"Do you like what you see, wench?" Norma purred as she watched his reaction to what she had to offer. "From the look of your face, you would really like to get that little man of yours into what you are seeing right in front of you."



"Oh yes, Miss Norma," Harry panted. "I would like that very much!"

"I thought you might say that, you horrible little slut," Norma growled. "Just as I feared, you are still thinking of yourself when you should be happy to give pleasure to others. Let me tell you right now, you aren't going to get your panties off tonight, let alone get into mine. You will have to be content with learning how to seduce another woman without using your precious penis. Do you understand, Helen?"

Harry felt his stiffening cock shrink as Norma's vindictive words crashed around his ears. All his hopes for getting some immediate sexual relief evaporated as he knelt helplessly in tantalizing proximity to what he desired so fervently. For a brief second, he thought of overpowering his tormentor and having his way with her but the grinding sense of submissiveness and vulnerability which had been pounded

into him all day prevented him from moving.

"I asked you a question, girlie," Norma snarled. "Do you want to give me an answer or shall I be forced to punish you?"

Pulling himself back from the brink of a deep crevice of despair, Harry shuddered and whispered weakly, "No, don't punish me Miss Norma. I understand."

"That's better, bitch. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and get ready to learn your first lesson in putting other's needs before your own. Lean forward and use your hands to gently caress my upper thighs and vagina. Don't go under my panties or I will punish you severely. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry replied as he fought to stop a tear of hopelessness from trickling down his cheek. There was no way he was going to look any more like a sissy than he already did.

Tentatively, he ran his hands along the stockings covering Norma's thighs, gently stroking the nylon-covered flesh while staring with fascination at the vibrant red nail polish at the ends of his fingers. *This looks like two women making love*, he thought. *What is happening to me?*

"Come on, Helen," Norma chided him. "Surely you can do better than that. How many times do I have to tell you that it's the other person who is important? Forget about your needs and concentrate on providing pleasure to your partner."

Remembering the way Clara had run her hands over his thighs and crotch earlier in the day and how much of a turn-on it had been, Harry resolved to emulate her actions. Almost immediately, Norma began to respond and writhed on the bed, moaning in sensual pleasure.

Warming to his task, Harry gently caressed his way past the tops of her stockings, up onto the soft, white skin of her upper thighs and onto the crotch of her panties. Norma's sighs of contentment grew louder as a damp patch began to appear on the white satin material. The vaginal lips gradually became more pronounced under the thin, almost transparent with dampness. Harry smiled happily as her hips rotated ever faster in an erotic rhythm. For the first time since he had regained consciousness, he felt in control instead of being forced into a subordinate role.

With a final shriek of pure joy, Norma shuddered violently before sitting up and grabbing Harry's hands with an iron grip. "That was much better, girlie. See, you can do it if you put your mind to it. Now stay there while I catch my breath. Then we will continue with your lesson."

Harry allowed a quick pout to appear on his lips before rearranging his features into a more neutral expression. Norma's reaction was disappointing but he had already learned not to complain about anything.

Not that Norma would have noticed his brief display of emotion as she had slumped back on the bed with a contented smile on her face. She knew that Harry wasn't going to enjoy the evening as much as she was but that was the whole purpose of what she was trying to teach him.

Harry's long, exhausting day was starting to catch up with him; he had to fight to not only stay still but just to stay awake. He was only saved from disgracing himself completely by Norma suddenly sitting back up again before he dozed off and slumped over onto the bed.

"You look tired, Helen," she cooed without any evident sincerity in her voice, "I think we had better stop what we are doing and get you off to bed – but only after you have finished learning what I want to teach you. Satisfy me and you will earn the right to climb into your nightie and be finished with the day. Are you ready to start?"

Stifling a yawn, Harry managed a reasonably cheerful, "Yes, Miss Norma," as he contemplated the joy of being allowed to retire for the night.

"Very good, dearest," Norma chuckled, "but you have to satisfy me first. You did such a fine job with your hands that I think we need to give your tongue a workout. Kiss your way up my thighs, then use your tongue where it will give me pleasure – but through my panties. You haven't earned the right to remove them yet!"

Cunnilingus had never been one of Harry's preferences for sex with a female partner but he wisely kept this particular piece of information to himself. He lowered his head between her nylon-covered thighs and slowly began to kiss his way toward his goal.

Norma fell back on the bed and reveled in the thought that this little sissy was so completely under her control. The feel of his lipstick-covered lips working their way up her inner thighs was extremely stimulating especially as she knew something even better was yet to come.

Muttering words of encouragement, she firmly grasped his wig-covered head and pulled it even more firmly between her spread legs until his lipstick covered mouth reached her panty-covered groin. Pulsating tremors of pleasure began to spread through her crotch as his tongue moved firmly against her vagina.

"That's a good girl," Norma groaned, "move your tongue a little to the left, harder, faster..."

Harry did his best to follow her increasingly frantic commands. It wasn't long before his efforts were rewarded by Norma letting out a shrill shriek and convulsing with a strong, long orgasm. With his head held firmly in place, he could only try to cope with her frantic movements by continuing to bore down with his tongue while snorting for breath through his nose.

"What a little slut you are, Helen," Norma exclaimed as she finally released her death grip on his head and struggled to sit up. "You are obviously a natural at this. With a bit of practice, you will be ideal in taking care of a woman's needs. As I promised, you can now go to bed. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes, Miss Norma," Harry replied happily. "I can't think of anything I would like to do more."

"Not even screw me?" Norma countered with a wry smile.

Harry blushed in embarrassment; he realized that his fatigue had made him entirely forget what he had hoped to achieve when the evening had commenced. He was too tired

to even contemplate, let alone actually carry out, his earlier desire to ravish the lovely Norma.

"I really want to make love to you, Miss Norma," he finally stated, "but I'd rather do it when I could make it really good for you. Right now, I don't know if I could."

"My goodness, Helen," Norma replied seriously, "if that's the case, I think you are making progress in your attitude towards woman and not putting yourself first all the time. Let's get you into bed, my dear."

Although he was dragging himself along by will power alone, Harry still managed to stay reasonably alert as his mentor showed him how to carry out his evening toilette, hang up his uniform, place his lingerie and stockings in the laundry, remove his jewelry, place his wig on a form and, finally, slide a long, white, silk nightgown over his trembling body.

"You've done very well for your first day, Helen," Norma pronounced as she helped him into the small single bed in his room. "Sleep well as there is much to be done tomorrow."

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry muttered tiredly. He snuggled down into the bed as she turned off the light before leaving the room. His mind swirled around, trying to digest the events of the evening before he slipped into a deep sleep.

Chapter 12

"Come on, sleepy head, rise and shine," Clara called as Harry struggled to wake up from an enjoyable slumber. It felt as if he had just managed to get to sleep. His body, still aching from all the unfamiliar activities of the previous day, protested mightily as he pushed back the bed covers.

"Let's go, Helen," Clara repeated. "There is much to be done this morning. It appears that the police will be arriving before lunch to talk to Miss Margaret"

Her mention of the authorities galvanized Harry into instant action; all his fears of being discovered and captured flooded back. Jumping out of the bed, he looked at Clara with a look of panic on his face.

"What must I do, Miss Clara?" he cried. "Please help me."

"What you must do, girlie," Clara responded coolly, "is to remember you are Helen, a mere maid in the employ of Miss Margaret and of no consequence to the police and their inquiries. Is that clear, missy?"

"Yes, Miss Clara," Harry muttered. He blushed in shame at how rattled he had become when she mentioned the imminent arrival of the island's authorities. He resolved to do better in the future although the prospect of being seized and tortured to death was almost painful to contemplate. In spite of these misgivings, he still knew he had to convincingly act the part of a maid to have any chance of escaping such a horrible fate.

"That's better, Helen," Clara announced. "Remember to act and talk as you've been taught and all will be well. It's only seven o'clock so we will have at least four hours to further perfect your performance. I strongly suggest you make the best of it. Now, down to the bathroom so you can shower, make sure there are no stray facial or body hairs and do

the rest of your morning toilette. While you are doing that, I will lay out your clothes and jewelry. Quickly now, we don't have time to dawdle if you want some breakfast."

Pleased to hear that food was in the morning plans, Harry rushed down to the bathroom and quickly did as he had been ordered. He was happy to see that there were no stray hairs to deal with as he wasn't quite sure how he should accomplish that particular task. *I'd better ask Norma or Clara when I get a chance*, he thought.

Clara smiled as he bustled back into the bedroom, "That was quick, Helen. As you can see, you will be wearing basically the same things as yesterday but I've put out fresh panties and stockings. Today I will show you how to do the laundry so you always have some clean ones available. Get dressed by yourself. I will only advise you if necessary."

Other than having a brief struggle with fastening his bra, Harry managed to don his lingerie and taffeta dress without any real difficulty. He then applied his makeup under Clara's critical eye before brushing out the long, dark black wig and securing it on his head. Once he had done so, he pinned the white maid's cap into place, tied on the pinafore apron and put on his silver jewelry.

"Not bad, Helen," Clara observed as he finished. "A little slow but that's to be expected until you have had more practice. Now apply some perfume as you've been shown and we will get down to the kitchen."

Harry dabbed the perfume on as he had been shown while thinking about how well he had done in getting ready for the day. Clara had only corrected him on a few small faults when he was applying his makeup; the rest he had managed to do himself. Now there was some breakfast to look forward to, a thought that made his nearly empty stomach growl appreciatively.

Clara had him walk in front of her as they moved toward the kitchen and took the opportunity to critique any mistakes she observed. Harry, all too aware of the consequences of failing to be seen as the maid he was so desperately trying to emulate, didn't hesitate to respond to whatever she told him.

Breakfast was a hurried affair. Much to his chagrin, Harry was confined to a small orange, a piece of dry toast and a cup of coffee. "You have to watch your weight, Helen," Norma stated. "You don't want to stretch your nice uniform out of shape, do you?"

As soon as the kitchen was cleaned and everything was put away to Eugene's satisfaction, the two maids took Harry away for further training. "Make sure you are back here at eleven," he ordered. "I'm sure Miss Margaret will want to offer the officers some tea or coffee so we will have to be prepared."

Harry's heart started to gallop at the very thought of having to deal with the police but he managed to conceal his concern. *I'm going to have to do better than this*, he thought. *Even hearing about the upcoming visit is upsetting me. What will actually dealing with these people be like? I must concentrate on appearing as a maid and nothing else.*

Norma and Clara both knew the best way of taking Harry's mind off the upcoming ordeal would be to keep him busy. As a result, they took him down to Miss Margaret's room and had him help strip the bed and clean the bathroom. As he labored away, they watched his every move and corrected anything that didn't fit the submissive female persona so

critical to his successful charade. They also had him ask questions and repeat the answers in his feminine voice.

"Practice, practice and more practice," Norma exclaimed. "Everything you do must be second nature. If it is, then you will be much more likely to fool the police when they are here. You understand that, don't you, Helen?"

"Yes, Miss Norma," Harry replied as he struggled to keep up with their advice with regard to his movements and voice modulation. "I know you are only trying to help but I'm finding it difficult to incorporate everything I'm being taught."

"Sorry about that, girlie," Clara snapped. "But we don't have much time and you will just have to bear with the pressure. It's going to be a lot harder when you are actually trying to deal with other people so smile and get on with it."

"Yes, Miss Clara," a subdued Harry whispered. "I'll do my best."

"That's all we can ask," Norma cut in. "Be aware though that if you fail, we will all be in trouble so make your best good enough to be a convincing maid. We all know you can do it. You've made a lot of progress in the last twenty-four hours and have proven to be an apt student. Keep it up and there will be no problems."

As soon as their work was done in Margaret's bedroom, Norma and Clara marched Harry back to the living room and put him through his paces in female deportment yet again. In spite of his rapidly growing fatigue and frustration at the constant repetition he had the sense to keep quiet and do his best to meet the standard they were demanding.

"Let's take a break," Clara finally declared. "There is no advantage in making Helen so tired that she can't think straight. We only have half an hour before Eugene wants us back in the kitchen. Norma, you make sure the living room is presentable for the visitors. I'll take our little protégée and give her some more lessons in dress and makeup skills."

Norma nodded her agreement. Clara once again had Harry walk in front of her so that she could correct any mistakes he made while swaying his way back to the shared bathroom in the servant's quarters.

"Not bad, girlie," she announced as they arrived. "You are really starting to move like a woman. Keep it up and you will have no problem with anyone mistaking you as a man. Let's spend a bit of time talking about makeup. We'll finish by retouching yours so that nothing is amiss before we take up our action stations for this upcoming visit."

"Miss Clara," Harry whined as he started to tremble at the thought of having to appear in front of the police while dressed as a female. "Maybe I should just stay in the servant's quarters while the cops are here."

"Nice try, wench," Clara chortled. "Miss Margaret has already thought about that particular ploy. She realized that the police will probably want to search the house when they come. In fact, to preempt them, she is going to offer to let them do that very thing. If they are busy looking around, what better way to hide you than in plain sight?"

Harry, although still upset about appearing as a maid in front of the people looking for him, couldn't refute the logic in Clara's argument. It would appear that Margaret had indeed thought the issue through. Common sense dictated that he should defer to her superior knowledge of how the locals would act.

Seeing that Harry was ready to acquiesce, Clara decided to further encourage him, "Come on, Helen. I know that you are nervous but let me assure you there is nothing to fear. Eugene, who has seen you up close several times now, hasn't picked up on the fact that you aren't a woman. He may not be as alert as a policeman but they won't really be paying any attention to you unless you don't act exactly like a maid is expected to. All eyes will be on Margaret or the two security guys. Why would they look at any of us maids? Unless they try to sneak a peak up our dresses or something."

Harry gulped nervously at the thought of some burly police officer taking a sexual interest in him but managed a weak smile of acknowledgment at Clara's pep talk. One minute he was reasonably confident and the next, he was almost paralyzed with fear.

"Enough," Clara declared, "Let's spend some time talking about makeup. I know Norma has covered the basics with you but as a woman you will be expected to have a good knowledge and skill in the application of a wide range of cosmetics. If you didn't, it would be most suspicious."

For the next twenty minutes, Clara showed him a variety of brushes, tubes, jars and pencils along with the cosmetics they contained or were meant to apply. Harry managed to absorb at least some of the information in spite of being preoccupied with thoughts of what was going to happen in the next hour or so.

"Our time is almost up," Clara finally stated. "Here, touch up your lipstick, blush and foundation and I'll see if you have learned anything."

Harry struggled to remember the techniques she had explained regarding the three indicated items but managed to do a passable job in repairing any minor flaws in his makeup. Clara nodded her approval as he picked up and used the right brushes for the blush and foundation before finishing with a new coat of lipstick on his bright red lips.

"That's good, girl," she exclaimed. "You were listening after all. I thought I might have lost you a few times. Come on, we've got to get back to the kitchen. Before we go, let me say one more time, you can do this. Just act in the manner you've been taught and everything will be fine. Don't forget to smile and be obsequiously obedient."

The last line was delivered with a bright smile. Harry couldn't help responding with a wry grin of his own. Determined to succeed, he minced after her as they went down the hall and entered the kitchen.

Chapter 13

"All right, Helen, it's show time," Clara stated while fixing Harry with a fierce stare. "We will go out there and serve the tea and goodies as you've been briefed and shown. Any last questions?"

Harry struggled to control his shaking legs but replied in a subdued voice, "No, Miss Clara."

"I'll lead and you push the tea trolley. Let's go."

Harry leaned into the tea trolley, as much to support himself as to push the cart, and followed Clara into the living room. Margaret was sitting in a plush easy chair near the large windows overlooking the beach. Two men in suits were sitting in the matching

chairs beside it. Clara pointed out the location for the tea trolley and Harry positioned it as smoothly as he could.

"Gentlemen, please join me in some tea and a few decadent delights from the kitchen," Margaret stated as the two maids hovered around the cart. "I'm so happy that you have taken the time to come out and see me and have offered to search my residence and grounds in case that desperate killer, Harry Smith, tries to make his way here. Not that I would think he would as he doesn't even know where I live. But as you said, one can't be too careful."

"Thank you, Miss Fields," the older man stated. "As we know from past experience, you are too kind. It's a shame that not everyone is as appreciative of the police as you are. Your last contribution to our benevolence fund was most appreciated."

"You are more than welcome, Inspector," Margaret smiled. "It was the least I could do for you and your gallant men and women. Clara, Helen, please serve the tea."

As prearranged, Clara poured and served the tea while Harry arranged several pastries on three plates and placed them on the small tables beside the two men and Margaret. Remembering to bend at the knees as he did so, he was shaken to see admiring glances from the two males and an amused look from Margaret. He wasn't sure which was more unsettling.

As they sipped their tea and enjoyed the culinary delights Eugene had prepared, the Inspector got back to business. "We have searched your grounds and found nothing, Miss Fields. I would like to move to the next phase which is to search your residence, with your permission of course."

"Why, certainly, Inspector," Margaret replied with an appreciative nod. "I don't think you will find anything as I have two very good security personnel but feel free to do so."

"Thank you," the Inspector continued. "Before we start, we had better get a list of the people living here, other than yourself and these two lovely young women, Clara and Helen, I believe you called them, who have served us a first-rate tea."

"That's right, Inspector," Margaret answered. "I also have a chef, Eugene, two security personnel, Tom and Nick and a third maid, Norma. As you know, the usual caretakers and the gardeners are all on holidays at the moment. There should be a total of seven people here at the house."

The Inspector nodded to the younger man who immediately got up and left the living room. "The Detective will brief the others now that we know who should be in the house. You might want your two security people to accompany them as they conduct the search."

"Certainly," Margaret replied. "Clara, please get hold of Tom and Nick and have them do that. Stay with the detective to make sure he is satisfied with the search. Helen, please refresh the Inspector's tea and mine as well."

"Yes, Madam," Harry responded as calmly as he could while dropping into a brief curtsey. Picking up the pot, he hastened over to pour more tea into the two cups as gracefully as he could. Acutely aware of the man's interested gaze as he carried out the task, he tried to banish the thought that he was going to be discovered any minute from his mind. There was no doubt the Inspector was a very observant policeman who knew his job.

"Thank you, Helen," the Inspector said as he eyed the young maid with an appreciative eye. There was no doubt that Margaret Fields had a knack for employing attractive staff. Forcing his mind back to business, he turned to look at his hostess over the rim of his cup.

"I really do apologize for the intrusion, Miss Fields. If you weren't a friend of the sister of that foolish man, Smith, we wouldn't even be here. However, we have to follow every lead until we catch the miserable wretch."

"There is absolutely no problem, Inspector," Margaret replied. "I would expect nothing but efficiency from you and your force. Of course, my staff and I will cooperate fully with you in whatever way we can. I for one will certainly sleep better once it has been ascertained that Harry Smith is not on my property. I just hope that you don't hold his sister, Carol, in any way responsible for his despicable behavior. I have known her for many years and she is a fine woman."

"We are making her part of our inquiries of course," the Inspector stated, "however I can assure you that there is no suspicion about her being involved in Smith's drunken exploits. After all, there are multiple witnesses that saw you both at the restaurant having dinner while he was killing the daughter of one of the island's most important families. However, she is the most likely person Smith would try and contact if he wants to escape from the island. He is a stranger here and we have his passport so his options are limited. Unfortunately for her, she will remain the focus of our investigation until we get a break in this case."

Harry listened to the conversation with a sinking heart while trying to stay as inconspicuous as possible. There was little doubt that the police would pull out all the stops in trying to capture him. Until they did, his sister would be little more than a prisoner at the resort. He began to feel as if the whole masquerade he was going through was nothing but a futile exercise.

Once again, he became intensely aware of the female clothing he was wearing. The tightness of the bra and garter belt, the taut, feather-light touch of the stockings, the wispy feel of the slip's hem, the rustle of the taffeta dress and the grip of the high heels. Would they really protect him from having his true identity discovered?

His fearful ruminations were brought to an end when the Detective returned to the living room, closely followed by Clara. "Everything's clear, sir. There is no sign of Smith."

"What a relief," Margaret stated. "Would you like some more tea, Inspector?"

"I'm afraid not, Miss Fields," the Inspector stated with a sigh. "As much as I would like to linger in the presence of three beautiful women and partake of the delights you have so kindly provided, I fear that duty calls. Tenuous as this lead was, it had to be followed but now there are other directions we must pursue. If you or your staff has any information about this man, Smith, please let me know as quickly as possible. He will be quite desperate by now and, as a result, could be dangerous. In any event, I'm sure we will be in touch again soon."

"You can count on our full cooperation if we see any sign of this fellow, Smith," Margaret responded. "I know my security detail will be more than happy to contact you if anything comes up."

The Inspector rose from his chair and nodded his thanks to the two maids as he and the Detective were escorted to the main door by Margaret Harry trembled slightly as he felt the gaze of both of the men sweep over his feminized form one last time. Did they see through his disguise?

"Come on, Helen," Clara snorted. "Stop flirting with the nice policemen and let's get this tea trolley back to the kitchen."

"Don't be ridiculous, Miss Clara," Harry huffed. "I wasn't flirting. I think they were looking at me as if they knew exactly who I was!"

"Helen, you silly girl," Clara chuckled. "The only looks you were getting from those two were the ones a man directs toward what he perceives to be an attractive female. I know you're new to this game but cast your mind back to when you were a man checking out a hot young thing and you will understand exactly what I'm saying."

Harry gave her a dirty look but suddenly realized that she was right. They may not have been leering at him but the Inspector and Detective had certainly been enjoying the sight of what they thought was a desirable wench dressed as a maid with all the sensual connotations that particular image generated.

Looking at the growing comprehension and accompanying apprehension on Harry's face, Clara suddenly burst into a giggling fit. At first, he could only glare murderously at her but soon he couldn't help joining in; the humor of the situation pushed aside the anxiety that had been building up inside of him for the last few hours.

"So what are you two girls laughing about?" Margaret asked as she walked back into the living room. "Our tea with the police went quite well but I don't think we are out of the woods yet."

"Sorry, Miss Margaret," Clara said as she fought to regain her sense of decorum. "It's just that Helen here thought the two men were eyeing her as a possible suspect instead of checking her over as a sex object. Our reaction is one of relief that everything went according to plan as much as anything else."

"I get your point, Clara," Margaret chuckled. "Helen here will just have to get used to being ogled by the male portion of the race. But turning to more serious matters, did the police see anything suspicious during their search?"

"Not a thing, Miss Margaret," Clara declared. "Tom and Nick escorted the uniformed police into every room while the Detective stayed with me throughout the search. Eugene and Norma were busy in the kitchen so no one paid much attention to them. As you instructed, Norma kept a low profile while I tried to distract the Detective as much as possible while we were in the kitchen. I doubt if he really got a good look at her so there would be considerable confusion if he tried to tell her and Helen apart."

"That's good," Margaret muttered. "It probably won't be needed but I still like the idea of Helen and Norma being interchangeable. That exchange went well but it's obvious we are going to have to do even more to throw the police off Harry's scent. The Inspector made it quite clear he is determined to find him and will undoubtedly return here if no fresh leads are discovered. Clara, have Nick and Tom report to me in my study. Helen, take this cart back to the kitchen and help with the clean up."

"Yes, madam," Harry curtsied in reply while Clara hurried off to carry out her assigned task. Turning to push the tea trolley out of the living room, Harry jumped as he felt a hand caress his skirted behind.

"Before I go, I must say that you make a most convincing girl, Helen. It looks as if you have been wearing a dress and high heels all your life. And you're certainly behaving like a more mature individual than that silly wretch Harry Smith. I think you have found your appropriate station in life," Margaret smirked as she gave his pantied butt a proprietary pat. "Now, run along like a good little maid."

Not sure if he was being complimented or insulted, Harry sank down into another curtsy and responded, "Yes, Madam," as he quickly pushed the cart out of the living room.

Chapter 14

"That's a good idea, Nick," Margaret exclaimed. "When do you think you can carry it out? Sooner would be better than later."

"I agree," Nick stated. "Tom has made sure that the police haven't left anyone lurking around your residence but it's only a matter of time before they put some sort of stakeout on the place. We'll do a check this afternoon. If all goes well, we will get it done tonight."

"Excellent, I'm really grateful for all the help I'm receiving from both of you," Margaret replied. "Is the other business concerning Helen proceeding as well?"

"Yes, it is," Tom cut in. "It should only be a few more days before it is complete. Unfortunately, the delay is inevitable if you want a quality product. In this particular case, you certainly do."

"Great news," Margaret agreed. "And you are right; we don't want sloppy work to undo us at any stage of this operation. The experience both of you are bringing to bear is making it all possible. I won't forget to make sure you are amply rewarded once we get off this island."

Tom and Nick beamed at Margaret's last statement. After discussing a few minor points, they left her office for a quick lunch before they departed on their afternoon reconnaissance. They were happy to help their employer in any way they could but the promise of a financial bonus was always welcome.

They entered the kitchen to find Eugene hard at work putting the finishing touches on lunch. The three maids were frantically trying to keep up with cleaning up behind him and getting a tray ready to be taken down to Margaret

"Helen, you take lunch to Miss Margaret today," Clara ordered. "As soon as you get back, we will sit down for our meal as well so don't take too long."

Not really wanting to appear in front of Margaret again so soon, Harry still managed to keep a smile plastered on his face as he took the tray and minced as quickly as he could to the library. The door was open so he entered and moved towards the table he had been shown earlier.

There was no sign of Margaret so he placed the tray on the table and hesitantly started towards the closed office door. Remembering Clara's instructions, he didn't open the door but knocked.

"Come in," he heard.

Opening the door, he curtseyed. "Your lunch is on the table in the library, Madam."

"Why thank you, Helen. I do like the way you curtsey so politely. Make sure you keep it up. Now run along."

Harry curtseyed again before he exited the room, gently closing the door behind him. A mixture of relief and indignation swirled through him as he moved back towards the kitchen. The clatter of his high heels echoed off the walls. He felt relief that Margaret hadn't detained him and indignation that she casually treated him just like a female servant. *Not that I'm anything but one*, he thought. *How I wish I was off this island. I've got to get out of this situation soon if I hope to salvage any of my masculinity. I'm already looking and acting like a girl and it's only been two days since I was transformed. I'm even starting to enjoy wearing female clothing. Mind you, the side benefit of getting close and intimate with those two knockouts, Norma and Clara, isn't anything to sneeze at.*

"Come on, Helen, hurry up, we're starving," Norma called out as he entered the kitchen. "And Nick and Tom are in a hurry to go and do something, so don't dawdle."

Harry scurried over to take his seat. The staff soon demolished one of Eugene's delicious lunches. As soon as they were finished, Tom and Nick beat a quick retreat. The three maids were left to clean up the mess while Eugene began planning the dinner meal.

Three pairs of hands made light work of the after lunch clean up. Harry soon found himself helping Norma with the dusting and vacuuming duties throughout the house. The task took them over two hours to complete; as soon as it was done, Clara whisked him away to learn how to hand wash lingerie and stockings.

"We have to do this just about everyday, Helen," Clara explained as she showed him what to do. "Most things can go in the washing machine but our panties, bras and stockings all require a bit more care. Of course we look after Miss Margaret's as well so one of us usually does everybody's all at the same time. You will be doing it every third day. Make sure you pay attention while I do the first ones, then you do the rest while I supervise."

Harry did as he was told and the laundry room was soon festooned with lingerie and hose that he had hung up to dry. "That's it, girlie," Clara stated. "You've done a good job. After dinner, I will show you how to sort them out and put them away. You're starting to look a little tired. Would you like to have a short break?"

All too aware that dinner kitchen duties would soon intrude on their day, Harry was more than happy to agree. He was finding that the never-ending work, incessant worry about being discovered and small meal portions were conspiring to make him feel constantly tired and weak. Nor did his puzzling mood swings do anything to help his sense of well-being.

Clara had promised him at least twenty minutes for a nap but it felt as if his head had barely hit the pillow before Norma was rousing him from his deep slumber so that he

could join her in the kitchen. "Make sure you use the bathroom and refresh your makeup, Helen," she called out before leaving his room.

Harry stumbled, yawning and grumbling from his comfortable bed but didn't hesitate to do exactly as she ordered. After quickly using the toilet, brushing out his wig and reapplying his lipstick, he took a moment to appraise the image reflected in the bathroom mirror. *I look just like a girl*, he thought. *Good for our escape plans but not so good for keeping my male ego intact. Will I ever recover from this experience?*

Minutes later, he was in the kitchen helping Norma clean up the mess being created by Eugene. Clara took the duty of carrying the dinner tray to Margaret so he was spared that

particular task. As at lunch, Tom and Nick were in a hurry to do something so the staff dinner was soon over. The three maids made short work of the cleanup.

"I think it's my turn to spend some time with Helen this evening," Clara announced while giving Norma a knowing wink. "I'll carry on with the makeup lessons you were giving her yesterday."

Norma chuckled, "Certainly, my dear. I hope you enjoy tutoring Helen as much as I did. She is a quick learner and so eager to please."

Clara marched Harry down to the bathroom. He soon found himself applying and reapplying eye makeup, blush, foundation and lipstick under her knowledgeable supervision. Much of what she taught him had already been covered by Norma but Harry picked up several new tips. The constant practice seemed to be paying off as his skills improved noticeably.



"That's quite good, girly," Clara stated after almost an hour of drilling him on the use of cosmetics. "Let's call it a night for this subject. I'll show you how to sort out the lingerie and hose we washed earlier, then we'll go down to my room for a different kind of training."

Harry's heart skipped a beat as he considered the implications of her last statement. If what she intended was similar to Norma's lessons the previous evening, he was going to soon be enjoying some rather intimate moments with a beautiful woman. Maybe tonight he would manage to get some sexual satisfaction. That thought made his penis stir in its Nylon prison.

It was difficult to concentrate on Clara's comments. His mind kept straying to the unknown delights she would soon be offering in her bedroom but he managed to make a reasonable stab at sorting out the clean lingerie in the laundry room. It was obvious his mentor shared at least some of his lustful thoughts; she stated they would put the articles of clothing away tomorrow as it was getting late. Harry quickly stifled a yawn as he eagerly nodded in agreement.

He sashayed excitedly behind Clara to her room. As in the case of Norma's, it was a larger, more luxurious version of his own. He had little time to absorb his surroundings as a giggling Clara grabbed his hand and pulled him down on the double bed.

Pushing her hand up his nylon-clad thigh and under his skirt, she whispered in his ear, "Norma told me that you were a wanton little slut in bed. A slattern with a talented tongue who could make a woman squirm with pleasure. Let me see how good you are and maybe there will be a nice reward for your efforts."

Harry sighed as she pushed him down between her spread legs but took heart from her promise that if he did a good job, there would finally be some sexual relief for him as well. For some reason, being dressed in female finery for the last two days had proven to be a sensually titillating experience. He desperately craved a release from his pent-up desire.

Clara pulled her slip and dress up around her waist. Harry was pleasantly surprised to see that she wasn't wearing any panties so that her vagina was framed by the straps of her garter belt. The neat triangle of hair at the juncture of her legs proved that she was indeed a natural blonde.

Luxuriating in the fact that he didn't have to use his tongue through the material of a pair of panties and keeping in mind the lessons he had been taught by Norma the previous evening, Harry soon had Clara writhing with pleasure on the bed. "Yes, you little bitch," she gasped, "keep doing that, there, yes, there. I'm coming!"

Harry smiled with satisfaction as Clara pushed him away after he had brought her to three massive climaxes. Once again he felt as if he had been the one in control instead of a submissive sissy who only responded to orders. *I could get to like this aspect of being a maid,* he thought. *I don't even mind giving a woman oral sex.*

Pulling him up beside her on the bed, Clara snuggled into his arms and kissed him on the mouth. As their tongues engaged in a slobbery match of flickering delight, Harry found he enjoyed the intermingling taste of their lipsticks. His penis was soon straining against the crotch of his panties and pushing against Clara's upper thigh.

"What's that I feel pressing against me, Helen?" she cooed as she disengaged from their passionate kissing. "Do you have something down there that a lady shouldn't have?"

"Why don't you check it out and see if it's something you might enjoy," Harry replied with a mischievous grin. "There could be something in it for both of us."

"Why, you little minx," Clara chuckled, "I think you have peaked my curiosity. Let's see what's hiding behind those panties of yours."

Harry moaned in anticipation as Clara's nimble fingers forced his tight panties down toward his knees. As she did so, his penis sprang up like a hard spear and bobbed about as if sensing it would soon be thrust home into a receptive nest.

"My, my," Clara gushed as her hands closed around his erect cock. "Isn't this an interesting secret you keep hidden under your skirts, missy? I think I know what we should do with this little fellow."

As she spoke, Clara scrambled up onto her knees. Straddling Harry's supine body, she slowly lowered herself onto his rock hard organ. Both of them groaned with pleasure as his shaft sank deep into her wet vagina. The pleasure was so intense that neither of them moved for almost a minute.

Harry sighed with satisfaction as Clara gently started to move up and down on his rampant maleness. Even though he was lying underneath her and she was taking the initiative, he still felt as if he was finally getting a just reward for all of his hard work over the last two days. *It feels so good*, he thought as his hips began to move in concert with Clara's movements. *I need this so badly. What an amazing feeling.*

Clara cleverly timed her up and down motion to bring Harry to an ever-increasing height of pleasure. She knew that he would soon lose control but was determined that she would also get the maximum amount of gratification possible before that happened.

"Don't you come until I say so, wench," she grunted as she continued to milk him with superb skill. "Remember that you are to think about others rather than just yourself. If you do, further rewards will come your way. If you don't, then it's back to basics for you."

Harry fought to bring himself back from the brink as the implications of her words sank in. There was no way he wanted to forego this type of pleasure any time soon. Summoning up every ounce of will power, he fought back one threatening climax after another. He found that thinking about the possibility of being caught and dragged away was one of the best ways of curbing his need for release.

Finally, even this drastic measure wasn't working any longer. He was forced to tell Clara to please stop or he would cum into her even though he hadn't received permission.

Clara was rapidly nearing her own climax. She had been surprised at how well Harry had been doing in resisting his obvious need for sexual relief and stated, "You may come now, girlie. I am."

The pair screamed in unabashed joy as they reached mutual release. Clara howled as she felt Harry's hot seed splash into her and Harry yelled incoherently as his penis pulsed in joyous abandon.

Clara collapsed onto Harry as they spasmed in the dying moments of their mutual climaxes. They lay locked together for several minutes before either of them had the strength to move. Harry felt his deflated penis exit her with a soft plop as they finally moved into more comfortable positions and snuggled against one another.

"That was very good, Helen," Clara finally stated. "You are obviously learning to think of others instead of just yourself. And I think you can see that your efforts can be well rewarded."

Harry, who had just experienced the most intense orgasm of his life, could only mutter happily in agreement. To his surprise, he was finding that trying to make others happy was bringing him a considerable amount of satisfaction, not only physically but mentally as well.

He had almost dozed off when Clara pulled away from him, "Come on, girl. It's time to do your evening toilet and get you off to bed for a good night's sleep. There is much to do tomorrow; you need all the beauty rest that you can get. Up with you, wench, and down to the bathroom. Don't forget to pull your panties up and sort out your dress and slip."

Harry, still glowing with contentment, happily followed her orders. The thought of trying to walk around with his tight panties pulling his knees together made him giggle foolishly.

In the bathroom, Clara talked him through the process of removing his makeup, applying moisturizers, combing out his wig and the other things he needed to do before collapsing exhausted into bed one more time. Finally, clad in his long, silk nightie, he did just that and was asleep before she had gently closed the door.

Chapter 15

For the next two days, Harry's new routine as a maid continued, following the routine already established. He was shown how to carry out new household duties while being fully employed in those he had already been taught. Interspersed with his work were ongoing lessons in makeup, dress and deportment. Any flaws in his appearance, movement or feminine manner of speaking were all quickly corrected. Fear for his safety made him a conscientious student. His only regret over the forty-eight hour period was that neither Norma nor Clara had invited him back to their rooms for further lessons in how to satisfy a woman sexually.

It was the third day when the outside world once again intruded on Harry's tenuous new existence. He had been assigned to cleaning the two bathrooms in the servant's quarters and was vigorously brushing out one of the toilets when Norma bustled through the door.

For a moment, she stopped and smiled wickedly at the sight of the new maid kneeling in front of the toilet. The hem of his uniform dress was pulled up past his knees and exposed a goodly amount of his black nylon-clad legs as he worked. *What a change there has been in this creature over the last four days*, she thought.

“Finish up here, Helen, then clean yourself up and get down to the kitchen. Miss Margaret has just informed me that the police will be paying another visit in about an hour. You will help Clara with the tea again while I assist Eugene.”

“Yes, Miss Norma,” Harry replied dutifully. He blushed at the thought of what a sight he must make down on his knees, cleaning out a toilet like a good little maid.

Concern for the upcoming visit drove him to finish the bathroom as quickly as possible. He checked his uniform, shaking it back into place and repaired his makeup, actions which were rapidly becoming second nature. *Thank goodness for rubber gloves*, he thought as he checked the bright red polish on his nails.

He smiled to himself as he heard the distinctive sound of his high heels echoing off the walls as he moved toward the kitchen. His feet were still sore by the end of the day but he had fully mastered moving confidently in shoes with three-inch heels.

He entered the kitchen to see the other two maids and Eugene preparing the tea trolley for the upcoming visit. No one seemed to know why the police were returning and Harry didn't have time to become too anxious as he was put to work helping the others.

All too soon, Clara came back into the kitchen and told Harry that it was time to push the tea trolley out to the living room, to help serve the two guests and Miss Margaret. His growing concerns were only partly mitigated by Clara whispering that there only appeared to be the Inspector and the Detective at the house. No large search party had been brought this time.

“Ah, Helen, Clara. Please come in and pour the Inspector and the Detective some tea. I'm sure they will be tempted to try some of Eugene's treats as well.”

The Detective's face lit up in a big smile at the mention of the elegant pastries he remembered well from their last visit. The Inspector gave his stomach a rub and smiled ruefully. “The Detective has a constitution that can withstand another assault from those delicious delicacies but I'm afraid that I will have to be content with one this time.”

Margaret laughed, “You heard the Inspector, ladies. Only one for him so make sure it is a good one. But I'm confident the Detective can withstand at least three, if not more.”

Harry and Clara quickly served the pastries and tea, then stood by as Margaret and her two guests sat and enjoyed the delicious snack. Harry took the time to discreetly study the two policemen. He quickly decided that the slightly pudgy and shorter Inspector was by far the more dangerous of the two. He smiled frequently but his brown eyes missed nothing and shone with a lively intelligence.

Finishing his pastry, the Inspector took a sip of tea before stating, “A lovely tea as always, Miss Fields. Thank you very much for your hospitality yet again. However, to business. As you know, we are still investigating the missing Harry Smith. I felt it only fair to let you know that we have found some evidence that he may have perished while trying to leave the island.”

“Really, Inspector,” Margaret exclaimed in concern. “I can't say that I'm terribly sorry to hear that. Harry wasn't a particularly nice person but what about his poor sister? She must be extremely distraught if you have told her about this development.”

The Inspector looked uncomfortable for a few seconds before replying, "As a matter of fact, she has been told and is now under sedation at the resort. She hasn't taken the news well, even if her brother has proven to be a scoundrel and drunken lout."

Harry couldn't help hearing what was being said. He was astonished to hear that he was being presumed dead. The exciting thought that it could help his ultimate escape was tempered by the slurs being heaped on his allegedly departed character. He only kept his face dispassionate and void of any emotion by a major effort, an exertion that paid off handsomely as he noted both the Detective and Inspector were discreetly checking out everyone's response to what was being said.

Margaret cut into the poignant silence, "That's terrible, Inspector. I must go and see her immediately. Maybe it would be best if she stays here with me until she feels ready to leave the island."

The Inspector stared at her for a moment. "That may not be a bad idea but perhaps I should point out that the evidence I'm referring to is tenuous at best."

"What do you mean?"

"We've found the man's clothes and wallet lying on a beach not far from the accident site. It would appear that he tried to swim out to sea in an effort to get away."

"Well it's possible, I suppose. Particularly if he saw a yacht or some sort of ship," Margaret mused. "Why do you say the evidence isn't all that convincing?"

"There's no body. And when there's no body, there will always be reason for doubt," the Inspector responded.

"But it's rather unlikely the man would leave his wallet and clothes behind so he could wander the island naked," Margaret laughed.

"True but if this fellow Smith was getting help from somebody, the items could have been planted," the Inspector stated grimly. "I know it's not likely as he doesn't appear to know anyone on the island. He certainly didn't have enough money to bribe anybody to help him. However, this case is important enough that we can't take chances."

Harry felt his initial euphoria that the police might end their search for him evaporate as the Inspector made it quite clear that they weren't giving up the hunt. If that was the case, it was still going to be difficult to get off the island unscathed.

Margaret was made of sterner stuff, though, and prodded, "If he didn't drown or get off the island successfully already, then there must be some sign of him. He can't have just vanished or still be running around the jungle without any clothes. If he was still here, surely you would have found or heard something by now."

The Inspector gave her a reflective look, "It's true that no viable leads have come to light. However, my orders are to keep looking until we have more positive proof that Smith is dead. I must admit that every passing day makes it less likely that he survived but we never close a murder file until it is resolved."

"And quite rightly," Margaret declared. "I admire your dedication, Inspector although I think I would be quite safe in betting that Harry Smith is no longer with us. As you

know, the ocean currents around this part of the island are most unpredictable. The body could be just about anywhere.

"My main concern is for his sister. Do you think you could use your influence to allow her to come and stay with me until she is permitted to leave the island? I can't see you keeping her much longer anyway. Or do you think that she is still your best chance of flushing her brother out of the woodwork? If you do, then maybe you should put some sort of stakeout at my residence."

Harry's jaw almost dropped as he heard Margaret invite the police to put surveillance on the house. Surely that would be asking for trouble.

The Inspector took a sip of tea before replying. "Yes, I think I can allow Miss Smith to come and stay with you for the next few days. As you say, there is little she can do to contribute to our inquiries. At the same time, she is still a potential contact for her brother so I will give some serious consideration about putting some of my men in the vicinity of your property while she stays here."

"That will be grand," Margaret gushed. "As soon as you have finished here, I will drive over to the resort and make the necessary arrangements. I think it will do her a world of good to get away from all the fuss and bother of your investigation. I'm sure the press has been intolerable."

"Isn't it always?" the Inspector sighed. "At least until the next breaking news story drags them away. Then we are left to get on with our job, no matter how long it takes. I know you are keen to get Miss Smith organized but I suggest you give me an hour or two to make the necessary arrangements. The Detective, who I see has managed to eat all his pastries, and I must get on with our inquiries. Thank you again for your hospitality."

Margaret rose gracefully from her chair and smoothly eased the Inspector and Detective out the door while assuring him that she would not go to the resort for at least two hours. As the pair drove away, she returned to the living room.

Harry and Clara were still loading items on the tea trolley and quickly bobbed down into curtsies as she entered. "I think that went quite well, don't you girls?" Margaret stated with a smile. "The police aren't entirely convinced that Harry Smith is really dead but they will undoubtedly consider it a possibility. If this wasn't such a high profile case, they would probably be more than prepared to give up the search entirely."

Before he could stop himself, Harry blurted out, "But Madam, where did they get my clothes and wallet? Did you have anything to do with that?"

"Careful, Helen," Margaret responded. "You should know that good maids are seen and not heard. I will forgive you this time and grace your question with an answer. Yes, your clothes and wallet were planted on the beach by Nick and Tom a couple of nights ago. It has taken two days for someone to find them and report to the police."

Harry gulped nervously as he realized that he no longer possessed anything from his male existence. His wallet with all his identification cards, his passport and all the items of male clothing he had brought with him were now being held by the police. He was reduced to wearing the female clothing in his bedroom closet and he had absolutely no form of identification. He was completely at the mercy of Margaret Fields and her staff.

Almost as if she could read his mind, Margaret continued, "Yes Helen, there isn't much left of your previous life. You will have to be an excellent little maid and keep in my and the staff's good graces. Keep that firmly in mind as you go about your duties. But moving on to more pleasant things, won't it be wonderful to have your sister come and stay here for at least a few days? The poor dear must be desperate to go home – she does have a career after all."

Harry shuddered at the thought his sister would probably see him disguised as a maid. There was no way she could spend any time at the house and not be aware of the staff members as they went about their duties. And he just knew that he would be expected to be one of the maids flitting about carrying out their normal tasks. There was no reason to be excused from his by now well established daily routine so he just nodded politely at Margaret's comments.

"Finish cleaning up, ladies," Margaret commanded with a grin. "I have to get a few things done, then I'll have Tom or Nick drive me over to the resort. Clara, make sure one of our guest bedrooms is prepared for Carol's arrival."

"Yes, Miss Margaret," Clara responded with a curtsy. "I will get Helen to help me. I'm sure she will be happy to look after Miss Carol."

"Very good," Margaret stated as she left, causing Harry to join Clara in bobbing down in an appropriately subservient farewell.

"Come on, Helen. Let's get this trolley back to the kitchen. Then we'd better hustle down to the guest bedroom area and sort things out. I think we'll prepare the room closest to Miss Margaret's."

Chapter 16

Three hours later, Harry heaved a sigh of relief. Preparing the guest bedroom and bathroom had been a relatively quick process; the rooms were kept almost spotless as part of the normal household routine. He and Clara had made up the bed with clean linen, vacuumed and dusted the bedroom and wiped down the bathroom in less than an hour. They had then spent an hour on other household chores and another hour helping in the kitchen. By that time, Margaret and Carol had arrived back at the house.

Margaret had insisted the three maids meet the new house guest in the front foyer by being introduced and curtsying. It was obvious that Carol was preoccupied as she only greeted the maids with a polite but distracted manner. There was absolutely no sign she suspected one of the maids was her brother.

As he turned to go back to the kitchen with Norma and Clara, Harry allowed his relief to show by sighing deeply. He had only taken a few steps when Margaret called out, "Oh Helen, be a dear and get Nick to bring Miss Carol's suitcases down to her guest room. You can unpack her things for her. Norma, please bring cocktails for me and our guest. We will be in the library."

"Yes, Madam," Harry squeaked nervously as he curtsied. It was just as he had feared; there would be no hiding from his sister during her stay. His only consolation was that Carol had not recognized him. Even given her preoccupied state of mind, it was evidence that his disguise was more than adequate to fool the police.

Five minutes later, he was left in the guest room prepared for Carol by a grinning Nick who had carried the suitcases from the car. Harry was glad to see him go; being alone with another man, especially one who knew his real identity, made him extremely nervous.

He quickly unpacked the suitcases and put the clothes away in either the closet or the large wardrobe's drawers. Much to his dismay, he didn't find any of his things mixed in with his sister's belongings. When Margaret had instructed him to do the unpacking, he had a brief flash of hope that he might find some of his male clothing hidden in the suitcases. It was obvious the police were still holding on to all his possessions.

After finishing his assigned task, he hesitated briefly before deciding what to do next. Should he stay and wait for further orders or should he return to the kitchen? He decided that it would be better to do the latter as no one had said anything about staying. He was certain he didn't want to meet his sister in a one-on-one situation if he could possibly avoid it.

Bustling down the hall, he was thankful to see the library door closed and was back in the kitchen a few seconds later. He had barely set foot in the room before Eugene had him cleaning up pots and pans. Preparations for dinner were well under way and Norma was still looking after Margaret and her guest.

"About time I got a bit more help," Eugene grumbled. "We finally have a guest for dinner and I'm left short-handed. Helen, when you are finished there, give Clara a hand with the salad."

"Certainly," Harry muttered as he struggled to finish with the pots. He found that being kept busy was a good way of keeping his mind off the problems he was facing in trying to keep hidden in plain sight. First the police and now his sister; the situation seemed to only be getting worse.

Harry was truly thankful when Norma was assigned the task of serving Margaret and Carol dinner in the dining room. He tucked into his own meal with the other staff with a better appetite than he had displayed since arriving at the household. Not that there was much to devour as he was still being kept on short rations by the other two maids.

He had barely finished eating when Norma strode into the kitchen with a large smile on her face. "Fix your makeup, Helen and report to Miss Carol's room. Miss Margaret wants you there once she and her guest have finished their after-dinner drinks in the library. I hope you kept some food hot for me, Eugene. I'm starving."

Harry felt his stomach lurch ominously as he heard what Norma had to say. The meal he had been savoring a few minutes earlier suddenly threatened to make an explosive exit back on the table. It was only with an almost superhuman effort that he managed to keep it down.

"Get going, girlie," Clara instructed with a friendly grin. "You heard Norma. Don't be nervous, you will be fine. Now, go!"

Harry, struggling to keep his composure, slid out of his chair and sashayed as gracefully as he could to the kitchen exit, all too aware of the eyes of the staff on his gently rotating hips. In spite of the building dread of what might be planned for him, he succeeded in

making his way back to the bathroom, fixing his makeup and returning to Carol's assigned bedroom without collapsing into a twitching heap of anxiety.

The library door had been closed as he minced by it so he wasn't surprised that there was no response when he knocked gently on the bedroom door. Steeling himself, he entered the room and quickly ascertained that it and its adjoining bathroom were indeed empty. It appeared as if he would have to wait for his sister's return.

Now what do I do until she arrives? I know, I'll turn down her bed and lay out a nightgown, then put her toiletries in the bathroom. Maybe she'll take the hint and retire early so that I can get back to my own room.

It only took a few minutes for Harry to carry out his self-assigned tasks. There was still no sign of Carol. He fussed and fidgeted about the room for several minutes before he stopped and looked at himself in the full-length mirror on the closet door. The image of an immaculately dressed maid caused him to stare in amazement.

Although he had been dressed as a maid for several days, he still had trouble comprehending the fact that the feminine reflection in the mirror was really himself. His eyes took in the maid's cap perched on his long, black hair, the expertly made-up face, knee-length black, taffeta dress and shining white apron, slim, black nylon-covered legs and black three-inch pumps. He had a hard time remembering that under all that female finery he was a male.

Luxuriating in the feel of the soft, slippery lingerie hidden under his rustling dress and the taut pull of his stockings, he slowly approached the mirror. His hands tentatively reached up and cupped his pseudo bosom, then ran down over his nipped-in waist and over his panty-covered groin. His lips parted in a whispered groan as he enjoyed the sensual sensations imparted by his gently exploring fingers.

He was startled out of his near-mesmerized state by the sound of the bedroom door being opened. Guiltily spinning about, he dropped down into a deep curtsy as his sister entered the room.

"Good evening, madam. Can I help you with anything? Miss Margaret asked that I be present when you returned to your room," Harry said in a quavering voice. He trembled at the thought that Carol might have seen him fondling himself in front of the mirror.

"My goodness, that was kind of Margaret, I must say," Carol replied in astonishment. There was little doubt she wasn't used to having maids around to do her every bidding although the genuine look of enjoyment in her eyes indicated that she could certainly get used to the idea in a hurry.

"Well, Helen, it is Helen isn't it? Yes, I thought so. I'm not sure that I need anything right now. I'm awfully tired and would like to go to bed sooner rather than later. Tell you what, show me where you put everything, then off you go. I see you've laid out a nightgown for me and turned down the bed. That was very thoughtful of you."

Harry bobbed down into a brief curtsy and replied, "Thank you, madam." His nerves were still jangling from this encounter with Carol but he began to relax as he realized that she hadn't recognized him and was preparing to dismiss him in a few minutes.

Quickly pointing out where he had placed the items from the suitcases, he once again curtsied and asked if there was anything else that Carol required.

"I don't think so, Helen. You have been an absolute dear but the thought of going to bed is too much to resist. Thank you for all your help."

Harry beamed with appreciation and curtsied yet again before turning to open the door. His hand had just touched the knob when Carol spoke again. "Oh, there is one more thing before your go, Helen. You look rather familiar. Have we met before?"

Harry's heart felt as if it had dropped into his toes at her question. He forced himself to turn around and look at his sister. "I've just joined Miss Margaret's staff, madam. I can't think of where you could have seen me."

Carol looked at him appraisingly. "You could be right but for some reason you look like someone I should know. I'm so tired I can't think straight at the moment. Maybe a good night's sleep will let me remember. Goodnight."

Muttering a reply, Harry hurriedly left the room and started to mince back to the servant's quarters. His mind was in a turmoil over the fact that his sister had nearly recognized him. There was little doubt that it was only a matter of time before she did if he continued to be in close contact with her. But how could he avoid her?

Chapter 17

Harry woke with a start the next morning and lay quietly in his bed after glancing at the clock on the bedside table. He had a few minutes before he had to rise and start his now familiar morning toilette.

After leaving his sister's room the previous evening, he had been surprised to hear Margaret call out to him as he was passing the open library door. "Helen, come in here immediately."

"Yes, Miss Margaret," he answered automatically as he entered the room and dropped into a curtsey. "Can I be of assistance, madam?"

Margaret gave him an appraising look as she replied, "I just wanted to ask how everything went with Carol, dearest. You weren't there for long after she left here. Did everything go well?"

"Yes, madam," Harry answered. "She was tired so she only asked where I put her things, then she dismissed me for the night."

"That's good, Helen, but did she realize you were her brother?"

"N...no, Madam," Harry stuttered as he thought of Carol's remarks just before he left the room.

"I detect a 'but' in your answer, girlie," Margaret stated. "Don't be a silly wench and try to hide anything from me."

Harry could detect the steel behind Margaret's comment and quickly blurted out, "Honestly, madam, I didn't do anything to make her think I was anything but a mere maid. I'm sure she didn't recognize me as her brother. However, as I was leaving, she asked if we had met before as I looked familiar."

Margaret smiled at his obvious distress. "I'm not entirely surprised she thinks she might have seen you before as, obviously, she has. It's a testament to the effectiveness of your disguise that she didn't recognize you immediately."

Harry felt a wave of relief wash through him. It would appear that Margaret wasn't going to blame him if Carol realized he was her brother. After hearing some of Clara's stories about how unworthy servant girls could be cruelly punished by their rich employers, he didn't want to be blamed for any mistakes.

"Yes, you make quite a convincing maid, Helen," Margaret continued. "Make sure you keep up the good work or life could get quite unpleasant for all of us, particularly for you. I'll have to give some thought to the wisdom of letting Carol know you are really her brother. It might be better to let her think you are still missing and presumably dead. But don't bother worrying your pretty, little head about such matters, missy. Now, run along."

"Yes, madam," Harry replied. He dropped into a deep curtsey before scuttling from the room as quickly as he could. Not seeing anyone else in the servant's quarters, he hurriedly rushed through his evening toilette and collapsed into bed.

"I wonder what Miss Margaret has decided," he muttered as he glanced at the clock. "It's time to get up already. Why do I feel so tired? I just don't have any get up and go and my emotions seem to be all over the place."

Forcing himself out of bed, he winced as he felt a dull throb of pain in his chest behind his breast forms. It had been getting worse for several days. He looked forward to putting on his bra each morning as it seemed to provide some relief. *I wonder if I should talk to Norma or Clara,* he thought. *Maybe they can tell me if this is something I should be concerned about.*

It was several hours later before he had a chance to talk to Norma. They had just finished cleaning Carol and Margaret's bedrooms. Thankfully, it had fallen to Clara to serve the two women breakfast before they went sightseeing. Harry wasn't sure whether or not Margaret had organized this so he would only have limited contact with his sister. Not knowing what she was planning for him was really starting to play on his mind.

"Miss Norma, I've been meaning to ask you a question all morning," Harry started hesitantly. "Could you give me some advice?"

"Sure, Helen," Norma replied with a bright smile. "What can I help my girlfriend with today?"

Wincing at being referred to as Norma's girlfriend, Harry plunged on gamely. "Well, I don't want to bother you with something that's probably not all that important but I've been having some pain in my chest, you know behind my boobs. Wearing a bra helps but the ache never really goes away. Could tell me if this is something to be concerned about?"

Norma giggled at Harry's reference to his breasts and wearing a bra. He sounded just like a woman, even if his breasts weren't real.

"Hmm, sounds as if you are just adjusting to your new status in life and wearing feminine clothing. I don't think it's anything serious. It will probably go away in a few days."

"Oh, that's a relief," Harry exclaimed. "But while I've got you here, can you tell me about the wild mood swings I've been getting? One minute, I feel confident about escaping from this miserable island and the next, I'm almost paralyzed with fear."

"Hardly surprising," Norma laughed. "You are under a lot of stress right now. If you are taken into custody, your fate would not be pleasant. Not only that but you are trying to adapt to a totally different lifestyle. I, for one, think you are really doing well and are showing a lot of courage in the face of adversity. Don't let anyone else tell you differently."

"Why, thank you," Harry gushed as he reveled in her praise. "I appreciate your support. I think you are right about the stress levels causing problems now that I think about it."

Norma gave him a sincere smile although she well knew that both of the problems he had mentioned had more to do with the female hormones coursing through his body than anything she had mentioned. Harry's initial injections had been supplemented by the pills he took every day under the guise of receiving vitamins at breakfast and dinner.

Listening to him chatter on lightheartedly as they walked back to the kitchen for lunch, Norma chuckled to herself. *What a change in this little missy. He has gone from a male chauvinist to a sweet young lady. I never thought I would have the chance to help feminize a man but this has been an exhilarating experience. I rather like the final product.*

As Harry was sitting down to have lunch with the other staff, he had no idea that his fate was being sealed miles away. Not that he would have had any influence on the final outcome even if he had known.

Margaret and Carol had stopped at a seaside restaurant and were sitting on the large outdoor deck that faced the sea. They were sipping on a nice chilled white wine and expectantly waiting for the food they had just ordered.

"This restaurant is renowned for its sea food. I think you will really enjoy it," Margaret stated with a warm smile. She was pleased to see that her friend had regained some of her normal healthy vitality and wasn't looking as tired and drawn as she had when she had picked her up at the resort. It was absolutely disgusting that her wretched lowlife of a brother had put her through such a miserable time.

"I'm really looking forward to a nice meal. The last week has been hell," Carol fumed. "If I could get my hands on Harry, I would beat him within an inch of his life. He has a lot to answer for, dirty swine that he is. I hope he is all right but from what the police are saying, that's not very likely, is it?"

"No, it doesn't sound good," Margaret agreed sympathetically as she tried to follow Carol's convoluted logic. In one breath, she was ready to kill him and in the next she was praying that he was all right. Maybe telling her that Harry was actually alive and well, masquerading as one of her maids, wasn't a good idea. There was too much risk that Carol would give the game away.

"Speaking of the police, do we still have our tail? Nick was sure we were being followed earlier," Carol giggled. "I don't know what they hope to achieve but it's kind of nice having security all around us, although you must be used to it by now."

"I'm not sure if you ever get completely used to it," Margaret smiled. Looking over at Nick sitting a few tables away, she noticed that he was scanning the area constantly and was only having water to drink. And although there was no obvious sign of the island police, she thought it likely that they were still in the immediate vicinity. Why else would they have followed her car earlier unless they meant to keep Carol under constant surveillance?

"I just hope that they will let me leave soon," Carol muttered. "I only meant to be away a week and it's been almost a week and a half. The bank has been very understanding about the circumstances but I would feel much better if I could get back to work sooner rather than later."

"I talked to the Inspector about that earlier today. He agrees there is no reason to hold you here any longer as, in all probability, Harry is dead. America and this island have an extradition treaty so if Harry does get back to the States and contacts you, he could be picked up and sent back here."

Carol gave a heavy sigh on hearing Margaret's words. "Poor Harry, he was an insufferable ass at times but he was still my brother. It really breaks me up that he has probably died. And I don't know if I should return to the States while there is some hope he might still be alive."

"Don't be silly," Margaret scolded. "It might be better if you left. I will be here for another week and a half before I return and can keep an eye on things for you. If Harry does turn up, I can let you know immediately. You can fly home on my private jet tomorrow; it can bring you back on a few hours notice if there are any further developments in your brother's case. But speaking as a friend, you shouldn't get your hopes up."

"I know, I know," Carol said as she choked back tears. Using her napkin to dab at her eyes, she continued, "Your offer to let me use your private jet is very kind. I think I will take you up on it. I really must get back to work."

"Excellent," Margaret purred, "I'll have one of my maids go back with you. She can make sure you get home safe and sound, then she can go to my residence upstate and start preparing the place for my return."

"Oh, you shouldn't," Carol exclaimed. "If only Harry had been more like you, or one of your lovely maids, life would be so much better!"

"I couldn't agree more," Margaret replied with a large smile. "Tell you what; if I find your scoundrel of a brother I will transform him into a better person before you see him again."

"I'll drink to that," Carol laughed as she raised her glass in a toast. "Here comes lunch. Does it ever look good!"

Chapter 18

The following day, Harry strutted back to his room after a satisfying lunch. His luck seemed to have finally turned after Margaret and his sister returned yesterday from their sightseeing tour.

Margaret had called the staff together and announced that Carol would be leaving for the States the next day. Norma would be accompanying her before returning to the main

residence to start preparations for everyone to move back in a week and a half. Harry's fear that he might get left behind was quickly put to rest when Margaret took him aside and whispered that he had nothing to worry about; plans to allow him to escape from the island were almost complete.

She would give him no further details on how this was to be accomplished; Harry knew better than to press her for more information. He gave her a servile curtsy and a polite 'thank you' before she dismissed him.

The day only got better when Norma invited him to her room that evening. They indulged in wild, passionate sex for several hours before she sent him back to his own room so she could get some much needed rest.

His string of successes continued when Carol left for the airport for her trip home without having determined who he actually was. True, she had given him a long, speculative look as she was departing but it was obvious that she still hadn't penetrated his disguise.

Tidying up his makeup in the bathroom, he thought jubilantly that he was close to getting off this damn island and back to his proper male role in life. The sex had been great but all this primping and flouncing around as a female was really getting to be too much. He would be more than happy to leave it all behind.

Remembering that Clara had told him that they would be cleaning up what had been Carol's room after lunch, he made a face at his reflected image and grumbled quietly, "Not much longer now, my boy. All this stupid maid's work will be behind you. Until you are off this damn island, though, you'd better make an effort to look like you are still toeing the line."

Even the realization that he would have to keep up this ridiculous feminine pretense going for another week did little to dampen Harry's spirits as he strolled casually back to the living room area. He felt as if he was on top of the world.

Clara was picking up some magazines as he entered the living room. He couldn't resist sidling up quietly behind her. The plump butt stretching the taffeta material of her maid's dress as she bent over proved too tempting a target to pass up. Giving it a playful smack, he growled, "How about we get together tonight, sweet cakes? Now that Norma's gone, you deserve your share of the good times!"

Clara gave a shocked shriek of surprise before turning around and giving a stunned Harry a scathing look of complete disdain. "Why you little creep, how dare you?"

"Yes, that's hardly appropriate behavior for a good maid," Margaret interjected as she quickly stood up from the easy chair she had been sitting in. "It would appear that our little Helen has assumed unseemly airs. Bring her along to the library, Clara."

Harry gulped in nervous disbelief as he cursed himself for getting carried away. How could he have missed Margaret sitting off to one side of the living room? If he hadn't been so fixated on Clara's cute ass, he wouldn't have made this dreadful mistake. Now there was going to be hell to pay.

Clara firmly grasped his arm and pulled him roughly along while whispering, "You bloody stupid girl, you were doing so well. Now you've really annoyed Miss Margaret

You're not off this island yet so make sure you do exactly as she tells you or you'll end up getting what you deserve after being turned over to the police."

Harry began to tremble with fear; tears coursed down his cheeks as the full implications of his stupid behavior began to sink home. Until he was back in the States, he was still at the mercy of Margaret and her staff. How could he have been so foolish to have forgotten this basic fact?

Margaret was waiting in the library when the two maids entered. Harry hurriedly curtsied and blubbered, "I'm so sorry, Madam. I promise I won't behave like that again."

Giving him a stern look, Margaret stated, "No, you won't and I'm going to make sure that you don't. Unfortunately, your feeble apology and sad tears aren't enough to make up for your despicable behavior so you are going to be punished. You can't afford to stray out of character while acting as a member of my staff; the consequences are too dire to contemplate. Will you do as I say or shall I summon Tom or Nick here to make sure you cooperate?"

Harry visibly paled at Margaret's mention of punishment. He certainly didn't want security personnel forcing him to accept what was probably going to be both painful and embarrassing. Summoning up what little pride he had left, he stammered, "N...no, madam. I'll d...do as you say."

"A wise choice, wench," Margaret chuckled. "Maybe there is some hope for you yet. Clara, get her into position over the table."

"Yes, Miss Margaret," Clara answered. She pulled an unresisting Harry over to the small wood table normally used to serve Margaret her meals. "Lean forward over the table, girlie. Grab the far edge with your hands. Hold on, and whatever you do, don't let go. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Clara," Harry sniveled but he did as she instructed. The wooden surface felt hard against his aching chest but he didn't have the strength to do anything except lie there and hold on as tightly as he could to the table's edge. Clara's pulling up his slip and dress hems so they were bunched up around his waist did nothing to settle his shattered nerves. He shuddered to think what a spectacle he must make as he stood there with his panties, garter belt and stockings on full display. Thank goodness Margaret hadn't brought either Tom or Nick down to the library to force him to take his punishment. Feeling cool air swirling around his nearly-bare backside was humiliating enough without other males witnessing his feminized body.

"I think it best that you hold Helen's wrists in place, Clara," Margaret ordered. "We know that this little pantywaist isn't going to like what happens to her next."

"Yes, Miss Margaret," Clara replied with more than a little glee. It was obvious she believed Harry was going to get exactly what he deserved.

Clara moved into position and pressed down firmly on Harry's wrists. Margaret continued, "Helen, I'm truly disappointed in you. It seemed as if you were making true progress in becoming a much better person than the despicable Harry Smith. Unfortunately, you have just let your real colors show. They aren't pretty nor will they allow you to get off this island in one piece. Further reeducation is needed before you can accept your new

status in life. You need to do that before you can escape the mess you've gotten yourself into. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes, madam," Harry cried pitifully. "I promise to be a good maid. Just get me off this island. Please don't hurt me! I've learned my lesson."

"I very much doubt that, dearest," Margaret snickered, "but you will be a much better maid once I've finished with you."

As she finished speaking, Harry heard a whistling sound, then a searing flash of pain erupted across his pantied ass. The agony was so intense that a shrill scream burst from his crimson lips. Before he could draw a breath to shriek again, there was another brutal blow on his buttocks. Blow followed blow. Harry was quickly reduced to blubbering incoherently as tears flowed copiously down his rouged cheeks.

"Ten," Margaret announced as she laid the riding crop to one side. "You can let go of the poor wench's wrists now, Clara. She certainly is a cry baby, isn't she?"

"Yes, Miss Margaret, she certainly is," a grinning Clara replied. "I think you've beaten those macho airs she was suffering from right out of her."

"Well, if I haven't, there's plenty more corrective medicine left in that riding crop. Make sure you let me know if our little girl gets out of line again."

"It will be a pleasure, Miss Margaret; you can count on me to keep you informed if Helen steps even one inch out of line in the future."

Harry continued to lie across the table and sob quietly, barely aware of the conversation going on behind him. The burning pain in his abused butt was still taking most of his attention but he heard enough to know that Clara could make his life a living hell if she choose to do so.

"I think that will be all for now, Clara. You can get back to your duties. I will deal with Helen," Margaret stated. "Thank you for your help. I will certainly be interested in your future reports."

Clara gave a quick curtsey and left the room with a satisfied smirk pasted on her face. She knew that she was now in full control of the new maid.

Margaret took a seat and watched a moaning Harry still lying across the table with his pantied ass sticking up in a most provocative pose. *My, he certainly has a cute butt, and his legs aren't bad either. From what Norma and Clara told me, he has some interesting sexual talents as well. Maybe it's time to see.*

After ten minutes, Margaret finally stood up. "All right, Helen. Stop sniveling like the unworthy hussy you are. It's getting on my nerves. Stand up and push your skirts down properly instead of flaunting your body like a two-bit whore."

Releasing his death grip on the table edge, Harry slowly pushed himself into an upright position, wincing in pain as he did so. As he pushed his slip and dress back down, he squeaked in shock; even the light touch of the material of those garments sent spasms of agony through his flayed buttocks.

"Turn around, you stupid girl," Margaret demanded. "I shouldn't have to tell you everything. Now, do you think you are going to be able to behave yourself in the future or am I going to have to punish you further?"

Squirming with the effort, Harry bobbed down into an abbreviated curtsey, "No, madam, I will do as you say. Please, I beg of you, don't punish me again. I will be a good girl."

"Very good, Helen, I'm impressed with your obvious sincerity. But don't think I won't hesitate to punish you again if you get out of line. Next time it will be twenty, not ten, strokes you will receive. There is too much at risk for all of us here, so I'll do anything it takes to make sure we are successful in getting you off this island. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, madam, abundantly clear," Harry cried, "I won't let you down again. I won't forget who I am supposed to be."

"And who is it that you are supposed to be, missy?"

"Helen, the junior maid in your household, madam," Harry trilled with a note of complete dejection in his voice.

"Yes, a nice submissive young lady who is happy to do anything her employer asks of her," Margaret agreed. "If you don't forget that simple fact, there won't be any further need for punishment. Now get down to my bedroom."

Harry curtsied his acquiescence and minced as quickly as he could down the hall to Margaret's bedroom. He was too preoccupied with minimizing the pain in his abused buttocks to wonder why he had been told to go to that particular room.

As soon as they were in her bedroom, Helen told a pale, shaking Harry to remove his apron, dress, slip, bra and garter belt and to be quick about it. Trembling from the shock of the vicious beating he had just received, he did exactly as he was told.

"Drop your panties down to your knees, wench," Margaret casually stated as he stood there clad only in that garment, stockings that had bunched down around his lower thighs, and his three-inch heels. Blushing in shame, he hurriedly did as she instructed only to feel his embarrassment double as his treacherous penis sprang to rigid attention.

"Hmm, it looks as if someone got more enjoyment out of a good thrashing than was immediately obvious," Margaret laughed. "I intend to do something about that little snake you've got hiding in your panties, Helen."

Stepping over to him, Margaret gave his erect cock a sharp flick with her finger. Harry squealed in pain as it rapidly shrank back down to a flaccid state. He could only hope that it wouldn't decide to rear up yet again. In spite of the agony he was in, there was no denying that he was responding sexually to being subjugated by a strong, dominant woman.

Before he could move, Margaret slipped a curved, flesh-colored cock restraint over his soft member and quickly locked it shut. "That should keep your clit from becoming all engorged, Helen. If you start to get an erection, this device will cause you so much pain that you will lose all interest in such a reaction to anything. And I mean *anything*. Would you like a demonstration?"

Harry could only shake his head in fear at her ominous words. Even though he wasn't in the least bit aroused, it still felt as if the hard plastic contraption was too tight. He didn't even want to think what it would be like if his penis tried to become erect.

"Probably a wise decision," Margaret giggled. "But knowing you, it won't be long before you find out the effectiveness of this emasculating tool. It will hold your penis down between your legs. I hope you've been taught how to pee sitting down as that is how you will have to do it in the future. Now pull up your panties like a good girl and we will get onto the next reminder of your true status in this household. I think having constant reinforcement is much better than being subjected to punishment when someone is being trained. Wouldn't you agree?"

Not sure how he should respond, Harry mumbled, "Yes, madam," as he struggled to pull up his control panty without re-igniting the fiery pain in his backside. That task proved impossible to achieve. His gasps of misery only subsided once he had the tight garment back in place.

Margaret chuckled at his obvious distress, "At least you won't have to wear control panties any more, Helen. This cock restraint will hold everything in nicely by itself. Although you may not have noticed, the outside of it is shaped to look like vaginal lips; you will be able to wear nice, translucent panties and still look completely girlish. Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes, madam," Harry nodded in agreement although he wasn't sure how lovely the devilish device was going to be in the days ahead. It certainly was uncomfortable even when his penis was flaccid. There was no doubt it would be a constant reminder of his new status in life.

"My, what nice breasts you have, girl," Helen snickered. "They certainly look quite realistic. Norma and Clara did a good job; it's almost impossible to see where the seams are. Do you find a bra helps to support them?"

"Yes, madam," Harry replied. Even in the short time he had been standing there braless, he had begun to notice the weight of the attachments on his aching chest. It would be a huge relief to get a bra back on again.

"Good. My next reminder of your new station in life isn't going to be a complete disaster for you then. Turn around and hold up your arms."

Mystified at the order he had just been given, Harry still quickly complied. There was no way he was going to annoy Margaret any further. His already painful butt made that option a non-starter.

Margaret smiled as she wrapped a white corset complete with cups for his breasts around Harry. There was no doubt in her mind that this so feminine yet cruel foundation garment was going to be an absolutely first class reminder of his lowly status in life. Running the laces through the holes in the garment's back, she slowly tightened them until the edges gradually came together.

Harry couldn't believe the pressure building around his body. His pseudo-breasts were well-supported but his waist felt as if it was being squeezed down to half its normal size. He began to breathe in short pants in an effort to keep his lungs from being crushed.

Tying off the laces in a tight bow, Margaret told Harry to turn around and face her. "That does look good on you, wench. It pushes out your breasts so they look bigger, cuts down on that flabby waistline and widens your hips nicely. How does it feel?"

"Madam, it feels much too tight," Harry groaned. "I can hardly breathe. Can't you loosen it a bit? It's like a vice."

"No, dear girl, I'm afraid you have proven that you need to be taught the price of feminine beauty the hard way. I can't think of anything more suitable than a good, tight corset. Don't worry, you will find it easier to breathe as your body adjusts to it. Attach your stockings to the garter straps on the corset."

Noting that there were three straps on each side of the corset, Harry fumbled his black nylons back up above his knees and struggled to attach them to the garter tabs. The extreme tightness of the foundation garment made it a difficult task as he could hardly bend over but he persevered until he was successful.

"Very good, girlie," Margaret stated once he was finally done. "You will wear a corset every day until we are safely off this island. I'm afraid it will be rather hot to wear in this climate even with the house being air-conditioned but that's too bad. Clara has put two more in your room so you will have to wash one each night to make sure you can change into a clean one in the mornings. You don't have to wear one at night so Clara will lace you in when you get up and help you out of it when you carry out your evening toilette. Is that quite clear, Helen?"

"Yes, madam," Harry squeaked as he contemplated the thought of being laced into one of these torturous garments every day. His only consolation was that they were leaving in just over a week.

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself and put your slip, dress and apron back on," Margaret chuckled. Once you've done that, you can find a way to thank me for everything I've done for you. Don't worry; I'll make sure you know exactly what I want."

Chapter 19

Harry gave an enormous sigh of relief, or at least as much as a sigh as his constrictive corset allowed, once Margaret's private jet lifted off from the international airport at the island's capital. The last ten days had passed in a blur of activity.

Margaret's idea of being thanked properly had him on his knees between her legs giving her what seemed like endless cunnilingus until she had climaxed four times. To make his sexual subjugation even more complete, she had directed him to suck on her big toes .

"I want you to imagine that my toes are a nice, big, fat cock and you are a shameless hussy going down on her man, Helen," she commanded with a big smile. "I can't think of a better way to make you feel like a submissive woman. There isn't anything in the least bit macho in that image, is there?"

Much to his chagrin, Harry not only did as he was told but found he was squirming from the pain of his penis trying to become erect. Helen talked to him in a soft, sultry voice telling him what a bitch he really was and painting verbal pictures of him whorishly submitting to anyone who demanded his services.

By the time she dismissed him, reminding him to take his discarded bra and garter belt with him, he was hardly able to walk from the throbbing in his sore groin. Even his bruised buttocks weren't as painful. The worst thing was that he knew he wasn't going to get any relief until Margaret unlocked the cock restraint.

In the days that followed, Harry quickly lost track of time. With Norma gone and Clara in full control of his life, he never seemed to stop working. If he wasn't doing the household chores or working in the kitchen, he was providing intimate services for both Margaret and Clara. And throughout it all, he wore the infernal corset and restrictive cock restraint. The first he slowly adapted to but the second made his sexual frustration soar to ever higher levels.

"I don't care how much you desire some relief, Helen," Margaret informed him, "your little device won't be coming off until we get you back to the States. So suck it up, girlie."

Clara was at least partially sympathetic to his concern but bluntly stated that since she didn't have the key, there was nothing she could do for him. However, he could be her little sweet cakes and make sure she was happy. If he did, maybe she would give him more of a hand around the house.

Finally, when he had almost given up hope, Margaret summoned him to her office. She gave him the news he had been waiting for ever since he had learned about the terrible accident he caused.

"There you are, Helen," she exclaimed as he bustled in and gave a curtsey. "You'll be happy to hear that your new papers and passport are here. We leave for the States tomorrow. I know it has taken quite some time to organize but, as Tom and Nick promised, the documents are first class. Would you like to see them?"

"Oh yes, madam," Harry replied breathlessly. He could hardly believe he would be getting off this miserable island tomorrow.

Taking the passport, he saw that it was for a Helen Yates. It had a picture of him as he now appeared – a female with long black hair. In addition, there were stamps indicating entry and exit from a number of countries and an entry stamp for the island. He knew that it had to be a forgery but it looked indistinguishable from the real ones he had owned as Harry Smith.

"Pass it back, Helen and I will give you your driver's license to put in your purse. You will need it for tomorrow."

Harry returned the passport and took the license. It, too, was made out for Helen Yates; the picture was almost identical to the one in his new passport. He noticed it was from the State where Margaret lived; it looked completely legitimate.

"Here are some other documents you can examine at your leisure, all of them in your new name, Helen Yates," Margaret added. "Put them in your purse as well. Do you have any questions?"

"How... where did you get this stuff, madam?" Harry asked. "I mean it looks real but it can't be."

"It's amazing what money will buy, girlie. If you want to thank anyone, give Tom and Nick a nice big kiss. They organized it."

Harry stammered in acute embarrassment, "Do I ha...have to, madam? I really would prefer not to do that. They know I'm not really a woman."

"No, you silly goose," Margaret laughed, "you don't have to kiss either of them. I'll let you thank me in the usual manner later instead, after you help with the packing, including your wardrobe. There are a couple of suitcases in the back of your closet. I don't want you to leave anything behind. Understand?"

Harry obsequiously giggled his acquiescence and after curtsying, he rushed off to tell Clara the good news and to start packing. He couldn't wait to leave.

The following morning, Clara marched into his room to help him with the corset. "So, what are you going to wear today, Helen? You can't use your uniform, so do you have a nice dress picked out?"

"I thought I'd wear the nice blue silk shirtwaist dress you mentioned last night," Harry replied hesitantly. "Do you really think it will look good on me?"

"It certainly will and I see you have some pretty blue lingerie and shoes to go with it," Clara chuckled. "We had better keep an eye on you or you'll turn into a real fashion maven."

Harry couldn't help grimacing at the thought he was discussing what dress would look good on him. His mood swings seemed to have stopped fluctuating so wildly in the last few days but his chest still ached; he seemed to becoming ever more feminine in his outlook. He was really starting to fear he would never fully return to his male persona.

"Finish getting dressed, girlie," Clara chimed in as she finished tightening his corset. "We will be leaving for the airport in a couple of hours. There is still much to be done."

Harry slid his navy-colored stockings up his legs and quickly attached them to the corset's garter straps. He had become much more proficient in this skill since being introduced to the constrictive foundation garment just over a week ago.

As he did so, he couldn't help noticing how his blue panties highlighted what appeared to be the lips of a vagina hiding under the thin, translucent material. Margaret had certainly been right about that characteristic of his maddening cock restraint.

Giving a sigh of frustration, he picked up the blue silk, full-length slip and dropped it over his head. As it slithered down to just above his knees, he couldn't help admiring the lavish amounts of lace at the bodice and hem. He no longer even tried to pretend that wearing sensual lingerie didn't turn him on.

Minutes later, he had the dress and shoes on. He took a moment to admire himself in the mirror on his closet door. The knee-length dress and the three-inch heels made his legs look absolutely fantastic. His tightly covered curves, even if some were more silicone than flesh, screamed that he was a woman.

Checking his hair and makeup one last time, he nodded in satisfaction and proceeded to put on his jewelry, not that he had much to wear. There was the normal silver wristwatch and chain bracelet but his choker band had been replaced by a silver pendant that drew attention to his cleavage nestled in the low-cut neckline of the dress. To complete the more formal look, the small silver balls in his pierced ears had been set aside for a pair of large dangling silver hoops.

Taking one final look around the room, Harry happily picked up his purse and the two suitcases in which he had packed his complete wardrobe and sashayed purposely down to the foyer where everyone's baggage was being piled. There was time for one last breakfast before the final rush leading to their departure.

Chapter 20

Harry saw Margaret's private jet pulled off to one side of the main terminal as they arrived at the airport. Standing beside it was a small party of island officials all looking toward the approaching vehicles. From a distance, one of them appeared to be the police inspector. The very sight of him sent Harry's heart into a pounding tailspin. Surely he wouldn't be caught now; his means of escape was so close.

Margaret, Nick and Tom were in the first car of their small motorcade while Harry, Clara and Eugene were in the second. Undeterred by the presence of the Inspector, Margaret was already out of her vehicle and talking to the group before the second car had come to a complete halt. If she was in the least bit concerned, it certainly wasn't showing - a fact that gave Harry a bit of hope that all was not lost.

"Inspector, I'm surprised to see you here," Margaret was proclaiming. "Are you here to say farewell until I return or are you still diligently searching for that ruffian, Harry Smith?"

"Perhaps a bit of both," the Inspector replied with a slightly sheepish grin. "To be truthful, I don't think he will be anywhere near you or your staff since his sister left the island. I feel it's always better to be safe than sorry in these cases, though, especially since the Conroys are so persistent. I have to admit I've had your plane watched very closely since it arrived; I can assure you the only people on it are the crew. I hope you don't mind if I make sure the only people who get on it are those who are supposed to."

"That's not a problem, Inspector," Margaret nodded. "It's always heartening to see that some people take their jobs seriously. Can I have one of my security personnel deal with your immigration and customs personnel while we are having our chat and you are keeping an eye on things?"

"By all means. How uncivil of me not to think of it myself," the Inspector responded. He snapped his fingers and motioned to several of the uniformed officials to go to the small group of Margaret's staff standing by the stairs leading to the aircraft's door.

Two officers strode over to the staff and spoke to Tom who was holding everyone's passports. "Good to see you again, Tom. I see that you arrived with six, three men and three ladies and you are leaving with same number. I suppose there's no chance that the man we are looking for is hiding amongst you."

Tom restrained a chuckle as he recognized the immigration officer who had dealt with them on their arrival three weeks ago and was now quite content to see there were still six members in Margaret Field's party. He obviously wasn't aware that Norma had flown out earlier. It didn't hurt that Harry looked almost like her twin sister.

Minutes later, after giving everyone's passport a cursory check before stamping them and glancing at their luggage, the two officers gave the Inspector the high sign before

walking away. He in turn gave Margaret a friendly smile, "It would appear that everything is in order. Why don't I walk you over to your aircraft?"

Margaret returned his smile, "That's very kind of you. Let me take this opportunity to thank you for all the help you've provided. I only wish we could have been more assistance in helping you find that fellow Smith."

"Don't worry; we won't stop looking for him although it appears ever more likely that he is indeed dead. That may be the best thing for the poor man. I look forward to seeing you when you return, Miss Fields. Have a good flight home."

Harry could hardly believe it when he finally heard the thud of the wheels coming up and felt the plane rapidly increasing its height and speed. He was finally off that bloody island.

Almost as soon as the seat belt signs went off, Margaret had him come over and sit with her. "Helen, let me congratulate you on keeping your composure and managing to deceive a very astute and thorough policeman. Your performance has been most commendable since I decided to help you escape. Have you any thoughts about what will happen next?"

Harry gave a nervous laugh, "I really haven't given it much thought, madam. I guess I could go back to live with my sister and try to get my life back on track."

Margaret gave him a pitying look, "Yes, I can see that you haven't given it any thought at all. If you tried to do that, there is a good chance that you would be extradited back to the island. More likely, the family of the poor girl you killed would hunt you down and extract their revenge. I fear that your sister will be kept under some sort of surveillance for the next few years as it's only logical that you would try to contact her if you did manage to get off the island. As the Inspector told me, the Conroys are very persistent, not to mention vindictive."

Harry stared in stunned silence at Margaret. He hadn't even thought of such a possibility. His one goal had been to get off the island. Now he realized that he may have jumped out of the frying pan and inadvertently landed in the fire.

"I can't stay with my sister or pick up my stuff from her place," he moaned in disbelief. "What can I do, madam? What can I do?"

"To be frank Helen, your options are rather limited," Margaret replied with a nasty gleam in her eyes. "You don't have any documentation to prove that you are Harry Smith as the police still have your wallet and passport. You can't return to your sister for the reasons I've just outlined. It might even be dangerous to try and live as a male for at least two or three years in case the girl's family track you down even if you don't try to contact Carol."

Harry crossed his legs, listening to the now familiar rasp of his stockings rubbing against each other as he tried to focus on what Margaret was telling him. He knew that she was leading up to something but his roiling thoughts were making it difficult to concentrate.

Margaret sighed at the look of utter confusion on Harry's face. He really was being terribly obtuse about his predicament. It was obvious that she would have to spell it out for him.

"Do you agree that you are in great danger if you try to reclaim your life as Harry Smith or even live as a man for a couple of years? Yes or No?"

"I suppose so," Harry replied haltingly. "But what can I do?"

"The answer is right in front of your face, Helen," Margaret responded with some asperity evident in her tone. "How have you managed to survive the last few weeks?"

Harry's eyes widened in terror, "You don't mean I should continue to live as a woman! I thought I would put all this behind me once we were safe back in the States."

"I would have thought that even a silly wench like you would understand by now that you aren't going to be safe, even in the States," Margaret growled in annoyance. "Yes, I'm saying you should not only continue to live as a woman but remain in my employ as a maid. You have the appropriate documentation to do so and you wouldn't have to worry about finding a place to live or getting a job without any proof of your previous credentials."

Harry stared at her as if she had three heads. His lips trembled but no sound came out of his mouth. He knew he was completely trapped with no hope of evading the remorseless logic she had employed to back him into a life of continued feminization.

Margaret chuckled to herself as she watched him squirm. There was no doubt he would soon realize he had no choice but to go along with her plans for him. And what she had planned would make his previous experiences as a maid look tame by comparison.

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