

War Story

An illustration of two women in a war-torn setting. The woman on the left has short brown hair and is wearing a white, torn, strapless top. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a white, torn, strapless top. They are both looking towards the viewer. The background is a textured, brownish-orange color, suggesting a war-torn environment. The illustration is done in a sketchy, line-art style with some watercolor-like shading.

Part 2

Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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WAR STORY

PART TWO

by Philippa Peters

VII. RESCUE

“Your son will get a Distinguished Service Medal, sir,” said Major Richard Turner, newly promoted.

“I don’t care about that,” said Lieutenant-General Mark Jackson Browning. “I just want him out of Occupied France.”

“He was responsible for the capture of the German agent known as November, General,” Turner went on hurriedly.

“Thanks to all the resources of Allied Intelligence that were switched to your office,” snapped General Mark Browning, affronted at the snow job this young major was trying on him. “Now,” he went on, letting

his rage enter his voice. “I, and I may add, his mother, who is very important to my son, want him out! Pronto!”

Major Richard Turner regarded the massive, broad-shouldered general cautiously. Ken Browning definitely did not take after his father. “I would like that, as well,” he said sincerely. “But I’m afraid that it just isn’t possible right now.”

For a moment both Turner and Major Solway, the General’s aide, feared that the General would take on a fit of apoplexy. “Your son,” Richard Turner went on hurriedly, “has apparently moved on to Germany itself.” Where I hope to high heaven that he has stopped wearing dresses, he thought silently but didn’t dare to say it. “He sent us a message through Albert, one of our oldest and best agents, that he had a pipeline into the Reich Foreign Office which he thought he could pursue. He didn’t say so, but I think he was maintaining contact with the German officers who’ve supplied him with so much accurate information.”

“German contacts? But you cannot contact him?” asked a furious Mark Browning.

“We ordered him to return,” said Turner. But don’t ask about the delay and the special way we wanted to get Denise Colbert out. It was amazing that Albert still didn’t know that his ‘niece’ was a man. “But we think he had already moved east before he received the order. Albert says that he can receive from him but direct messages to him are impossible right now.”

“Where is he now?” asked the General in a choked, unhappy voice. The sound of his speech was almost drowned out by the bomber passing over the base’s command center as the Liberator was followed by an-

other, each roaring its engines in the fight to gain altitude.

“In Germany,” said Turner unhappily, not knowing at all, exactly where ‘Denise’ had gone. He was saved from further interrogation as all the men turned to look out the window as more bombers lined up to roar down the runway.

‘Denise Colbert’ lay on her bed at Madame Bourcet’s and fretted as she looked along the bed at herself. She was still entirely clad as a woman, her dark high heels looking so pretty at the end of her stockinged feet. She had nothing male at all in the room, no pants or even shoes. If she got up, she would see her face in the mirror. It would be a girl’s face, her lips bright with lipstick, her face smoothed and softened by the cream and powder she wore. Her chest muscles ached where she was taped, as she looked down at the cleavage she now habitually displayed, and the mounds on her chest.

A real man would get up and get out of here, Denise thought dully. But I’m not a real man, am I? So, I have made love to a woman, which proves that it was true ‘she’ was truly a man. But that’s not even true, she thought fretfully. The other woman has made love to me. And Eva has done her best to make me feel like a girl when she has made love to me. Denise shivered as ‘she’ thought of Schurning and the kisses he had given her. No, she hadn’t had to accept them. No real man would have. Not even to save his life, as Denise had.

Denise was absolutely disgusted with herself for using that excuse in ‘her’ mind, again and again. And now there was no way out, it seemed. She must go

back to Le Crocodile and be a waitress. That was all she was good for. Some time, perhaps, Jeanne would direct her to some man, who wouldn't know what she was, who would take her, thinking she was a pretty, French girl.

Or, worse, it would be the German soldiers who looked at her so avidly, the pretty French, feminine waitress that 'she' pretended to be, smiling and prancing about the bar at Le Crocodile, accepting all the touching of her legs and tush, that the Germans seemed to think was the proper way to treat a French, wiggly waitress. If Denise hadn't behaved as she did, she knew that she'd be shamed and reviled, likely discovered and killed. By either side, French or German, since men were so violent these days. Yes, they would discover that she was a man, they, men, fighting 'her' so hard, that, she'd be taken, she didn't doubt it, and she'd be discovered, finally. Yes, she might be raped, as if she was a woman, she thought with a shudder. It would serve her right. Yes, she would be forced to be a woman, most likely if it was an aroused soldier with a gun or a knife who wanted a real woman.

She shouldn't be dressing as a woman any more. No, the woman who wasn't really Denise knew she shouldn't. She'd begged 'Uncle Jacques' to get her back to England, perhaps through Spain, but the older man had only pressed her again, against the kitchen wall, kissed her and stroked her, her female underwear caressed against her skin. 'Albert', she should get used to using his code name, he was no relation to 'her', after all, claimed all the time now that England was lining up a new, wonderful job for 'her'. Yes, he whispered to her, his hands caressing her garter belt against her soft thighs, saying that he was going to visit her in her bedroom, any time now, with General von Fellenstein dead.

Denise, yes she had to be her, as best as she could, these horrible days, shuddered and told 'Uncle Jacques' she'd kill him if she ever found him in her bed. He'd laughed, or leered, it could have been called, at his pretty 'niece' in her frilly, bouncing, waitress 'uniform'. Yes, a man might discover her, Denise, and have his way with her. It could be her uncle, as if she was a woman, and then ...

Sooner or later, that someone, his hands inside her panties, would think of 'her' as the degenerate that she was! And then, that would be the end of Denise Colbert, and Kenneth Browning, too. She should get out of her room, she must, get out of her pretty clothes, steal something from Jacques's room, or some male clothing from one of the other men ...

Denise came to that conclusion, trembling as she thought of dressing as a man again after being so long in woman's underwear and ultra-feminine, girlish, waitress clothing, just before there was a tap on her door, interrupting her train of thought. Yes, a leering, 'Jacques Colbert' entered her room. She moved her girlish-appearing legs off the bed as she sat up. As always, he came to sit beside her. From an inside pocket, he took out several packages of silky stockings that he dropped on the bed. She'd hoped for a message from Richard Carter in London but that source seemed to have dried up. Or so, Albert, Uncle Jacques, had pronounced.

"A little gift," Jacques said, his hand reaching out and touching her shapely, feminine thigh where her stocking was exposed. Denise shuddered as her dress had ridden up as she moved.

"Please don't," Denise gasped, pushing his probing hand away in alarm. She had seen that look on men's faces before, lastly on Karlheinz's face, in the car ride to see the General.

“You have kisses for the Boche,” said Jacques Colbert coolly, his hand caressing her stockinged thigh, just as Karl had done it so often, in his car, “but not for a true patriot.”

Denise stood, pulling her dress and frilly undies, away from the man. No, she thought wildly, remembering kisses from Karl and Eva, which she had loved more and more. But this older man ... she just couldn't, even if that would sate or stop him. Jacques stood with her, his hands grabbing her about her waist. “Please,” she gasped as his head buried in her neck, kissing her perfumed skin, making her shudder, which he was to think was girlish and delightful. “Please, I only want to get back to London.”

“Then be nice to me, cherie,” whispered Jacques Colbert. “And, maybe, I'll tell London that you didn't go to Berlin, they can send a plane for you after all.”

His lips crushed hers, his hands caressing 'her' at the padded shoulders of Eva's silk dress, yet another gift Denise ought to return, though she couldn't right away, not when Jacques held her tightly to him and began to stroke and agitate her soft-skinned legs and silk stockings.

Denise tore her mouth away, stunned at his words, realizing what he had meant. “You told London I was in Germany?” she asked.

Jacques Colbert nodded, smiling and holding onto her, rocking her dress against him. He smelled of wine that he drank habitually as she drank water. It seemed to have no effect upon him, normally. He pushed her then, making Denise fall on the bed once more, her dress rising about her, showing off her legs and garter belt, probably her panties too, as the man old enough to be her father was kissing her face and calling her his little darling. Yes, he began smooching

her and telling her to be a good girl for a true Frenchman when, suddenly, the door was pushed open again and a man coughed.

Denise struggled to sit up but Jacques held her down.

“What is it, Monsieur Autin?” he asked savagely.

“Strange behaviour between uncle and niece, isn’t it?” said Guillaume Autin, in a bitter voice.

Denise pushed the man who was known as her uncle to one side of the bed, and sat up, ignoring the leer on the ex-soldier’s face, to gasp, “What is it, Guy?” She had taken to calling him that, like Madame Simard, owner at Le Crocodile.

“There’s a German officer downstairs asking for you,” sneered Guillaume Autin. “Jeanne sent him over, he says.”

Denise pulled her stockinged leg free from Jacques’s irritating, caressing grip. He laughed as he lay back in her bed and smelled her pillows, no doubt taking in her fragrance, making her want to be sick, as he showed how much he enjoyed her fragrance as a woman. She quickly got to her feet, finding the wayward high heel that had fallen from her foot. Unsteadily, she smoothed down her dress with painted fingernails while the men looked at her so avidly.

“I have to go,” she said uncertainly to ‘Uncle Jacques’. “I do have to work as well, uncle.”

“Hurry back,” Jacques said with a cool, sardonic smile.

Guy looked daggers at her as a trembling Denise eased past him. He followed her along the hallway

and down the stairs to where Oberleutnant Karlheinz Schurning stood waiting for her, he so impeccable beside the rumpled and aghast Madame Bourcet. He had Denise's coat, the black, woman's coat, a gift from Eva, in his arms. She turned as he helped her on with it. She tossed the long hair of her wig over her shoulders and took the silk scarf he offered and put it about her neck. He picked up her purse and put his arm under hers.

"I will see that Mademoiselle Colbert comes to no harm," Schurning said, glancing in recognition at Guy Autin on the stairs. "I cannot say, however, when she will return. Perhaps tomorrow."

Madame Bourcet actually gave him a small curtsey, as if the German was an aristocrat, as he escorted Denise to his Mercedes. "I did not know that you lived with the bartender," he said. Denise trembled as she could sense the disdain in his voice. It was rare for him to speak sharply or criticize her in any way.

Well, it had been, until he'd taken Denise to the chateau and delivered her to Eva's husband, and not Eva, that last time. Escorting her away, she'd thought that Karl, he'd asked her to call him that, had made it clear that she would never visit Eva again. He wouldn't know, she hoped, that her role as a spy and a woman, not necessarily in that order, were over, for good. Jacques had agreed then, on learning of the General's death, that it was probably true. He'd said he'd talk to London. They'd probably want to get her out of this rathole, his words, and use her again somewhere.

But it would never be the same, she'd wanted to tell him, but couldn't. She couldn't reveal that Denise Colbert was a man. She couldn't do anything more in this frigging war she was such a small part of. She

didn't even know why she had had to be a woman and been sent to France as she was. Eva hadn't asked for a crossdressing man to be her contact. That was clear. Gods and goddesses, Denise had to hope that it was she, Eva, whom she was going to meet, with Oberleutnant Karlheinz Schurning, not one of the Gestapo investigating the General's suicide.

"It is a pension, a rooming house, nothing more," Denise said, answering Karl's question about the house where she lived, provided by 'Uncle Jacques, she supposed, noticing again how her voice was now so feminine, a woman's voice in every way, as anyone heard it. "Guillaume Autin has a room there as I do, nothing more."

"He's the one who got you a job at Le Crocodile?" asked Schurning with interest, which alarmed her again. It was as if he was checking up on her.

"I don't know," said Denise uneasily. "Madame Simard just assumed, I think. She told me to put on a dress like this one, and, ..."

The car moved along, but, on this voyage, Karl made no move to kiss her as he normally did. After a short silence, he told her why he had come for her, against his better judgement.

"General Helmuth von Fellenstein has committed suicide," Schurning said, glancing at her. She expected him to say something derogative about her being a lesbian, his wife's lover, but he didn't. He didn't know, or didn't tell her that he did, that 'she' already knew that.

"I found him and read his suicide note," Karlheinz went on. He patted the inside pocket of his uniform as she looked at him in horror. "He is, no, he was, certain that his mistress, Lise Broussard, and Major

Frunsche, he mentioned them to you, did he not, will concoct untrue stories about him betraying the Fatherland. The Gestapo torturers will make anyone agree to any story they wish to have believed; and the General knows, knew, that Jellinek, the S.S. commander, hates, hated, him.

“But that wasn’t the reason for the General taking poison, or so his note says. He despises you, he said. He calls you an abomination, a seductive siren, who has trapped his wife into a den of depravity. He asks Colonel Jellinek, he never acknowledged him as that before, you might know, to remove you from the face of the Earth, as he should have done, when he had you in his power.”

Denise trembled in her seat as the car approached the familiar Chateau d’Arrance. “You are taking me to be killed?” she asked, knowing her voice was very shaky.

Schurning looked at her coldly. “Surely you know me better than that by now,” he said as the car came to a halt. The chauffeur came hurrying to open his door first. Well, Karl was a German officer, wasn’t he, while she was a French serving wench, as she’d been called by men like the chauffeur.

Maybe, when this war was over, she would be given a woman’s respect and have a car door held for her, first, before the man. Oh, but then she’d be back to being a man, wouldn’t she, and she’d be spurned again as she was by this driver. It was Karl finally who held the door for ‘her’, thinking her still to be a woman as she was trying so hard to be.

Denise trembled again as she took the German officer’s hand and let him help her to her feet. She got out into the wintry air, so cold on her stockinged legs. She quivered, her dress swirling about her legs so

femininely, her frills shaking noisily as she moved. Karl smiled as he put his arm about her, pretending that he was warming her, and then, just as before, he lowered his head and kissed her lightly on the lips. "My darling Denise," he whispered. She clung to his arm as he led her up the steps and to the first checkpoint, all the other men watching Karl and 'her', she swishing so femininely, all the way into the Chateau. "You have a hard task tonight. You must console my aunt, the former Countess von Esselberg, as she once was, and surely will be again.

"She is beside herself with grief over the General's death and claims she never wanted that, never. She only wanted him to give up his mistresses, she claims. She would never have seen you again, never have slept with you again, if Helmuth had only said ... what he wrote about you, my darling girl." Oh, why did Karl have to say that to 'her' and stress the untrue word, as he always did. "It has been a gift to the Gestapo, I am sure, that Eva considers that Helmuth would kill himself over her betrayal of his love, by her strange love for you."

Denise glanced at him, startled at his words as they passed the first checkpoint. "Oh, yes," he said very quietly. "The Gestapo have us all bugged now. I showed the Countess where they were, and will come in and show you, my darling Denise. Helmuth was quite right. They were building a case against him. He would have been a dead man before he ever got back to Berlin, which is what he really wanted. He would have been dead long before that, however."

"How do you know?" Denise gasped, seeing the men ahead looking at her swishing skirts as they clearly heard her clicking high heels. Some had light smiles on their faces, which she was used to now, whenever she reached the Chateau, in a pretty dress,

her long hair blowing in whatever breeze was flowing about her hair and bare legs.

“If there are bugs that can be listened to,” Schurning whispered, kissing her ear, his breath sending shivers down her spine, “then there are bugs that can be listened to in other places than those intended. I tried to tell my uncle the truth. Yes, the General was my uncle. I told him that Eva was only playing with his head, but he wouldn’t listen. He had listened to Francoise, you see. Oh, and think nothing of what I said about Eva’s betrayal of your love. No-one will ever know that Helmuth ever thought that. I destroyed every word he wrote about you. No, there’s nothing in the top pocket of my uniform.”

Denise shuddered, and thought about how she, a woman, must reward Helmuth’s nephew for what he had done for ‘her’, though he wouldn’t know it was to make her more of a woman than she’d ever been thought of, before. There was a note, however, in Schurning’s voice, that she didn’t like. He opened the door to the familiar bedroom for her. Eva was there. She stood up and held out her arms to Denise. Her older face was ravaged by tears. “Oh, my darling girl, you came,” she said and took the girl in her arms, hugging her and enjoying the taste of her lipstick and the fragrance of her perfume.

Schurning was pointing to spots over the bed and in the light fixtures. Denise shivered as she thought of all the men listening in to her and the Countess. She flushed as she thought of some of the things the other woman had said in the throes of her passion. “I am so sorry,” she began.

“Please don’t,” said Eva unsteadily, clinging to her. “You never met Helmuth before, did you? Well, I didn’t want to introduce you as I knew what would happen. He chased anything in skirts, you know. I could-

n't have borne it if you had become his mistress, as well as that Lise girl he kept here at the chateau. Well, anyway, you must help me to take him home and bury him."

"No," said Denise in alarm, as Schurning nodded to his aunt and left.

"Yes," said Eva obstinately. "He must be interred in German soil. You will look so pretty in black veil and a black dress. You must come with me, Denise, my lovely darling. I need you so badly now. There is nothing going on here of any importance, anyway. I need you with me. You will have access to my whole wardrobe, darling, won't that be marvellous? I do so want to see you in a ball gown and, if there are still balls in Germany, we must go to them. Even though you are a pretty French girl, as you are, German men will not hold that against you! No, German men will want to hold you, my darling Denise, against them! Be prepared for that, even at Helmuth's funeral!"

There was a quick smile from the older woman, to the younger female figure, that she knew so intimately, that spoke volumes to Denise, making feminine thrills run through her as she knew what Eva meant. She would still be Denise's main love interest, just as before. "I will bring you out in German society," Eva proclaimed. "I want to see you in your real hair as well, not this wig, superb as it is. I want to see you as a blonde like me, not a brunette. I'm sure everyone will think you are my late husband's daughter but Helmuth never had any legitimate issue that I ever knew of."

Eva stopped suddenly. "I am running on, aren't I?" she asked.

Denise nodded. "Have you seen a doctor?" she asked doubtfully. "Did he give you something to help your feelings?"

"He said to take two," Eva said defensively. "But they didn't touch me. So, I took a few more. Oh darling, darling Denise, you understand, don't you?" The tears began to flow again. "I didn't expect him to kill himself when he knew I was untrue with the man I took as my lover, just as you have taken a man as well." She smiled suddenly and nodded her head and pointed at the microphones and, to her horror, Denise realized that the Countess's antics were all for the listeners.

It was torture to be disrobed by Eva as she described every little part of Denise's anatomy, every word false, in glowing, female terms. She kissed and kissed Denise and giggled about how comforting and how wonderful her kisses were. A woman's kisses were so much nicer than a man's, weren't they, particularly at a time like this. A woman's body was so much smoother and nicer and rounder. If only, if only, a sobbing Eva had cried then, if only the two of them could be lesbians.

Eva insisted that Denise wore a short nightie and panties to bed, running her hands lightly over the girlish body she had come to love. Soon they were so engrossed in stimulating each other, and in faking a whole conversation about new dresses that they must purchase in Berlin, that they ignored the listeners above their bed. Only when the former Kenneth Browning had satisfied her thoroughly did Eva show the papers she had inserted in her makeup case.

A quick read as Eva sat behind Denise, slipping her hands under 'her' bra and squeezing Denise's nipples, showed Denise that these were new sites for the German V-2 rockets all along the French coast. "I



love caressing your breasts, darling,” Eva whispered so softly that her voice could surely not have been heard by anyone, not in the room. ‘Denise’ saw that there were pages and pages, all in a neat, schoolmasterly handwriting. “And your love for me is so dear to me,” she said gently, loudly, as she fondled Denise’s manhood, not letting ‘her’ read any more. “You have to stimulate my breasts just as Helmuth did, my love, as well. He was such a lovely, gentle, loving man, just like the kind of girl that you are, my darling.”

Denise finally made love to the Countess, who was on top as always, and who didn’t seem to be grieving her dead husband at all. She insisted wordlessly, just by gesturing, for ‘her’ to keep on ‘her’ wig and earrings, a bra and a little frilly robe with huge sleeves. Eva hung onto that dress on the girl beneath her and pulled it about Denise, so that ‘she’ made love through a film of silk between their bodies.

“Darling, can you bring some of those lovely toys they make here in Paris with us when we go to Germany? I’d really like to use a dildo, darling, and think of my darling Helmuth as I make love to you as I want to, so much. And then you could use it on yourself if you wanted to. Wouldn’t that be so much fun?” Eva said it all in such gushing, seductive tones that Denise could imagine that the men listening were getting hot, and feeling sexy, as she was. “I mean it,” Eva mouthed and whispered seriously at the end, as she moved up and down on ‘her’, the girlish partner, she, Eva, refused to let go of.

One look at her intent, focussed face and Denise could believe that Eva was not going to change at all in the way that she treated the boy she had been sent to love her, all the way from England. Eva pressed him down and kept his legs apart as she always did, the bed creaking as she rode him. Oh, the listeners

must have heard that and been able to interpret what was going on in Eva's bed. Denise, oh she trembled as she thought of herself that way, stroked Eva's breasts, deciding to ignore all the sounds that the two 'women' made. Ooo yes, 'she' strove to come yet again but 'she' couldn't, even though 'she' entertained Eva all that 'she' could.

Eva tumbled 'her' to the floor. Under the bed, cleared of all electronic bugs by Schurning, Eva whisperingly assured Denise, Eva then told the lovely girl in her arms that Denise was going to go East. 'She' would have to find some way to get the drawings to 'her' contact. Yes, she, Eva was going to branch out in their lovemaking; and so Denise would have to, as well. It was about time that Denise found out what it was really like to be a woman, through and through.

VIII. CONCENTRATION CAMP

"So, you see, Dad," said Major Turner to his father, the newly promoted Brigadier-General J.C. Turner. "Browning never went to Germany at all. Albert hummed and hawed when I asked him. He says that he's lost contact with Denise. But, I'm not sure that I believe him."

"So, what are you going to do?" asked his father.

"I'm going in myself," said Major Richard Turner after a pause.

"Whoa, son," said J.C., knowing now how Mark Browning must have felt to know his son was a spy in enemy territory. "I don't think that's a good idea."

Richard Turner remembered a girl he had danced with one evening at the Ritz. They had spoken in French, she so delightfully, smiling at him so beautifully as well. He recalled the dress she wore, her glittering earrings in her dark hair, her fragrance and her made-up face, her eyebrows so thin and feminine, changing the way she looked and making her so darned womanly and attractive. He recalled how she had accommodated his dancing on the floor, clinging to him girlishly, smiling impishly at him, in the waltz, when the floor got very busy.

She had been so accommodating all night, from putting on his former fiancée's dress that he had brought her, to letting him hold her like a woman. He had loved putting his arm about her. Then on the pathway, it had seemed only natural that he give her a proper good night kiss and cuddle as any man would give to his date, a pretty girl like her. And she hadn't shown him up or objected. She had gone along with it, accommodating his wishes and desires though they must have been bizarre to her.

Richard could still recall the softness and clinginess of her lips. He recalled stroking her back and hair and kissing her neck. And he couldn't forget the way that 'she' pressed against him as he kissed and kissed her, her mouth resisting just enough to give him the most pleasure he had ever had kissing a woman. No other had come close. She must have felt the obscene bulge in his pants as that had scared her off at last. Or maybe it was the way he had stroked her tush, as if she was truly a woman.

She had gone off demurely, her skirts whispering on her stockings, looking back at him, her eyes sultry, daring him to come after her after she had gone into the barracks. How he wished he had had the nerve. He should have gone. It was wartime and people did strange things. Who would have cared that

the soft and gentle woman he had kissed so ardently and for so long was the son of a general? He wondered almost every day whose bed she had found her way to that night.

“I have to find her,” Richard said at last to his waiting father.

“Her?” asked his astonished father.

“I couldn’t explain it to General Browning,” said Richard anxiously, “but I think our plan worked only too well. I think that Kenneth Browning has succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. But he is going to be in the greatest of trouble when he is discovered; and some day he is going to be. I want to get him out, as soon as I can. If Albert isn’t passing on our urgent messages telling her to get out, then I think I should go in myself.”

“But you are a young man,” protested his father. “You’ll be rounded up for some labor camp as soon as you land.”

“I won’t be a young man,” Richard said thoughtfully. Then he saw the look on his father’s face. “And no, I won’t be a woman, either. I don’t have the legs for it.”

Yes. Then he remembered slim, hairless legs, sliding into dark stockings and the stockings being attached to some garter belt. When she looked up and flushed to see him looking at her, her skirts swirling down around her legs, she had come as he had called. She had let him put his arm about her to take her out for a ‘training session’ before he sent her off into German territory to connect with Eva. Richard could still recall how he had been enchanted by the aroma of her delightful, feminine scent.

No, his father would not understand if Richard told him. He had to find that girl again. He had to take her into the shadows again and see if she was as accommodating as she had been before. He had to taste her again and see if the incredible pleasure he got from her was real. He had a demon to lay and knew that, war or no war, he had to do it, go and find 'her' again.

Denise glanced fearfully at the Countess as the car swept through the checkpoint to what was surely a concentration camp. She could not see why she must be there. Schurning showed some pass to the guards and pointed to the women in the back seat, almost as if they were his prisoners.

Inside the courtyard, prisoners, thin, emaciated, kept their heads down as they worked on menial tasks about the courtyard under the watchful attention of older, male guards with machine pistols.

Since leaving Paris, the Countess had become more like herself. She had taken on her grieving widow attitude for Helmuth's family but then had chucked that attitude, Denise was pleased to note, and been happy as if she was a woman who had had a great weight lifted from her shoulders.

"Come on, darling," Eva said to Denise, checking the veil on the girl's face. Denise's lovely, femininely styled hair was swept back, blonde hair, real at the front and augmented at the back by what she had called a 'fall'. "I do like this look," she said with a smile, including the very red lipstick and the grey eye shadow the girl had on her pale face, softened so by the creams she, Denise, had to apply each night and even during the day.

Denise gave Eva a gloved hand as she got out of the car in her feminine, black suit that clung to each curve of her body. Like Eva, she was supposed to be in mourning for Helmuth von Fellenstein but Eva had taken the opportunity to dress her most sexily, as if she was her sister or her daughter. Little golden earrings, exactly like Eva's, hung from her ears and tingled against her long, soft neck as she walked up the steps and into the office-laboratory where Eva insisted that she meet Professor Runge.

Johann Runge was enchanted by Eva's companion but clearly puzzled at what she was doing in the prison camp along with Eva. "Karlheinz," Eva said to Schurning. "Entertain Denise for a little while, why don't you, while I talk to my old friend from Berlin."

Runge looked as uneasy as Denise felt, as he was corralled by the 'Countess von Esselberg' and led off into an office area, where several better dressed convicts were doing all kinds of clerical tasks.

"What shall we find to entertain ourselves with, in a prison camp?" asked Schurning as he took his aunt's girl friend's arm. He looked at her blonde hair and exquisite makeup and wondered if she knew how much he wanted her. Her pert figure was corseted to perfection, he knew, and that hardly mattered. She was so gorgeous, from her dark stockings with their seams so straight to the dark feather set in her stylish hat. His mother had approved of her mockingly.

"Don't worry about Eva, darling," Karl's mother had said to him. "She goes through these great dramas. Soon, she'll meet some attractive factory owner and, yes, my dear, she'll want to dispense with all her previous toys. Then, Mademoiselle Colbert can be yours. And she, the delectable girl that she is, will be most grateful, I am sure, to the man who rescues her from a return to poverty, as a what, a waitress? She

must have been so cute and delicate in a short skirt, mustn't she?"

"Mother!" Karlheinz Schurning had protested. Then he added thoughtfully. "Does it show that much, how I feel about Denise? She is adorable, isn't she? I've wanted her to be mine, since we met her, just a month ago. Yes, she did look so delectable in a short skirt. I couldn't keep my eyes off her legs or her lovely tush, either."

"Of course, darling," his mother had said with a laugh. "But don't let it blind you, Karl. Eva is the manipulator in our family. Tie yourself to her light, and soar with her. She has rid herself of von Fellenstein. I have no doubts, and you shouldn't either, that she is going to be a leading light in this and the next government."

"The next government?" he'd gasped.

"Well, dear boy," his mother had said. "You know the war in the East is lost and we must negotiate with the West. Events are under way to ensure that this happens and soon, but I will say no more. Eva knows. She is conveying our plans back to our friends in Paris and Obergruppe. Don't be caught on the wrong side, my love."

Schurning smiled as he shook his head to clear it, for a while, of the conversation he had had with his mother. He put Denise's arm under his and led her across the laboratory, that she'd been eyeing strangely, the prisoners at work, focussed silently, to a passageway that led to the hospital, a surprisingly modern and up to date facility. The patients in the beds looked surprisingly well, several of the women even wearing makeup and fancy nightdresses. A doctor scurried forward to deflect them from that ward.

“Nein,” he said. “You should not be admitted here. “Doctor Mengele’s patients are not intended to be visited. Professor Runge should not have given you a pass to allow you in here.”

“Why not?” asked Karlheinz, as a woman in a bed near to him lifted her head. She looked at him in shock.

“Karlheinz!” she cried out. Schurning twisted around to look at her. She seemed very familiar but he was certain that he’d not seen her before, not when he was a young man and chasing every pretty girl, like Denise, around Berlin.

“It’s me, Wolfgang!” the woman called, a name he knew from years ago. At first, Karl thought she was referring to his childhood friend, having known the two of them. Karl’s mouth dropped open though as the girl was indicating herself with the name that came out of the girl’s mouth. A nurse had run down the ward and shushed the woman, slapping her arm and jabbing a needle into it. The woman squealed girlishly at the pain she must have felt and reached out to Karl, her long, painted fingernails wiggling as if she wanted to take hold of him.

“It’s me!” the dark-haired girl called again, her voice beginning to croak. Her eyes suddenly began to close as the nurse pushed the woman beneath bed-clothes, hiding her pretty breasts from Karl’s gaze.

“She looks like Wolfgang Tranck,” Karl said nervously to a second doctor, who had joined them, as Denise looked in alarm at the armed guards. The nurse was summoning them, clearly, to have Denise and Karl ejected from the ward they had wandered into.

“Birgitte Tranck,” said the doctor, not even looking at his chart. “A brain tumor and delusions,” he grimaced, watching both Karl and Denise quite closely. “She’s even been known to claim that she is Wolfgang himself, her brother, even when we have her dressed as the chorus girl she used to be.”

Schurning gripped Denise’s arm, surprising her with his intensity. Only when they were alone, later, did he mention that Birgitte Tranck had been killed in an air raid on Berlin. “Wolfgang told me himself,” he said quietly, his face pale. “It was after one of the raids the British made early in the war when we didn’t want anyone to know about our medical experiments. They suppressed the death lists. Whoever that woman was, she could not be Birgitte Tranck. Did the Countess tell you at all why we had to come to Kriegshausen?” he asked Denise abruptly.

Denise shook her head and stared at him in worry. If Karlheinz didn’t know what Eva was up to, there was something really awful about to happen. She stared at the sleeping woman being wheeled away in the hospital bed and wondered who she was and how she knew Karl. She’d seemed so sure of herself when she had called out.

“What I really came to talk to you about, Johann,” said Eva with a soft smile, “was Lili Elbe.”

“Lili Elbe,” said Professor Runge, looking quite troubled.

“I knew her,” said the Countess. “Quite a strange figure, I thought. Still, she was more Einar when I was introduced to her by my father. He found her fascinating. It isn’t often that a man really transforms

into a woman in front of your eyes, is it? I remember how delicate she seemed and how considerate my father was of her. Are you as considerate of those you are experimenting on in this facility, Johann?”

There was stillness in the room. “You know about the Himmler project, then?” asked Johann Runge, staring at the woman who had been a student with him in Berlin until she had decided to enter the world of politics and high society. He had tried to be the greatest surgeon in the country. Johann was sure that he would have been but for the war.

Now, he was co-opted into this ghastly ‘research’ project that Josef Mengele was running for the head of the S.S. He knew that if the war went badly, and this place was ever discovered, along with all the terrible things they had done to other human beings, to other young, good-looking men, to be exact, he would be killed. After, by the vengeful survivors, or, by his superiors, before the end, to cover what he had done. Either way, he knew he would die.

“Heinrich Himmler fell in love with a golden boy at one of those awful revels of the Brownshirts,” said Eva levelly. “Since he was not homosexual, like Ernst and his crowd, he knew that Marlene was not a man. He couldn’t be if he, Heinrich, loved her, could she? So, you and the mad doctor have transformed her into the woman that she should have been from birth, haven’t you? And you’ve carried on doing transformations on many victims, am I not right, all in the interest of science?”

Runge swallowed hard. “How do you come by such information?” he whispered. “To even mention that leader’s name, and his wife, Marlene, is to court death.”

“Your Marlene is a most perfect example of Aryan womanhood,” Eva laughed. “She is on Heinrich’s arm like an ornament, simpering, while he is inordinately proud of her. Your surgery has made her indistinguishable from other women, I hear privately. Yet, the woman, Marlene, likes her husband’s bodyguards, it is said; and they don’t object at all to loving her, sometimes more than one of them at a time, I have heard. But she was a willing convert, wasn’t she, Johann?”

Runge nodded. “Where is this conversation going, Eva?” he asked thickly. “Is there someone here you want freed or is it someone you want incarcerated here? I must tell you that Mengele must approve everything I do. He’s the one you should see. No, not Himmler. He’s forgotten the golden boy he wanted to make love to him so long ago. Marlene is real to him, now.”

“I don’t want to see Herr Mengele, that odious man,” Eva snapped so imperiously that Runge started babbling his apologies. “No, this is a special project, Johann, for old times sake, shall we say. You saw the girl with me. Would it surprise you to learn that she is no girl?”

Working in the hellhole that Kriegshausen was, Runge should not have been surprised. He should be surprised at nothing that Eva von Esselberg or her infamous sister ever did. But he had seen the blonde woman in her shapely mourning dress and admired her. Her makeup was so exquisite and her fragrance so delightful. He felt distinctly annoyed at the implications of what Eva was saying.

“That lovely girl, Denise, is a man?” Runge asked and Eva nodded.

“For now,” she said, indicating the hospital wards that lay behind the laboratory. “Shall we take a walk, doctor?”

Runge waved away the attending doctor, knowing that he was going to be reported to Mengele. Yes, he would be on the carpet for exceeding his authority. But one did not stop Eva von Esselberg when she wanted something.

She selected one of the girls, whom they had named Selena, right away. Eva had her stand up and slip her nightie from her, examining her breasts most carefully and seeing the surgical dressings still in place where Runge, she supposed, had tried a new technique of building a vagina, in place of a manhood.

Runge told her that it was his work, turning everything in instead of removing it, from the beautiful ‘girl’ he was creating for a certain S.S. leader. The next stage of this experiment would come when Selena healed. He expected that she was going to feel pleasure like a woman. Runge said that to Eva, letting the pretty girl hear him before making the frightened girl show her pretty surgery, her vagina, to Eva. Selena was not at all the Rudolf who been given to Mengele and Runge with his twin brother, the control for this experiment.

“It’s taken a while,” Runge said, pointing out Rupert, the twin brother, kept under extreme sedation.

“He’s her identical twin?” asked Eva skeptically.

“Yes, though that won’t be for long as Selena needs to have a pretty sister to raise herself,” said Runge. “But Selena has had facial surgeries and her hair is dyed blonde. We’ve pumped chemicals into her as

well to transform her. Mengele doesn't like that, of course. He always wants to go straight to a surgical procedure. That doesn't help when we want our new girls to be soft, and round, and well, womanly. That's where the hormones come in."

Eva examined several young men at various stages of transformation, the ones without makeup recovering from surgical procedures, their features more delicate than many of their companions.

"Chemistry is the best," Runge insisted. "We Germans are the world's greatest chemists, are we not? See Inge. She has no beard, her hair is long and thick, and see how she is wide now in the hips and thighs. Soon she will be coming to me and, after that, she will be Frau von, well, you probably know who already. She is being fitted for her wedding dress now."

Eva smiled, noting the tears in the girl's eyes. She gave Eva a beseeching look. Eva smiled back at her, recognizing in her a man she used to know. "You should not have betrayed Wilhelm's sister," she said coldly to the boy/girl. "Now you know, that in the Third Reich, an appropriate punishment is available for every crime. Hopefully, your husband will not have too many mistresses at one time. Then, you will only have the footmen to entertain you."

Eva watched the young man's feminized face crumple up in horror. She turned as if expecting comfort from Runge. But the doctor was looking at her in the same way that Eva was, observing the soft femininity of the boy's face and body.

"I can get you to Paris with a surgical team," Eva said grimly, ignoring the dislike that was evident in the way Runge had regarded her. "I will take a supply of hormones and chemicals with me for Denise. You can operate on her there at Chateau d'Arrance.

Schurning will arrange for you to disappear from there to England and America. in a new identity, with the past left firmly behind. Are you with me?"

Runge barely had to think about it. "It's the best offer I have had today," he sighed heavily.

IX. IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY

Winter came and went. The flow of material from Albert picked up again and proved itself time after time. The dispositions of German divisions on the Intelligence maps in Richard Turner's office were confirmed again and again but only 'The Bank' was able to produce expected troop movements before they actually occurred.

The names and location of German officers, their houses and dwellings of their mistresses had their own coding on the Intelligence maps, as did Gestapo prisons and interrogation centers. The invasion planners looked in on Richard Turner's maps almost every day. Several were now on the update list. Frustration came only from France as Albert failed to answer any of Richard's questions about Denise Colbert. Was that because he didn't want to, perhaps he'd started a relationship with his niece, Richard thought. But that idea seemed absurd. It must be because he had put the lovely girl, that Denise must have become, to work on some other, national program, which the Free French weren't talking about.

Better to ask forgiveness than to ask permission, thought Richard Turner. He convinced himself that he needed to know what the situation was 'on the ground' in Paris and made his plans accordingly.

The truck driver looked at the white-haired, grey-faced monk who seemed lost in a dream. He jolted his passenger's shoulder as he was about to turn into Les Halles. The German checkpoint was just out of sight around the next corner. Richard Turner came awake and stopped thinking of his warm office and an elegant, attractive woman he wanted to meet again. Instead, he concentrated his thoughts on the information, from The Bank's prime source in Paris, that was making his bosses confident that the invasion could be successfully launched in the spring of the year.

Richard had finally convinced them that a courier must be sent into France to talk to their source and explain what they needed to know most of all, such as the distribution of the German panzer divisions. He just hadn't told them that he was going to be that courier, not James Irving, who was laid up now with strange pains and uncontrollable temperature changes. It wasn't deadly, of course, but Richard had simply stepped in when the man was pulled from the plane.

"I'm the only one who knows what Irving was to do," he had told his worried deputy. "Don't worry. I set up this network. I know where I am going." He didn't ask his superiors for permission to go. Richard Turner knew that he wouldn't get it. He would beg their forgiveness later.

He had never told anyone about the Countess Eva von Fellenstein, wife of an important General Staff officer, whom he had cultivated as a military attaché, when working in Spain for the English government. She had seen right through him, being a little older, but she had been amused by him. She had been so amused, later, in a new country, when she came and sat with him in a boite on the Left Bank just after the Germans had taken Paris. That was when he was try-

ing to build a network, yes, a spy network, though he'd never called it that. He'd thought himself dead then, particularly with the Army officer hovering nearby, keeping an eye on her, though Richard had thought he was there to quietly arrest Richard Turner as a spy.

Eva had enjoyed the danger. She'd enjoyed the spice of making love to him in his apartment in a traditional garret in Montmartre. It was there that they had put together the simple network for her to build a link to the Allies for the 'afterwards', as she called it, when Hitler would be overthrown. He had been shocked to find out that she was a lesbian. She'd told him exactly the kind of girl she wanted as her contact. He'd had Albert search until they'd come up with Françoise, who'd shrugged and said she wouldn't mind sleeping with a woman for a while. Men were such pigs.

"Crossed in love, you see," Albert had explained; and so the network was set up. Richard had told his bosses that his source was a diplomat he'd known as a military attaché, which was sort of true, and they'd believed him.

Richard thought of the second 'girl' he'd sent to the Countess as Eva liked to be called. He'd had no doubt that Eva would appreciate the gift of Denise. His greatest fear was that the General's wife would tire of her new lover and arrange for her disappearance. He knew she had the resources to do such a thing.

"Here you are, monsieur l'abbé," said the driver anxiously, looking at the pasty-faced monk beside him.

"Thank you, my son," said Richard, with the right touch of weariness, he hoped. "I can find my way to the sanctuary from here."

The driver was unsure about dropping the older, crippled man on the street. Richard hammed it up considerably as he got down from the wagon and moved slowly across the street until he got to a back alley where he gave up his old man's walk and got along as quickly as he could to the crossroad café where he would meet Albert.

Albert didn't recognize him. He wouldn't have recognized himself, of course, but the trick with cordite had worked like a charm as the old soldiers said it would. He had starved himself over the winter to appear gaunt, and, by dyeing his hair grey and swallowing a little plug of cordite, his skin had turned grey and pallid as well. The driver believed he was an older, French priest. The German patrols believed him. He shook and they believed that he was an old monk, returning to his charter house, to spend his last days in Paris. The only odious thing had been that an earnest young soldier had asked him for his blessing. Richard had had to give it to him, hoping that the Latin he had learned as a youth, had stood up to the youth's earnest faith.

Signal and counter-signal given, he followed Albert to a pension indistinguishable from so many others well clear of former tourist high spots. Albert checked with the Roberge brothers who had trailed them all the way; and they gave him the 'all clear' sign. He would introduce them to 'Georges' later who doubtless had large files on all members of his 'ring' but only Albert did he know personally.

"It is you," said Albert, closing the door to a pretty room, the single bed looking soft and inviting. A familiar fragrance reached Richard's nostrils as he looked in astonishment at all the pretty dresses hanging in the open wardrobe.

“I would never have recognized you,” said Albert in admiration.

“This is Denise’s room,” said Richard.

Albert nodded. “Here they call me Jacques Colbert,” he said. “Denise posed as my niece here but we have not seen her in an age.”

Richard looked at the older man directly; and it was Albert who was the first to look away.

“Then how is it that I can smell her perfume?” asked Richard, watching his fellow agent very carefully. “Is her perfume so powerful that it lasts over six months? That is about how long that you have not been answering my questions about her.”

The little pull at the corner of the mouth, and the long pause, told Richard what he needed to know. Albert was not only angry but he was about to lie to him.

“You know to whom she goes in Obergruppe?” Richard asked cutting off Albert’s lies. He repeated his question, raising his tone and Albert shushed him and looked about nervously.

“I don’t know and I don’t want to know,” Albert muttered.

“Why did she come to see you here?” demanded Richard, noting how feminine the room was. There were only female cosmetics on the dressing table. The open drawer on which Albert rested his legs seemed to contain women’s lingerie. He gulped and suppressed the uneasiness inside him.

“She is in trouble?” he asked as Albert glared at him. Then he knew why the man was angry. “You and

Denise?” He could not finish the thought as a shudder ran through him.

“What could you expect?” snorted Albert. “She is a red-blooded girl and I am a patriot she admires? Who else would treat her as a woman like her should be treated? That pale German ghost who takes her to the big man she sees? The lieutenant is just a front for someone else. Jeanne told me. Francoise was sleeping with a general before she died and you see all this?” He indicated the dresses, the cosmetics, and the lingerie. He opened drawers and showed Richard more, expensive female underclothing, that The Bank had never authorized nor sent enough money for. Richard’s heart sank as he looked at the feminine finery.

“Denise may sleep with a German general,” Albert said bitterly, “but her love for me is the only genuine thing in her life. She said so as we made love right here in this bed this afternoon.”

Richard felt relief flush over him. Albert was lying to him. He had to be. Denise was Ken Browning. ‘She’ would never have let Albert get so far as to find that out, not now, not after she had succeeded so well. “Why did she really come to see you?” Richard demanded again but much more quietly.

Albert blustered for a little while but finally it came out. “She wants out,” he said angrily. “She’s been asking me to get her out since before she went to Germany. It’s worse since she came back with that bastard woman, that Countess Eva something. Now they’re off again, somewhere in the East again, some concentration camp, Denise calls it.” That jolted Richard. He had thought he was mistaken in denying that, in Albert’s reports. He’d been sure that Denise had been safe in Paris all the time. The aroma of per-



fume seemed to have beguiled him into thinking that that was true, as well.

Albert did not say how Denise looked with her hair now so long and blonde and permed. She had filled out as well. He had told her that, hugging and kissing her a little, as her German officer waited for her, ready to take her off to the Chateau and some high German official who was really banging her, as the Americans said. She had blushed and asked him not to say such things, clutching at her cleavage, which he had been kissing so greedily, but her thin dress had shown him too much. He had thrown her on the bed and tried to take her. She had fought with him and cried. He had torn the buttons off her dress and pulled her bra from her.

She didn't have huge breasts as Albert would have liked but her little ones were formed well. He had managed to kiss and caress them before that blasted Autin came to the door and rescued her again. Denise had even thanked him prettily, taking one of Madame Bourcet's daughter's dresses and fleeing girlishly to the bathroom, clutching her torn dress about her.

"You were trying to rape your niece," Autin accused him.

"Denise likes it rough," Albert had said angrily. "It is a game we play and you spoiled it. And she is not my niece, the little trollop."

"Then why," began Autin puzzled. "Oh." He looked like a man who had been hit on the head by a sledgehammer. "She's been with the Germans, in their headquarters. That lieutenant used to take her there in a staff car."

“Say no more, Guy,” snarled Albert. “She is one of Jeanne’s girls, nothing more, and don’t you forget it.”

Guillaume Autin had given him a funny look. Albert wondered if he should mention it to the man he knew as Georges. No, he, Albert, was going to move from Madame Bourcet’s right away. He would send word to Jeanne Simard. She would know to take off and hide as well. If Autin did squeal on them, Albert thought now, as Richard Turner sat in Denise’s apartment with him, Autin might get hammered by the Englishman. Turner’s disguise was so good, he might actually fool the Boche into thinking he was a dieing priest. They might not think that a priest would do what he would have loved to have do to Guy Autin.

Richard Turner declined Albert’s offer to stay in Denise’s room. Her fragrance threatened to overwhelm him with memories he did not want at this stage. He might just lie there on her bed and think about what he should have done when she smiled as she danced so gracefully in his arms. Or when she had let him say goodnight to her on the pathway. Oh, the kisses that they had exchanged. And the she’d softly asked him if she had passed the test. That had shaken him as he’d thought what ‘she’ thought she was doing. No, Richard had to get out of there.

“I’ll see you in church,” he said to Albert, “and we will find a way to contact her.”

Albert nodded thinking of the girl with the straight, dark hair, so thin and naïve, blushing at everything, as Denise once was, to the ‘poule de luxe’, now a blonde prostitute, he was certain, who had visited him in that very room earlier in the day with more of her lists to send on to London. He didn’t tell ‘Georges’, Major Carter, how she’d changed, how she was now a blonde, exquisitely made up and dressed, as

the mistress of the German general's wife should be dressed. No wonder she left such inexpensive clothing behind. Her source clearly was buying her all the dresses and stockings she needed so that Jacques Colbert's gifts seemed like trinkets in comparison.

It had been an awful time, in so many respects, for Denise to be trapped with the Countess von Esselberg in Bavaria, with a Doctor Runge, and with Major Schurning, Karlheinz, promoted, for good work for the General Staff in France, according to Eva.

Denise had been left in Doctor Runge's clutches much of the time. Within days, Karl had cruelly, sneering at her all the time. That had frightened her for a little while but then Karl let Denise know that he had been told by Eva von Esselberg, just what Denise's true sex was, and that Eva was going to have Denise made into a true woman, just like her. She was to be just like every 'woman' in the ward that Runge was supervising and attending to.

"We can't do it right away," Doctor Runge had finally said, smiling at 'her' and stroking her soft-skinned face. It had been the only saving grace to a terrified Denise whom the Doctor had imprisoned on the ward where Eva, he said, had wanted him to. There was where she had seen the girl called Birgitte Tranck, who had called herself Wolfgang

The clothing brought for 'her' to wear was, at first, little-girl clothing as if Denise was in a middle grade at school. The skirt was so short that her thighs and stocking tops, when she wore them, seemed to be always on view. Then, there were the ribbons in her

hair. Her makeup was bright red on her lips and intensely black and green about her outlined eyes.

A nurse bustled in and made Denise dress like the little schoolgirl she was supposed to be, increasing the makeup around Denise's eyes, immensely.

"No! No!" Denise had screamed, trying to push past the dictatorial woman and get out of the room.

She was slapped by the large, German woman and almost knocked out. Denise couldn't translate the rapid, snarling German uttered about her. The woman pulled on her arms and slapped her again and then hauled her down the passageway, out of the room where she had been interned. The room into which she was marched had a classroom of young girls, clutching dolls, sitting in the laps of older men, their 'fathers' she learned very quickly, as she was dumped onto an older man who put his arm about her and indicated where she was to kiss him on his cheek. He called her his little maiden, smiling when the older woman slapped Denise's tush, telling her to cuddle up more to her father.

The older man sympathised with Denise, stroking her dress and tush where she had been assaulted. The older man was clearly touching 'her' as if she was a girl and would love the caresses that he tenderly made to her legs, and then the tops of her stockings, her garters and garter belt and to her panties.

"Don't!" hissed Denise, looking over at all the other 'schoolgirls', writhing and giggling at whatever their daddies were doing to them. One, the blonde Berta, was inducing her 'daddy darling' to put his hand into her panties, actually taking the man's hand and putting it into her panties. Berta then began to heave and wriggle at whatever stimulation that she was receiving.

“Ooo, yes, my baby girl,” said the grinning man to Denise’s clear, wide-eyed distress. “Just like Berta, my darling girl. She doesn’t still have what you have in your panties, Herr Doctor von Runge has told me. He said that we men get much more stimulation when we find out what a pretty, stiff poker our girls still have. Most of us prefer such girls to the ones Mengele has been changing in his efforts to make real girls for us. As if we would really want girls like that and not darling girlies like you, my sweetness!”

“Hey!” said one of the men across from Denise, watching how the older German was forcing his hand between her girlish legs. Oh frigs! He was actually touching her manhood and trying to get her to kiss him in return for her doing that. “Has your little darling really still got all that she was born with, Manfred?”

“Address me properly,” snarled the older man, rising over Denise and pushing her down on the sort of sofa that they were sharing. She felt his hand tearing away her panties as she was held down, fighting for her privacy. But then, in her vision, there were male heads all about her. The men were in German uniforms, several in Brownshirt variations.

“Let us help, mein Herr General,” smirked one of the old men, as Denise thought of most of the men about her. Oh, gosh, what was wrong with his voice. The older man was talking to her in a lisping, unnatural voice. “And, girls, you can all help as well.”

“Ooh, yes, Poopsie,” squealed the ‘schoolgirl’ clinging to this older man. “I want to use her boy thing first! Let me kiss it and rouse her for Herr General! You’ll love fucking her then when I’ve enlivened her as girls like us are trained to do!”

It was as awful a night as Denise had ever had imagined when she had thought in fright about being discovered for what she really was, a man in girl's clothing!

Denise had envisioned, in terror, being attacked by several men, working together, and possibly treating 'her' as she had heard that homosexual men treated one another. She had never dreamed that she would be held in the middle of a circle of 'girls', who freely admitted that they had been operated on and had their malenesses removed by Doctor von Runge and his great friend, Josef Mengele.

And all of those pseudo-girls held her down, removed her panties and other female underclothing and used their mouths in turn, not just to kiss her, but to arouse the manhood 'she' still had and had hidden for so long. 'She' was rolled over, exposing her manhood and male sex organs to them all. Several kissed and cuddled her shaking, feminine body, as the men took it in turns to enter her, both into her mouth and into her anus. She was released from one, after being jerked and filled by others' male essences, while still feeling a man's pecker inside her in one place or the other.

Of course, Denise was threatened with all kinds of hideous punishments if she attempted to free herself by hurting another. One claimed she had hurt him and she was slapped silly, rendered partly unconscious, only waking after an awful period, to find two men driving into her mouth while another was bouncing her tush on his hugely, stick-like penis.

"Enough!" Manfred had then declared, fighting off several men and their screeching daughters, until 'she' was freed. Then, 'she' had to endure bed, in a nightie, Manfred coaxing her to behave like a woman, which meant she had to be the girl in the way that

she'd been made to, as she'd been treated on the sofa and carpet in the other room. But her daddy was at least gentle and kind to her, even when he entered her and declared that she was just what he had always wanted in a woman.

X. IN AN EVEN MORE FOREIGN COUNTRY

There followed a series of nights in the prison, as Denise thought of it, where all of the so-called girls had to follow a new theme and be part of it. The final events were never as unruly as they had been that first time that Denise was a schoolgirl. But she found that she was considered to be Manfred's 'daughter', which meant that she had to sleep each night with both her 'father', and one other man, whom he invited to join them. Yes, she had to make love to them both in any way that they wanted her to behave, rolling forwards or backwards against their rampant manhoods. Yes, and the men did praise 'her' for being such a lovely and willing young woman, just what they had always wanted.

Well, not every time, of course. She was twice taken into a different cell and beaten by nurses, she presumed, and interns, and made to spend a day making love to young men as if she was the 'girl' she was supposed to be, in bed.

Denise tried to protest but was constantly shushed by a laughing Manfred when she said that she hated what she was doing, taking a man's 'war-stick', as the old man called it, in her mouth or tush. He laughed at her and told her how sweet she was and how she would soon get used to it.

And Manfred absolutely refused to have a message carried to Eva, the Countess von Esselberg, as the old man called her. Later, thinking all about it, being a showgirl for a night, a street walker, female prostitute, a mermaid, a courtesan from Louis XV's court in Paris, a flapper, a Folies Bergere girl, a dancer in a Berlin night club, or a Victorian princess, Denise finally realized how lucky she was that Gitte recognized who she was.

"So, this is where you got to, Denise," Gitte had laughed at her as the two of them changed into scanty, female clothing, ready to vamp a male audience that would take them into their arms and treat them as the feminine 'artistes' that they appeared to be.

"W-Wolfgang?" Denise had said fearfully, eyeing how the other girl was fitting her real breasts into the same bra top that Denise wore, but hers, Denise's bra, was padded fully and tightly.

Gitte laughed some more and swished her frilled dress over the other, identically dressed 'girl'. "Oh, I don't use that any more, not even with Karlheinz," Gitte proclaimed girlishly. "Well, I can't, can I? Not with the way that Karlie," she used a name that Denise had been told never, ever, to use for Karl, "is treating me now. I never thought that I'd ever enjoy being a woman. I so much wanted to get back to being who you called me. But not any more. No, Karlie wouldn't like that."

"Karl's with you?" Denise had to ask, thinking of someone who could talk to Eva for 'her', get Denise out of the terrible situation 'she' was in.

"Oh, he's not with me tonight!" giggled the dark-haired girl, her speaking voice as girlish as those of so many of the other 'girls', and which

Denise was told all the time to imitate. She had to be a girl like Edie, Berta, Lili or Christine. She shuddered as Gitte took her hand then, the other's as smooth and with long painted nails, just like Denise's.

"Let's go and blow these little boy's minds, darling Denise!" squealed the delectable, female shaped brunette, pulling the newly blonde Denise out, her hair all her own, in front of a roaring audience, that was already screaming at them to 'Take it all off!' as the two girls danced like two strippers, as they had been taught and instructed to do.

Denise had never dreamed that 'she' would be auctioned off at the end of her striptease. She couldn't believe how Gitte behaved, wiggling her tush at several men and urging them to bid against one another until one man tossed over five thousand somethings onto a table. Whereafter, a squealing Gitte flung herself onto the man, kissing and fornicating with him right there, in front of the audience that had watched the 'girls' strip down to there thin panties and padded bras, padded in Denise's case.

"Get those fixed," said the middle-aged man who 'bought' Denise, taking hold of the pads over her 'breasts'. The emcee had to be told that the man was a Luftwaffe captain. Denise thought, for sure, he'd be some kind of staff officer, working from an office. She was surprised when the man took her right away from all the parties going on and deposited 'her' in what would be a cell, after it completed its function as a bedroom.

"I'm not ..." she began apprehensively.

"A woman," said the man angrily. "I know all about you, Denise," he added. "And it's you I want before I die tonight. So, get me going and be a good girl,

Denise. Daddy is home. Now go down on me and let me enjoy my last night on this planet.”

She began to say that she couldn't but he took hold of her head and forced her down, not allowing any resistance at all. Within seconds, she had a man's cock in her mouth and was sucking on her man, as he sighed and said that was what he had been missing. All the time she kissed and drew on her man, his hands caressed her body. Soon, he was caressing her manhood before, eventually, he turned her over and his mouth took hers, as his pecker, burst into her tush, wiggling away under his firm, yet sensual grip.

“There's a thousand English and Americans coming over us tonight,” the flier said hoarsely as he lay her down and did her as any man would a woman, though he knew she wasn't that at all. “Get in a cellar somewhere, pretty girl, with a nice guy, one of those officers who're back from France and Italy. Take the money I left you and get Von Runge to give you the only thing you need now, a set of pretty breasts. And don't ask me how to repay me. Just make love to me as a woman should until someone comes for me. And no, I won't be back, none of us will tonight, not with the horde that's coming in to sweep the air clean of the Luftwaffe.”

It was the weirdest night of Denise's life as she quivered and attended to the man she was with as if she was his woman. And, all the time, he whispered to her what a wonderful woman she was. She was so fragrant. She was so gentle. He could love her forever. She was just what a man, like he was, he didn't say what that was, but she trembled as she guessed he was some kind of queer guy, wanted in a woman. Yet, he kissed, caressed and made her come as a woman, again and again. And she didn't want it to end, or for him to leave.

“Sorry,” the flier said softly, kissing her so lovingly, making her shiver through her entire body, “but it’s time for me to go. Hide yourself, pretty Denise. If, by any miracle ... No, there won’t be anything like that tonight. Kiss me goodbye, my love, and hide yourself until you see Von Runge again and pay him to give you the breasts you should have.”

Well, she didn’t see Runge, as Eva had called him. She tried to get out of her room but she was very locked in. And then the bombardment from the air started. It was as if she was lifted into the air as the building shook. If there were people out there, she couldn’t hear them or get any attention from anyone, voices coming from the end of the passage.

It was just when she’d begun to smell the burning that a uniformed man came bursting down the passageway and stopped in front of the bars behind the door into her room.

“Fuck! You are still in here!” snarled Karlheinz Schurning, struggling with keys until suddenly, the barred door opened and she was free.

Denise ran on her high heels, her frilled, petticoated dress swirling about her as she held onto her hand and, suddenly, she was out in the open air with burning buildings all about her. Karl lifted her up then, his hand on her stockings and carried her to a car that a soldier was standing by, opening a door for her.

“I found her,” Karl yelled at the man, who became the driver and found away past all kind of hazards to get them on to a clear roadway. “She’s such a devoted nurse that she was trying to get all of her patients to

safety. She's been arguing with me since but, in a camp like this, we really don't have to worry about those who don't get out!"

"Th-thank you for s-saving me," whispered Denise to the man holding her tight to him.

"Thank Wolfgang, if you ever see her again," Karl murmured in her ear ringed lobe. "She told me about you and the flying Baron, as we call him. I guessed he wouldn't have been able to get you out; and Eva, she said she wanted you again. Thank her as well, my lovely girl, Denise."

"You and Birgitte," Denise managed to whisper to the man she wanted to thank so much for rescuing her.

"Yes, I guess you can call her that," laughed Karl. "Yes, I've succumbed. Too many pretty girls around here, or there were. She was headed to Berlin with that General who bought her, she said, tonight. I could find my old girl friend, she said, on the outer cell block. The bombs did miss it all, completely. So here I am."

The kiss he gave Denise thrilled her all the way through her feminized, female-dressed body. She couldn't help giving him another kiss, initiating and intense bout of thanking the man for saving her from a probable death, from fire at the very least.

"Oh, yes," murmured her old boy friend. "You started this round of kissing, my darling, and pushing your body against mine. Yes, I'm going to be missing Gitte a lot, so, thank you, darling Denise. This was just what this man wanted from his woman, this time of travelling down the road after the Countess Von Furstenburg. Onward to France!" And he kissed

and caressed her trembling lips and body, again and again.

“So you found her, my lovely, girlie lesbian,” were the first words out of Eva’s mouth when Karl presented her to her ‘mistress’. “How is she coming along?”

“You can see for yourself,” Karl said, stroking Denise’s hair and kissing her neck, right there, in front of the woman who had told him all about ‘her’. It made a huge smile come to Eva’s face as she saw the unease with which her girl, as she had called Denise, was behaving in.

“You heard that Runge was killed in the bombing?” she asked the shaking girl. “You know what that means for a girl like you, don’t you?”

“He, he won’t be c-cutting off ...” gasped Denise.

“Not him,” laughed the elegant German woman. “But he wasn’t the only doctor in the world, was he?”

Of course Doctor von Runge wasn’t, went through Denise’s shrieking mind. She knew that Eva was reading her thoughts and smiling at her, probably to terrify ‘her’ in what she was going to have done to Denise, anyway. “N-n-no,” ‘she’ managed to get out but Eva was talking as well.

“I think Mengele got away, but he was the only one, you lucky girl,” Eva said to the girl leaning into the German officer supporting ‘her’. “All that staff and just a few stupid nurses are the only ones left alive. I wonder, did the Allies know what we were doing, and

to whom, hein? You weren't sending out some message, were you, my sweet, little, Alpine, flower-girl?"

"I didn't! I couldn't!" Denise cried out in fright, moving against Karl and hearing the sound of her frilly dress moving against him.

"No, it was more likely your boy friend," scoffed Eva von Esselberg, staring at Helmut's nephew and thinking about what she had said, as she watched the tender way he was holding the girl whom he had kissed so often.

"Don't be stupid, my Countess," said Karlheinz, which made the woman's eyes shoot upwards. "The war ..."

But what he might have said was lost in the whine of a plane, very low overhead which was shooting at the train in the yard. It was the train taking them back to France, Karl had proclaimed to the lovely girl in his arms.

Now, he hauled her into the building overlooking the track, leaving Eva to scramble to safety, after them. He saw the way she was looking at them and so, he deliberately kissed Denise, slowly, sensually, and as if she was the woman of his dreams. His hands caressed her rounded touch, much more rounded than he remembered from their times together in France.

Eva was on the telephone that the stationmaster had been using before they arrived. "Yes," she said to someone there. "The attack was random, I think. It appears to be finished now. Yes, two trucks and three cars at least. We'll go back to France by road." She watched the other pair in the room cling to one another, the girl swirling in the man's arms as if she was rewarding him for saving her. "It will take me no

time, once I'm back to the Chateau. The routes into Spain, and through Italy will be open, just as I promised you that they would be. Just get us out of the Fatherland, first."

Eva watched the Major caress his reward for having saved them all, if he did but know. But she couldn't let him have all the fun. No, the chemistry that the late Doctor Runge had talked about had clearly worked on her lesbian girl friend. Look at the curves in her thighs and tush. She was so thin, as well.

Yes, Eva had that one suitcase full of all the Runge concoctions, as she had thought of them. It wasn't going to take long, now, not if she kept up with the treatments that Runge had started on 'her'. Yes, Germans were the greatest chemists in the world, weren't they? And if she needed minor surgery at the end of it all, it was a small price to pay to have her lesbian girl friend returned to her.

"Hey," Eva said to the kissing and cuddling pair. "Back to France. Life as it was before. My girl friend in my bed tonight, making love to me, Herr Major. Get the trucks coming through the gates now loaded, Karlheinz, and Denise, come and give me some of that strange love you've just been giving to your boy friend."

Eva didn't think she'd get what she wanted without an argument, but the girl flushed and pulled away from her boy friend as if she had just realized what she was doing. Karl was the one to look over at Eva, with anger in his eyes. Oh, yes, this was going to be such an interesting time, with Denise changing, Karl aroused by 'her' and arousing 'her' and she, Eva, getting all the benefits.

XI. VIVE LA FRANCE!

'Albert' saw Richard, now 'Georges', to the door, Denise's clothing and perfume left behind. The older Frenchman made sure that he avoided everyone on the streets, as the American had requested. Ugh, Richard Carter had been chewing on the cordite as he left, his face contorting. He did look grey and ill but had said that the symptoms remained, while he felt fine inside, after a short while. That was good because not even his clerical collar was going to prevent the priest from being stopped by a German patrol. And Albert had seen increased activity on the street. He couldn't avoid the Boche at all.

The Boche must be looking for someone, Jacques Colbert thought, as he was stopped twice in the mile he had to walk, and searched, losing half an hour each time, as he moved down towards the highway that he'd follow to the Chateau that Eva had once been living in. It would all be worthwhile if the delectable Denise was with her mistress, possibly having something totally new to have Albert send on to England.

It would be very bad luck if the German patrols caught any part of The Bank's network while looking for someone else. He must pull back Doutois and the Roberge brothers from monitoring the women at the Chateau. Yet, it would leave him with a clear path to Denise if it was Georges who was roped in. Georges was much too eager to meet her again. Clearly, he intended to take Denise right away from Jacques, 'Albert'.

Albert smiled grimly. He would have to make sure that did not happen. No, they didn't want to be start-

ing again with the German woman, as they had had to, after Françoise's demise. But that wasn't all bad, was it, as it had led to Denise's arrival. And, sooner or later, she was going to give in to her 'uncle' and let him fuck her as any self-respecting Frenchman should a pretty woman, like her.

At the Chateau, if Albert had only known, Eva was irritated with Denise as the younger woman took so long putting on her petticoats and underthings for the Spring Ball in which she would once again be partnered with Karlheinz Schurning. Yes, Denise would be all shivers again as she had been at the last three dances, since they'd returned from Bavaria, the month before. Denise had had to be a woman, in all of the dances, for the handsome, young officer, who loved kissing her so much.

Eva smiled secretively at that. She didn't doubt that the hormones were changing Denise's attitude to sex with a man as Doctor Runge, Johann had said that they would. Well, the older officers at Camp Mendele, as Eva thought of it, had all spent time with her protegee, had they not. Under threat of worse torture than what she had to endure, Denise had been forced to succumb to the little groups that had wanted to see how much of a 'girl' she was. The reports on Denise's femininity were now much better than at the beginning, when Runge's allies, the few left with them on this useless posting, had praised Eva for bringing them a fresh challenge.

Eva would again insist on Karl Schurning kissing his girl friend at least ten times at this dance in France, holding many of his soft, enticing kisses beyond the minute limit Eva had set for the couple to be amorous. Karlheinz was now the envy of all the youn-

ger officers, back from duty, and looking for the kind of relaxation that they were sure Karl was getting. The young men, many of whom she knew would soon be dead, with not a few of the older men, too, envied the rank that enabled the 'Easterners' to have a turn such a beautiful girl friend of the doctor's future wife.

"Come, Denise," said Eva, striding into the bedroom from her sitting room, only to find the girl sitting there on the padded seat before the lighted dressing table, not even half dressed. "It is getting late," she snapped. Then she saw what the girl was doing.

Tears were flowing down Denise's cheeks as she cupped her hands under the mounds on her chest. "I-I have breasts," she cried, her mascara quite ruined by the tears spilling over her lids and running down her face.

"So do I," snapped Eva. "And so does half the human race."

"But, but I'm a m-man," Denise whispered. "I'm a man. They, they're really bouncing and so itchy this evening. I can't go to a ball like this, a man like me."

"No, darling," said Eva firmly. "You are not and never will be a man, my young girl. So, you will go to the ball as he adorable, sexy woman that you are and have been these last six months!"

Denise was looking at the vitamins she had taken from her purse. "Is it these pills?" she asked fearfully. "Or all the shots that you have been giving me? Which is it?"

The correct answer was both. The pills just didn't work fast enough as far as Eva was concerned. She

was getting tired of the girl not being a girl thoroughly. That was the trouble, but she had promised this to Schurning. He had been so annoyed when she told him about Denise back in Germany when he was still flirting with and going on about his new girl friend, Birgitte. He might have given up on his aunt then as he had temporarily given up on Denise for his new girl, who took him to bed with her, every night that Karl could be there with her on her ward.

The visit to Kriegshausen had brought Karlheinz back to Eva's side finally, however, particularly after she had sent him to Berlin to meet Himmler's mistress, carrying special messages for her, the blonde bombshell, not the proper word for a German, with all the British and American air attacks. Still, the stunning blonde had enraptured Karl as Eva had known that 'she' would, which is why she'd insisted that Denise become the lovely, golden-haired blonde that she now was.

"It was like making love to a real woman," Karl had finally confided in Eva von Esselberg, newly appointed to the Reich's Superior Medical Commission.

"You can make Denise into a woman like Marlene?" Karl had asked her directly, knowing by then that Denise was still a male in all the pretty dresses she wore. Eva had smiled, watching his expression not change as she had assured him that it was all set up. The drugs would do their work and then what was left of Professor Runge's medical team would arrive to do the rest. When she recovered, Denise would be entirely Schurning's, his reward for his continued overseeing of the listening monitors that plagued them all.

Eva, in her role as Security leader of the Medical Commission listened to the taping that the Gestapo were doing of all the senior officers. She produced a

coded digest of the information like the one she and Richard had worked out long before. Now, back in France and supervising her late husband's minions, she made sure that Schurning took his girl friend to all the popular night clubs in town so that Denise could drop off her packages to one of Jeanne Simard's girls in a washroom, or on a river walk bench, where lovers still walked on occasion.

Denise came back all flushed while Karlheinz looked like the cat who had caught the canary after their walks along the Seine. She rarely had lipstick left when she came in from the cold and could barely look Eva in the eye. It was good for their lovemaking, that of the two women, that is, as Denise was so desperate to prove her masculinity after an afternoon in Karl's arms. Yes, surely, Karl was touching and feeling Denise wherever he wanted to by now, Eva thought sarcastically. Or the way that Denise was so more aroused and so more passionate than she was most nights, was a mirage. No, it couldn't be, not when Denise curled up so girlishly in her nightie beside Eva and let the older woman have her way with her.

"So, you are changing," snapped Eva. "You must expect it with the way we have been shaping you with the tapings and the corsets."

Denise cupped the breasts on her chest. Yes, there was enough there now for her to be able to do that. "You said that before," she wailed. "But now look at me. Uncle Jacques noticed. He-He ..." Words failed her.

"He did what?" demanded Eva.

"He-He tore my dress," Denise said, flushing. "And-and my brassiere. I couldn't stop him. He wanted to touch me here," she touched her erect nip-

ples. "He wanted to kiss me, to kiss them, and, and f-fondle me there, as well."

"And he did?" asked Eva, intrigued now by the girl's flushes, and by the evidence that Runge knew what he had been talking about.

Denise nodded, her face bright red.

"How did it feel for you?" asked Eva, sitting down beside the girl, putting her soft hand on the girl's breast. Yes, it could definitely be called that now.

"Awful," said the blonde girl, twisting as Eva caressed her, her face showing both her shock and something more.

Eva caressed both of the girl's nipples slowly and the girl stiffened. "Men are so rough on us girls," Eva said wickedly, letting her other hand fall on the girl's stockinged thighs. Yes, Denise gulped, clutching at Eva's hand that had found the bulge in Denise's panties.

Eva leaned forward and kissed the girl. "Denise," she said sweetly. "This is only going to make our love-making even better. Soon you will have breasts like mine. And Professor Merkel, an associate of Johann's, will be here next month to transform you even more. Soon you will be like me, a woman in every respect. You, my darling girl, and Karl, will be able to satisfy each other blissfully, if I don't decide that he has to wait a while. I think I would like to be a lesbian with you when you are really a woman. You are going to love the changes I have planned for you, my lovely, darling Denise."

Eva kissed a horrified Kenneth Browning. She was laughing inwardly as 'he' struggled against her, her caresses only making his feminized parts more pro-



nounced, however. Oh, how she loved caressing Denise's frilly panties and tickling her wiggly clitoris.

"I don't want that," Denise said huskily, trying to ward off her mistress's kisses, but 'she' was almost naked. Eva could find somewhere to touch where silk covered 'her' smooth soft skin, so much smoother these days since he had begun his treatments.

"In the Third Reich, darling Denise," said Eva, taking the low-cut bra for wearing with an evening dress and putting it on him, "you must have learned, with all the men that frolicked with you, like the rest of us, that, sometimes, we have no choice, as you did not, my lovely girl. Now, that bra, darling, must be padded. You are not big enough yet to fill it, but some day, some day, very soon ..."

Eva chattered on as she took the robe from the girl and padded her breasts. She ran her hand over her smooth, rounded buttocks. The feminine, shapely Denise hadn't seemed to notice that she was not padded there at all and yet her figure was not decreased.

The long, black and silver evening gown, slid easily over the girl's petticoats making her rustle most femininely when she moved. Her arms and chest were bare, the little, thin straps, of her black bra and the dress looking so gorgeous and feminizing on the female body it adorned. She slipped on her high heeled court shoes femininely, without seeming to notice her delicate, womanly grace, and then sat beautifully on the chair, shaking, a lovely, attractive woman, as she tried to repair her makeup. Eva had to help her.

Eva put the stole she had selected earlier about Denise's shoulders. "There, darling," she said, selecting the large earrings that looked like medallions to hang from the girl's ears. They matched the choker she had put about Denise's neck.

Denise stood uncertainly as her petticoats and the dress rustled with her. She shivered. She had heard what Eva had said and knew now exactly what the girls in the Kriegshausen hospital must be. That girl, who had called to and enchanted Karlheinz, had known him and he had known 'her'. It had been a relief when Karl had gone off with Gitte, to her bedroom, and left Denise in her petticoats in the dressing room. But then the Doctor and his friends had walked in on Denise, and life had become incredibly worse.

Since returning from Bavaria, Gitte gone and disappeared, to Berlin, with an older friend of the Doctor's, Karl had become so much more affectionate with Denise. He liked to touch her as he had that afternoon as she leaned against a pillar, his hands inside her fur coat. He had lifted her dress and stroked her thighs while she had let him, so much was she enjoying the sensations of femininity. Yes, she was enjoying being caressed like a woman.

Yes, it was only one man, unlike the sessions she had had to endure in what she thought of as The Concentration Camp. Karlheinz had been the one to come for her, to save her, when she thought he was going to follow Gitte to Berlin, but he had told Denise to come with him, if she wanted to get back to France. Oh, of course she wanted to go with him. Eva had snarled at him, later, in the truck, and told him that she was supposed to stay with Runge's assistant, now that the doctor was dead, killed in the air raid that had been so precise, wiping out the camp and so many of its staff and inmates.

So, it was a reward, a thank-you, as she had let him touch her padded breasts while she kissed him, clinging to his lips as passion flooded over her. She had felt his erection as his hands caressed her buttocks, her thighs, her garter belt and her panties.

Karl had taken her then to a bench in the chateau's garden. She had kept her lips glued to his, almost every minute of that glorious time, not even thinking what it would be like if he found out that she really was Kenneth and not Denise. She had been Denise so much that she felt like a Denise. She was a woman and she wanted him to tell her again how lovely she was and how he desired her. She wanted him to make her forget all about the awful sessions and all the men who had touched her and had sex with her.

"I will have you soon, just as I did Gitte, though I didn't love her as I do you, my darling Denise," Karlheinz had whispered to her and she had been filled with both apprehension and excitement.

"Yes," Denise had promised, kissing him most ardently, pushing ugly thoughts away, as the driver of their car tooted the horn and called them back to Chateau d'Arrance and Eva von Esselberg-von Fellenstein.

"Soon," Karl had said, maintaining her feminine feelings at fever pitch as they strolled back to the car.

"Karlheinz knows about me," Denise said slowly to Eva as the older woman made her pirouette in her noisy dress, the feelings of distress rising in her as she saw herself in Eva's long mirror, all glittery and womanly, her makeup so thick and strikingly attractive. She looked like a woman Ken Browning would lust after. Yes, and Karlheinz did, too. The blonde woman shook her long, wavy ringlets and kiss curls and moved in the graceful way that now so easy that it was part of her, to the door.

It opened and Karlheinz Schurning stood there in his dress uniform. He glanced at the soft cleavage on her chest and then looked her in the eyes. "You are so

beautiful tonight, Denise,” he said taking her hand in his as she shivered. He knew she was a man and he could say such things? And Denise thought she was the one who was insane.

“I must have the first dance tonight,” Schurning said, his smile now so warm when he looked at her. “It is a Viennese waltz. Isn’t it lucky that we practised it all this week? I insist that you dance all the slow waltzes with me as well, Mademoiselle Colbert. I am the only officer who gets to hug you and kiss you tonight. Let us make that very clear before we go in.”

It was as bad as Karl had predicted. It must be the new mounds on her chest, Denise thought in terror, as she was twirled and twirled about the dance floor, every officer seeming to claim a turn with her. She smiled and flirted, just a little, as so many were so kind. What would Eva and Karl do if she ran off with one of the others, like the so eager, lovestruck Leutnant Weber?

Denise felt the bounce of her chest as she danced and looking down she saw the mounds wobble a little. She was mortified. I’m a woman, she thought dizzily. But then Karl came and took her and kissed her before he waltzed her. She thought of all the horrible things he was going to have done to her to make her into an effigy of a woman.

She fought back the tears. He knew she was a man. What sort of man was he to want Kenneth Browning to be a woman for his pleasure? Denise knew she had to get away. Albert was no help. All he wanted was to have Denise for himself. Terror threatened to overcome her as she swayed to the music and her dress rustled and wafted airily about her stockings.

Karl deliberately, Denise was sure, pressed her breasts against him, liking the way she reacted to the stimulus. She couldn't stand it. She had to get out. Someone must save her or she must save herself. Then Karl whisked her onto the veranda, behind the pillars and began to kiss her, despite the cold of the evening. A man, who knew she was another man, kissed and kissed her and hugged her while her skirts shimmied about her.

"Soon," he whispered.

"Yes," she said desperately.

XII. BETRAYED

Richard Turner knew that something was amiss as soon as he left the church where he had spent an uneasy night on a hard pew. The grey-haired nun who had seen him leaving had frowned at him and then come running after him.

"Monsieur le cure," she had said doubtfully, clearly not recognizing him. "Do not go into Mont Sepulchre," she said, taking his arm, frowning up at him. "The Boche are conducting a roundup of the Resistance."

His heart sank even as he was grateful for her timely reminder. He felt her eyes on him as he went down an alleyway parallel to those where Albert had had his rooms. It couldn't be Albert, he thought. The older man had lived too long with danger. He wouldn't be caught easily.

Richard headed for Le Crocodile. His heart sank as he saw the cordon of German soldiers. A van was

parked outside the bar. Briefly, trying not to stare and show interest, Richard saw a line of old men, customers of Le Crocodile, being herded into through the barred doorway at the back of the van.

“Hey, you,” snarled a guttural voice. Richard turned and the German looked at his grey hair, dirty face and clerical garb. “Oh, sorry, father,” the man said, relaxing, as Richard held in his cheeks to appear gaunter and shuffled towards the soldier. “But this is none of your business, monsieur. You weren’t heading for Le Crocodile, were you, by any chance?” his attempt at an innocent tone did not fool Richard.

“A bar?” he asked with a grimace. “No, my son. With my liver, I cannot even take sacristy wine at mass any more. No, my life is in the Maker’s hands right now, but I fear that I will see him much sooner than you or any of your soldier colleagues.”

The soldier grunted at him and showed him the clear road that he could walk along around the cordon to the church Richard had said that he was headed for.

Richard hobbled along the partly cobbled street and another man fell in beside him, in a scruffy overcoat and cap. He was about to tell the man that he was quite all right and needed no help when the man said in German, “Amazing whom one meets these days on the boulevards of Paris, isn’t it?”

Richard looked closely at the man who had such light blue eyes, his hair dark and straggly under his cap. “Karlheinz Schurning, now a major,” the man said. “I was Countess von Fellenstein’s aide in Spain. You might remember me, Captain Turner. Yes, they have arrested her as well as Denise Colbert. You have a traitor in your organization, Captain. Shall we go

somewhere, maybe to that Gothic church on the corner, and discuss what we can possibly do about it?"

They came in the middle of the night, shaking a disoriented Denise, snuggled up to Eva in bed. The Countess protested most imperiously but the Gestapo general, Denise thought he was that, told her to shut up.

"The charge, Countess von Esselberg," Jellinek sneered at her, using her name before she was married to Helmut and became the general's wife, "will be treason. It is you who has been an agent of the British and Americans using silly, little girls like this one as your messenger. Do not think to deny it. We have it all. Schurning has already confessed to his part."

"Bring him here!" snarled the Countess, climbing out of the bed and putting a robe over her nightdress. She tossed a light, silky thing to Denise, who hurried to wrap it about her as the guards seemed to be eyeing her nightie so intently. Thank goodness, she had put on her panties after the last session with the countess. How she wished she had put on a bra but even so, her nightdress was gently tented in front of her.

Eva and Jellinek were haranguing each other in front of the stolid faced soldiers. "You can't bring Karlheinz in to face me, can you?" asked the Countess suddenly. "You don't have him, do you? You have no-one to inform on me."

Jellinek turned and snapped his fingers. One of the guards turned and said something to those still in the hallway outside. One of his aides entered, the man called Goll, Werner he'd asked a smiling Denise

to call him as she danced a schottische with him. She had promised that she would before he had kissed her hand at the end of the dance.

Now, Werner Goll looked very grim as he led in another man, tall, a civilian, with a haunted look as he saw her in her robe, her hair loose, her face clear of any makeup. Guillaume Autin gave her a very hungry look as she quaked inside.

Jellinek gestured to Guillaume, ordering him to speak, which the Frenchman did. "That is the girl," Guy said in a strained, husky voice, "who called herself the niece of Jacques Colbert. But I caught them twice making love in the pension. She's just one of Jeanne Simard's harlots. Jeanne used to run lot of girls, all prostitutes, like this one, I would think, but now she only does specials for German officers, with pretty girls like this one.

"I thought she was General von Fellenstein's whore," Guy went on, betraying a frightened Denise with every word, "like Francoise, as it was always the young officer, that Schurning fellow, who came for her. But he kept coming even after the old general died. Then, I saw the messages she brought Jacques. They were all alike. Groups of letters in blocks, some kind of code. I knew then she was a spy, too, like her supposed uncle.

"I told you what she was doing, General. You knew who she was sleeping with and who must be giving her the messages from in the Chateau here." He leered at the speechless Countess. "I deserve my rewards for what I've just told you and them."

"And you shall have it," said the S.S. General. The newly appointed Gruppenfuhrer Heinrich Jellinek motioned to Goll and his aide organized the clearing of the room, a dazed and dishevelled Countess von

Esselberg being escorted out in her nightdress and dressing gown before the door was firmly closed in place.

Only Guillaume Autin remained with Denise in the Countess's bedroom. "Guy," she began, terrified as he unbuttoned his jacket and then undid the belt on his pants.

"Shut your mouth, you slut," Guy Autin snarled. "I asked for an hour but they will only give me fifteen minutes. Did you think you could treat me like dirt, you and your so-called uncle? Well, he's dead, you'll be glad to know. Had poison with him, didn't he, but I don't think you do."

Horrified, Denise backed across the room as the taller man came after her, tossing his jacket one way and then his pants another. "I've wanted you since I saw you," Guy went on, his eyes almost bulging out of his head, "and I am going to have you, to make up for all the times you spurned me to go with that so clean officer, a filthy German. I killed better men than him on the Maginot and the Dunkirk beaches before I was wounded.

"You never asked me about that, did you, Denise. Poor Guy wasn't attractive enough for you to pretend to be interested in what he did as a soldier. You should have been nice to me, really nice, Denise, and then I'd have helped you. I wouldn't have given you to the Germans as a whore. I wouldn't have made you lie with another woman!"

"You-You're crazy," said Denise, finding her voice as he caught her nightie and suddenly she was trapped in his arms. Hot, stinging kisses poured down hungrily on her as she was overwhelmed by his surprising strength.

“Guy, no!” she gasped. “Not like this!” He had flung her down on the bed and was forcing her legs apart with his. She felt his huge erection on her thighs. “Guy!” she called out as he hoisted her skirts. There was no foreplay or attempt to make her feel like a woman. He pulled on her panties and swept them down as she tried uselessly to fight him.

What he found between her legs stunned him. He choked and sat up and then hit her across the mouth. She tasted blood, her own.

“Traitor!” Guy screamed, raising his hand to hit her again as she did the only thing she could think of. She kned him in his groin and his second blow hit her on top of his head. She got her foot free and kicked him as hard as she could in the same place as he gurgled and slid from her.

Guy Autin’s face was awful. He was trying to scream and grab Denise when she picked up her bra and wrapped it about his neck. She hung on and hung on as he threshed about. His struggles lessened until, finally, he lay still beside her. She kept the bra garrotte about his neck for a minute more and then slowly rolled free. She put on her panties with quivering fingers and looked at the man she had killed with her bra. At the end there, he had ceased to fight. It was as if he had given in to his fate, to be cheated to the end.

Shivering, Denise searched the room. She expected the S.S. to return at any moment. They were supposed to be monitoring the Countess’s rooms. Surely, they would be back very soon. She dressed very quickly. She was attaching her stockings to her garter belt when Jellinek burst in and went straight to the body on the bed. He smiled at the twisted bra about the traitor’s neck.

Suddenly, Autin groaned and his eyes fluttered open. Jellinek motioned to his aide, the man who wanted her to call him Werner. Goll went over to the Frenchman and pulled the bra tighter with male strength. Autin began to struggle again. There was a terrible smell just before he died. Denise cried like a frightened girl, which she was, as Goll got up and nodded to his superior.

“Thank you, mademoiselle,” Jellinek said most formally. He watched her slowly lowering her skirt. He wrinkled his nose and moved away from Guy’s body. “I hated to have to meet this traitor’s bargain. I suspected that he might try to rape you and that is a capital crime.

“So, justice has been carried out. You killed the man who tried to rape you. Now it would be such a pity to send a pretty girl like you to interrogation, wouldn’t it, on this other matter. They do so make so much of a mess of a woman at my headquarters. It won’t just be a cut lip and a bump on the head.

“Why don’t you tell me all about it now?” Jellinek said encouragingly to the trembling girl. “Tell me all about how you became a prostitute. I hear that many of you girls are secretly lesbians. Is that true? You will tell me everything, you know.”

“We only have this one chance,” said Karlheinz Schurning grimly. “They must transport the Countess and Denise to Gestapo headquarters. That’s where they will really torture them, not just beat on them, as they are probably doing, right now, to soften them up. Franz says that they are still there in Chateau d’Arrance.”

“You can’t get to their listening devices and find out when they’ll be moved, for sure?” asked Richard Turner.

“It was dangerous enough just to meet with Franz,” said the German. “You must get reliable men, though.”

Richard thought of the men Albert had recruited as a network. He knew some who were just waiting for action against the Boche. He could get the Roberge brothers, he was certain. “What about you?” he asked Schurning. “They will recognize you.”

Schurning smiled. “The Gestapo haven’t told anyone about me,” he said with a shake of his head. “They think they are going to trap me in the Chateau when I return from my errand for the Countess. Franz left the note right where even the blindest of the blind could find it. They expect me back tomorrow for dinner. That’s why we must strike now.”

“I have to organize the men,” said Richard. “Let me get on it.” It could all be a trap of course. He had no way of proving that Schurning was a traitor as he said he was.

It took much longer than he’d expected. The Roberge brothers didn’t mind ambushes but brazenly walking into a guarded Nazi fortress was far beyond what they had signed on for. Doutois, however, accepted Richard’s authority to make him the new head of The Bank’s ring in Paris. He suggested other men who might help them for a price, cannily asking Richard how much he would pay them to do the job.

The elder Roberge whistled at the price mentioned. “I don’t know about you, Simon,” he said to his brother. “But for that price, I’m in.”

Simon nodded. "Me, too," he said.

Doutois winked at Richard. "You'll need a driver," he said. "I presume you will pay at the same rates for all?"

Richard was disgusted with them but agreed. He didn't let them out of his sight then, either, but steered them all to the church where a very anxious Karlheinz Schurning was awaiting them all. Didier Roberge called to them from the front door as he closed it behind them. "There's a German staff car coming into the churchyard!"

"Yes," said Schurning, stepping out from the shadows and startling them. Richard was astonished by the speed with which they armed themselves with knives. Doutois even had a gun. "Franz has arrived with our transportation and uniforms," the German officer said, shaking his head. "Do you think that you can act like an S.S. goon squad if we put you in the right uniforms?"

Gruppenfuhrer Heinrich Jellinek was in no hurry to leave the opulence of Chateau d'Arrance nor the charming young woman he had found there. He was aware that Sturmbannfuhrer Goll, and the men he had brought with him, were very uneasy at being among so many of the Wehrmacht. He didn't doubt that, if Major Schurning were to walk in, he would be warned of the S.S. presence and that he was about to be arrested.

"I would love to take you to Bayreuth in the season of the Ring," he said to the charmingly nervous, blonde girl whom he was convinced was a courier in this spy network he had uncovered. She shook when-

ever he touched her or kissed her hand but she didn't object when he had her come and sit in his lap. Wine fortified both of them, so that when he pressed on her tiny waist, she most gratefully kissed him.

Her response to his manliness was so evident, the way her lips clung to his, for she didn't stop him as he stroked her lovely legs, his hands playing with her garter belt as he drew her on top of him.

Denise had been hoping to position herself to take his gun, but he undid his belt and put it away from them, kicking it beneath the armchair on which she was being cuddled to him like a little girl. She couldn't believe that letting this old man grope her would save her life. Sooner or later, she was going to be found out. Her only chance now was to start a gunfight and take as many as she could with her. But she needed to get his gun in her hand, not the puny, little thing the perverted general wanted her to play with.

The door to the late General von Fellenstein's office flew open as an S.S. officer, whom Jellinek did not know, strode into the room. His rank showed him to be just one step below Jellinek. "Herr Oberst," the duty officer was proclaiming but the grey-haired man pushed him aside. The look in his eyes when he saw what Jellinek was doing with the blonde girl made the older officer flush with shame.

"Schurning!" bellowed the officer, standing with his hands on his hips. A messed up Karlheinz Schurning shuffled into the office, his eyes downcast, two very tough S.S. escorts smirking as they pushed him forward, one tripping him.

Denise gasped and stood up, the skirts of her pretty red dress falling back about her legs, hiding her black garter belt and panties as well as the tops

of her stockings. She looked up at the tall, glaring officer and blushed a bright red.

“This is the companion of the Esselberg woman,” said the S.S. Colonel, his black uniform immaculate. His air of command made even Jellinek want to jump up and click his heels but he was in quite a predicament, trying to put everything back in place, and button up the front of his black breeches.

“Take her as well,” snapped the officer, glancing in disgust at his nominal superior. “You,” he pointed at the duty officer. “You will immediately bring the Countess von Esselberg to my car.” He pointed to one of the oafs with him. “Go with him but on no account speak to her or him. They are not to converse. She is not to be warned about what is to befall her.”

The S.S. Colonel started to sweep out as the second guard grabbed Schurning up from the floor and frogmarched him out of the office.

“Wait, Herr Obersturmbannfuhrer, whoever you are?” protested Jellinek. “What is going on?”

The unknown officer had put his arm under the girl’s and was ushering her after his little procession. He stopped and gave Jellinek a withering glance. “While you have been sitting in here, having your you-know-what massaged,” the stranger said, “your own headquarters has reported the arrest to Herr Himmler, himself. He has ordered this little group of plotters be immediately taken to Berlin.” He threw papers and telegrams onto the desk from which they scattered, some falling in the fire and others into the waste paper basket.

“If you had been doing your duty, Herr Sturmbannfuhrer Jellinek,” sneered the officer, “you

would have had Herr Himmler's telegram ten hours ago."

The demotion in title was like a slap in the face to Jellinek. He stared at the other officer and knew he was white as a sheet. "When you return to headquarters," snapped the officer, and he appeared to be enjoying himself, "you will begin a new assignment more fitting to your new rank and limited abilities."

Then the man stalked from the room. Such was his command that Jellinek saw even the Wehrmacht sentries and guards snap to attention and salute the charismatic officer even as he hauled the luckless Schurning, and the pretty, anxious girl along with him.

"Captain Turner," said Denise softly, her cheeks still bright with her blushing. The car was very crowded as it pulled away from the Chateau and headed in to the center of Paris at a steady pace.

Richard looked at her and couldn't believe that she was Kenneth Browning. Her hair was so long and curled and clearly all her own. It was like a golden cloud about her head. But she said his name so melodically that he felt his heart starting to beat faster.

"How long before they find out?" asked Eva grumpily, pressed in between the grinning Roberge brothers.

"Till Jellinek picks up all the fake papers I threw at him and starts reading them," said Richard grimly.

"You don't know Jellinek," said Schurning, turning from the front seat and looking over Eva's shoul-

der. "He'll read every one, trying to make it all understandable. And there are some genuine orders in there as well as the ones Franz and I faked. We could have a head start of hours. We could be out, into the country, at least, before the city is sealed and they start the manhunt."

"You don't intend to try to get out of the city in this vehicle," snapped Eva. "It is far too cramped in here."

Schurning was watching Denise. She was still blushing, her hands in her lap as she sat primly beside Franz, away from Richard Turner. She had reacted to him as Schurning had hoped she would react to him. She smiled at Karl and asked him how he was, but she was agitated when she even glanced at Turner, who had been so effective as an arrogant German officer. A cold feeling came into the pit of Schurning's stomach. He had gone through all this, he thought bitterly, and the girl he was meant to have, didn't want him after all.

The roadblock was unexpected. It had been hastily constructed. "Keep going," Richard yelled at Doutois. The driver did, smashing through the barrier but the windscreen was breaking as a hail of bullets bounced off, some falling into the car.

"What the heck was that?" screeched the Countess.

"It wasn't the Boche," shouted Doutois from the driver's seat. "It must be gas thieves. If we had stopped, they would just have drained us dry and that would have been it."

"They're so bold as to stop German cars?" asked Richard. "Hey, you've been hit," he said to Simon Roberge.

The guard held his arm. "Not as bad as him," Roberge said, nodding at Schurning.

Doutois drove the car to the embankment where they piled out and Schurning was laid on a bench as Simon Roberge sat on another. Richard made a tourniquet for his arm. Schurning put his hand out to Denise. She shivered, wiggled girlishly past the others and placed his hand on her breast, which made him smile, even though he seemed still to be hurt. She quivered girlishly again, remembering all the times she had kissed his hands, and then kissed his lips, sitting right there on a bench, the car parked, waiting for them.

"I would have married you, you know," said Karl, squeezing her hand.

"I know," Denise whispered, knowing that he meant it, and how much it must have cost him to say that to a man like her. She squeezed his hand back and almost felt him stiffen. In just moments, he was dead and grief descended on her as she remembered how polite he had always been to her, how affectionate and respectful, always, well, almost always, treating her as a woman even when he'd learned that 'she' was a man. She stood up with tears in her eyes and looked at Richard, who was glowering at her.

"We have to move to catch our ride," Turner told the others, who were shocked to see that Schurning was dead.

"What do we do with Karlheinz?" asked one of the bodyguards.

"We have to put him into the river," said Richard. "It might be morning till he is found and they start looking here for us."

“He’s in uniform,” said one of the Roberges.

So, they stripped off Karl’s uniform and pushed Schurning’s body out, into the river.

Doutois had stripped the staff car of all the flags and insignia. “You don’t see them,” he said to the others, “but there are kids back in there,” he pointed to the warehouses behind them. “We leave the keys in the car and they’ll be off in it to some hidden garage of their own where they’ll scavenge it.”

They walked across a small park and into the shadows of a narrow alley. At the end, an old taxi came cruising by and the men, uniforms dumped, piled in first. The two ‘women’, Richard said, staring at the younger, prettier of the two, had to sit in the men’s laps as Andre drove them to another site where a truck waited for them.

Denise was picked up gently by a huge man and put into a potato sack. Her dress was up about her neck, her stockings and underwear exposed, as she lay quietly on the truck and heard the others protesting as they were dealt with in the same way. She was covered by sacks of seed potatoes as the truck lumbered off to some yard where they waited and waited. There, after a while, as darkness deepened, she dozed, despite the smell and the dirt. The men had given her two wine bottles. One contained water and the other was empty but its function was obvious. She tried to think of Karl but her mind wouldn’t fasten on to him.

She was going ‘home’, Denise realized, as the truck started moving. They went through perfunctory roadblocks. She was going back to England, somehow, where she wasn’t going to have to be a she any more. She would never have to flirt with men like Jellinek or Werner Goll again. She wouldn’t have to take any

more of the Countess's medicines. She would be herself, Kenneth Browning. It would be so great to be back in uniform. She started to cry as she thought of all that she had been through. She thought of the looks everyone would be giving her when they knew that she was really a man. It was all Richard Turner's fault. He had no right to glower at her or disapprove of her holding Karl's hand as he died. She wept, but whether for herself or for Karl, who had so much wanted to be her lover, she didn't want to think.

XIII. EMANCIPATION

Richard Turner felt so numb as he trailed the girl through the back streets of the foreign city. She was so much like the other girls on the streets, in a dark, straight skirt and dark-seamed nylons, the seams so straight. The scarf hid her hair and the raincoat her figure. She carried a small shopping bag and umbrella as did almost every other girl. You never knew when you would get a chance for a bargain, something being sold on the black market, not needing rationing coupons for purchase.

It happened. Gardeners sold off extra foodstuffs and the local bobbies turned a blind eye. Such sales earned coppers for a pint or two at the local. Yes, it was at a wheelbarrow beside the main road that 'she' stopped and bought eggs and potatoes from an old man, who smiled at her, chatting to the girl who gestured and swirled so femininely, being admired as a woman, for such a while. He saw that she still had long fingernails but they didn't seem to be painted as they were when she'd come back, at last, from France.

Denise had probably spotted him by now. He only saw the lower part of her face, her smile that made his heart suddenly ache as she retied the scarf about her hair and put up the colorful, little umbrella against the sudden downpour so common in London in late spring.

To heck with it, he thought and walked quickly up beside her. Denise didn't look at him, swaying gracefully in her dark high heels as she handed him her heavy shopping bag to carry. She didn't speak until they had crossed the road, into a long street of crowded terrace houses, one of which had had four neat mailboxes attached to the wall. She checked the one with 'Browning' written on it as he felt a surge of sympathy for her as he recalled her terrible interview with her father. Stupid, Richard thought savagely to himself. He was still thinking of Kenneth Browning as 'her' and 'Denise' when he should be thinking of her as 'him' and 'Ken'.

"What is it?" she asked in English, her voice soft, feminine, lilting, enforced in that register by her desperate year in France. "Do you have another assignment for me?"

"No," said Richard Turner, watching her open the door with her key. He followed her to into Number Four, into the bedsitter provided by The Bank. "We wouldn't send you back into France now. You did your bit."

Denise still hadn't looked at him. She had shaken and folded the broly and now she opened a back door to a small pantry and set the broly in there on the floor to dry. She hung up her raincoat on a pipe that ran overhead and offered him a hanger to do the same with his military overcoat.

Richard exchanged the shopping bag with her which she took it into the little kitchen. She had no refrigerator or icebox; and so the four eggs she had bought went straight into a saucepan on the stove.

“I can make you egg and chips,” Denise said, still not looking at him. “I have a few sausages, but they’re a bit dodgy. It will take a while. The gas pressure on the stove is very low, not much heat.”

She removed the scarf that she had loosened earlier. Now, Richard could see what the English would call her permed hair, blonde and almost straight with a slight curve outward at her chin and around her neck. She had parted her hair and pinned it back. Richard wanted to run his fingers through it, but didn’t dare.

“I’d like to take you out,” Richard said hesitantly. Oh, yes, that got her attention. She did turn to look at him. The sweater showed that her breasts had continued to grow, or she was padding them. Richard shuddered a little. Yes, all the girls, he knew, were doing that. Definite feminine, rounded mounds stood out from her chest, her figure so very female, her waist pinched in, her hips wide. Her eyebrows had not grown back, he noted, unless she was plucking them. She wore almost no makeup, just a little darkening along her eyelids and a little lipstick. Earrings glinted at her ears, dangling against her neck.

“Dancing at the Ritz?” Denise asked mockingly. “Sorry, my stipend does not include coupons or the cash for ball gowns.”

“I know a girl who rents out her dresses,” Richard said, imagining Denise as he had seen her before and wanting to hold her again on the dance floor as he had, once upon a time. “She’s about your size and it would help to stretch out her widow’s pension.”

Denise smiled wryly at him. “Oh, I’m past being manipulated that way, Richard,” she said. “No, I can’t go out with you as a woman any more.”

Richard was about to ask, Why not? But she turned away and busied herself in the neat, but sparse looking, little kitchen area.

“You know what I am supposed to be doing here, don’t you?” Denise asked abruptly and then answered herself. “I am supposed to be returning to becoming a man. Out of sight of everyone who is so aghast to see me and being told that I am the General’s son. Quite a scandal, isn’t it?”

“What he said was so wrong, so unjust,” Richard croaked at her as she put the kettle on the stove.

“And so right,” she added, glancing at him over her shoulder. Even in silhouette, Denise was feminine, her face narrow, her eyelashes now so thick. Richard wanted her, more than ever, but he didn’t know how to talk to her. She had cried for the dead German when they had got on the plane in the field in Brittany. Eva had been the one to comfort her. Simon Roberge had quietly told Richard of watching her, Denise, for her Uncle Jacques, ‘Albert’ to Richard Carter. Simon had surprised the other by telling him the number of times she and the German officer had been seen kissing and cuddling.

“She really loved him, I think,” said Simon, not knowing how he was driving a dagger into Richard’s heart as he said that.

“Why aren’t you in uniform?” Richard asked brusquely, changing the subject, actually ending that conversation. Yes, he’d been the one to sit there and watch Denise, tears squeezing from her eyes as

she cried over some man who had loved her even on his deathbed.

Now, back in England, Denise smiled wanly and stepped over to the wardrobe in the bed area of the bedsitter. The bed was made neatly and the floor was clean, but the decoration of the little flat, as the English would have called it, was almost non-existent. The wardrobe had only women's clothes in it, he could see.

"I've been in the men's clothing stores and to the tailor's a few times," Denise said. "Whenever I can screw up the courage to do it, I try to go in, and sometimes I do. But I just don't have the nerve to buy men's clothes. Ridiculous, isn't it? I go over to the women's department and spend my coupons on a new skirt or new panties. Those I can buy without a qualm. Isn't that peculiar?" Tears sparkled again at her eyes. "See how you have messed me up, you bastard!" she cried and she threw something at him.

Only when he caught it did he recognize it as a wig, just like the one he had purchased for her so long ago, and stored in the kit for her going into France.

"We had need," Richard said hoarsely. "I never thought it would go this far. I wanted to get you out, replace you, but Albert said Denise was irreplaceable. If you think about it, he was right."

She dabbed her eyes with a little handkerchief, a woman's thing. "But why did you do this to me in the first place?" Denise whispered. "You knew when you trained me, when you took me dancing."

When I kissed you on the path, he added in his own mind. "Would you have gone through all that you did if I had told you to do it?" Richard asked. "It's war time and my father says it best to say the least.

Let the girl figure it out, he said of you. In wartime, we often have to compel others to do things that they never would in ordinary times. Things we would never ask them to do, either.”

Denise shook her head, her earrings dancing. She eyed him quizzically. “So, what did you follow me home for? To apologize again? You’ve done that enough already. To help me cut my hair? I freeze each time I go near a barber’s. I know I said that I would, but I can’t. I can’t wear pants and so I’m invalidated out. You can’t order or compel me again to do anything. I don’t have to go dancing with you if you’re still so stuck for a girl and female companionship. I’m going to eat my dodgy sausages, day old eggs and fry up some chips. If you want to stay and swap war stories for a while, you can.”

Richard didn’t trust himself to think for a while. He nodded and watched her go back so gracefully into the kitchen area. He watched her prepare the little meal, her hands so feminine as she worked, bracelets at her wrists.

Denise laid the table in the kitchen area, putting malt vinegar, salt and a bottle of brown sauce on the table. “Sorry,” she murmured. “I couldn’t find ketchup in the grocery store. I don’t think they stock it.”

“I’ll get you some from the base,” Richard said, sipping the sweet tea that she had made for him. She looked so domestic in the apron she had added to protect her skirt and blouse, while she cooked. That was when he recalled what Schurning had said to her, just before he died.

“You miss Karlheinz,” Richard said suddenly. Denise looked up at him from the stove where she had been moodily watching the chips cook in the

heated fat. "He said he would marry you and you said what, that you would have said, Yes, to him? Did you love him that much?"

She flushed. He still didn't know whether to call her Kenneth or Denise. He could not imagine her now with her feminized face and figure ever being the young man he had met in his father's office so long ago.

"No," Denise said, her voice shaky. "I didn't love Karl. But I think he loved me. And he knew I was a man." That shook Richard Turner. Schurning had never divulged that fact to him. "He and Eva planned to have one of Mengele's surgeons operate on me," she glanced fearfully at him, "removing my male parts and making me into a woman. They've done it before with others of their victims in Kriegshausen."

There, thought Denise, at last I have said it. She saw the horror on Richard's face. "So, you did save me from a fate worse than death," she said flippantly. "You see, Karl wanted me as a woman and in no other way. He was always kind to me," darn, her tears were coming again, "and affectionate but it was Eva's plan to make me a woman. She's really twisted, I hope you see that. She knows everything that Mengele, he's in charge of experimenting on people like me, is doing in the prison camps, and it's much worse than you can imagine. Karl told me some things about a boy he knew. That boy, well, she is now a girl because he offended some Nazi."

Denise shuddered and could not go on. The chips! They were burning. Hastily she turned back to the fryer and took it off the stove. She could not afford to waste food. Her ration book didn't have many coupons left and it would be a week before she could go into the post office for more.

Richard watched her and the tears flowing down her cheeks again. Denise saved the chips but her hands were shaking as she started the eggs. She had decided against the dodgy ‘bangers’ after all and had added her last tomato and a can of peas to the little meal.

“You are crying for him again,” Richard said stubbornly, unable to leave the topic.

She shook her hair and it bounced so nicely at her neck. “It’s so awful,” Denise said, looking at him through watery eyes. “But I’m crying because I don’t think of him and I think that I should. Does that tell you how mixed up I’ve become? I never cried before but now I do. And I cry because I don’t feel anything at all. He took me to Eva and gave me to her for her to use. And he did it even when he knew I was a man. I used to think that he was as bad as you.”

“As bad as me?” Richard asked bitterly.

“I thought you had abandoned me,” Denise said, looking up at him as he loomed large and menacing over her. “I didn’t know about your messages. Albert lied to me. Then you came and rescued me.” Her face screwed up with shame at the memory. “You didn’t think that I was worth saving then, did you?”

Richard put his arms about her narrow waist and she went stiff. “I would have saved you whatever you were doing and whoever you were doing it to,” he said, knowing how unsteady his so-called ‘command’ voice had become. “I was just so relieved that you were alive.”

“But, in the plane,” Denise murmured.

“Jealousy,” Richard said abruptly. “I thought you were in love with Schurning and, for just a little while, I hated you both.”

Denise looked up at him nervously. “I don’t think I ever thanked you for rescuing me,” she murmured, lifting her chin. His lips met hers and she forgot all about the meal she had been trying to prepare. He forgot all about the promises he had made to his father and to himself as he buried himself in her sweet kiss, such an absolutely wonderful, marvellous kiss. Oh yes, and her lips were even more arousing than the kisses they had once exchanged, he on the dark path with her, she laughing and amused at him, she in her ball gown.

Denise shook with all the violent emotions coursing through her. She clung to his lips with hers and remembered again the feel of her gorgeous ball gown, the flowing skirts about her. She remembered floating in his arms and thrilling to ideas of being a woman and of urging herself not to question but to enjoy being so feminine. She had been so much convinced herself that she was Denise that she had wanted to be kissed by Richard. Oh, it was so wonderful that he had obliged her. She had thought she had achieved complete success. She had felt everything that a woman feels when she is admired and kissed by a man, she had thought.

Oh, how wrong she was. He ran his hands down her sides and without his touching them, her breasts were on fire. She now wanted him to touch them, to caress them, and to make the urgent arousings, in her panties, reach fulfillment. That shocked her and so she shakily pulled free from his kissing as he stroked her hair and kissed her neck. Oh, it was so strange, lovely but somewhat weird as he hugged her body to his, totally aware of her hardened breasts pushing into him.

“No one will question us,” Richard said thickly. “This is wartime and we must all take our pleasures as we can. We have no future. Let me love you, darling Denise. Let me make love to you before your courage returns and you start buying pants again for yourself.”

Denise forced a smile and lifted her face to the man who had come for her and rescued her. He wanted her and he knew she was a man. And as a man, she knew what could satisfy her and make her urges peak and then explode and die away. She could do that for him. He had saved her. He made her feel like a woman. She could be his woman once in her life before she must change back.

“Yes,” she murmured, turning off the stove behind her and putting the pans away from the heat.

Denise took Richard’s hand and led him to her bed, turning down the cold bedsheets. She looked up at him nervously as he took off his uniform jacket and watched her hungrily. There was awkwardness between them.

“Help me undress,” Richard said unsteadily again, “and I will undress you.”

“We don’t need to go that far,” Denise said, suddenly beset by visions of her father at what was supposed to be the medal presentation ceremony for Kenneth Jackson Browning. He had said that she would soon be debasing herself with a man. She looked up uncertainly at the man undoing his belt and letting his pants slide to the floor.

Richard saw the look and recognized the fear and uncertainty in her face. He couldn’t bear it if she rejected him now, not after her so sweet kisses. He stepped to her and kissed her again, pursuing her

lips as she withdrew a little from him. He pressed her lips with his and she seemed to sigh as she surrendered to him,

Richard lifted his woman onto the bed and slipped his shirt and his dog tags from his chest. His shoes and socks followed between soft, urgent kisses that Denise responded to in kind, each time. He took off her high heels and caressed her stockinged legs and he felt her tense with emotion.

Richard lay beside her and kissed her and she cuddled to him, her eyes closed, making no objection as he undid and removed her skirt and then her blouse and feminine underslip. She was entirely in women's undies, red bra, red panties, red garter belt and dark stockings, her body a complete contrast to his.

Denise stiffened as he began to undo her bra and suddenly her breasts were free, his strong, manly hands, so different to hers, caressing her. The thrilling emotions that went through her were unlike most that she had ever felt before. He kissed her breasts as she writhed with the intense pleasure that ran through her like electricity.

“Let me pleasure you,” she whispered, shaking as she reached for the bulge in his BVDs. He wiggled as she eased them down his legs. Then, she had a naked man with a hard erection in bed with her. She tried to stroke him but he rolled on top of her and thrust his aroused manhood between her legs, trapping her hands for a little while.

“Richard,” Denise murmured, as he cupped her breasts, suckling one and then the other while she quivered at the alien delights going through her. “You know what I am.”

Richard kissed her, releasing her hands and putting them about his neck, his chest on her breasts. He lovingly began to caress her soft, feminine, no, female, legs and thighs and her emotions went even higher. When he removed her panties and gaff and felt the bulge she had, she hoped he would release her as she intended to release him. What else could she expect?’

She didn’t expect that he would push her legs apart and lift her so that his moist manhood could slip between her enlarged thighs and buttocks. She squealed as he penetrated her, as he was then kissing her again, yes, just as if she was a woman, writhing and wriggling beneath her man, the man who was going to make love to her. Oh, Denise shivered and shuddered as she felt this wonderful man’s male parts gently arouse her womanliness.

“Relax, woman, relax,” Richard Turner murmured; and so she did, her legs up over his back as he then made her feel what a woman must feel as he penetrated her time and again. Yes, she clung to him, knowing that she enjoyed his kisses and caresses. But it was so different to make love, or let a man make love to ‘her’, especially, she knew, someone she was more than a little in love with, as well.

Then, she, Denise, oh, she was Denise, wasn’t she, to him, felt something grow inside her. She moved and moved girlishly, as she’d been told to do with other men, like Karl. She and Richard were in rhythm, moving together, each trying to make the other feel happiness and rightness in the actions they were accepting from the other. Her emotions went to a high she had never thought possible.

Yes, she was Denise and she was taking her lover all the way. Ooh, he was exploding inside her. She felt him, she hugged him and she felt her own surge as



she could do nothing else, as her man kissed her breasts and her lips, fondling her body, her thighs and her tush. She could do nothing but cling to her man and caress him as her body writhed and spurted with new emotions.

Denise felt ecstatic as Richard kept pushing and pushing long after she was spent, his tongue inside her mouth. She jiggled and wiggled as he started again. She helped him as she could as her skin tingled everywhere while her man pleased her breasts again.

“My love,” Richard whispered as he came again, feeling an immense shadow lifting from him. He found Denise’s mouth again as they lay together in bliss; while he made her feel rapture with the soft and gentle way he caressed her breasts and her feminized body.

“My love,” Denise whispered back nervously, knowing how awful she was to love another man, to behave so much as a woman for the man loving her. It was absolutely shameful that she was hungering for Richard to take her again. She was the one supposed to be humouring her rescuer. She couldn’t, she shouldn’t, want to be loved as if she was a girl. But she did. She clasped her legs about him and wriggled. He got the message instantly and loved her, long and oh so slowly, giving her so much pleasure, which he seemed to be feeling as well, that she had another quivering convulsion at the end and stupidly whispered, “Oh, I love you, Richard,” to another man.

“I love you, too, Denise,” Richard whispered, meaning it and knowing that it was more than the wonderful sex he had had with this woman.

Denise snuggled up and kissed him again and again. "Oh, I ruined our dinner," she said with a chuckle.

Richard smiled down at her. "The Ritz is still serving," he said. "And Mimi has a gorgeous white gown I would love to see you in. Come dancing with me, my darling girl, and then I will show you my bedroom at the Ritz."

Denise considered. "Yes," she said, blushing, and then kissing Richard hard to make sure again that what he felt about her was what she was sure she felt about him. She wanted to be a woman for him. She wanted him to want her as a woman.

So they went to the Ritz. The gown was gorgeous and so, so feminine. Richard loved taking it off her almost as much as he loved making love to her. It was there, in the ornate room his father had leant Richard Carter for the night, where J.C. found them asleep in bed together, wrapped in each other's arms the next afternoon.

XIV. DEMOBILISATION

John Clayton Turner tried again to explain it to his son. "You cannot be in your right mind," he said, pushing away the expensive lunch that he had treated himself to on this short leave to confer with the Imperial General Staff. "Mark Browning will have you drummed out of the Service."

"It has nothing to do with him," said Richard, dressed in a business suit and not his uniform. "I am going to marry Denise and make her my wife."

J.C. stared at his son. "Your mother would turn in her grave," he said thickly.

"Low blow, Dad," said J.C.'s only son. "After what you said about how things in wartime are different and we must seize the chance when it is offered."

"You can't apply what I said about Lucy," said the newly promoted major-general, mentioning his chauffeur and with whom he had had a long affair, "to your situation."

"No," agreed his son. "But unlike you, I love the woman I am sleeping with. And I have convinced her ..."

"...to marry you," said J.C. Turner. "But you know it's not really love." He lowered his voice. "How can it be? You know that she is not a woman. She is Mark Browning's son."

"Mark Browning's daughter," said Richard imperturbably. He could have told his father about Runge, the surgeon at Kriegshausen, whom Eva had told him about. He could have told him about a woman known as Marlene Himmler, but he knew his father would likely be as offended as Mark Browning had been when he had talked to him about his daughter and how he planned to marry her.

'Bastard' had been the least of the epithets Mark Browning had hurled at him and so he had not told Denise about what her father had said about her for sleeping with him, loving him and becoming more and more his woman with each passing day.

"What I was trying to say," said Richard to his father, "was that I have finally convinced Denise that she is a woman, that she always will be a woman, and that she is going to be my woman to the end of

her life.” He paused. “And this afternoon, after I leave here, I am going to meet her at the Caxton Hall registry office. We are going to become man and wife. If you want to be there and give us your approval, come. If you don’t approve, stay away.”

John Clayton Turner stared at his son, aghast. A million things ran through his mind. “She isn’t legally a woman,” he said foolishly.

“Her passports and birth certificate and identity card say that she is,” said Richard with a wry smile. “It was the least my department could do for Denise Colbert after it went out of business. After today, she will have a marriage certificate and an American passport.”

“You’ve thought it out?” queried the older man, waving away the nervous waiter who stared at the uneaten meals as if it was unheard of at the Westminster Grill. “You’re still in the Army. For goodness’s sake, she is as well, I think.”

Richard smiled and his masculine charm showed. A woman in a fashionable suit gave him a glance from her table but Richard totally ignored her though she was quite lovely. “She was discharged,” Richard said, “and all paperwork referring to her has been expunged from the record. The Bank ceased to exist when we escaped from France and now it never existed. There never was a male agent masquerading as a female.”

“But Denise has a medal,” said J.C., not realizing that his son was counting the times he referred to Denise as ‘she’. “And you have kept her name.”

Richard nodded. “The cover story works,” he said, reaching for the glass of excellent red Bordeaux wine. He poured his father more as the anxious waiter cir-

cled again and was waved off angrily by his father. “Denise is a French girl, the niece of Jacques Colbert, who involved her in the Resistance. And after today, she is going to be Mrs Denise Turner, my wife and the mother of my children.”

J.C. spluttered in his wine as that idea hit him like a thunderbolt.

“We are adopting, of course,” said Richard Turner evenly. “There are any number of infants and children, by-blows of American servicemen, maybe some from your division. I already contacted authorities and sent them our biographies. We have had offers already. I want some time with my wife alone, of course, but then, at Christmas, I think, we’ll be home in Pennsylvania with our new baby, your grandchild. I told Mark Browning the same thing before he threw me out of his office.”

“Of course,” muttered John Clayton Turner. “I should have done the same when you came to me with your problems.”

Richard left shortly after that, to do what he said he would with his future ‘wife’. J.C. was left to drink alone and mull over his thoughts. He had seen them, his son and some woman he’d gone out on a date with, so Richard had told him, in bed together, seen the way the sleepy woman had snuggled up to his son in a perfect picture of connubial bliss. They had not heard him enter the suite.

As they began to make love again, his son kissing her, the naked woman’s breast, she had smiled and arched herself, as if it was a great pleasure to be kissed like that, moving so that he could kiss her other, shapely, womanly breast. She had her legs all about Richard as his son had pulled the woman beneath him, the bedsheets covering what he was doing

as her painted fingernails stroked his son's hair. Then, the new general had seen just who it was in bed. His smile faded as he saw them moving rhythmically together.

They had kissed and, as she had moved her head, the General had recognized 'her'. He had called out something and woken them up from the romantic bliss they were sharing, retreating from the bedroom to the main room of the suite. It had taken his son a while to coax 'her' to come and face him, her face crimson as she stood before him as he knew and could see why his son would desire to experiment with her.

Her hair was ruffled. Denise had worn a see-through nightdress and robe in light pink, 'passion-rousers', the General had heard them aptly called, but it was her female figure that roused the passion, even in him. He had then made his fatuous remark about it being wartime and things happened that should never in peace. He had thought that he understood. He had been certain that his son would put such a strange encounter behind him.

But Richard hadn't. Other officers he knew saw them dancing at the Ritz and the Adelphi Ballroom, eagerly asking who his son's very pretty girl friend was, and also, was he serious about her? A discreet word with the concierge and J.C. knew that they slept in one bed in his suite, when he was not there, Richard having the run of the place. A word to his duty officer and he had a dossier on his son and the girl he was living with, in a bedsitter in Fulham. He even had photos of them locked together in a kiss on the doorstep when Richard had had to go into Whitehall, one day.

The Invasion of Europe had intervened. His son was having an affair with a former soldier from his

command and there was nothing J.C. could do about it. But an affair was one thing, marriage quite another.

His staff car parked beside another across from Caxton Hall, ignoring parking restrictions, his visiting General's pennant enough to keep him from being targeted. He spotted Lieutenant-General Mark Browning first, in the doorway. Then J.C. went white with shock as he realized that the woman with him was his wife, Joan.

A pretty girl and a British serviceman came out of the doorway, she with flowers in her hands and stars in her eyes. She and her new husband kissed in the doorway and their best man, also in uniform, took their picture, as he did for the next couple. Just when J.C. thought he had it wrong, he heard Joan Browning say, "Oh! Mark! She's lovely! I really do have a daughter!"

The look on Mark Browning's face was priceless. Richard, looking so proud and handsome and charming, that J.C. wanted to run up to him and grab him, get him away from this wrong, wrong place, emerged with his bride, holding on to her pink-gloved hand as she came out, all her attention on him as her pink dress swirled about her. J.C. almost yelled as she pushed the little veil of her pink hat up on her face and gave herself up to Richard's passionate kiss. The cameras of several men and women in uniform snapped away as the two seemed locked together for an age, his arms hugging her to him, her female form pressed tightly to him.

Then, Mark Browning moved forward as J.C., finally, knew what would happen as he ran across the

street, fearing the worst. Browning didn't do more than touch Richard's shoulder, however, as the man and his bride, so pretty in pink, separated as another woman came crying forward, her arms outstretched.

"Mommy!" squeaked Denise and the look on her exquisitely made-up face was a picture as well as the woman hugged her and cried.

"I have such a beautiful daughter!" said Joan Browning, stroking the girl's hair and hugging her, her eyes almost popping as she realized that the woman's figure that pressed against her was real.

Mark Browning turned to J.C. with haunted eyes. "I had to tell her," he said to his fellow general. "She pulled all kinds of political strings and got on a flight to come over here."

J.C. nodded. "Your daughter is very beautiful," he said hoarsely

"I know," said Mark Browning just as hoarsely.

"And she is very brave," said J.C., looking at the blonde, pink-dressed girl hugging her mother and whispering to her as the other woman cried and nodded.

"I know," said Mark Browning, meaning 'brave', to face her mother, as well as what 'she' had done in France, as J.C. had also meant.

"She will make my son a wonderful wife," J.C. said.

"I know," said Denise's father, his voice choking.

Richard stepped up to them both. "Thank you," he said simply. "For being so kind to my wife."

The men nodded. "Mark!" called Joan Browning. "And John Clayton! It is you! I thought you were in Belgium somewhere! Have you met my beautiful daughter? Come and stand with her, both of you, and you, Richard. And your friends can take our picture."

Richard's friends, not knowing the history between them, happily clicked away and congratulated the happy couple with kisses and confetti, showering the generals as well as their drivers looked on, grinning.

"When you come back to the States, we are going to have a big, Church wedding," said Joan Browning, staring at her lovely daughter, her made-up eyes so beautiful, the neckline of her dress showing off alluring breasts as well.

"No, Mommy," squeaked Denise, the flowers shaking in her hand.

"Yes," said her mother. "You must be married in white. She must, mustn't she, Mark? Then you and Richard will get to have another honeymoon at Niagara Falls, like your father and I did. Oh, I am going to get to plan a wedding and be the bride's mother. Your brothers will be so envious!"

Denise shook at the last remark. She turned to her husband, his arm about her narrow waist reassuring her. She looked at her father and father-in-law staring at her. She should have worn a more modest neckline, each older man thought. Now, the official registry having been made, the bridal couple had been heading back to her flat for a little, private party but the generals wouldn't hear of it.

So they went to the Ritz where Denise danced with Richard, and with her father and with Richard's father, among others. What could the generals do but

say only nice things to a blushing Denise about what a lovely bride she was.

Then she and Richard had to take their leave as his father gave him his suite again for their wedding night. "Heaven knows, you've used it so well, so many times before," he said to Richard. He flushed as much as she and her mother giggled, the older woman wishing her new daughter, long life and a happy marriage.

"What else did she say?" asked the daughter's husband later as he gently, slowly, undressed her quivering body, exposing her blue lace garters and silky French chemise and panties, gifts sent from an absent Eva von Esselberg.

"She said I was lucky to be marrying such a handsome husband," Denise told him truthfully as his mouth lightly caressed her trembling breasts. "And she tried to tell me how brutish male desires can be to us women. It was her mother to daughter talk, I think, the one her mother gave her."

Richard grinned down at his wife. "Am I a brute?" he asked, gently caressing her lovely body until he found her garter, the one she hadn't tossed to his friends after lifting up her dresses and showing her mother that she wore women's underclothes entirely beneath her rustling skirts.

"Look what you have done to me, you brute," Denise murmured and his face took on a fearful, contrite expression. "Now you have to pay," she said as she lifted her lips to his and his payment began. Soon she was enraptured as her husband proved his love of her again and again in the passionate night that began their marriage on the right note, man and loving wife, entranced with one another.

“I was just thinking,” Richard muttered as Denise clung to her husband, fulfilled as a woman, but waiting to be fulfilled again and again, on her wedding night.

“What were you thinking?” Denise asked between kisses of his face and neck.

“There are some war stories,” Richard said as he accepted her sweet kisses and began to make love to her again, “that we are never going to tell our children, my darling woman.”

*****end*****