

Parachute Silk Dress



Monica James



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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PARACHUTE SILK DRESS

By Monica James

WWII Airman bails out over Germany

I.

The lumbering four-engine Flying Fortress revved the engines for a power check and slipped easily into line for the take off. Cologne was the target that day.

Breaking dawn splashed colors as from a painter's palette.

Edgar Logan strapped himself in position, unlimbered the huge machine gun loaded down with belts of ammunition, and checked the gun mount for

trouble-free travel. The engines roared and the prop blast threw up a cloud of dust as the heavily-laden aircraft seemed reluctant to gain its place with the squadron in the expanse of sky.

The excitement began as soon as the bombers crossed the English Channel and climbed high over the French countryside. A swarm of German fighters began swinging in low, then high, guns blazing; some planes were hit but most flew on with only the multiple vapor trails to mark their path.

Over the target the bombardier pressed the release switch next to his Norden bombsight and let the pilot know there was no reason to remain there. "Bombs Away!" was the word.

On the return route the squadron met a field of smoke and fiery rage called 'flak'. The tail gunner quipped that if the plane was disabled, they could get out and walk. The anti-aircraft guns laced a thick pattern of destruction in their path.

One of the engines choked and coughed. The pilot immediately saw that they had been damaged. He knew some of the crew members had been injured, one seriously, and was confident the sturdy craft could get them home. Reducing the weight was his next concern.

"OK, Coney Island next stop; twenty-five cents for a re-ride. All able-bodied crew bail out ASAP. We'll probably get a big red cross painted on our side."

Edgar Logan unhooked the restraining straps, patted the machine gun with a moment of detached affection and checked his parachute. All was in order and when the huge side door opened, he was sucked out into the airflow until he was tumbling in a free fall toward the Rhineland far below.

His chute opened with a resounding ‘whump’ when it blossomed and held him to a steady descent.

On the ground he rolled, released his chute harness, and hurriedly folded the white silk so he could hide it. ‘No sense leaving a tell-tale invitation,’ he thought.

“Stop right there!” the German said, pointing his long rifle at Edgar Logan. He didn’t understand the rapid German but the meaning was clear. He raised his hands and stood up.

II.

The lorry transporting him slid to a stop outside the fenced enclosure. He was shoved out before coming to a stop. Dazed for a moment, he looked bewildered as he saw his transport disappear in the distance. “This way,” a voice said. “Are you OK? No broken bones? Too bad if you have ‘em; we only see our medico when he isn’t busy doing some patching up elsewhere.”

Logan looked up and tried to smile. The other POW, obviously an American by his voice, brought him to a small hut and gave him a worn mattress and blanket in one corner. “Home sweet home,” he said. “Breakfast is at six so don’t plan on sleeping in. This is not the Waldorf, you know.”

Exhausted from his ordeal, Ed Logan was soon asleep.

That evening he was shown to the German S.S. interrogation team. He was nervous but did remem-

ber to blurt out his name, rank and serial number. The German was not amused.

“I am Herr Huffman,” the S.S. man said. “I want to be your friend here. Perhaps you will

cooperate and give us some information? Nothing earth-shaking, of course. The war has brought a lot of tension and it is unfortunate that you have fallen into such a quagmire. Can I count on you for some help? I have reports to fill out.”

Ed repeated his name, rank and serial number. The officer laughed, a guttural sound caught someplace in his throat. “Don’t be frightened, Sergeant Logan. We have a special room for you. We can resume this discussion after you’ve had a chance to think over your predicament here.” He nodded to one of the guards, a burly man with beefy hands. Ed thought he would make a great linebacker.

As soon as he was in his cell, the guard swung his club and hit Edgar squarely on the jaw. He didn’t wake up until many hours had passed.

A different guard was sitting next to his bunk on a low stool. “Are you a girl?” he asked smoothly. “You look like Saks Fifth Avenue.”

Ed shook his head. “No, but sometimes I feel it might have been easier to have been a girl.” Still nervous, he tried to be conversational. The guard was leering at him.

“What do you want?” he asked finally.

The man moved closer. “Call me Dieter,” he said quietly. He touched the side of Ed’s face with his fingers. They were smooth, devoid of calluses to indicate he had a softer life than most.

Edgar finally realized the guard intended to have his way with him. “Look, Dieter,” he began with a pleading tone. “Maybe I can help you with whatever you are supposed to do here. Do you intend to harm me, make me happy to give your pal the information he thinks he needs?”

Dieter leaned even closer. He ran one finger along Edgar’s jaw line and tapped his lips gently. “Can I be honest with you?” Edgar was again on the edge of anxiety.

The man spoke clearly with what Ed thought might be a Hoboken accent.

“I want to know,” he said slowly. For the first time he looked up and held a long, serious gaze intent on Dieter’s face.

“This is what I want,” Dieter said and again ran one fingertip over Edgar’s lips. “Open up; show me your tongue.”

“Is that why you asked me if I was a girl?”

Dieter chuckled. “You catch on quick. Have you been with a guy? Sexually, I mean.”

“No more or less than most other guys, I suppose.”

“What does that mean? Do you want to stay in his ugly hell hole and ‘service’ every human need that comes to visit? Do you want me to help you get along, be more comfortable here?”

“So you are running a brothel. Are there no girls around that you have to pick on guys like me? I’m hardly attractive.”

Dieter touched his face again and let his fingertips run a tender line along his neck and onto his shoulder. "Let your sexy-seeming behavior be our pleasure, not yours." He carefully unbuttoned Ed's shirt and moved one hand inside to caress his torso.

"Can I make a request?"

Dieter raised one eyebrow in response. "Depends on what it is."

"I have been over-heated, half-frozen, had several belts of ammo smash my eardrums; fallen from an airplane into bleak darkness. I haven't eaten anything or had much to drink. Really, Dieter; how can you expect me to cooperate with you? I've never had sex with a guy."

Dieter smiled and stood up. "Come with me, please." He scooped up a large bath towel and handed it to Edgar. "The shower is right in here. Take your time; you'll feel better."

Edgar almost made a wisecrack about feeling better but said nothing and stepped into the shower.

When he came out he found a clean, cotton full-length shirt; Dieter was gone. A small table had been set up and his dinner was covered with serving tins. A robust bottle of red table wine was included. The meal made him realize he was famished. When an airman knows he is destined to fly in the big birds high in the atmosphere, he doesn't eat foods that turn to gas. The pain is excruciating.

He was awakened in the middle of the night. The room was pitch black but the red wine had put him peacefully to sleep. He heard men's voices, two, then three, men. He sat up and let his bare feet go flat on the wooden floor.



Dieter sat next to him and put one hand on his thigh. He was momentarily grateful for the full-length 'night shirt' but knew that would not last. "My friend; I know you have missed our company

this evening. We were in an intense card game to see who would get the first hour with you. Do you understand?”

“I understand it is damnable dark in here. Didn't you guys pay the light bill?”

In reply one of the men walked nonchalantly to the corner of the room and lit a small candle. Ed was amazed at the amount of light from just the one candle.

Saying nothing, Dieter slipped one hand beneath Edgar's night shirt and ran his fingers along the thigh, pressing, testing, fondling, until he gently touched the batch of balls. He squeezed and caught Ed's cock with two fingers and began to excite him. “Perhaps you would like to dream about a girl you admire. You would like her to do this to you. Do you like me doing this?” He worked faster until he could feel a slight tremor, the beginning of an erection.

Ed looked at the others. They were sitting on the floor, propped up against the wall. They were drinking from a gallon jug. He was beginning to plan an escape.

“Sorry, Dieter,” he said finally. “I'm trying to cooperate. I think all that good wine you served is helping. I hope you heard me when I admitted I've no experience when it comes to sex with a guy.”

Dieter continued working on Edgar's semi-flaccid cock. “After tonight you won't be able to say that.”

“Why me?” Ed asked. “Is it that you don't get many prisoners here?”

“Well, none as attractive as you, for certain. You look like a girl but your cock gives you away.”

“You are hilarious,” Ed answered.

“Give me your hand. I’m growing weary of your attitude. Just shut up and do as you’re told.”

Ed lifted one arm and Dieter grasped it as if desperate. He pulled it onto his lap and formed the fingers around his hard cock. He began a firm in-and-out, back-and-forth, motion. He stretched his legs but didn’t let go of Edgar’s tool.

Ed looked across the room. The two other visitors were sound asleep. That was a happy sign. He could see the door was slightly ajar but was not certain what was outside. He decided he had to chance finding an escape route. He considered his situation: ‘Mister Hoboken’ is sure insistent. Not all bad, I suppose; maybe he’ll go to sleep too. Where are my shoes?’ His thoughts ran together.

“Am I doing this right?” Ed asked as he jacked Dieter with his hand.

Dieter seemed out of breath. “Yes; wonderful. Open up my zipper and take it out. I want to see you do it.”

Ed caught the belt buckle and released it. Next the snaps at the top and then the zipper slid down easily. Dieter’s thick cock was warm to the touch and very firm. He again began fondling and tickling with his fingers, which made Dieter even harder. He was immediately aware that Dieter had one hand behind his head, pressuring him from the neck to lean down closer. “Hey; take it easy,” Ed said. His head was spinning. The hot aggressive night visitor was betting impatient. His two buddies were passed out drunk across the room. ‘Where are my shoes?’ Ed wondered idly as he continued to work Dieter’s iron tool. Then he sank into deep thought.

‘So they think I’m a girl. This is not new. I didn’t shave until I was about twenty. I was lucky to get on the track team because my body didn’t have muscles in the right places. That’s what I was told. Yet some weren’t happy to just pass over me as if disinterested. I took a terrible ribbing in the locker room but I quickly put on my sweats so as not to call attention to my feminine body. Even taking all precautions, there was not much I could do. I was good on the hurdles and the quarter mile; that helped but the star performer on the pole vault could hardly wait to catch me in the shower. He ran his hands all over me, up and down, trying to excite me. I begged him to leave me alone.’

Ed thought through all the insults, the humiliation and the nagging interest he began to feel toward other guys. The girls would have nothing to do with him. They wanted the athletic stars and he definitely wasn’t one of them. ‘I’m just a social misfit,’ he told himself. ‘Maybe life would be better for a girl. My mom wanted a girl and this is what she got; a half-sex or something worse. Maybe she doesn’t believe I remember her dressing me up like a little girl when I was four years old. I remember because so many people wanted to pat my behind or squeeze my cheeks. Oh, reality calls.’

“Get closer,” Dieter urged. “Are you ready to do it?”

“Do what?” Ed answered, stalling.

“Put it in your mouth; suck it. Be a proper girl.”

Ed was impatient even though Dieter was forcing him to go down on him. “I am not a girl! You know that. You felt me.”

Dieter laughed. "You are tonight. I'm really hard. You need to take care of this." When Ed looked up at him, Dieter shoved and the tip of his cock jammed against Ed's lips. "Open up," Dieter demanded. "Wet your lips; take it. Take it!"

Ed shuddered. "I can't," he said finally. "You're not the first to want me to do that but I can't. It just isn't me; be more humane, sir. I'm not homosexual and I'm not a girl. I don't know what I am, not really. But, I can't do this."

Dieter screamed as if in agony. The nightgown that Ed wore was flimsy, probably worn from many, many washings. Dieter grabbed with both hands and tore the garment off Ed's body. "Get on your bunk, lay on your tummy." He swiftly went across the room and returned with a tube that Ed thought was an emollient of some kind. He felt Dieter apply it to his anus. "Up, pretty girl," Dieter said and slapped Ed's naked body. His hand stung and Ed cried out. He lifted his body, elbows into the mattress; knees slightly parted. It surprised him that he did that so automatically.

The anal assault was vicious. Dieter first worked with one finger to loosen up the entrance. Next, a second finger. He was pleased when Ed quivered. He set his fat cock against Ed's rear door and shoved.

"Oh, ouch!" Ed cried out. After the initial insertion, the pain had all but gone away and Dieter was deftly plowing in and out, reaching deeper into his rectum with every thrust.

"You should have listened to me from the beginning and you would be back asleep with sweet dreams by now." Dieter kept pushing, twisting and

going deeper until Ed could feel the slack scrotum slapping him beneath. Then it happened.

Ed could feel the hot spurts enter him and spread his legs wider to help his assailant. When it was over, Dieter sank down on the bunk next to Ed.

Ed jumped up and went to the corner of the room. He took the candle and searched until he found his clothes. The shoes were nearby and he had the feeling he did not really need to worry about them so much. He dressed quickly; was not surprised at a soft pain spasm that lasted just a short time.

III.

Ed slipped quietly out of the compound and into the exercise yard. It had been a long night and the morning sun was sending first rays of light. It told him which way was east.

He decided to continue walking until he could find a place to hide during the day. He was thankful for the full dinner the previous night. He walked up and down some rolling hills, through some forested area and on until he came upon a road. He could tell the road was well-travelled by the road signs, tire marks and center line with the paint worn away. At a turn in the road he heard a car and ran into the bushes to hide.

The car whizzed past. It was an officer's open sedan but he couldn't see inside. When the sound died down he crawled deeper into the bush and sat up on his knees. He heard some water dripping and realized a well or spring might be near. He found the opening of a narrow cave. Inside, there was a pool of

cool water. He drank deeply, splashed some on his face and sank his feet in one side. It felt marvelous. He closed his eyes and was soon asleep.

During the daylight hours he heard some sounds of people moving about and talking. A tall shadow fell on the mouth of his cave.

“Look Elsie; what have we here?” It was a woman’s voice. She was speaking French.

“It’s an airman,” the other girl said. “What shall we do?”

The first girl came inside. “I Madame Foulard; you do not fear us,” she said in broken English. “You come,” she said and motioned to him.

They walked about a mile and turned in to a small path. There was a metal gate and a cattle crossing. “I need to get to England,” he said. “I don’t want you folks to get into trouble because of me,”

The second girl spoke up. “You were in the lockup?” Ed was pleased she spoke better English.

“Yes; my plane was damaged on a bomb run. It was a long ways from here. Germany; the Saar Basin we were told.”

“Yes, we heard them but nothing crashed.”

“I bailed out to reduce the load. Our plane was damaged.”

They walked on and turned to go into a barn that was built into the side of a hill. “Did they abuse you?” Elsie asked.

“Yes but I was lucky to get away. I ran out when they were all drunk.”

“Not many have survived that place,” the other girl said.

Elsie showed him to the tack room and closed the door. "You can hide in here until we figure out what to do with you. I'm Elsie; this is Nancy Foulard." She turned abruptly, closed the door and left.

Late that night, Elsie came with some bread and wine. "Thanks. What did you mean when you said hide until you learn something?"

"Germans were here looking for you today. I recognized one of them; he's been brutal enough to earn some notoriety. Even if we had turned you in, we would likely have been murdered for giving you some bread and wine. I doubt they will be back. They know we have a young girl in the family; she is about your age. They didn't comment on not seeing her. I don't think this one I recall seeing before is looking for girls; he likes guys."

"You speak near-perfect English. Did you learn in school?"

"I'm from Ashtabula, Ohio. The Foulard family is kin on my mom's side. I was visiting them when the war broke out. This is not a safe place to be but I knew I'd never get out by myself."

The next day, Edgar heard a car door slam. There were hurried footsteps and subdued conversation. When all was quiet again, Elsie and Nancy came into the tack room.

"Were the Germans here?" he asked.

Nancy looked askance at Elsie. "No; they don't usually bother with us unless they have a reason. A neighbor sometimes stops by to buy some of our produce. We learned Claire has been picked up by the Gestapo. Our friend brought us her personal stuff," Nancy said.

“Who is Claire?” Ed asked.

Elsie sighed showing her concern. “You may recall. The younger girl that looks like you and a friend took off several months ago and were working the street. The other girl was Jewish. The Gestapo didn’t ask questions. They are gone now.”

“I’m sorry but I guess it was their choice. They must have known the risk.”

“This concerns you,” Nancy said softly. Her eyes were moist.

Ed smiled. “How so? Looks or not, I’m not a girl.”

Elsie took a step closer. “You are now. This same friend that returned Claire’s things said the network for helping downed airmen get back to their base has fallen apart. Some important people have been arrested. You can’t stay here much longer. The danger is very real.”

“I said early on that I didn’t want to endanger you. I should leave.”

Elsie stared at Edgar for a long, tense moment. She had a wan smile. “We think it best to make you into Claire. Not to embarrass or humiliate you but the local gendarmes think Claire is here. There has seldom been any cross information. This war, ugly as it is, will not last forever. If the Germans come here again, we want them to find the three of us which includes you, uh, Claire.”

“Oh, come on; this is insane. I may not be competition for Miss America but I could never pass as the village school girl.”

Nancy grinned. “We think you can. We’re going to get you cleaned up and dressed up. The closer you appear to the real Claire’s passport photo, the better

are your chances. There is risk but, my friend, not as severe as when you crawled into that airplane and blew up half the German citizenry.”

“I’m not convinced,” Edgar replied. “Do you really think I can do it?”

Elsie was serious. “We believe we do not have an option. We need to protect ourselves and this plan is as good as any. You should be happy we can do it.”

A cloud of sadness came over Edgar. He stood up and peered out the window at the fresh evidence of springtime. He had Claire’s passport in his pocket and inside the flap was a letter addressed to Elsie and Nancy. It was a goodbye message. There was a second letter, a brief note, addressed to Elsie from her home in Ohio.

“Is there news of the war?”

“The Germans are losing,” Elsie said. “It makes me sad to realize so many good men on both sides, women and children too, are losing their lives. Just be happy the Russians aren’t in a headlong rush to the Channel.”

“OK,” Edgar answered. “I’m game for your little deception ploy. What you’ve asked of me is so bizarre that it took a while to sink in. I know I’m more girl than guy in my appearance. I’ve been like this all my life. I’m almost twenty-one and still don’t shave. I’m at your mercy, it seems.”

The three of them trudged along a path across a wide meadow to the Foulard country house.

They were eager to begin their game of incognito. A bottle of corked French wine miraculously appeared. As the days wore on, Ed became more ac-

customed to the routine. He was learning to be a girl.

IV.

After a hot bath, Ed looked in the mirror. He realized the room he had been given was too masculine to have belonged to Claire. The face that looked back at him was drawn thin.

Elsie came in with towels. She consciously avoided appraising his slender body. "Hello and thanks for taking such good care of me," Ed began. "You are a long way from Ohio. Do you long for the ripened buckeyes?"

She giggled. "Here, this is Monsieur Foulard's extra razor. It all comes off except the pubic hair. Nancy has some different fashions for you to try on to see if they need altering. Ohio? You have given our life here an extra lift; Ohio can wait. Do we make you nervous, ah, like, being with just us girls?"

He laughed. "No; I'm pleased. Girls don't usually like me because I don't fit into what they think I should be. I've had no experience at all in the erotic arts."

"We discussed that. You will have to be taught about being a girl and, more important, how girls act around each other. We are confident you will behave and show us your masculine spirit. Do you have a girlfriend? Maybe you are committed which is why you act so distant?"

"Is Foulard going to come in any minute and reclaim his razor? Where is he, by the way?"

“In the army so probably either a prisoner or a corpse. He was sent to help occupy the Maginot line. That’s the last we heard of him. It would be nice to have him here. There is work to be done that requires a man’s muscle. Oh, no offense, Ed; please forgive me. Without you we would be in more danger. Fence mending is secondary you should agree.” She turned to leave but turned abruptly and faced him. “You might think the girls don’t like you; I can’t understand that. You are a nice-looking man, uh, girl.” She giggled and left.

The high heeled shoes were the most difficult to master. He practiced several times a day. Nancy had fussed and fumed over some alterations until, after several weeks, he stood in the alcove next to the dining room in full costume; a girl on the make, he thought. “Ta Da!” he said happily and raised both arms, palms out as if in surrender.

‘The dinners are getting easier,’ he mused. As Claire Foulard, Elsie and Nancy monitored every move to upgrade his skills as a proper young lady. He had a crash course in etiquette, handling silver placement, pouring coffee or preparing the tea tray. Occasionally he would wince when his bra straps came loose. He hurriedly put them in place until that gesture was second nature as well.

“Maybe you will have nice breasts like us,” Elsie said teasing. “Not likely, though.” They all laughed.

On market day, Nancy started the tractor and attached the small wagon. They collected items they thought they could sell and after a last-minute primping, turned smartly on the road to Montfleury to test their creation of the American flyboy-turned-girl. They were all aware of Ed’s limitation in the language so he did not get into conver-

sation with any of the people the girls seemed to know.

“This is Claire, you may remember,” Nancy said to a young woman who did a double look at Ed and smiled knowingly. She forwarded her gloved hand and grasped Ed’s hand. She blushed slightly and hurried away on some pretense.

“That was perfect, Claire,” Elsie said and beamed happily. “You learn quickly.”

“My mom always wanted a girl. I’m feeling really comfortable with you two to help me. I just might continue being Claire when I’m safely back home. Mom will be happy. Of that, I’ve no doubt.”

The market effort was a success and they indulged in a luncheon at the rustic restaurant so they could criticize Claire’s behavior. It went well. The wild boar was delicious and the table wine tempered their appetites.

Back at the country house, there was a note pinned to the shed door. Nancy took it quickly before she put the wagon and tractor away. “Look, girls; news. Again, France has been invaded. If Claire doesn’t get back to England on her own, the army is coming to get him.”

It was a historic moment when the allied military forces stormed the Normandy beaches. “I perhaps should go meet them,” Ed/Claire said with a sad note. “I’ve really become accustomed to being here. I love you both.”

Nancy winced. “Get serious, sister. There will be ample time to play fugitive or whatever. With your cute behind, prepare to be raped along the way. Rape or wait; that is the question.”

“Oh, I feel safe enough if nobody asks questions. You two have created a monster.” He sipped the table wine. “Or, perhaps, you don’t agree. Tell me, exactly what do you two have in mind? This war is not going to last forever.”

Elsie was quick to answer. “Maybe we should put him in a box and ship him to England. For my part, I’ve really become accustomed to having him around, uh, her around.”

Nancy was thoughtful. “What are you going to do if some horny Frenchman gets interested in you?”

Ed feigned innocence. “Not me; not really. The bloody chap can keep his hands t’home, I say.”

They all laughed but there was a new undercurrent, a tension Ed had not sensed earlier.

Later, when the house was quiet, Ed/Claire sat next to the modest fireplace and warmed his hands. There was much to think about when he realized life was good there and that he was not entirely willing to give it up. He felt a sisterly concern toward Nancy and Elsie. ‘Life is too easy,’ he thought after consideration.

‘I’m being too selfish.’ He opened his robe, slipped it off and walked slowly in regular cadence to his bunk. He wore only the pink lace panties he usually had on.

Stretched out on the bed, he put his hands behind his head and sighed. The disturbing news of the day plus his phenomenal success in being a girl required study.

The ancient floorboards creaked. Elsie came in and sat on the bunk next to him. “I couldn’t sleep,”

she confessed. “Too much to think about, I suppose.”

He chuckled. “Too much wine, more likely. Want to talk?”

“I am not happy thinking of breaking up our little threesome,” she whispered with a lusty tone. She gently touched his leg with her hand as if to get his attention. When he jumped at the new sensation, she sat back. “Oops, sorry; didn’t mean to upset you. I’m comfortable touching you, it seems. What really happened at the stalag before you escaped? Elsie and I have talked about it. Was the sex with a guy really that difficult?”

He sighed and put one arm around her waist. “Point of view, certainly. There was no doubt he was the authority as he forced my head down to use my mouth to pleasure him. I panicked and refused.” He was pensive, a moment’s reverie. “I told him I couldn’t do that and he was so angry he turned blue. He turned me over on my stomach and took my anal cherry. When it was over, he either fell asleep or passed out. I found my clothes and took off running.

“How awful. How did you know which direction to run if you had been locked up there?”

He patted her head when she snuggled next to him. “I didn’t; the sun came up so I knew which way was East. You found me hiding in that cave. That one day changed my life. Elsie, I have to confess. I like being a girl.”

“Is this escapism? No family, no children, no husband or Insignificant other?” she giggled.

“That’s the way I feel right now. With you keeping my body warm, I am wondering what a girl might expect of me until she finds out I’m not what she

thinks I am. Next, some horny jock might take advantage which will send me back to that scenario with the head guard. Maybe I am trying to avoid the rigors of this life. What do you do? Are you and Nancy lovers?”

She let her hand rest on his hip and ran her finger along the elastic of his panties. “We are close to being ‘kissing cousins’, probably. I’m very fond of her and she feels some affection toward me. Neither of us have had the experience of waking up to find a girl’s head between our legs. The idea of it excites me but the extremes get complicated when it is two women. I believe, between men, the goals are different, not likely to get confused. I’m talking too much. You are such a pretty guy, uh, girl, that I’ve wondered if you had a girlfriend. That would explain why you seem to have no interest in sex with either of us. Did the guard upset you so much you are nursing a trauma of some kind? “

He turned his head and kissed her on the cheek, a quick brush, a random contact. “Speaking of difficult, I can’t decide which of the two of you is most attractive. I suppose I could play Shakespeare and ‘count the ways’. To visualize you two satisfying each other sexually is exciting to me. Of course, I’m a brand new girl so time may distort the feeling I have right now.”

She laughed and let her hand drop, harmlessly she hoped, to learn he had a raging hard-on. “Do you want me? Your firm cock sends one message, your words say another.”

“Pity me, please. Tell me what you want me to do.”

She sighed and pressed his erection. She gently ran her fingertips along the shank as if testing the size. "I want you to do it," she said quietly. Her eyes were moist with emotion.

"Do what? Tell me and I will."

"Go down on me. Make me cum. If you are going to continue being a girl when you get back to real life, other girls will want you to do it to them. You are sexy!"

The kiss was furtive at first; warm, gentle, tender. He felt it was a baptism of sorts. He held the contact and formed his fingers around her burgeoning breasts. "You are very pretty; sexy even. You have to be patient with me. Correct me if I'm doing something wrong. I want to satisfy you. I'll eat until you tell me to stop."

"Oh, Claire; I want it so much."

He angled his shoulders, opened her blouse and began lapping and fondling her breasts with his tongue. He was pleased with himself when she moaned her acceptance. At her waist, he turned his hand, palm in, to reach for her puffed-up pussy. While he struggled to get more space, she quickly slid off her bulky slacks. Her firm curvaceous legs glistened in the soft light. He scrambled to get lower and tug her panties off. Her hand gently guiding him lower was encouragement.

"Elsie, you are beautiful." He wriggled his tongue through the patch of pubic hair until he could softly lick the quaking pussy. She threw her hips up by digging her feet into the mattress.

"Claire, I knew it would be like this. Don't stop. I'm going to explode if you do and probably if you don't, as well." She screamed and forced his face

against her crotch. A mild undulation was next. Then she found the orgasm of which she had been dreaming. "I'm going to be jealous of every girl you get after this," she said and fell back satiated.

They kissed again; long, enduring. He poked at her lips with his tongue tip. "Do you like your taste?" he asked with a sly drawl. Next he put one finger between her lips and pressed. "Open your mouth, darling. Let me watch."

She didn't hesitate. "When you said you were a virgin, it excited me." She rolled sideways and began the long journey marking a wet path down across his torso to his flat stomach. The silk panties fell away easily and she grabbed his tingling cock with a gentle hand. "I want it in my mouth," she said. "For a girl, you sure are a guy." Both of them knew she was babbling out of nervousness but when the time came, there was no doubt, no hesitation. Her tongue licked the sides and in an act of will she took the fat throbbing head between her lips.

"Elsie, yes; like that, um, perfect."

She relaxed a moment and looked up at him. "You can cum in my mouth if you want."

V.

"Normandy is one huge invasion beach," Nancy said at breakfast. Next she took a quick look at the two happy faces at the table, the coy flashing eyes, and surmised what had happened. "Well, you two; at least you could have invited me to the party."

Ed/Claire smiled happily. "You drank all the wine so it was not a necessary call."

“Dear girl and girl/girl; I want a full report. Elsie; you have wanted sex for a long time now. It goes with the age and the genetic. Were you afraid of me? I wouldn’t throw you out, you know. This is your house as much as mine and there is ample space for both of us. Yet, I can’t help admitting to a certain longing now that you’ve taken this delightful girl/guy to your bed.”

“It was his bed,” Elsie said and licked her lips impulsively.

“So you are no longer a virgin? And you, sir; the same?”

Elsie sobered. “You mean, pregnant? No. That didn’t happen. I am just as happy to have finally learned about oral sex.”

“Ed; confess. No, don’t. I want to interpret this in my own way.” Nancy was staring at Elsie. The cunning look could not be denied.

The next week was tense in the household as all three tried to calm their nerves. Elsie chose not to visit him as she had before which added to the anxiety.

“Nothing is moving, Claire,” Nancy said one sunny spring afternoon. Trains and buses; all stopped because your army blew up the railroads as well as the highways. Canals are open; you can swim to freedom.” She smiled but the look was sardonic.

“I’m uneasy about all this. The more defeat the Germans experience, the worse they are likely to be against innocent citizens or escaped POWs. That’s just my opinion. By the way, the railroads and highways were destroyed to prevent the flow of reinforce-

ments. It must be tough on the folks living inside that hellfire but it is the price.”

Later, Elsie found Claire/Ed in his room. “I can tell you are unhappy,” she said after stuttering fearfully. “Are you sorry for what happened between us? I’m not; I shall always cherish the memory. You are a wonderful guy and I understand why you want to leave, to be with your own people. Are you satisfied you can pass yourself off as a girl?”

“Yes; I’m OK. I found Monsieur Foulard’s jock strap. It holds my sex in one package so I can wear slacks without it becoming a problem. Like any other girl, I have to sit down. Are you going back to Ohio or are you waiting to see how Nancy acts when you seduce her?”

“Do you think it will clear the air if I go down on her like you did for me? Maybe that’s what is bothering her.”

“That’s part of the question in your relationship from now on. Do you want to do it to her? You obviously both like each other if not ‘in love’. A lot of men have died or have been badly injured in this war. It’s not a long stretch of the imagination to predict that there will be a shortage of able-bodied men around to satisfy you and your friends. That might go well with the guys when they have multiple female bodies yearning for satisfaction. You can see where that will lead. The affection, the security and the social needs will not be met even with a one-night stand. I’m tempted to kidnap you so you can ride on my back all the way to Ashtabula, Ohio.”

“I was beginning to wonder if you see me as one of those one night stands,” Elsie said carefully choosing her words.

He moved on her and they embraced. “I don’t know what is going to happen to any of us but don’t ever feel like I used you in an animal sort of event. You will always be near to me no matter how this crazy world turns against the likes of people like us who care for each other.”

“Are you going to keep dressing as a woman? Your life might also take one of those crazy turns you are talking about. A girl you admire might not be alarmed when you approach her for sex. She will be thinking it is harmless because you are a girl like her. When she finds out differently, well, caution is the word of the day.”

They remained in each other’s arms, quietly savoring the closeness. He kissed her tenderly without pushing or insisting on anything further.

That was when they heard Nancy scream. She was standing at the bottom of the staircase. “Germans!” she repeated.

The standard officer’s sedan pulled up and the driver set the brake. There was a tenuous delay as the S.S. officer was engaged in a conversation on the radio phone. Finally, he got out and stood at the steps looking up.

“I have someone that belongs to you,” he said and turned to nod at his henchman. They pulled a young girl out of the back seat and pushed until she stumbled and fell on the stairs leading to the porch.

Nancy, Elsie and Claire/Ed stood in stark terror at the center of the veranda. “Who is this, Dieter?” Nancy asked.

“Stand up,” he screamed at the young woman. “It’s Claire Foulard or what’s left of her. The Gestapo brought her to me with the explanation that she did not fit their other groups being shipped to work camps.” He kicked her in the ribs and she shrieked. “Stand up,” he said again. Impatiently, he turned to leave, looked up at the three women and tipped his hat. “Wait just a damn minute. Two of you I know. Who is this third girl; impostor? Step forward, please.” He put his hands on his hips obviously in a hurry to leave. Next he asked, “What is your name?”

Elsie and Nancy stepped back. “Claire Foulard,” was the answer he had practiced over so many times.

Dieter came up the steps two at a time. The real Claire Foulard followed him painfully. He stood towering over Claire/Ed. Recognition was written all over his face. “Well, I’ll be damned. Who would guess without the two of you being here together? Get in the car, Edgar Logan.”

Nancy reacted. “Dieter, please. Mister Logan has been helping us here on the farm since Monsieur Foulard left to march with his regiment. We meant no disrespect to your flag,” she said. Her eyes were pleading.

“Astute!” he roared. “Logan, come with me. I think these girls can get along OK without your big cock to keep ‘em happy.” He frowned. “Your aircraft are leveling the cities I love. Your armies have broken through our western defenses; the Russians are building their offense at Kursk: All this is aimed to make me miserable.”

“It’s not a personal issue,” Elsie said stepping forward. “Oh, I guess it is to you. I think it would

have been better if Narcissus had slipped and drowned in the pond.”

“Damn! What are you talking about? Demented, no doubt. Come on, Logan.”

Taking advantage of the awkward moment, Nancy stepped back inside and came out with her double-barreled shotgun. “Leave him be, Dieter,” she said.

All Dieter saw was an armed woman leveling a weapon at him while she vented her venom. He shoved Edgar Logan aside, shrugged his shoulders, and went back to the car. At that moment, the guard rolled the window down and pointed a Luger at the four of them.

Nancy jerked the shotgun to one side and fired. The blast surprised them and they dove for cover. The man in the car slumped back, then fell sideways.

“You are totally out of your mind,” Dieter screeched. Then he realized Nancy had one shot left and he backed away holding his hands up as if in surrender.

She watched him carefully. Betrayal, cunning and treachery were character traits she knew well.

At that moment, Edgar Logan made a fast decision. “Enough!” he said. “Dieter, listen up. This gal can and will blow your ugly head off your shoulders if you make one false move. Promise us you will not come back here with half the German Wehrmacht. Go in peace, let this be forgotten.”

Dieter was shuddering with anger. He was quickly behind the wheel as he shoved the body of

his guard aside. With both hands on the wheel, he started to drive away.

Claire Foulard jumped up, grabbed Nancy's shotgun and let loose a second blast. The sleek sedan foundered, rolled to one side and smashed into a tree. Smoke curled from under the hood. Claire Foulard ran full speed to the sedan in a last-minute act to pull Dieter from the wreckage. She feared the car would explode but wondered why she cared at all. She jerked the driver's side door open and stared unbelieving at the pistol Dieter was holding. The third and last blast of the afternoon settled a bullet neatly between his eyes.

Dieter struggled to his feet and waved his gun at the threesome standing horrified on the porch.

"Call for help," he managed to say as he staggered. "I'm taking you all in. You'll regret this outrage."

There was no need to call. Two police cruisers came up the winding road and stopped. They had been alerted by the gunfire but one glance showed them there was danger so they deployed with their weapons trained on the scene at the front of the country house. One man hurried to help Dieter back to one of the cars. Next a personnel carrier came roaring up the lane with his emergency siren squealing.

Nancy Foulard, Elsie Martine and Edgar Logan were taken into custody. The car with Dieter half-conscious left to deliver him to the hospital.

It was over.

Ed Logan was familiar with the layout of the compound. Police pushed him into the same hellish room from which he had escaped. The two girls were

locked up in a room, next door. Nancy was crying. Elsie was too angry to feel anything except the impulse to make war on all the German people. She knew that was irrational but that was how she felt.

After a day in the rough-hewn stockade, they heard Dieter speaking to Edgar Logan through the thin walls. Nancy could understand the German enough to realize an argument was taking place. Then it was quiet.

The next morning, the two women, civilians, were arraigned in a French criminal court. They both knew it was a formality, that they would be dealt a crushing sentence. When the court learned Elsie Martine was a United States citizen, feeling in the compound escalated.

There was a flurry of whispering in the compound as they were led back to their cell.

“What do you think?” Nancy asked.

“I think I should have been born in Nairobi or someplace. I fear we are both in trouble; the thanks I get for roping you in on this. Poor Claire and Claire/Ed; they are out of harm’s way now. At least, I think that.”

A tall officer with the double lightning emblem on his collar identifying him as S.S. Gestapo, came in. “Which of you is the American?” he asked politely.

He tipped the bill of his cap and sighed.

Elsie stepped forward, saying nothing. She was led to the commandant’s office and stood bewildered in front of the elder man’s desk. Finally he spoke up in halting English, with stilted speech indicating an

injury or birth defect. He held his fingers together, elbows on the wide desk. "We are pleased to welcome you as a visitor to our country," he began. His words were kindly, even sympathetic but his eyes belied that.

'Here is a man so filled with evil, he can hardly stand himself,' Elsie thought. The abject horror of her situation began to build in her. Yet, she considered, she needed to play his game. "Sir, I mean no disrespect to your uniform. I was visiting here before the war broke out and decided to stay to help if I possibly could. Your note of welcome pleases me, sir, as I now feel I will not be maltreated."

He looked her up and down. "The fact remains, fraulein, your country has criminally attacked my country, an act which we conveniently call war." He looked aside to his assistant who nodded assent. He continued with an expansive smile. "We notified Berlin you are here and they have replied with a request along the lines you mentioned about being a help if you could. We want you to write a letter to the German people, apologizing for the terrible destruction being wreaked upon them. In the closing of the letter you must note that you are being held as a guest, not being forcibly detained. Any questions?"

"No, sir," Elsie answered. She folded her hands in her lap and waited. The officer who had escorted her from her cell stood next to her and tapped her on the shoulder.

"We have a comfortable space in our library for you to write the letter. Come with me, please."

Elsie stood up. She was so nervous she faltered a moment, then followed the tall man who all of a

sudden seemed to be taking unusual interest in her appearance.

In the library she was led to a table and comfortable chair and was provided with paper and ink pen. She waited until he was settled in a captain's chair against the wall. Then, with her chin set in defiance, she put the pen down and waited quietly.

The tall S.S. officer was thumbing through the pages of a magazine. He looked up to see she had not written anything as requested. "Are you composing?" he asked with a forced smile. A scar on his face she had not noticed before ran from the side of his mouth to the jaw line. The anger being expressed made the scar turn a deep crimson, bloody color.

Her heart nearly protested when he strode purposefully to stand behind her. With both hands on her shoulders he groped inside her blouse to explore her breasts. "You do not intimidate me, sir," she said but a quiver in her voice gave away the depths of her anxiety. "I have nothing to say in a letter to the German people. I am not a combatant. Also, I do not appreciate you taking liberties with my body. It is not your place to exploit me...unless I misunderstand the commandant's instruction."

He chuckled but did not remove his hands. "If you do not intend to comply with our request, Miss American Beauty, tell me and we can persuade you with other means. Would you like me to explain what those might be?"

"I am not going to write a letter. I am sorry what has happened to your people but I have nothing to do with it. I did not ask you to offend all humanity as you have done. Like most Americans, I wish to be

left alone to live my life without encumbrances such as you infer.”

He removed one hand and touched her flowing head of hair. “My oh my; so eloquent. Those ideas just tumble out of your pretty mouth. To be honest, I am looking forward to persuading you to comply. You are very attractive.” With that said, he spun her around in her chair and moved his body against her. “Give me your hands. Even if you leave here pregnant with German progeny, you will still write the letter. Tell me; would you prefer I dictate it for you?”

“I prefer to be left alone. You are much stronger than I but I still can resist if even just in my demeanor.” Her eyes went wide with wonder as he forced her hands onto his steely cock. Next she looked up to see his arm raised and braced herself for a punishing hit with the open fist descending on her. The hit nearly knocked her off the chair but she looked up at him proudly. Insolent.

“Shall I notify the commandant you are not willing to cooperate? What he decides to do with you after that is out of my control.”

“From your outrageous conduct, that might be better.”

Angrily, he lifted her off the chair and led her back to face the commandant. He ushered her into the room. The man looked up and feigned surprise. “What’s this? Finished already? Very good.”

“She is being obstinate, sir,” he answered. “I turn her back to you if you’ve no further instruction.”

He sighed and waved the officer to one side. “Come around here by me, young lady,” he said and positioned a chair so she could sit next to him. She

sat primly as instructed. In a moment he was deftly running one hand along her legs onto her hips and touching her breasts. "It appears you are unable to grasp our German justice." He touched her hair and her lips.

"I'm getting lessons," she said and immediately regretted it. The squat, short man with powerful shoulders slapped her so hard on the side of her head that the sting nearly left her unconscious. She remained quiet.

She could see his joy as the drama unfolded to his liking. "I believe Dieter is interviewing an escaped POW. Bring him here please."

In short order, Edgar Logan stood awkwardly smoothing out his dress. His lipstick was smeared and he had a crazed glint in his eyes. "Yes, sir?" he asked.

The commandant was amused. "Did you think to hide behind a woman's skirts? You Americans make me laugh. You are a pilot?"

"No, sir, top turret gunner. I try to defend our aircraft from your Messerschmidts. We are not always lucky as you know. As for my cross-dressing; it is a disguise. It, too, was not a good idea though I am quite comfortable."

"Are you acquainted with this young lady? A fellow American I'm told."

"I would prefer to see her without the bruises, sir. If at all possible, I would gladly take her place."

The commandant laughed; a low guttural shaking. "I believe Dieter has already told me what he desires of you. Since he has suffered at your hands, I think it only fair he be satisfied."

He turned to face Elsie. "The next event here is up to you, dear. You are given the option now. Will you write the letter?"

He glanced at Edgar Logan who shook his head 'no'. "Let me explain to my friend, sir," Ed began. "Elsie; no matter what they ask of you, no matter how seemingly innocent, if you cooperate or not we are both dead meat. I've decided to let them have their fun. The other is up to you. What letter?"

"Apology to the German people for what you have done. Ah, what your Eighth Air Force has done." She gulped and coughed with nerves on edge. "So far I have refused but I hesitate to see you tortured for my obstinate nature."

"Good girl but it is still up to you. Whatever they ask of me will have nothing to do with you; not really."

"How touching," the commandant said. He continued, enjoying Elsie's vibrant young body. "These interviews are over," he said after some length. When Ed left the room, the last event he saw was beautiful Elsie leaning over the commandant's lap. She was being forced down to pleasure him.

Discouraged, Edgar Logan walked back to his cell running over the day's events in his mind. 'It all started with a kiss,' he thought over each factor. First there was the tension in the house which he tried to resolve. He decided he had failed at that. Also, he considered the difficulty, if any, between Elsie and Nancy was outside his influence. He had hopes of having sex with Nancy or with both of them but the prospects faded fast. Next was the return of the long-lost Claire Foulard which compromised him when the authorities showed up. 'Yes,' he told his

listening silent committee in his head, 'it has not been a day for wholesale emotions.'

At the cell door, Dieter stepped behind him and shoved. Ed sprawled on the floor and sat up. He was surprised when he realized Dieter had left the cell and had bolted the door from the outside. 'Something is up,' he thought and it wasn't a long wait either.

"Sergeant Logan; the Mighty Eighth," a woman's voice sounded from the doorway.

"Enter then," he answered.

She was tall, willowy, with full lips and snug at the waist. A loose button near her collar flashed her cleavage provocatively when she turned from side-to-side. To add to his confusion, she had the double lightning figures on her collar. Gestapo, the German State Police.

"I am Heidi Kruger," she said crisply. She crossed her legs when she sat down. The expensive silk stockings made a rubbing sound like a whisk. She leaned forward. "Berlin has a special interest in the Mighty Eighth Air Group. They've sent me to discuss your attitudes and experience. I'm surprised to see you in that worn-out dress. What's that all about?"

"A French family took me in, fed me and nursed me back to health. They had one family member, a young woman about my age, who was missing, probably lost to the work camps. It seems she was swept up with a fellow comrade in a Jewish round-up. When your group learned the girl was French but not a Jew they, of course, released her. I had taken her name and identity. There was the understandable confusion when she showed up. Your

local senior gendarme wanted me for games of his own. So, here we are.”

Heidi grinned. “So, Sergeant Logan, how do you like living as a girl?”

He sighed. “You don’t really want to hear all this psycho-babble about how comfortable I feel in pink silk lingerie. It really has nothing to do with the bomber squadron.”

“What did Dieter do to so upset you? He is probably amused by your efforts to disguise yourself as a woman.”

“He insisted I give him a blow job. When I refused, he became very angry and did an anal number on me. I didn’t say anything to him but, surprise, I liked it. Now, having been returned to this place, I really thought it was Dieter knocking at my door a moment ago.”

“You are very attractive, Sergeant. I suspect he will be visiting soon. Are you ready to please him now?” Seeing Edgar nod ‘yes’ was what the agent suspected. “It’s those women, isn’t it? Did you have sex with the pretty French girls?”

“Just one, the American. She is from Ohio.”

“I met her briefly in the corridor. It appears she gave someone a bad time and ended getting roughed-up a bit. I’m going to see her later and get the full story. American; think of it.”

“She has relatives here and was visiting when your Wehrmacht came crashing through. She felt obligated to stay and help with the family. I think she wants to have sex with Nancy, her distant cousin. You may learn more about that. It’s not the issue of a new delegate in the transvestite set.”

“So you plan to continue as a girl in a man’s world? Admirable that a young, comely, girl would know her mind so well. As you say, personal psycho-babble. Yet, you refused to give Dieter some head. Now, with this change in life you will be in demand for sex from both guys as well as gals. Is that what you had in mind?”

“I really didn’t think that far ahead. I nearly went happily out of mind when that beautiful woman wrapped her hair around my cock and took it into her mouth. What a sensation.”

Heidi grinned. “Now you know what others will expect of you. Did she like it when you performed cunnilingus for her?”

“She said she did. I liked it too. If this minor scenario is predicting thrills to come, I’m ready and willing to learn more.”

Heidi looked momentarily dreamy. “I was there once a long time ago. I wish you the very best in your new adventures. The saying ‘love does not run smooth’ applies to everyone, you know.” She opened her small briefcase and took out a paper listing the questions to ask, tech topics about the B-17 Flying Fortress and the personnel. She went over each item, made notes and finally closed up her book. She was satisfied. Standing, she extended her hand.

He was surprised at the strength of her grip. “I cannot imagine why Berlin sent you all this way to get such sketchy information. I didn’t tell you anything of importance. In fact, I don’t think I know any secrets about the aircraft.”

“I truly enjoyed our meeting, Sergeant. I’m aware these are stressful times for you and your friends. Maybe I can make it a little easier for all of you. Oh,

wait! Did I catch that one of your group is at the morgue. Did I miss something?”

“Probably; the day’s events moved so fast. You will recall that I was trying to perfect my disguise. The idea behind it was to stay hidden in the open, so to speak. I was fine until the girl I was supposed to be showed up in Dieter’s care. Nancy threatened with her shotgun and took out one of the gendarmes when he pointed his pistol at us. With one shot left, the genuine Clare Foulard blasted Dieter’s car and, in turn, got herself killed. Dieter put a neat hole in her forehead just above her eyes. No, I briefly met the girl so have nothing to add.”

Heidi struggled with her own emotions. “You speak of your concerns with such passion, you excite me. That in itself is unique as my experience level is so far removed from yours. Here, let me,” she said and made a move on him. She found his tucked-away cock slightly hard and worked it through his slacks with her hand. “You want it, don’t you? I can tell.”

When she dropped to her knees, she tugged his belt buckle and unfolded the top of his slacks to bare his middle, hips, derriere to his knees. She looked up at him with a lascivious grin. “Shall I?”

“Yes, Heidi. You are marvelous.” He watched as she began working his cock with her lips and tongue. It was fellatio used with consummate skill. He became so dizzy with the flood of sensations that he almost fell over. She held him in a roundhouse grip with arms around his hips. He sank back in the moment of ecstasy and filled her mouth with his cum. She carefully lowered him onto the bunk and left the room.

Heidi went into the girls' cell unannounced. "Hello; I'm Heidi. Your friend, Sergeant Logan, sends his regards.

Elsie spoke up. "Is he all right? Have they injured him?"

She smiled. "That would make you Elsie. He told me about you." She fixed her gaze on Nancy. There could be no doubt about the attraction. Nancy had the austere proud look of French rural aristocracy. Finally she asked, "May I ask you two a few questions? I'm on assignment from Berlin to evaluate this stalag. Not much, I grant you but, well, it's a living." She smiled without taking her eyes off Nancy's trim figure and comely face.

Again, Heidi unfolded the questionnaire and began to note the answers given to her by the girls. When she finished, she strode forward, more like stalking, and took Nancy's outstretched hands. With a gentle tug, Nancy was on her feet and the two embraced.

Elsie's eyes bugged out in the wonder of it all. She realized then the fascination she had fostered for 'Cousin' Nancy was a dose of reality.

Heidi held Nancy's ready body and began a slow-motion grinding with her hips. Pressing, pulling, and holding; Nancy was enthralled even in Elsie's presence, the cloud of uncertain events, and the appalling décor of the cell. When Heidi held her closer for a tentative kiss, she forced one knee between Nancy's legs and dropped one hand low enough to mold her fingers to Nancy's derriere.

She discontinued the kiss.

Elsie stood up and angrily stomped her foot. "Let her alone!" She raised her voice in an emotional

frenzy without knowing then all the feelings she had revealed.

Heidi didn't miss it. "So, our innocent transvestite has opened Pandora's box. Tell me, Miss Elsie, when all the wealth, ill and beneficial escaped from Pandora's box, the one feature left of interest to you right now is, uh, what?"

Elsie had moved swiftly to embrace Nancy in an effort to comfort her. Nancy leaned into her. After some thought she said, "I do not know, Heidi. I wasn't there."

Heidi laughed. So, it's true you were not there but you are now when you have such strong feelings for Nancy." She waited. "Any idea what that might be?"

Elsie sighed. "No; is it important?"

"Not only that, it is essential. It was *hope*."

She touched Nancy's chin with one finger. "I'll recommend your release when I give the commandant his report. I wish the both of you good luck and, by the way, when you get lustful thoughts in your clouds of passion, remember the fragile heart of your accidental donor, the good Sergeant." She turned and left the room. She didn't want anyone to see the rivulet streaming down between her thighs.

Late that night, Dieter stood gazing at Ed Logan as Ed slept soundly, slightly snoring. After a while, he tugged on the thin blanket and Ed came instantly awake.

"Hey! What's the big idea?" Ed asked without thinking of his suitor or his surroundings.

Dieter smiled. “Don’t be alarmed. I just came from a staff meeting in the commandant’s office. You were one of the topics of concern.”

Ed sat up, turned and dropped his bare feet onto the ice cold floor. “Like what? You are the artful dodger; explain, if that’s why you are here.”

Dieter sat next to Ed on the bunk. The lattice of springs was uncomfortable. “It seems our heroic forces are, as we speak, in a strategic withdrawal. The meaning of this isn’t clear but the orders are to either ship all inmates to work camps in Germany or release them to their own devices. The compound will be closed within a day so there will not be tabloid-style publicity about our operations here. You are given the choice. Wait! I understand your loyalty to the two stunning creatures you’ve been playing. They were released earlier and driven to their home in one of our staff cars.” He hesitated then brightened in a wide smile. “Knowing the lascivious nature of the two attending officers on that detail. There might have been some delays. Let it be the least of your worries.”

Ed shook his head to clear the confusion. “I’m not certain what you are telling me,” he said softly. “I do understand what is meant by a strategic withdrawal. Full-scale retreat.”

Dieter shook his head sadly. “Unfortunately, we cannot provide you with a complete harlot’s wardrobe but we have a few pieces left over by some transients over the past weeks. I shall get them in a moment. Are you all right with this?”

“If you are telling the truth, I am delighted. Truth has not been one of your hallmarks in the past.”

Dieter slapped his leg and guffawed. "That's a good one. I swear I shall miss you, Sergeant Claire." He became abruptly serious. "Before I go get you some clothes and process your release papers, I remind you of what you owe me for all the gracious hospitality. Did you think you could escape unscathed? Relax, Heidi Kruger confessed all which perhaps has left you somewhat satiated at the moment. I only desire you to do the same for me. Am I clear?"

"You always are," Ed answered with a difficult effort to control his disgust.

Dieter frowned. "Sergeant, you are missing my point, well, several of them. If you are to spend the rest of your time on this raucous earth, party as an attractive girl, you will be called upon to relax with your cute, firm behind resting against your ankles; the kneeling position. Experience will teach you. I want it now."

Ed was not entirely convinced. "You are up to some tricks, no pun intended. Bring me the clothes you promised and, oh, some luggage if you guys can spare it. We can be on stage walking along the wide Parisian boulevard, strolling hand-in-hand across the Pont Neuf bridge. The lazy Seine River to calm us."

"Sarcasm doesn't become you," Dieter declared. "I'll be right back. Promise?"

Ed waved him away. "Promise," he said.

'This is it', Ed considered in quiet contemplation. 'That beast is going to come to me insisting I please him.' He shook his head sadly. 'But wait just a moment. Everyone has been telling me my life is going to change, that I will be giving head to people I not

only don't know well but do not care for at all. It's the way of the world, I'm told. I wonder if some past successful transvestite wrote a book to keep me informed of this new life. Oh, here he comes'.

Dieter dropped a collection of women's clothes on top of a wide but narrow suitcase. "Here you are, Sergeant, as promised." He strode over to stand next to Ed who sat on the bed in the same position he was in when Dieter left to get the tossed-off clothing. "Take it out and let me see you suck with a mouth full. You should not have shunned this when I first asked you for it. Still, I am delighted with your tight behind. Get busy; yes, like that. Ah, I knew you would be dedicated to my pleasure."

Ed impulsively lifted the hemline of his skirt and swished it one side to another. "Were you being truthful when you said you liked my legs?" He inserted Dieter's hard tool again and kept working it to completion.

"Yes, but I like your sexy mouth much better. Oh, don't stop; I'm going to cum."

VI.

Edgar Logan dressed carefully, checked clothing sizes and gathered together makeup he wanted to use. In an hour he sauntered down the corridor past the commandant's office. The door was slightly ajar and he could see the men inside busily either packing records or piling them up to burn later. He poked his head in.

The commandant looked up and smiled. "Go away, Logan," he said. "We don't have time for your games right now. I must remember to congratulate Dieter. You look great as a woman. We should all be so endowed." He in-

dulged in a brief appreciative whistle and returned to his chores.

“Uh, sir; it is true senior guard Dieter has been most generous with other people’s possessions. May I trouble you for some money? No German marks, just French francs.”

One of his aides looked up. “Next he’ll be asking us to bring his breakfast. Get out, Logan,” he said and waved his hand.

The commandant hurriedly collected some money and gave it to Ed Logan. “The medic down the hall needs to stamp your release papers. Good luck.” He shook his head. He was depressed and turned to the tasks at hand.

The medic waiting for him was a nurse in crisp white uniform and a cap with a red cross on the front. “I see you are dressed for company,” he said smiling.

She raised her eyebrows in question. “What is your name, please? I don’t see a woman on the list.”

“Thank you for your kindness. You give me confidence. I am Sergeant Edgar Logan, AAF, at your service.” She snapped the papers in her hand. “Oh, yes; I have your record all signed and legal but, uh, Sergeant who?”

“Must I pull up my skirt and show you my big cock?”

“Ulp! No, that will not be necessary. I was assigned to this sector just recently and, oh, didn’t know about this, um, feature.” She positioned her stethoscope, made a few random touches and stamped his certificate allowing him freedom to

travel. “Good luck, Miss... .” She glanced again at the paper work, “Claire Foulard.”

Again, the nurse stuttered. “We have a surgeon, Doctor Josef Mengele, who has done some very successful gender reassignments, man to woman. Were you going there? I can give you a pass back across the Rhine. Doctor Mengele is at a work camp named Auschwitz. Ask anyone; it is well known. ”

“Thank you; it might be an issue later and I’m not sure if your surgeon will be practicing much longer.”

Laughing, Ed stepped out into an early dawn. Freedom became a burden. Where to go? What to do? Which way is west?

German troop movements were everywhere as some soldiers seemed without their units. Logan flagged a German towncar going in the direction of Paris. It zoomed past, horn honking.

Most of the traffic was hurrying in the other direction as hundreds of disconnected soldiers rushed east to get new orders and assignments. Many were without their weapons and did not seem to be the same happy group he had seen earlier. There was a certain melancholy about them but Logan next realized he was unaware of the recent history of the forces involved.

He approached a charming French Inn marked “Café Béarnaise”. On entering, the clerk hurried around the desk and came across the lobby. “Wait, Miss,” he called out in a frantic voice. “Management does not allow you turning tricks here. Please, go outside, go someplace else; don’t cause trouble.”

Saying nothing, Logan picked up his luggage and turned toward the door. To one side was another en-

trance, a bistro with loud strident patrons and the scent of fresh-drawn beer. He hesitated in the doorway and next headed for the bar. He clasped his few French francs in his hand. The room was instantly silent. He walked on, trying to maintain composure.

He pointed at a large draught beer that had just been served to a Frenchman at the bar. At the same time he slapped down a one-hundred franc note, believing in the eloquence of money across the bar. That beer was the best he ever had. With a sigh he let the cool thirst-quenching brew wash away the years of cheap table wine. Gradually, the clamor returned and he felt giddily comfortable.

As the closing time approached, Ed had frantically finished several large glasses of beer. The bartender had indicated he did not speak English or did not want to but other than that, all was as quiet as Main Street in New Jersey on a Saturday Night.

“Pardon, Miss,” a well-dressed man said as he put his foot on the bar rail. “They are closing soon and the clerk next door at the inn is a friend of mine. Could I assist you to your room?”

Ed faced him and deftly indicated with a pointed finger at his throat that he was afflicted with laryngitis. Cigar and cigarette smoke partially obscured Ed’s face. The French gentleman’s recent intake of strong spirits did serve to influence his altered vision.

“Do you speak English?” Ed croaked.

“Yes, of course; I have many friends in England. Where are you from?”

Ed smiled. “Brooklyn.”

The man broke down laughing. He offered to purchase more beer. "Where did you find such an outlandish outfit? There's a war on, you know."

Finally, Ed decided to speak up. "I've heard. I sort of borrowed these from some gals who won't need 'em anymore."

They chatted happily about the weather, foreign and world affairs, the war, many topics Ed's recent solitude hadn't covered. He actually felt he was enjoying himself. The near future was enervating because he had to face the gent who thought he was a girl.

The barman called for a last drink. "My name is George Dauchamp. May I help you to your room?" the man repeated.

Ed grimaced. "Look, you are very nice and thanks for the drinks. I was really dry. I tried to get a room at the inn but the clerk you say is your friend, threw me out. I came in here, not knowing where else to go."

All of a sudden George was expansive. He held up a room skeleton key. "Please, take this. It is for room-12 on the second floor. I'll follow you later with your suitcase. Give me a moment to alert the hotel clerk. He won't be interested if you go around to the back of the lobby. There is a staircase there; it's next to the restroom. Shall I bring some wine?"

"Argh! George, you're a good guy but I've recently left a castle up the road that had wine instead of water. Have you ever heard of a libation called Scotch whiskey?"

George chuckled, a hearty chortle from the chest. "Run along; I'll see what I can do."

Room-12 was on the front of the building. Centered, it had a bay window with a view of the street. Eventually, George came in with a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red and two glasses. He went back out and returned with bucket of ice cubes. "All the comforts of a Subway stop en route to the ballpark," Ed said eyeing the whiskey. "Johnnie Walker is an old friend of mine."

George poured the drinks and stretched out on the bed. He patted the mattress next to him so Ed could sit down. "I am not a government agent; nothing like that. My business is one of supply, often of a military nature. Soon I hope to establish contact with the impending forces moving on us from the coast. I am telling you so you will be comfortable telling me who you are and how you came to be here with me, delighted as I am."

Ed had to make a fast decision. "All right: I go by the name Claire Foulard. My name is Edgar Logan, staff sergeant, Army Air Forces, top turret gunner. I bailed out and was kept in hiding at a French country house near the river. Not very exciting, is it?"

"Your situation is safe with me as long as we can continue our friendship. The hotel clerk made an error of judgment. Right? You didn't hope to turn a trick here, just get some rest. Amazing. I will further guess that you haven't had much guy-on-guy experience. That is what I'm interested in."

"Well, not much is correct. There was a German guard that fancied me; name of Dieter. The POW compound is now closed and they are in full flight across the Rhine to safety, they hope."

"The miraculous rebirth of a rough-and-tumble gunner from Brooklyn to a sweet, poised young lady

of the evening is indeed an achievement. You could not have done all this without some expert help. Your guard friend does not seem qualified.” He rested one hand on Ed’s thigh and pressed. Ed ignored it.



“George, please don’t be disappointed in me. There were two girls; oh, correction; there were three girls, one was missing. I took the place of the missing one to protect the others. The Germans didn’t have a clue until the missing girl appeared. There was a firefight of sorts. The true Claire Foulard was killed after she wrecked a German towncar and took out the driver. We were all hauled off to the local lockup. That was interesting but I don’t suggest you request graphic detail for entertainment.”

George slid one hand beneath Ed’s dress and pressed the smooth skin of his thighs. After briefly fondling Ed’s flaccid cock, he unbuttoned the white linen blouse and explored Ed’s torso with greedy fingers. “You have a neat body, Miss Claire. I hope you enjoy being with a man for a while.”

Ed gulped nervously. “Can you perhaps give me some help on that, sir? My experience, as I told you, is very limited and was under duress. I don’t feel intimidated by you. Like you, several people have shown an interest in me because of my feminine appearance. I didn’t shave until I was twenty or so. I like being a girl or, at least so far.”

“Come, stretch out beside me,” George said. “I need you very much and I can help you through the lines to safety if you can satisfy me. In that sense, I’m the same as you’ve described in the others who wanted you.”

“I guess I should finally be grateful for my nubile showing. I was the butt of many jokes when growing up. I wanted to be on the sports teams but the ‘stars’ ended up with the roles and the girls. Shall I take off my blouse? I have a bra in case I need it but dressed so quickly I didn’t bother. Oh, I hope I’m not turning you off, George.”

“Quite the contrary.” He tugged at Ed’s open blouse until it was off and set aside. “I’ve been looking at your sexy mouth all evening. Like I said, I need it.” He jumped up and rapidly stripped off all his clothes except the linen boxer shorts. His erection distended the front and he was quick to take Ed’s hand and press it to the right place. He moaned in pleasure when Ed worked the shank and finally released the snaps to allow the insistent debut. “I know it is big but will be grateful if you try.”

Ed shifted his weight and posture to get comfortable. He slid easily between George’s legs. He took back the grasp he had abandoned, adjusted it and caught the tip with his tongue. He held the slack balls in one hand and the engorged tingling cock in the other. He opened his mouth and sucked the head gently, wrapped his lips around it and allowed George to force it in.

The ritual lasted until George finally released his cum. In the final moment, he massaged Ed’s throat to watch him swallow. Then they both fell asleep.

Street noises woke Ed to the blinding light from the front bay windows. He looked for George only to find him missing. He showered, shaved including his legs, dressed quickly and stepped finally out into the real world.

The bistro next to the inn where he and George had spent so many happy hours, served him a hearty breakfast. He went back to the room still considering his best option.

He sat on the window seat watching the frantic flow of military traffic headed east. It seemed heavier than the day before. A four-door Citroen stopped across the street. A man and a woman went into the

inn and ended up on the second floor, rapping on his door. He knew at that moment that if these people were not police then George had been clean with him. He thought briefly of Dieter until he realized all his efforts the night before had been to please George.

He took a deep breath and opened the door. The couple introduced themselves and told him to gather his luggage for the trip to Paris.

Within the hour, the Citroen was honking, weaving and avoiding the congestion on the road.

Ed sat comfortably in the back seat with the guy. The woman drove like she had early lessons at Indianapolis. They soon entered a lineup for a road block. "This is your party, I think," the guy said. "Get your papers ready. Let me do the talking. When the policeman looks in, I'll quickly remove my hand from beneath your skirt. That will be as eloquent as anything.

A burly G.I. with shoulder holster and an angry expression held up his hand telling them to stop. He then directed them to one side. He wore an armband that was black letters on white. MP. "Better than the Gestapo," Ed whispered.

"All right! Papers, please," the MP boomed at them. He looked at the three of them, matched the passport photos, grunted and waved them on. They could hear the unmistakable rumbling of artillery in the distance.

The guy sat back but did not remove his hand from under Ed's skirt. "We stop tonight near Versailles; we have reservations. It seems you have an influential friend. Everything is paid including the car and all expenses."

“Thank you; I wasn’t sure about the agenda,” Ed replied.

“Nobody is; we had to pick our way through the best of it to get our frantic driver home to her family. They live not far from your destination.”

“Which is what? My destination.”

He handed Ed a slip of paper. It was the name and address of a hotel. All it really said was that it was near the *École Militaire*. “I think you are on your own when we have you there.”

“Are you going to stop feeling my legs? Let me drive and you can feel her legs.”

He laughed. She swore.

They stopped on the entrance ramp of the *Versailles Chateau Hotel* in the center of town. “We are going on to Paris proper,” the man said. “If you are unhappy here, continue on to this smaller unit close to the Military School. It is well-known. I was not told to give you any money; are you OK for funds? Tonight is paid for one stay. I would very much like to join you for a fine meal and a night’s, uh, rest but duty calls. I hope you understand.”

Ed gathered his luggage, shook the man’s hand and did the accepted continental kiss with the girl driver. She was clearly not interested in him or in Claire Foulard. “Give my regards to George when you see him,” Ed said and went to the registration desk.

VII.

In Paris he found the hotel without difficulty since it was near a famous landmark. He studied the Metro map

and finally ended up at a French Country-Style restaurant near the Latin Quarter. His thought was to ask the haughty waiter for the 'Blue Plate Special' but kept his discipline to avoid calling attention. He decided they were nervous because he appeared to be a hooker looking for a trick. He decided then to wander over to the Champs Elysée to get more suitable apparel.

An English-speaking girl helped him select a smart, stylish vested two-piece outfit suited for a modern business woman. He selected a cravat, stick pin and mid-heel shoes.

After the shopping, Ed went back to his hotel and stretched out on the bed. He knew he needed a plan. First concern was money. He had dipped lightly into the wad the commandant had given him so he counted that. He had enough for a few days and a flight to London.

Next, he put on a peasant blouse without a bra but buttoned up to include a choker. He was pleased with the fit. It only made him appear with a 'flat chest' which seemed to be acceptable. His form-fitting skirt with a quarter-length slit that showed a generous thigh when he walked was perfect.

Bright lights at the Latin Quarter attracted him. He found a small seemingly intimate club where the lights were dim. He enjoyed a floor show, had some watered-down drinks for which he forgave the waitress with the comment that he had heard there was a war on.

After that the maitre d asked him to leave with the observation, "The only hookers here work here."

That wasn't all bad. He stopped at a package store for a pint of Johnnie Walker Red, picked up

some ice and was soon in la-la land after an exciting day in Paris.

Paris' Charles de Gaulle airport was behind him as his twin engine DC-3 climbed into the clouds with flight plan to London Heathrow.

The flight was crowded but once on the ground close enough for Edgar Logan to sniff the air of freedom, Claire Foulard passed customs with a quick baggage check and a smile. One of the stewardesses ran to catch up as Ed headed for the taxi ramp.

"Miss Foulard, wait," the girl called, frantic to get Ed's attention. She approached still breathless. "You left these; they were on the seat. Probably fell out of your pocket."

Ed took the few documents. Of special interest was the letter to Elsie Martine. It had the Ohio return address. "Thank you so much; you've no idea how important these are. You made my day." He reached for the girl and gave her a strong American hug.

"Well, thanks," she said. "Sorry I didn't find more."

He leaned close to whisper in her ear. "I heard there's a war on."

Her eyes went wide with wonder and then she broke down laughing. "No!? I didn't know."

"Neither did the people in Paris," he answered. "Can I buy you lunch? It seems the least I can do. Maybe you don't like being picked up by strange women who fly forbidden skies."

The fledgling girl worked to contain her excitement. "I'd love it; you must have some adventures to tell, world traveler and all. I have to check in; be

right back. Wait for me but don't drink the coffee here, it's awful."

Ed watched her go. She rushed through the doors marked 'Authorized Only' and disappeared.

When she returned, he saw she had changed out of her uniform. She bounced happily, thrilled to be in the company of the svelte woman in the expensive suit with 'Paris' written all over it.

"You look ready for any event. That uniform doesn't do you girls justice if you are any example. You have a neat figure. You have to take my word for it; I've been looking at girl's figures for a long time now." They both laughed.

At lunch, Ed waited until she ordered a modest salad and cake. "I'm MerryLyn Prentiss," she said. "Do you have a name?"

Ed touched her arm and ran his finger tips toward her elbow. "Yes, but it is an alias. I seriously do not think you would like my real name. It gives away some really bizarre circumstances."

MerryLynn jumped with enthusiasm. "Yes! Yes, I want to know. I'm so glad I met you."

They continued to get acquainted and later wandered in, arm-in-arm to a local pub that said 'Fully Licensed'." They took a booth and ordered Pimm's Cup.

"This place is full of the United States Army. Do army guys make you nervous?"

MerryLynn looked momentarily sad and winked back tears. "I had a boyfriend; I don't like this war. I'm now looking for a girlfriend so she won't get blown up someplace nobody ever heard of."

Ed leaned forward. "Can I be your girlfriend? I promise you I won't go anywhere near getting blown up." He kissed her on the cheek.

"I've heard what girlfriends do when the available men are playing war."

"Ever tried it?"

"Tried what?"

"Having an intimate affair with a girl. I've heard some girls like having that done to them."

"Like? Like what?"

"Cunnilingus," he said softly as if it was a dental paste. He watched her carefully while she processed the bold reality of it.

"I've never had that; my roommate says it's the best ever."

"Tell me what she told you."

"Oh, exhilarating; erotic, stimulating. When one lover stays long enough, the girl of her dreams manages some special sensations."

"You mean orgasms. Yes. I believe that is as good a description as anyone has told. I would like to do that with you."

"Omigod! Claire, you take my breath away. Don't say things like that if you don't mean it."

"I had my luggage transferred to the Hotel Kingstreet. Shall we go and get it? We can see what their rooms look like."

MerryLynn looked taken aback. "You changed the subject!"

"No, I did not. I suggested we go to my hotel room. We need to finish our discussion and this

place is too expensive.” They both grinned and held hands for a long moment.

In the room, Ed ordered a flagon of red wine and several bottles of beer. When she clasped her hands in joy, he took her in a tender embrace and kissed her soft lips. After too long a time she pulled away from him. “Oh, Claire; you are really a walking wonder.”

“Your lips feel so good it is difficult to let go. Did your boyfriend like to kiss you? Did you let him take your mouth?”

“What are you talking about? You are very strange.”

“I’m talking about fellatio. As for being strange, I told you I hesitate to tell you my alias because it would admit to some bizarre circumstances.”

She held her wine glass for a soft moment. “I’m still not sure what we are talking about. You said cunnilingus before. Now you are mentioning fellatio. So, first off, my roommate has never shown that she wants to do it to me. I think she just likes to talk about it. As for my boyfriend, the one killed on a mission in Africa, I was eager to please him in any and every way. Somehow I thought if I was good to him, he would come back to me. We even talked about marriage. That all came to a sad ending. Looking back, I’m very glad I gave him whatever he wanted. No regrets. Now, please tell me what you find so secretive that I can’t handle it. Don’t you think I’ve done real well in this war?”

“I certainly do; you are a remarkable girl. Come with me.” He took her by the hand and led her to the bed. Standing there, studying each other’s eyes,

she rested her head on his shoulder. "You do treat me well. I appreciate you whoever you are."

He held her close enough to feel her chest heaving with excitement. "You are a modern girl because you are asked to accept the sacrifices of war. And you do it amazingly well. I am terribly sorry about your guy killed in the desert. I think the reason he did not push marriage on you was because he didn't want to leave you a widow trying to make a life alone in these tumultuous times. Can I do it again?"

"Do what? You are really weird."

"Kiss you; I want to tell you something your roommate will repeat."

"Yes, tell me."

Ed tipped her chin up and caught her lips with his in a gentle, tender touch. She moved one foot along his leg. He leaned close to whisper in her ear, "I can make you cum with my mouth."

"Omigod, Claire. I'm melted butter. Are you teasing me? What is it you want to do?"

"Cunnilingus; I bet you will have multiple orgasms when I get you to the right height."

She held him close and looked at him. Her eyes were full of tears ready to overflow onto her lovely face. "I don't care who and what you are, I want it."

"If I satisfy you the way I said, will you help me with what I need?"

"Yes, of course. Didn't I say so? Maybe not. Yes, then."

Still keeping his arms around her, he slid down on his knees on the carpet. He ran his hands up

along her shapely thighs and kissed the flowing flesh there. “Umm, darling, very pretty.”

“Let me sit on the bed before I fall over. Knowing what you are going to do is driving me up the wall, my own personal drape.” She was mumbling, nearly incoherent, and ran her fingers through his hair. “I want it; yes, go ahead.”

He slipped off her panties, lifted her to the center of the bed and rested his chin on her engorged pubis. “You never looked lovelier than you do now. Get used to it.”

When he started a tantalizing journey with his tongue lapping top to bottom, the girl went crazy with lust. She bounced on the mattress, shook the onset of extended passion and completely released the speeding nerve responses. She screamed and locked him in by tightening her legs. She would not let him remove his busy tongue by holding his head in place.

Later, after she had swooned and fallen asleep, Edgar removed all his clothes and crawled between the sheets next to her. She threw one arm over his shoulders and sleepily moaned in happy contentment. Finally, she woke up and moved her hand along his reclining body. “You are so soft,” she murmured. “What a wonderful experience.” She made a daring foray with her hand and ran fully into his erection. Shocked, she sat up in bed and tucked the sheet under her chin. “Claire; tell me it isn’t true. Tell me. This is what you were so secretive about. I’ll be damned.”

“It’s a long story if you want to hear it but, you are correct in your judgment. I am a transvestite. I love being a girl, having the clothes and manner and

feelings you have taken for granted. I'm even thinking of gender-changing procedures. What are you thinking? Don't try to tell me I deceived you, I did not."

"I did wonder that your voice is lower than most girls but I find that sexy. You told me your name was an alias. Out with it, lover. I'm about to fall off the edge of the earth here. Maybe I need to stay in the middle. After giving me more sensations than I ever dreamed possible, you wake me and throw cold water on my smoldering passion. I'm ready now for you to tell me what this is all about."

"More wine? Um, no, guess not. OK; my name is Edgar Logan, Sergeant, Army Air Corps, B-17 Flying Fortress top turret gunner. On my last of twenty-five missions, my plane was hit pretty bad and I was told to bail out. I did and was captured a few minutes after stashing my chute. Want to hear the rest?"

"I'm not sure. I am curious about Claire Foulard. Is she a real person?"

"Well, she was. She was distressed with the burden of war on her family and took off to be a street hooker. That is why I said you are so amazing in the way you handle your life after such a gut-wrenching loss. While I was at the Foulard country estate, the family there trained me to be the girl you met on the plane. It was necessary to do that to fool the police. They didn't want the real Claire's behavior known but they needed me to fill in. There is more but that's the top of it."

"Why did you say Claire was real?"

"The crowd Claire was running with were swept up by the Gestapo and shipped to a work camp.

That's not a fair name for it; extermination is more accurate. When the Gestapo learned Claire did not qualify for their particular needs, they sent her home. The Gestapo and Claire met on the front porch where both Claire girls were. Finally, the officer put everyone under arrest to protect himself from criticism in his sector. The guard accompanying the officer took out his pistol and was going to shoot everyone on the porch. One gal grabbed her shotgun and blew that guy away. The remaining officer, a guy named Dieter, went to get in his car but with stealth got in and started to drive away. Suspecting the worst, the real Claire fired the shotgun. She was blasting at the disappearing car. It wrecked and the eventuality happened. Claire ran to the car and Dieter shot her dead when she opened the door. He was in the hospital and the entire family was in the lockup."

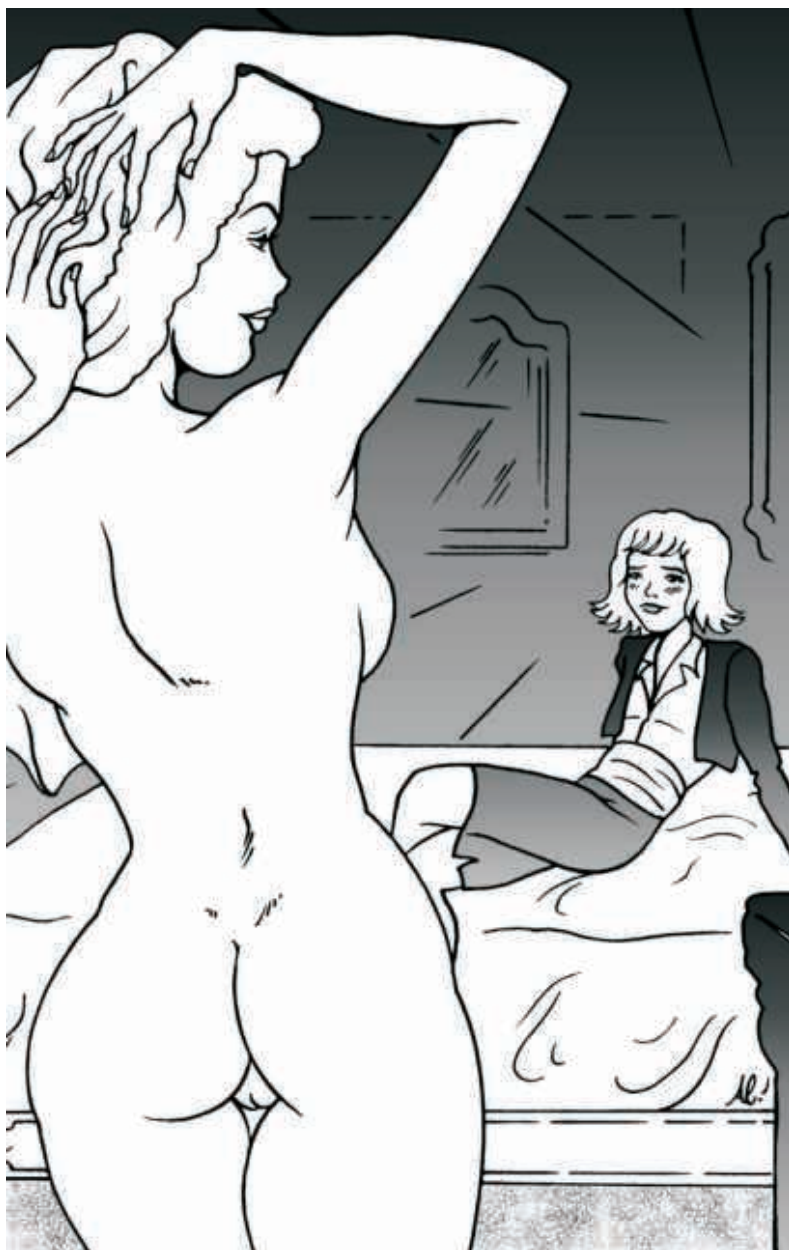
"It's the ravages of war, I suppose," MerryLynn said softly and touched his naked shoulder. "I'm sorry you had such a bad time."

"Can you see now why I kept it a secret? Very sensitive stuff."

"You caught me unawares between my legs; I'll never forget that rousing stack of emotions. How did you know to do that so well?"

"I said the French family took me in. One of them was a young woman, very vibrant, not as pretty as you but equally as inventive. I went down on her like I did on you. She loved it. The Gestapo guy, Dieter, tried to force me to give him fellatio. When I refused, he took me with anal sex. I liked it. Not right away, I was shocked some. Later, before they closed the camp, he had no difficulty forcing my mouth."

“You say the girl at the country place was not as pretty as me. That’s comforting. Did she go down on you? Did you like that, too?”



“Yes, I want the same from you but I’m not going to force it.”

“You don’t have to force me to do anything you want. Just give me a chance to get my thoughts straight. Did I say you were weird? I don’t take it back; you are weird. I can’t get over being seduced by a transvestite when most girls don’t believe they even exist. Awesome! Yes; I’ll take some more wine, please.”

She was quiet a long time, very pensive. Finally she got off the bed and headed for the shower. He thought it best to let her think her escapades through for what they were. He considered he already had said too much.

MerryLyn returned refreshed, rubbing her hair with a large towel. She knew he was sitting on the bed admiring her naked body and there was an element of attraction when he did that. She climbed on the bed and stretched out. “Are you mad at me?” he asked simply.

“No, not at all. I have a long, interesting life here in England. There is no doubt in my mind that no matter what, you have added understanding to the coming years. Move over, don’t hog the bed.” She smiled.

“Are you ready to feel me now?”

She sighed as if being asked to reheat the toast. “Yes, now that I’m no longer afraid it will bite.”

“Now, who is weird?”

“Guess that makes us a team, right?”

He kissed her again, long and hard. He fondled her breasts with his lips and tongue until they stood firm and pink. “Remember a while ago I said you

never looked lovelier? It was before I tagged you for the good passion.”

“Yes, I remember; what of it?”

“I’m going to do another stunt to make you much more exquisite. If you don’t like what I’m doing, just say so and I’ll stop.”

“I’m not sure I trust you after you’ve had so many amorous adventures with so many people but go ahead; try me.”

He positioned her on her back, head on two pillows. He climbed on top so her tummy was feeling his weight. Moving up, he put his cock between her breasts. “Press your tits together to make it fit.”

“Oh, OK. I will. Is this right?”

“Yes, perfect. You can close your eyes if you wish.”

“And miss something? Not me.”

He moved again until his full weight was on her mashed breasts. “Now, look. It is coming closer. It is headed for your lips. Open and show me your tongue. Do you want it in your mouth?”

“Please, yes; I want it. You, oh, you, ungh! “

He kept plowing in-and-out until she caught on to the rhythm. He was so excited from the time and the adventure, he dumped cum on her tongue and watched her swallow. Her eyes sparkled with joy.

They slept in each other’s arms.

VIII.

“Lady to see you, sir.” The orderly stood at attention.

“Get rid of her. All I get these days are calculating women claiming they are pregnant by my best pilots.”

“This one is not pregnant, sir. She is gorgeous.”

“Oh, show her in and standby in case I have to throw her out.”

Ed walked in and saluted. The Captain looked up. ‘Certainly, she is pretty,’ he thought. ‘Yet, there is something familiar about her. Maybe a movie star looking for publicity.’ “State your name and your business here, Miss.”

“Edgar Logan, Sergeant, Eighth Air Force, top turret gunner, B-17, sir.”

The captain sighed. “I knew it. Show the lady out; she is mad.”

Ed laughed. “Request permission to change into proper uniform and return to my unit, sir.”

The captain was exasperated. “Look, Miss whoever you are, Logan is either dead or in a kraut POW camp by now.”

“Hate to disappoint you, sir, but I’ve completed twenty-five missions. Give me my back pay and I’ll hitch a ride to Westover Field in Massachusetts.”

The stunned captain looked over the rims of his glasses. “Damn, Ed; you do look like you. But, what a getup. How in the world?”

“The Germans loved me sir, uh, literally. I was released when Allied forces approached the POW camp. From there I had an interesting sojourn, was barked at by an M.P. that looked like a bulldog and spent a few delightful days in Paris. Was kicked out of a nightclub in the Latin Quarter for being a hooker. And here I am. Now, about that back pay.”

Ed packed his suitcase carefully. He put some money in one of the utility pockets and carried it to Heathrow Air Terminal. He put a tag on it reading "MerryLynn Prentiss; personal luggage. Please notify."

He had given her all the clothes, jewelry, scarves, shoes, pink panties with a big red kiss on them and some money in French denominations which she could use and he could not.

Leaving the baggage area he was approached by an airline employee. "Find everything you need, Sergeant?"

"Yes, I'm not sure of the address but I left some luggage for a very special stewardess. Her name is on the top and the tag. Could you see that she gets it? Much appreciated."

"What are all those ribbons?" the guy asked. Ed patiently explained the theater ribbons, weapons evaluation, good conduct, all the regular ones. It occurred to him he should have been awarded for time served in jail, between the sheets of pretty girls and extra service with Dieter. No such award was forthcoming.

He next climbed the steep stairway to the operations plaza. Taking steps two at a time did not tire him. He gave the O.D. his furlough authority and had his service record handy in case it was needed.

"Where do you want to go, Sergeant?"

"Westover, sir but I'm not choosy. They probably still have a Greyhound bus running. I'll soak my toes in Lake Erie and wish you well, Lieutenant."

Clutching the letter he had kept that was folded with Claire's passport, he went to the return ad-

dress on the envelope. Nervous, he rapped on the screen door. An elderly woman answered that he discerned was Elsie's mom. There was a distinct resemblance.

"Do I have the correct address?" he asked and handed the woman the letter.

She started to say "No, I don't want to buy anything today," but stopped when she recognized the envelope was in her own handwriting. Then she blanched and with a supreme effort at self control asked the sergeant in. "Coffee, perhaps, Sergeant?"

"No, but thank you, ma'am. Is she here?"

The woman sat heavily on the over-stuffed easy chair. "When Elsie returned from Europe after V E Day, she was a changed person. She would not talk about her experiences but we all deduced she had been abused in some way. I inquired of Nancy Foulard but did not get a satisfactory answer." She started to cry but stopped. "Please tell me how you came to have this letter. Did you find it elsewhere? Anything you can tell us will be of interest."

"I have nothing to say that might reveal a confidence. You seem shocked. I fear I've come on a fool's errand but I wanted to inquire. I could have written to her at this address but that seemed too cold or crass for what I have in mind. Please, is she all right? Is she happy? That's what I came these thousands of miles to learn."

Elsie's mom grabbed the stub of a pencil and wrote an address. "She is here; she has a job managing a business near downtown. She is all right as you ask but she is not happy. Your visit here may lighten the load we all carry in her behalf."

She reached to give Ed the paper. Next she turned her face to one side and began to cry.

Ed hesitated at the door, then turned around. He waited a moment before he said, "There were many men and women caught up in this awful conflict. I was one; Elsie was one. It is up to each of us to do what we can to restore our productive lives. Settling past relationships is one of the issues so many people with so many different languages need to control. Thank you for your courtesy." He turned and went down the walk.

He found the office building and sat outside on a metal bench. Making a decision, he went to a local hotel, registered, then took a cab to the bus station to get his luggage. 'Face up, Ed,' he thought to himself as he stretched out on the bed. 'My friend Johnnie Walker Red should be some help.' He put on a fresh shirt and shined his shoes. 'Damn!' he continued with his silent thoughts. 'For all I've been through, I'm scared witless to find her. It's all in my head. But, so is a blazing ME 109, a parachute that acted like it wasn't going to open. A beautiful girl that cares; cares a lot.' OK, Edgar Logan, front-and-center. Ready on the firing line.' He went to the address Elsie's mom had given him.

"Just a minute, Sergeant," the building guard stopped him. "This is not a public building; authorized persons only. You look like you need directions to the bar." He smiled benignly.

"I'm looking for someone; it is quite important."

"OK, Sergeant but we keep all the pretty girls locked up until five o'clock. After that you can take your pick." He smiled again.

That was when one of the employees rushed to the door. She appeared to be a late arrival from lunch. She glanced at Ed and stopped. "Is this guard giving you a bad time, Sergeant? It's his only form of amusement, I'm afraid. What is it you want? Deliveries are supposed to be in the rear."

"Thanks, can you carry a message for me? Tell Elsie Martine there is a lost G.I. out on the street asking for her."

"Oh, I know the girl. She is indeed a collector of lost souls." She turned to the guard. "Horace, please let the Sergeant wait in the lobby. Don't be such a hard nose. Look at all those ribbons."

"Tell Elsie I have a message of hope from Dieter."

The guard nodded and Ed sat on a bench shoved against the wall of the miniature rotunda. He waited.

Several people came and went. He watched them; all business types.

Next he heard Elsie scream. Her heels sounded like a machine gun snapping on the tile floor. In a moment she rushed out and threw herself into his arms. Then she fainted.

"So this is where they put war heroes," Elsie said, looking around the dingy hotel room.

"Correction, I am not a hero but I know a bunch of guys who are."

She turned on her brightest smile. "I knew you would say that but I'm glad you are here even if you aren't a hero. What are your plans?"

"Immediate or distant?"

“Right now; are you taking a discharge, going to school, what?”

He moved one hand onto her leg just above the knee. “Right now I’m going to make love to you but not the do-it-or-else kind. I’ve had that.”

She giggled. “What about that Gestapo babe? What was her name? Uh, oh yes, Heidi Kruger. She didn’t stay around long enough to seduce Nancy. She wanted to; Nancy is beautiful in her person and, oh, sexy.”

“Did you? You don’t have to tell me.”

“Make love with Nancy, yes. I knew she wanted it when I saw her reaction with that Kruger gal. We managed some quiet time, very intimate, until the fireworks finally stopped. I wanted to come home. I didn’t find what I needed here; the warmth, the scent of roast beef and potatoes in the kitchen, the suitors who all wanted to take off my underwear probably as souvenirs.” She sighed and covered his hand on her leg. “With all the grief, there was a sort of excitement in what happened to us over there. Of course, nobody will ever replace the real Claire Foulard; she was so vivacious.” She laughed. “You were absolutely adorable in your best gown and high heels.”

“I might have a long term plan but I wanted to talk to you about it first.”

“Being you, I suspect it has to do with sex. Or, just maybe, you liked the transvestite life too much. Is that it?”

“Well, sort of. I’ve been recommended to join the first class of the Air Force academy. It will be awhile before it is formed but it would mean a commission

and an opportunity to further protect...whatever it was that we sacrificed for.”

“Does that include roast beef and potatoes?”

“Good point; there is more to life than machine guns that run so hot they burn your gloves off your hands. I’ve thought of that. Also, I have to be with a woman like you. You understand what I will be doing dressed as a hot hooker on the wrong side of town. I need that; it lets something inside me go free. Am I making any sense?”

“What you’re asking is for possibility. There are social tenets. I’m not knocking what you need to do; I admire you for it and want to support you. But, can you imagine being picked up on a morals charge and sent before the school administrator or whoever? You are more of a man than ‘they’ will ever understand.”

“Did the war do it to us?”

“The war was the apocalypse of the century. It made killers out of guys like you, and Nancy with her shotgun, Claire with her deep anger, Dieter taking revenge for some affront we’ll never know. It never ends, actually.”

“And you; Elsie. Do you want to go back to Nancy? Would you be always looking for the right girl to love you? I want to be with you and somehow I feel it is true you feel the same way. We belong to each other because of what happened to us that formed our life. I think we can come to some sort of acceptable life together. That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. That’s what I came all these thousands of miles to learn.”

“Shall we?” she asked.

“Shall we what? Try to fit in; the square peg in the round hole? Can you do it alone? Is that why you’re buried in this mundane life? Is it because nobody will ever understand or accept you except me. Except me, Elsie? Is that it?”

“I don’t know but we can try to understand. Each of us to know what the other wants. I have an idea that may appeal to you. Remember what we did when Claire Foulard was missing? We were so frightened and confused. When you came to us hiding in that cave, starving and alone, we knew we had to do a grand swap of bodies, of personalities, and do it with loving acceptance. Shall we do that now?”

“Darling; do you know what you are saying? I would accept you dressed as a man if you would accept me in my usual role as transvestite. Maybe that is the role we need to use to be successful lovers. Unconditional love with a liberal dose of love with abundant sex. Want to try me?”

Elsie had held his hand on her leg covered all this time. At that moment, she pulled his hand up to brush her elegant thighs. “I’ve wondered for a long time, well, ever since you left, what it would be like.”

He ran his finger along the elastic of her panties. “What it would be like? What?”

“Have you eat me until I’m out of my mind. That’s what I want.”

“You just hit the golden bell. Leather or velvet?”

“Oh, leather, lover. I know you want my mouth.”

The End