

War Story



Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel



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WAR STORY

by **Philippa Peters**

I. TALENT SHOW

Colonel John Clayton Turner wanted to meet and discuss his son's problems with him, but A company's talent show was pretty close to a Command Performance for its Commanding Officer. He left word with the Duty Officers, however, for his son, Richard. The boy could find him when he arrived from the station.

"Ten-hut!" Warrant Officer Kelly's bellow brought every man in the Quonset to his feet with a snap.

The colonel walked quickly to his place beside Captain Lazarowich, the company commander. Even before the two could exchange their usual pleasantries, a scratchy record had launched into the "Star-Spangled Banner". The lights dimmed immediately on completion of the National Anthem. There was a scuffling, then, as everyone tried to find their seats quickly before the show began.

As a ‘talent’ show, it didn’t have much to commend it, but the performers were enthusiastic, and the audience was willing to forgive a lot. It made for a diverting evening. A rather good jazz quintet was doing a fine rendition of an Armstrong/Hines number when Mac Lazarowich touched J.C.’s arm and pointed to the exit. The Colonel’s younger son, Richard, waved to his father across the shack. He didn’t display any urgency; and so J.C. sat back and enjoyed the jazz group.

The next sketch was a short play, a skit, about beautiful spies and bumbling German soldiers. Since A company was all-male, the ‘beautiful’ Mata Haris left much to the imagination. There was one, whoever, who took ‘her’ part very well. To begin with, she spoke excellent French in a throaty drawl that concealed her true sex very well.

‘She’ looked good, too. You’d have been fooled if you hadn’t known where you were, thought the Colonel, smiling as she vamped a very uncomfortable Sergeant Barris. The actor, hmm, the actress (!), wore a dark, brown wig, the thick fringe cut straight across ‘her’ forehead, matching the straight cut of the thick hair that bounced so naturally on her shoulders. ‘She’ wore the evening gown with confidence and style. ‘Her’ figure wasn’t impossible and ludicrously padded like the other ‘girls’ in the sketch. The whistling from some of the men in the audience, however, unnerved ‘her’ a little, as she sang a French song in an impressive contralto, probably a light tenor, in ‘her’ natural voice, now toned down and accented femininely, given the distractions the appreciative audience made her face.

“Who is that?” whispered J.C. to the laughing, applauding captain beside him.

“Ken Browning, the general’s son,” Mac whispered back as both had to applaud the end of the skit. The ‘women’ now looked ridiculous in their long gowns, heavy makeup, long earrings and without their wigs. Ken Browning, the Colonel noted, had quite longish fair hair, the privileges of being a Lieutenant-General’s son, he guessed.

A country music group followed, before there were more sketches, together with a finale in which all the performers did a little number. Ken Browning looked very handsome in his tailored black tie and tuxedo, singing in English and French in his turn. J.C. was glad to rise and thank the performers, and the men of A Company, for their invitation to the Camp Show. Actually, it had gone on too long, as such things generally do, but the colonel knew his duty and did it well.

Captain Richard Turner was waiting for his father in his quarters by the time that the Colonel returned, after going backstage and speaking to many of the performers. “Good show. Your impersonation of Piaf was superb,” he had said to Ken Browning. The blue-eyed, young man, totally unlike his father, had seemed quite startled and flushed at the notice and reference of the Colonel to his performance as a female.

“I need your help, Dad,” Richard Turner said bluntly, chasing thoughts of the performance by Browning from the Colonel’s mind. His son had also helped himself to a rye from his father’s ‘private’ stock. He was settled, too, the older man observed with a smile, in J.C.’s favorite armchair. No, he wasn’t a boy any more, was he?

He looks tired, J.C. thought, pouring himself a drink of his own. Little worry lines and creases furrowed the corners of Richard’s eyes. His father hoped

they weren't permanent as they made him seem much older than his twenty-seven years.

"Tell me," J.C. instructed his son, with equal terseness.

"We put in a special request this time," his son said bitterly. "We needed a girl, a French speaker. The papers, the cover, even the contacts in Paris have all been made. All we needed was a girl to fit the bill. But the Brits have said, No. No-one over there will co-operate with us." There was rage in his voice.

"Why not?" asked an astonished Colonel, knowing that, as an officer in a different command, he was treading dangerously in asking his son to expound on intelligence work. Exactly which agency his son had been seconded to, he wasn't sure, and really didn't want to know.

The Colonel didn't think he ought to know but Richard persisted in coming to him for advice and help. The different agencies bickered as if they were rivals for a pretty woman's hand. "The Bank", Richard's term for his own agency, had to rely upon others, notably the British spy services for a supply of agents. Then, he had problems in knowing how much to depend on such agents and whether they reported solely to 'The Bank' or to other agencies first.

"The Dutch network was turned," Richard said gloomily. "After all the work we put in, we have to take the blame for that, as well as for the loss of twelve agents on the ground."

"So, no-one trusts your abilities any more?" asked the Colonel in surprise. He knew the 'brains' in Richard's outfit only by university assessments. But they had astonished him with the strength, or so he thought, of their credentials. John Turner had thought that they were all first-class. He'd expected

soon to hear of great things that his son was involved in.

“They say that we’ve been infiltrated,” Richard said bitterly.

“Have you?” asked J.C. sharply. That was cause for disbanding ‘The Bank’ right there.

“No!” exclaimed Richard, startled by his father’s sharpness. “At least, we don’t think so. We think one of the Dutch agents was turned.”

J.C. nodded thoughtfully. “And you need agents to run?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Richard irritably. “We have to send in a contact to our Paris network in two weeks or our prime source will be cut off from us. And nobody will supply us with agents. The Library’s been trying to take over this agent of ours for a year as our source supplies accurate evaluations of German strength and deployments in Northern France.”

“You must have been in contact with others,” began the Colonel carefully.

“She, our agent, the one the Brits wanted most, was killed in a car accident outside Paris,” said Richard. “We verified the circumstances,” he added quickly. “There’s no doubt the accident was exactly that. We haven’t told the Brits that she’s gone. But we do have to replace her, and fast.”

“The Free French? Other Brit agencies? How about our own or the Canadians?” asked the Colonel. “There must be women ...”

“They won’t give us the time of day,” said Richard miserably. “The Brits call us a bunch of amateurs and by and large that’s true. All the women I’ve ap-

proached have laughed at me and repeated everything the Brits say about us Yanks over here, playing at being soldiers.”

Colonel Turner mused for a while. As far as he could see, there was little he could do for his son this time. French-speaking women, trained as agents, were not something he could easily scare up for his son.

“What did you think I could do, son?” J.C.’s voice was gentle.

Richard blinked and looked up from the armchair. His eyes were a little bloodshot and the dark circles beneath them had grown perceptibly in the dim light. He was almost asleep. “I don’t know,” he admitted with a yawn. “But you’ve always had ideas about my problems before. I’ve run out.”

“I’ll sleep on it, son,” said J.C. “And you should, too.” He buzzed for his aide who came promptly. “Show Captain Turner a bed, Rick,” he said to the young lieutenant who appeared.

When the two were gone, Colonel Turner pulled out the camp bed and settled down himself. Sleep was hard to come by as he mulled over thoughts of French-speaking girls, serving as agents in France. Somehow, each girl he thought of had dark brown hair, cut straight across her forehead. She had a neat, slim figure, and for some reason, in his thoughts she wore an evening gown no matter the occasion. It was only when sleep finally began to overtake him that Colonel John Clayton Turner realized that the girl he was visualizing was in fact Ken Browning.

II. A REPLACEMENT AGENT

His son was still abed when Colonel Turner entered the shack which served as an entertainment center for the men. It was empty of soldiers, the entertainers likely catching extra sack time as they had to perform for other companies in the week ahead. So, they did have the luxury of missing the day's training exercises.

Colonel Turner sat down before a clouded mirror in the store room that now served as a dressing room. Some joker had put a large, yellow, five-pointed star on the outside of the door, which now hung inwards. The Colonel heard the clump of Browning's boots long before the soldier arrived.

"Sir," the young man saluted and held himself at attention in the open doorway. Kelly, as usual, didn't let any grass grow under his, the warrant officer's feet, in having the Colonel's orders followed promptly.

"Come in. Close the door. Sit down." The Colonel's directions were spare and economical. Kenneth Jackson Browning did exactly as he was bid.

"Why is General Browning's son, fluent in French, German and Italian, a one-striper in one of my companies?" Colonel Turner asked, showing the emotionally devoid face that he had practiced and practiced for this interrogation. And it was that. The general would hear about and act upon any over-aggressive actions on his part towards this young son of his.

Browning was startled by the blunt question. He flushed a bright red right up to the roots of his

straight blonde hair. It was greased down now so that he appeared almost regulation. His sergeant had an excuse for missing it and could relax, thought the Colonel dryly, but he would have to have a word with him later, well out of the general's son's hearing. He didn't want Browning cutting his hair now and revealing that he had a soldier's cut, not now.

"I'm a soldier, sir," said the young man nervously. Nineteen was his recorded age. That was no answer, of course. Any general's son could expect more consideration than Kenneth Browning had received. He could be an interpreter, with junior officer rank, at least, if he'd told his father that he wanted that. He could have joined the other military, useless layabouts, as Turner thought of them, over here, running about London, chasing every good-looking girl that he could, promising, as the layabouts did, to take her back to the US of A, and make her an actress.

"You were drafted," stated the Colonel, not needing to look at the notes he had made about this handsome, young man. "No commission and not recommended for one. I'd have thought that your father would have done better than that for you."

Again, the young man blushed. Annoying habit, thought Turner. This will be no good if he does it each time he's embarrassed.

"He would have done a lot for me, Colonel, sir," Browning said, looking down at his black, polished boots. "I didn't want any favors, though, least of all from him."

The tone told Colonel Turner everything he wanted to know. The pair did not get along which would leave him a free hand in what he was going to do.

“Good,” he snapped, hiding a smile when the young man’s eyes jerked up to look at him. He had the same Mediterranean blue eyes as his father, but General Mark Jackson Browning was dark-haired and sallow. Ken Browning was fair, his eyelashes almost white, and he didn’t look as if he shaved yet. His cheeks were hollowed, almost gaunt, while his uniform looked like it was made for a much bigger man. Likely, Browning had been bigger before he began Warrant Officer Kelly’s ‘Instant Soldier’ training exercises.

“Why did you volunteer for the show last night?” asked the Colonel abruptly.

Browning flushed again. “Well, you know, sir,” he finally said, stumbling over the words. “All we’re doing is training, training, training.”

Turner smiled. “And everyone is saying that there won’t be any action, until, at least, a year from now?” he asked, venturing a smile, that seemed to show the young man that he was on his side. Oh, he’d learn not to trust such advances, like that, in time, the young man would. “Is that how the grunts have it worked out? Well, maybe I can do something about that. I’m about to offer you, son, a chance to take part in one of the damndest, strangest assignments of this war. I believe that you can handle it.”

The boy gaped at his commanding officer. But there was an eager gleam in his eyes. Smiling again, Colonel John Turner knew that his fish had taken the bait already. Now, he’d have to play it out and tangle the fish in the line the colonel would feed him. Then, it would be too late for Browning but to do what the Turners wanted.

“We need a person,” the Colonel began, but then shook his head. “No, I’ll give it to you straight from the start.”

The boy had not moved but his quick nod told Turner that his fish was well and truly hooked.

“My son, Captain Richard Turner,” J.C. said slowly, taking out and beginning to fill his pipe, “belongs to an Intelligence outfit. He arranges for agents to be dropped behind enemy lines. The agents must be French or perfect in speaking French at the very least. Do you think you could handle a job like that?”

Ken Browning nodded eagerly. It was too easy, thought the Colonel.

“I could handle it,” said Browning with a glint in his eye. “I did apply for Intelligence, once before, but I thought they’d turned me down. I thought it was Dad who nixed it.”

That shook Colonel Turner. He was about to reconsider and walk away but the boy seemed to read that in his face. “Please, Colonel, sir,” he said anxiously. “I’d like nothing better than a chance to prove myself; and any action would be better than waiting round here for years.

“I thought that I’d see action for sure as a G.I., rather than as an officer. My dad would tie me to a desk, I was certain. And he still might. I definitely would not let the General know, in any way, what I was up to. Please, Colonel, use me. Let my dad mess with the lives of my other brothers, not mine.”

Ken Browning looked so young, so eager and so innocent that Colonel Turner knew that he would hate himself afterwards for what he was about to do. He stood up and picked up the field telephone at the end

of the table. Kelly was at the command post and answered promptly.

“Ask Captain Turner to join me in the entertainment center,” said the Colonel into the phone. The young man opposite him looked at him expectantly, a smile fleeting over his full lips, as J.C. replaced the receiver. “What pointed you out to us, Ken,” he said with a frown, “was your performance in the show last night. You were very convincing in all your parts.”

The young man colored and bit anxiously at his lower lip. “No, don’t be embarrassed,” the Colonel said as kindly as he could. “It’s actually a real advantage to be able to impersonate a woman. It enables you to be more effective as an agent. You can check out places where you’d otherwise be spotted. It’s a pity we only have a few agents as effective at disguise as you could be, on occasion, but Dick tells me that they only recruit new people these days who are top-class actors, anyway.”

The Colonel’s pipe was going well now. He got up and wandered over to where the racks of costumes were kept. “We saw you in an evening gown last night,” he said. “But Richard would say that that wouldn’t get you by, unnoticed, on a Parisian street. So why don’t you put on street clothes for him?” He indicated and outfit of a light blue blouse and a tapered, black skirt. “Richard can see for himself why I think you have an extra dimension for the job.”

“Now?” Ken Browning gulped. The blush returned to his face. Well, he could never have expected this conversation to go in this direction, could he, thought the Colonel. “You want me to dress in women’s clothes, now?”

The Colonel shrugged, ignoring the lack of a ‘sir’ in the question. “Dick, a captain without any help from

me,” said the Colonel, knowing how much he was lying to the young man, “will be here soon. It will surprise him if you can show him one effective disguise, not glamorous or obvious, but effective.”

“But I-I,” stammered Browning uncertainly.

“Use a different wig to last night,” said the colonel, going to the door and leaving the youth with the skirt over his trembling arm. “Join us on the stage when you are ready and remember to speak only in French.”

The Colonel was just in time to intercept his son and draw him off, to the raised stage area of the Quonset hut, before Richard went barging into any of the side rooms of the ‘entertainment center’. He manoeuvred his son to sit down at the coffee table on the stage “for a chat about your problems”. He let Richard go through a litany of his complaints before he finally said, “I may have solved a part of your problem for you.”

Richard looked at him with suspicion. “I thought of something myself,” he said miserably. “We saw that woman on stage last night, speaking impeccable French. You weren’t thinking of proposing her to me, were you, Dad? Did you know that ‘she’, as a matter of fact, is Ken Browning, the general’s son?”

“She’s exactly whom I was going to suggest,” said Colonel John Turner, using the same smile that had worked so well, or so he believed, on the other young man, or rather, he’d have to start thinking, on the other young woman.

“Browning?” Richard Turner asked, disbelief written on his face. His father’s face, accompanied by a nod, gave away that the Colonel had thought of that as well as his son had. “A female impersonator?” he asked in even greater disgust as his father smiled.

“Dad, this is too important for silly games.” He might have said more but J.C. could see that his son was very annoyed with him.

The Colonel took his time, adding a little more to his pipe as his son glowered at him. “All right,” he said. “Not Ken Browning, though that’s a very good idea. There’s one of my file clerks I want you to meet. Her French is impeccable.”

Richard’s expression changed to one of interest. His father settled back into one of the stage’s canvas chairs and puffed away contentedly. The old man had something up his sleeve, his son was certain, but he didn’t know what it was.

Then the girl came out of the dressing room area onto the stage. She was tall for a girl in her high heels, but she carried herself well. Her figure was slender, almost angular, like so many girls these days on their inadequate diets over here in England. Her fair hair was cut short and brushed to one side as so many of the ‘Waves’ were wearing it now. It was definitely in style for Britain, but she’d have to change it, to something more femininely stylish, if she crossed the Channel.

She wasn’t in uniform but wore a dark, straight skirt and a blouse that hinted at curvature at her chest. Her waist was very pinched in. She was one of the very few Richard had seen lately who was wearing real silk stockings on her slim, otherwise bare and shapely legs. She wasn’t wearing much makeup, few girls did these days, just red lipstick and mascara or eyeliner, he thought.

“Come here, Marie ma cherie,” said the Colonel cheerfully, switching to his poor French. “This is my son, Richard, whom I told you about.”

The girl appeared flustered. She looked at the Captain who had risen politely from his seat, but she was the one who nervously dropped her eyes. She was wearing dark eyeshadow on her eyelids, Richard noted. "On parle francais?" he asked.

"Bien sur, monsieur," she replied, using nasal inflection as if she was a born Frenchwoman.

"Did my father," said Richard in French, "speak to you of the danger of parachuting into Occupied France and serving as an agent, a spy, there?"

She flushed and nodded. Well, thought the Colonel, 'she' must be really eager to get involved in this war. She should wait, as she was a man. There was going to be a lot of need for infantrymen and very soon. Yes, Turner knew a lot more than any G.I. knew about what was coming and how soon it was likely to be coming.

There was a lot more to be said and a lot of training to go through, before 'she' would be allowed into France anyway. Turner should speak of the possibility of death and torture, but he didn't want to scare off a possible future agent with horror tales. She'd inevitably hear anyways, and 'she' had an obvious way out, didn't 'she'? She'd just have to take off her wig, or her dress, and show what was in her panties.

Richard Turner sighed, causing the 'girl' to look at him apprehensively. But he'd bought into it, his father saw, as the girl twisted sexily on the chair, her lovely, girlish legs crossed. It would take so long to train up a woman, yes, thought the colonel, watching his son's face. He started thinking as his son might, of bringing this 'woman', physically, to the standards, that even a young G.I. had, in unarmed combat. Never mind, 'she' was used to having to work a radio, he'd read 'her' work record, where she had

done a hundred and one other things any military man was prepared to do. Still, if 'she couldn't be used now, the Colonel could tell his son, Richard could use 'her' later if the Brits and French proved intractable.

"She understands all that," said the Colonel as Richard started going through the list of things that a woman must learn to do before she went into another country in wartime, the things she must learn. The way the Colonel said it, the smug way he looked at 'Marie' triggered something in Richard's brain. Something was afoot here that he didn't understand. It concerned the young woman he had helped to sit down, her perfume, Lily of the Valley, he thought, really delightful.

She re-crossed her legs and gave the Colonel a shy smile. "Well, Marie," encouraged the Colonel in his atrocious French. "Tell us about yourself. How old are you?"

It was something about the way she straightened herself, as the Colonel spoke, that telegraphed itself to Captain Turner. It was the signal that she had made to his father. It was a soldierly gesture, pushing out the small mounds on her chest. "I am nineteen, monsieur," she said. "And I would love the chance of returning to my homeland."

The Colonel smiled as it then struck Richard where he had seen a woman behaving like that and making a gesture like that. "You're Browning," he said suddenly, the anger pouring out of him. He could feel the blood pounding at his temples. "You're the General's son."

The fair-haired girl pushed her chair back, uncrossing her legs. She looked scared and as if she was about to run away.

“Hang on, Dick,” said J.C., reaching over and touching the girl’s arm gently so that she swung around to him, her eyes still showing great terror. “This was all my idea, if you must know.” His black eyes were angry as well, but he was directing it at his son. “You must admit that Ken fooled you completely. If it hadn’t been for our conversation, and you seeing the show last night, and thinking how well Ken took the part of a French girl, you’d have taken Marie on here right away, as an agent, wouldn’t you?”

Captain Richard Turner looked at the girl beside him and had to admit that what his father said was true. He would not have known by just looking at her that she was not anyone, any woman, that is, but the woman that she had said that she was. “All right,” he said intently. “All right, Marie, fool me some more. Tell me whatever story you have cooked up with my father and convince me that you were born a girl.”

Ken Browning’s training was both rapid and strange. There was a great deal of work done on disguise as different kinds of Frenchmen. He had to spend a day, when he was disguised, in his role, without being discovered by the team that was looking for him. The first outing he spent as a Free French ‘caporal’ in a tiny Devonshire village. Later, he learned from the umpires that he had been blown, after about four hours, but they let him finish out the day. After that, he spent days as a gardener and as a taxi-driver, each with an objective in view. He was spotted by the ‘defenders’ each time before he delivered the message he was given.

The day he spent as ‘Denise’ was his only perfect day. It was so strange and disturbing to have to re-

port to a woman officer who made no bones about how silly it was for him to be disguised as a woman. But she made him dress completely in padded bra and panties as well as corset and stockings as he had to travel up to London, disguised as a WAAC, with eager soldiers trying to accost him, even carrying his pretty luggage packs for 'her' to 'her' taxi. Kenneth had not had to dress completely in women's underwear for his parts on the stage, nor to remove all his body hair, but the woman officer insisted that he do it for the London exercise, seeming to take great pleasure in his obvious embarrassment and discomfort.

Kenneth tried to pretend it was a part in a play. He steeled himself to put on stockings and panties and a corset. It was just going to be a sketch, like the ones he'd done in the show, where he had worn sexy women's lingerie, over his swimming trunks. But he wasn't allowed to wear them any more. He wiggled in the skirt and ladies' panties that he had to wear, as he did the model walk that an actress in 'drama school', had showed them all. Yes, there was the trick to sashaying like a woman, making his tush swing and sway.

So, 'Denise' was out in the audience in a skirt and women's underclothing, made up and wearing a wig. From that very first time, men seemed willing to ignore his disguise and his little mistakes and treat him as the woman he was trying to present to them.

Denise had a dozen offers to the theater or the cinema which embarrassed 'her' no end, being asked out on dates by so many men. He knew what it was, however, that caused that. The woman officer had plucked his eyebrows unmercifully and had not stinted on his makeup, even if it wasn't theatrical. A glance in a mirror on the train and he saw a thin, girlish face. Yes, she was able to cross her legs just like the other girls. She was finally able to relax a little

when she realised that all the other girls on the train were being propositioned by men as well. And no, they weren't expected to accept the invitations they received.

At the hotel, 'she' had found out that 'she' was sharing with another woman, a WAAF officer, who wanted Denise to double date with her. Denise had to change, replenish 'her' makeup and then get away from the other woman to scout the London night club where the 'game' was to be concluded. Being a woman, all day, was harrowing as 'her' nerves were on edge. Being a French corporal in De Gaulle's divisions was much easier. Controlling Denise's voice and her dress and mannerisms, thinking like a woman all day, was hard. 'She' only felt a little excitement as she realized she was getting away with it! Everyone addressed 'her' as if she really was Denise.

Then, when Denise re-met the woman she was sharing with, she had a message for Denise from Captain Turner. 'She' had to persuade the WAAF girl to get her boy friend and his friend to double date Denise. Then, 'she' had to smile and cajole her 'date' to take Denise to the right club where, not only was she not discovered, but she delivered the message intact.

Later, she had to change in front of her girl friend, put on new, clean, fragrant underclothing and a silky sort of dark dress that Denise's date admired from the start and was always touching. She had to dance with him, Denise's date, of course, and try to encourage him until she had delivered the message. 'She' actually got to dance with one of her puzzled opponents, searching for 'her' in the game being played, her glamorous makeup and padded figure fooling the man completely. Yes, he wanted to be her 'boy friend' as well, and take her home, for a little romp with a 'hero of the skies'



The hardest part was getting rid of 'her; other, very amorous double date 'boy friend' who gave 'her' several boozy kisses which she would have liked to have avoided. Luckily, with the man pawing her waist and shoulders and threatening to knock her wig out of place at any moment, she was able to get enough liquor into him that she was able to free herself at last from him. It was simple really. Her hotel floor was for women only and, although she was invited back to his room, she laughed and told him how useless he would be with so much beer in him as she left him teetering in the lobby.

Denise, strangely he was thinking that he was her after being a girl all day, was glad to get to her own room quickly where, surprisingly, Richard Turner was waiting for her. He had her change into a more glamorous dress which he had brought for 'her' with him in a special bag. Denise shivered as the dress exposed her shoulders. Her captain had also brought for her, a new, longer, auburn wig.

Then, Captain Turner took her to a dance at the Ritz where she was shocked to find herself among many glamorous women. She was certain she'd be discovered as she shook throughout the dances she had have with Richard, as well as with some of his friends. She asked him what she was supposed to be doing several times. But all Captain Turner had told her was that she had nothing to do but pass as a woman in her flowing dress and very high heels.

"You will pass, most definitely," said Richard as he drove Denise back to base. Ken trembled inside, humiliated by all the simpering and mincing and impersonating he had done that evening. He was actually glad when they finally drove back to the same barracks from which Denise had started that morning.

“Well, you know how such a day should end,” Richard said as Denise clicked and rustled to the barracks door in her dance dress and high heels. Captain Turner stopped and pulled her off the path, out of the light. “The last test,” he said, not knowing of the beery kisses she had endured earlier. Richard then kissed Denise on her lips, but it was quite unlike the earlier kisses. This was done with intent, by someone who knew that Denise was really Ken.

Denise was terrified, hardly knowing what to do as Richard Turner possessed her lips and made her feel so strange and unmanly as he hugged her to him and kissed and kissed her as if she must be enjoying his attentions.

She was dazed and shaking with emotion after he let her go, whispering that she had passed the final test. He let her go into the barracks where the disagreeable woman’s first gesture was to give her cold cream and a flannel and to tell her that her lipstick was smeared.

Ken sat in front of the mirror and looked at Denise at the end of a day of being a woman for every minute of it, thinking of the kisses and invitations and the silly, feminine things he had done, and said, to make himself accepted. Oh, how he blushed and blushed as he took off his makeup. He had deserved to be humiliated by the Captain, giving him a final warning that he was not a woman, not totally, which is why he felt so sick after exchanging so many kisses with the Captain. Then the woman had come and taken off his wig of long hair, making ‘her’ look ridiculous, in ‘her’ opinion. In women’s underwear, ‘she’ looked even more outrageous, but taking off her stockings and caressing her hairless legs sent chills and thrills through ‘her’.

He would never do it again, Ken Browning thought, groaning inwardly at the eyebrows the woman had left him with. Boy, was he going to be ribbed the next day, which in alarm, he saw, started in only five hours.

Ken was involved then in Codes and Ciphers. If there were raised eyebrows at his almost non-existent eyebrows, he didn't say anything and, luckily or following orders, no questions were asked. Shortly after, Richard Turner came to see him in his room in the new barracks. Kenneth blushed bright red as he saw the tall, dark man who had kissed him so tenderly time and again, on his neck and shoulders, as well as on his lips. Oh, and he knew that he hadn't tried to push the man kissing her, Denise, away at all.

Richard didn't mention the incident. "You'll be going into France tomorrow," the captain said. He appeared worried, but Ken Browning was elated. Kissing Richard hadn't washed him out as he had feared it would. He was going into action which meant that, all that stuff as Denise, he could leave safely behind. His own father would have to eat humble pie when he learned what Ken had done, gone into action long before the old man, still tied to his Washington desk.

"Great!" Ken said while Captain Turner just stared at him until Ken became uncomfortable.

Then the Captain shrugged and grunted a little. "I guess you would have to feel that way," he said sourly. He appeared disgruntled as he left as if he had left something unsaid.

Browning had not been told anything about his drop, his contacts, or his actions once he landed in France. He didn't know if that was very unusual or not, but he expected that it was. It did show, how-

ever, the great importance of the mission he was being entrusted with. If only his eyebrows would grow back or could be disguised.

III. BEHIND ENEMY LINES

The parachute landing was nothing to him. Since the dark field was devoid of obstacles, Kenneth soon had a narrow trench, in a clump of bushes to one side of the field, ready for his parachute. His clothes were in the pack Turner had prepared for him along with his coded messages on what to do once he reached Paris.

His orders were specific. Every stitch of his clothing he'd worn in the plane, from jump suit to his underwear, had to be disposed of, even the covering over the battered old French suitcase in which his French papers and clothes were to be found. And he had to hurry. There was a train that arrived at the station of Lisieux at daybreak and he had to be there on time.

Shivering, he stripped off, as he had been trained, and threw everything into the pit. It was much easier to close the hole than to dig it and the activity made him forget about the cold, night air. Then he opened the case. There was a towel on top and he was glad of it. He wasn't, however, prepared for what was underneath.

There was nothing but women's clothing in the suitcase. The moon and stars gave enough light for him to see that. There was a dark wig, like the one he had worn in the company talent show that had gone on for a week. Perhaps this was it.

Ken rummaged quickly but his hands found only soft, women's things. For what seemed an age, with the towel wrapped about him, Kenneth Browning sat beside the open case, feeling betrayed. What the heck was going on, he asked himself. The captain had talked about him being disguised as a soldier, how that might be necessary to complete the mission.

Ken Browning couldn't believe that they had made a mistake and sent him with the wrong outfit. None of the little parcels contained anything other than more female clothing and papers.

Kenneth held them so that the moon could illuminate them, the identity cards and internal passport. All the papers and letters were in the name of 'Denise Colbert'. The photos were taken of him in the talent show, or at the dance with Richard's arm about her, although Richard was not clearly identifiable in any of the pictures.

Ken Browning shuddered as much from seeing that as from the cold of the night air. It must have been planned this way from the start, he guessed. But why, he asked himself in bewilderment. Was he supposed to be Denise until he got to his contact, who would have male clothing and identities ready for him?

A cold tremor passed through him as he wondered desperately what he would do if there was no-one with male papers for him. What would he do then to survive? He shuddered and recalled Richard's kisses and almost panicked and gave up going ahead with what he had to do next, get ready in this clothing and catch a train, as he thought what Richard's choice of clothing for 'Denise' was implying Ken must do, to survive.

Bitterly, Ken realized how naïve he had been, thinking it all a game of testing, testing how far an agent would go, testing the spirit of a prospective agent! He had been entirely wrong. It was only his dressing up, being a good sport in the talent show, that the Turners had really been interested in.

It was getting colder as it got closer to dawn. The large bathroom towel only gave him a little warmth. It was dangerous, too, for him to stay so close to the drop area. He was tempted to dig up his flight suit and the English clothes before he thought how incongruous that would look, to be marching about in an English uniform. He would be ‘shouting out’ for someone, the Germans most likely, to come and arrest him.

The wig was the one from the talent show and fitted him easily, the adhesive already in place, waiting for his shaking hand to find it. The underclothing had been on top, but he’d disturbed the order of the case in his frantic rummaging. Nervously, he had to search for the padded bra. By its feel and the length of the straps, he’d worn it before when he had been a shivering ‘Denise’ in London, being prepared, he thought bitterly, for the silly job he was expected to do now, one he had ‘volunteered’ for.

He wanted to give up then, so angry was Kenneth with his superiors. They had deceived him every step of the way. Even the ‘disguise tests’ must have had the sole purpose of leading up to seeing if he could be a woman all day long. He got hot flushes as he thought of the real effort he had made to be good in the role, thinking of how he’d possibly be ‘escaping’ from the enemy in a foreign country, before returning home in triumph, his father greeting his hero son.

Oh, ‘Denise’ had flirted with his date, Gerry, was it? Then there was Richard and the lovely hair on his

bare shoulders. Oh, he'd, no 'she'd', loved dancing with Richard while other men admired the new girl with the captain. Then there was the time under the trees.

Even those heat-making thoughts, her kissing her boy friend as much as he had kissed her so lovingly, testing 'her' as 'she' thought, could not keep out the cold breeze, which was now rustling the dry leaves on the branches of the trees. Ken shuddered as he put on padded panties and the familiar corset but left off the stockings. They would be laddered and ruined if he had a long way to scramble through the bushes to find a roadway. Better to shiver and go bare-legged though the dancing of the suspenders, garters, below his pantie line, from his corset, set his nerves on edge as he covered his underclothes with a silky slip.

There was a heavy skirt and a woollen sweater that he put on, wishing there was a pair of pants. He couldn't quite make out the colors of the skirt and sweater, but they were dark. There was a makeup bag, but he didn't trust himself in the dark. A long scarf went about his head, hugging the wig to his head and protecting it as well, if any heavy gusts came up. There were girls' walking shoes, the heels blocked and fairly high, as well as high heels, in the case. They were the right size for Denise.

He put on and strapped the walking shoes to his feet and took the raincoat from its package. He recalled how he was supposed to fasten it like a girl, but someone had conveniently removed any buttons that would have let him wear it like a man. He was warmer except for his legs which seemed so bare and the skirt tickled him the way it moved. He scrambled about and piled everything but the correct papers into the battered case. The shoulder case had makeup in it, he adding his stockings and the papers, identifying him as a woman, Denise Colbert, as

well. Oh yes, this was all intended, wasn't it? He was supposed to be a woman! He was supposed, Ken thought in frightened, angry thoughts, to be a woman, a Frenchwoman, in this stupid country that he was creeping across.

Denise headed west and soon, nervously still, all the time now, found a track that led to a distant church spire. The station was a little west of that, 'she' guessed, remembering all that 'she' had been instructed upon, during this last intense day of stupid preparations, he not arguing about being a woman if he needed to be, as Ken did now. As he hurried down the track, a woman, Kenneth Browning began to understand why the stockings, the makeup and the high heels. If Denise arrived dirty, without makeup and in muddy walking shoes, 'Denise Colbert' would have a lot of explaining to do to the guards at such a station about where she was coming from. In silk stockings, high heels and makeup, it would be obvious that 'she' couldn't have walked far. Kenneth sighed and stopped as the lane joined a road.

There was no-one about as the woman 'she' was followed it and entered the church. Candle light illuminated the front of the church, enough that 'she' was able to look at 'herself' in the mirror. Shuddering again, 'she' was able to transform a thin-faced Kenneth into a more feminine Denise, 'her' application of lipstick feeling very familiar on his lips. Perhaps he did too much to 'her' eyes. She didn't look like him. She looked like a girl and that unnerved him.

He was running his hands over 'her' stockings, smoothing them and attaching the second when 'she' became aware of someone watching 'Denise'. 'She' looked up in alarm as the curate put his finger to his lips as he came out of what must have been the sacristy and moved to the front of the church. The skirt of his dress swirled airily, femininely, about his legs

as 'she' blushed at a man, even a priest, seeing her stockings being attached to her garter belt. Yes, he must have seen 'her' panties, as well.

Ken stepped hastily into his high heels just as the curate smiled, moved forward, took 'her' and kissed Denise's lips in appreciation. "Such beauty must be here to grace the first mass of the day," he whispered in French naturally.

"The train," Denise gasped, smoothing the front of her dress, 'her' lips quivering in the shock of seeing 'her' lipstick on the man's lips, in front of her. Oh, and he'd been so gentle and enticing as the priest had done that, as if he'd done it to many women before.

The curate smiled and suddenly there was a scraping of the front door. Denise was startled by how much noise it made. Several old ladies came in and halted suspiciously when they saw Denise with the curate.

"Many travellers stop here for mass," the curate said, raising his voice and nodding. "I shall make sure that the mass is finished on time so that you will make the local to Paris, mademoiselle. I will include a prayer for success in whatever venture you undertake there."

So, Denise sat at the back of the church as more people came in. 'She' whispered nervous, high-strung prayers herself, asking the divinity and all the saints, to rescue her from the predicament she was in. As she clicked her way on her high heels out of the church, her skirts shaking about her, she heard the sound of a train whistle as she joined a line of people scurrying through the village to the train.

The guards were in a hurry with quite a line of people waiting to go through the gates. They compared 'her' to 'her' picture and looked at 'her' papers, simi-

lar to everyone else's. One young German winked at her and smiled, which made her frightened to the pit of her stomach. Then he came and took her suitcase and helped her on the train, finding her a seat.

Denise trembled as she nervously, seething inside, thanked him, wrapping her skirts about her stockings, the feel just as strange and enervating as when 'she' had had to do 'her' part in the stage shows as a woman. The guard winked again and left her while several older women in the railway carriage gave her very black looks, she noted. It was a relief when the train pulled away. Oh, it was such a pleasure when she realized that she had fooled 'them', the Germans, the enemy, for the first time. She was Denise Colbert and she was on her way to Paris. French words had gender which she had to remember. She must be very careful and use only the feminine for herself.

The swarthy man, known to London as 'Albert', sat stolidly in the waiting room while the young Germans opposite laughed and joked in their own language. He didn't hurry even when he heard the arrival of the train he was waiting for. He remained impassive even while beady-eyed 'corneilles', angry crows, let the arrogant Germans know how unwelcome they were. If his contact had made the Lisieux connection, she'd be there. If she hadn't, well they'd just have to send another one from London.

One of the Roberge brothers, Simon, walked by, pushing a broom in his left hand. There was a German patrol coming onto the station. He affirmed the message by re-crossing his legs and yawning and watched as the Boche moved smartly to intercept passengers from the incoming train.

Albert had been surprised when he'd received a coded message that Françoise's replacement was en route. He'd heard of the Dutch affair and the suspicions being bandied about, of an infiltration in London. He hadn't thought that 'The Bank' would have run another agent until the matter was cleared up. It only showed how important Françoise's contact was.

His sauntering led him to the iron grill just as the Normandy passengers were being allowed out into the main part of the station. The girl was detained for only a moment while her papers were examined. The German guards made remarks after her as she stepped away. The flush on her face told Albert that she must understand German very well.

She might have been hassled a lot more, but the Germans had turned their attention to a fair-haired young man whose papers, it seemed, needed much closer scrutiny. In fact, the nervous young man had to accompany them to the station office, and an officer standing there, looking at the young man with interest.

The dark-haired girl came out of the station and was looking about in bewildered nervousness when Albert stepped forward and slipped his arm through hers. He noticed both of the Roberge brothers were giving him signals that the way to his car was clear and that it was still secure. Not much good for any brain work, the brothers, criminals really, but very good at intimidation of suspected collaborators.

"My dear Denise," he beamed at her startled, well made-up, shivering face. "I'm so sorry to be late."

He hurried her quickly to the old Citroen. There was a soldier eyeing it suspiciously even as Albert opened the door and tucked her in. Another of his group, Doutois, older, using a cane to fake a war

wound, limped up to the man and asked him where he could catch a train for Brittany. His French had a Breton twang and was probably incomprehensible to the young soldier even if he spoke French.

Her suitcase was heavy as Albert took it and put it on the back seat. She hadn't said a word, allowing herself to be swept along by her 'uncle'. Doutois looked doubtfully at the train and drew off the soldier as Albert started his car. The young woman didn't say a word as they departed the station.

She was a fool to wear such pretty stockings, Albert thought, and her makeup was too much. It made her too attractive. Every Boche worthy of the name would be after her. He was lucky that she'd made it through the station without interference, without one of the Boche accosting her. Which reminded him, he would have to try to find out why the Germans were checking the papers of all the young men on her train. That was a job he would have to do himself. The Roberges would have the Boche after them in five minutes if he left it to them.

Ken Browning sat stiffly beside the fat, bald-headed old man in the dirty raincoat, trying to act like a girl, the crowds of people about, quite unnerving him, Kenneth dressed as Denise. He, 'she', was shaking inside as the man leaned forward to peer at all the people on foot and on bicycles crossing the streets in front of his old car. The man wore thick-lensed glasses and mumbled away in a musical dialect that Browning didn't understand at all.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," Albert said suddenly. "You were not given my name, I presume. Your arrival was set up so suddenly that I wasn't even sure I would be the one to meet you. In the pension I am taking you to, I am Jacques Colbert, and you are my niece from Lisieux."

The girl made a sudden, convulsive movement, causing Albert to give her a quick glance. She was staring ahead, her blue eyes wide open, as she bit at her lower pink lip and looked about to cry. Perhaps it was his Bordeaux French.

“I’m Jacques Colbert,” he began again slowly, and she made a terrified nod. She had understood him. Something else he had said had frightened her. He racked his brain to think of what might have scared her. Did she think that being his niece was a euphemism for something else?

Albert kept quiet as he negotiated his way through the back streets. He parked the Citroen in its usual spot, off the road, behind the rickety fence of Pere Gigot’s backyard. He helped the girl out of the car, admiring her legs, which she noticed as she smoothed down her coat and skirt. She blushed very prettily at his attention.

He ushered her then through the back alley, carrying her case, into Madame Bourcet’s by way of the kitchen. He knew everyone in this pension and would swear it was the safest house in Paris. The old, white-haired lady had something interesting and appetizing on the stove as usual. Albert couldn’t resist a dip into the ragout pot, causing the old lady to come scurrying after him, beating at his hands with a large, wooden ladle. ‘Denise Colbert’ was struggling prettily over the doorstep, with her suitcase, as Albert played games with the other woman of the house.

Laughing, Albert dodged the attack, moving swiftly and lightly despite his bulk. “Madame,” he said, seizing a flushing Denise, she dropping her case, and using her as a shield. “May I present to you my niece, Denise Colbert, the daughter of my late brother, Jean-Marie?”

Madame Bourcet stopped her attack, replaced the glasses on the end of her nose and inspected the young girl. "But she is charming!" she exclaimed as Denise flushed even more. "How could a pretty, stylish girl as you, mademoiselle, be related to a cochon like that one!"

The girl was bright red in embarrassment which her makeup couldn't conceal. But Madame Bourcet found that equally charming. The twinkle in her eye as she insulted 'L'Oncle Jacques', calling him a pig again, quite mitigated the force of her defamations of Denise's uncle's conduct.

"You hurt me, madame," said Jacques dramatically with a Gallic shrug, winking at his flustered niece.

Madame Bourcet ignored him. "I will show you to your room, Denise," she said, taking the girl's case from Jacques Colbert. "You will have to share with Marie-Louise," she added, leading the way, and not seeing the panic in Denise's eyes, "whenever she gets back." Then she was off into a dark brown, painted hallway and up dark brown, wooden steps.

Jacques Colbert followed. "Don't worry," he said, sensing the anxiety in his new niece. "Marie-Louise won't bother you." Uncle Jacques put out an arm and assisted her to climb the steep stairs in her high heels, enjoying for a moment the tapping sound on the stairs. There were too few girls like her left in Paris these days, he thought, in pretty stockings and high-heeled shoes. And if he was attracted to the girl, he didn't doubt that the old, French men and the young German soldiers would be, as well. He wondered which she would be attracted to the most, the French or young men.

On the third floor, they went into a little room, flowered wallpaper on the walls, a dark brown wardrobe and dark brown cupboards against the near walls. There was just one bed, with metal posts, beside the lace-curtained windows. The sight of the single bed made Denise's heart start to beat rapidly.

"Why, why w-won't Marie-Louise bother me?" Denise asked, risking speech as she tried to be like the girl in the talent show sketch. Her low, throaty voice was very attractive but it shocked Albert. She sounded so worldly, not at all like her generally innocent looks. Madame was busy, fluffing pillows and whisking a duster over the cupboard top. She was as hard of hearing as she was poorly sighted, the perfect landlady, for a former 'agent de police' like Albert.

"She's Madame's daughter," said Albert in a low murmur as the girl looked at the bed and then back to him with fright in her madeup eyes. "She ran away with an American before the war began. Madame Bourcet still keeps this room for her. She always says that you have to share it when she rents it."

He picked up the case from the floor and opened it. There was a jumble of women's clothes in there, including several packages of silk stockings, of which Jacques approved. In wartime Paris, they were a currency of their own. Madame Bourcet clucked at Jacques and opened the drawers of the cupboards and lovingly put the underclothes with others, even frillier, stacked in there.

Madame Bourcet hung Denise's dresses with those of her daughter and assured the young girl that she could wear anything of Marie-Louise's she would like, her daughter would not mind, and they were about the same side. "Save for here," she said with a laugh, touching her huge chest. "Marie-Louise took after her mother in this department. But you can al-



ways use a lot of hankies or towels if you must,” she went on with a smile. “Marie-Louise did it all the time when she was very young.”

Denise blushed again as ‘Jacques Colbert’ grinned in amusement at her discomfort. She was left alone then ‘to freshen up’ as Madame Bourcet took her coat and said that she would hang it by the front door. Denise kicked off her high heels and let her toes find themselves again as she sat, anxious and feminine, on the soft bed, her womanly dress so soft and airy, exposing her legs, the message bundle she had brought with her, waiting to be deciphered.

The first made her extremely angry after she decoded it. Yes, her nerves and shivering began to evaporate as she read the words that ‘she’ was supposed to. It confirmed Ken Browning’s worst fears. Captain Richard Turner was very sorry to do this to one of his agents, but Ken Browning was the closest he could do for a woman agent he absolutely had to have in Paris.

The instructions confirmed that, as far as Ken’s contacts were concerned, he, now Denise Colbert, was a woman. Ken shuddered as he realized that he was going to have to live as a woman, each and every day he was here in France, as he was ordered to, if he was to survive. He would have to function as a woman in skirts like the ones that caressed his legs so softly.

Ken knew his cheeks were scarlet again but when he glanced at the dressing table mirror, all he saw was a young, sorrowful, dark-haired woman, her lipstick and makeup very feminine, her loose hair bouncing about her face. Angrily, Ken would have taken off his wig, but it didn’t come away. He only hurt his skin where he had adhered the wig to his head or pinned the tresses to his own natural hair.

He was fixing his hair back in place when there was a tap on the door and Denise's 'Uncle Jacques' returned. He frowned at the papers on the bed.

"You should put those away," Albert snapped. "You don't have to worry about Gaston's orders now that you're here." Gaston was Captain Richard Turner. The girl to be known as Denise, his brother's daughter, shuddered and did what Albert told her to, which he admired. She was very pretty, her legs looking like they'd be marvellous to caress. Yes, Albert was definitely a leg man, he thought as he smiled at her, his niece. "I will instruct you now. The only truth Gaston knows is that you were sent here to replace Françoise. All the rest of the information we've fed him about her sources is just garbage. A pretty girl like you will keep that to herself as I'm sure you have secrets, don't you, dear Denise, that you want to keep untold as well.

"I'll tell you what you have to do when you have to do it. Now," Uncle Jacques said as the girl looked at him with those same wide, frightened eyes. He pointed to the wardrobe and took out one of the dresses, one that had belonged to Marie-Louise. "Get changed. Wear a dress because everyone will be in their best, even if it's not much these days, to meet my new niece.

"Oh, and you can wear as much makeup and perfume as you like tonight. It will remind us all of the good times. You can put more eye shadow on your eyes if you like. It reminds us all how the girls used to look in those good times. But you'll have to tone it down tomorrow, though, when we meet the Germans. Otherwise, you won't get through the Obergruppe without being raped."

IV. THE DOUBLE AGENT

Hauptman Herman Balder placed the reports carefully on the General's desk. A finicky man like the General expected everything just so, the papers the same size, their edges together, ready for him to read. General Helmuth von Fellenstein began to read immediately when Balder placed the stack in front of him.

The valet continued the General's shave, wiping the cutthroat razor on the white cloth on the General's shoulder and displaying no emotion as the General leaned forward without warning to turn to a new page. As always, the paper was printed on only one side. After completing the first three pages, von Fellenstein suddenly leaned to one side and flicked a switch on the desk intercom.

"Sturmbannfuhrer Goll," said the General in his deep, rich, baritone voice. He would not address the S.S. in their Wehrmacht rank-equivalents.

"Ja, Herr General," S.S. Major Goll rasped in return.

"The lead from November came up empty this time?" the General asked, incredulity in his voice.

"Ja, Herr General," repeated Goll.

"Why?" asked von Fellenstein. "Was there no young man to fit the description of this, this," he looked back to page one, "this Kenneth Jackson Browning?"

"Not from Lisieux, Herr General," said Goll formally, his voice as harsh as ever. "He may have

changed plans on his own or simply have missed his train. We are still investigating, Herr General.”

“November has never been wrong before,” von Fellenstein stated flatly. “Could the Gestapo have missed this agent at the Gare du Nord?”

“Impossible,” stated another firm voice from the intercom. Von Fellenstein recognized it as belonging to Obersturmbannführer Jellinek, Goll’s superior in the S.S.. Von Fellenstein grunted and switched off the intercom abruptly.

The General was diverted from further reading by the blonde-haired woman who opened the door, poked in her head into his office and raised her thin eyebrows in an unspoken question. “Come in, Eva,” von Fellenstein said, breaking into a smile. His valet stolidly switched to the other side of his head. Lise smiled and strolled gracefully over to him. She took his outstretched hand and sat on the corner of his desk.

“We do have to go to Falaise,” she said in her lilting voice, flirting with him. “The Feldmarshall was most insistent. He will hate you if you are not on time for his birthday.”

The General burst out laughing. “Hate is rather strong,” he chuckled. “Despise perhaps, but then, von Riffel always did place his amusements above my attempts to find a missing spy.”

“A missing spy?” Eva asked with a laugh. “Jellinek has lost a spy? Oh dear. You’ll have to tell me all about it tonight.”

That made von Fellenstein laugh even more. “Tell you, darling?” he laughed. “But you hate all the boring details of my work here.”

Eva smiled at the men listening to her chat with her husband. Jellinek would be repeating that to the field marshal within the hour, she thought wryly. Helmuth must learn to hold his tongue. "But I love juicy gossip," she said, bending over her husband to kiss him as his expert valet finished the general's shave.

The supper was intensely difficult for Kenneth Browning. Madame Bourcet had a full house, but only she, the even older, Madame Poussin, even deafer than her, and 'Denise' were supposedly 'women'. The railway men, de Casalis and Garneau, were old and fat like 'Uncle Jacques'. Guillaume Autin, a younger, dark-haired former soldier, was quick to move over and sit beside Denise, making her nerves start to quiver as he smiled at her and tried to flirt a little with her. She had worn the purple dress Jacques Colbert had chosen and re-done her makeup, feeling far too stagey and hardly a woman despite the compliments the others paid her.

"You come from Normandy, mademoiselle?" asked Autin, his face thin like a ferret's. Denise nervously glanced at her uncle for help and he obliged.

"My niece comes from my brother's village, St. Denis-sur-l'Aube, Guy," said Jacques Colbert, filling his voice with humour. "But surely you've more to talk to a pretty girl about than dead parents and how she has had to move around the country from one relative to another in these troubled times?"

Autin scowled. "You can't be too careful these days," he said in his high, whiny voice. "The Boche have spies everywhere."

“My niece is not a German spy,” said Jacques Colbert testily. “I have known Denise since she was a little girl in Bordeaux. She is as patriotic as you, Autin.”

“I didn’t mean,” blustered the young man, turning to the blushing, trembling girl. Luckily, she gracefully accepted his abject apology.

Madame Bourcet, praising her daughter, as pretty as the new girl who had entered her house, tried to get Denise to wear the earrings that Marie-Louise had worn with the dress, delicate dangling things that made Denise’s hand shake as the woman pressed them on her. Then it was that Madame Bourcet discovered that Denise did not have pierced ears and the girl’s cheeks flamed in her shame at such a faux pas.

Madame Bourcet scolded Jacques Colbert and his family for not attending to such a female necessity and promised Denise she would do them for her herself, later that night or the next day. She promised that it wasn’t painful. Then she produced some heavy, clip-on earrings for Denise to wear. Yes, the fake girl had to put them on and then a necklace, cold and metallic, at her throat. The others applauded Madame Bourcet while Denise Colbert felt strange all over as her earrings pinched her ears and the necklace jiggled on her chest as she moved her head slightly.

Guillaume eventually began to talk other things, such as his job at the restaurant known as Le Crocodile. He rambled on for quite a while about how difficult life was for an ex-soldier, since the Americans and the English had deserted France. It aroused Denise enough to want to answer the young man, but Jacques Colbert’s quick shake of the head indicated

to Denise the futility of arguing with the biased young man.

“Le Crocodile,” Denise finally said, into a lull in the conversation, her shy smile an encouragement to the ex-soldier. She felt a flutter inside as the men looked at her and she wished that she could be even more feminine. She was sure that was what they had noticed about ‘her’, that she wasn’t a woman. “That’s a funny name. Why is a restaurant called Le Crocodile?”

Autin puffed up and glanced at the railwaymen to see if they had noticed that the girl was talking to him. “Madame Simard, she is the owner,” he said. “Her husband used to be a hunter.”

Denise shivered. Somehow, she was feeling sympathy for this disabled war veteran, so pathetic that the conversation of a young woman, whom he should have been able to see wasn’t real, seemed to make him proud. Denise felt the silk stockings on her legs and the soft slip beneath her silky dress. She shuddered at the way she was thinking, as if she was indeed the woman Autin thought she was.

“Tell Denise all about Le Crocodile, Guy,” said Jacques Colbert as he discussed how the work on the main railway lines out of Paris was going with the railwaymen. “She is going to start there as a waitress tomorrow.”

Guillaume Autin’s face was a picture. “But, but,” he spluttered. “Madame Simard didn’t tell me.”

“Ah,” said Jacques, cutting him off. “I only saw Jeanne this afternoon and she said how difficult it was for you to run the bar without Françoise. I mentioned that I couldn’t talk long as I had to meet Denise and Jeanne offered her a job.” He frowned as if he really was doubtful about it. “You will accept,

won't you, Denise?" He even managed to sound quite anxious about it.

"I will have to have a job if I am to stay here," Denise said huskily, glancing at Guy Autin but the man was angry for the rest of supper. He had been pressing his leg closer and closer to Denise's under the table. It had been quite a shock when his pant leg had brushed against her stockings. Now he withdrew, much to Denise's relief, and was very quiet as the meal spun out.

Madame Bourcet was as good as her word. Denise could think of nothing she could do to stop the woman as she boiled needles and then lanced the frightened girl's ear lobes, putting in golden sleepers into the holes she had created.

"Now your boy friends will have something to buy for you," said a pleased Madame Bourcet. "Pretty earrings make such a nice gift. Marie-Louise has so many, she won't mind you using hers, Denise. They're in the top drawer of your set of cupboards, behind the bras and her bathing costume."

Denise went back to her room with her ears stinging very slightly, wondering how she would close the holes there in time. Madames Bourcet and Poussin each had huge holes in their ears. Only when she got back to her room did she realize that she was still wearing the necklace she had been given earlier.

Uncle Jacques came in almost immediately and nodded, saying that she would look nice with earrings permanently at her ears. "What is this job?" asked Denise nervously as her 'uncle' began to open her drawers. He selected a nightie for her to sleep in and then showed her the dress she should wear the next day.

“Le Crocodile isn’t much,” he grunted, taking out a pack of cigarettes and offering her one. At her shake of her head, he put them back in his pocket. “Jeanne and Guy could probably run it themselves without trouble. But it’s our contact point.”

“Contact?” Denise asked, sounding really scared to Jacques Colbert. And she was supposed to be a spy? Jacques hoped that it wasn’t Denise’s very first assignment. He reached over and pulled her to him giving her stiff, slender body a hug. She went stiff as he’d expected her to do. So, she hadn’t spent a lot of time in other men’s beds, Jacques thought in amusement. That was good, wasn’t it, he added to himself, as he let his hands wander on down over her womanly tush and a little way down her thighs, caressing her garter belt and the tops of her lovely stockings. Denise reacted as he’d expected a young woman would to an older man’s caress. Ah, she’d love a younger, German man, wouldn’t she, which was just what she was supposed to do, on this job, as far as Jacques Colbert knew.

“In a few days,” said Jacques Colbert, taking her hand, the other on her waist and tush which made her wriggle, as he expected. He showed her the bathroom which all on the floor shared, “you’ll meet a young German officer. But first, get used to working at Le Crocodile. Only the Germans have money these days. At least they call the scrip they hand out, ‘money’, and who can object?” He shrugged.

A shaking Denise took her toilet bag, her nightie and a robe into the bathroom and locked the door. Jacques smiled, knowing that just leaning against the door could pop that lock. He hoped she wasn’t a girl who had to have a bath morning and night. Madame Bourcet would not allow it unless it was a cold bath. She didn’t look like a girl who regularly took cold baths as he did. But then, he was a man.

He stayed on the alert as Denise washed herself and took off her makeup. He followed her back into her bedroom where she peered at him from between the covers of the bed. Without all the stuff on her face, particularly her eyes, she looked quite young, even boyish in looks. She had chosen a high-necked nightdress, but her arms were bare. She was very thin.

Jacques noted that she had rinsed out her panties and stockings and set them out to dry on the frame in the corner of her room. He nodded and said good night to her. He insisted on a kiss, 'As family members do,' and was rewarded with her lips shivering against hers, which she broke off very quickly. Her doing chores before turning in spoke of an ordered mind, he added, complimenting her, as it was something that Françoise had sadly lacked.

Denise propped a chair against her door as soon as Jacques had left and then carefully took off her wig. She combed it out and set it on the round knob of the bed. Ugh, in the mirror, Ken looked so silly to be in a night gown, pink, and frilly, still wearing a bra to give his chest some definition. He thought he was going to be unable to sleep in the bed with frilly pillows and himself in a nightie. But the exertions of the previous night helped him. He was awakened finally the next morning by the rattling of his door.

Luckily Denise's wits returned quickly. She got her wig back on and a robe about 'herself' before she went to the door, the room still dark, to be greeted by Madame Bourcet asking if the girl would like to come and help her in the kitchen as the women, she, Denise nervously realized, was included in that, got the men off to work.

Madame Jeanne Simard was an attractive, middle-aged lady who probably dyed her hair a dark shade of auburn, quite attractive for a woman past the age of forty. She greeted Jacques Colbert with affection and then bestowed a kiss and a hug on a blushing, shaking Denise.

“Oh, Jacques!” she exclaimed. “You didn’t tell me how beautiful your niece is!” She was amused by how flustered the girl became after the compliment. “She’ll increase business around here in no time!”

Jacques Colbert laughed amiably. “Perhaps,” he mumbled. After a few pleasantries, he left the quivering Denise with the older woman. Surely, Denise thought desperately, she would see through ‘her’ disguise, but the older woman only smiled at her.

“Let’s get you dressed for work,” said Jeanne. Putting her arm easily about the girl’s slender waist, she smiled more broadly when she realized that Denise was wearing a corset. She led the girl back into the private part of the café, admiring her high heels and her stockings and the way she walked, telling her so, as the girl flushed in such enchanting female fashion, again and again.

Guillaume Autin bustled by, glasses of Pernod on his tray, to serve the old men playing dominoes out in the late autumn sun. He frowned and gave Denise a black look.

“Watch out for Guillaume,” said Jeanne as she opened a cupboard in the room behind the bar. “He was once very attached to Françoise. He took her death very hard. He’s already told me that he thinks it a slur on her memory for me to employ you so soon after her death.” She brought out a long, black silk dress that she placed on the sofa. “This was her dress as well,” she said doubtfully, eyeing Denise up and

down. "But you will have to wear it. It's the only one I have near your size." She opened a chest of drawers and took out a pair of black stockings. She added a frilly, white apron and a lace cap and cuffs.

A shivering Denise waited for the woman to leave. It took Jeanne a few minutes to realize that Denise expected her to leave. "Such modesty in this day and age!" she laughed at the girl, shaking nervously in her skirt and blouse. Jeanne did leave, though. The girl would learn quickly, however, when the Germans came later that evening, that there was no such thing as modesty as far as the Boche were concerned.

Denise did learn, too. Jeanne found her on the brink of tears, rubbing the top of her inner thigh where a German Rottenfuhrer had pinched her hard and almost snapped one of the suspenders of her corset. She looked quite forlorn in her black dress and black stockings, her only colors the bright patches of rouge on her cheeks, the eyeshadow on the backs of her eyelids and her bright red lipstick that Jeanne had insisted she wear.

"Forget them," said Jeanne Simard, hugging the girl, trying to console her. "They're beasts, all of them. But just let them try anything else."

The murderous look on her face brought sudden laughter to Denise, her eyes brimming with tears. After a few snuffles, she agreed with Jeanne that 'we girls' would stick together and that Denise would tidy up her pretty, girlish face while Jeanne finished off the few remaining customers.

"Hey, where's the pretty one?" growled the big corporal, leering and slapping at Jeanne. "She doesn't have the same meat as you, mein frau, but her face will do."

Jeanne Simard was about to give a fierce rejoinder when she saw the corporal's face suddenly change. His two companions lounging on chairs sat up straight as well. She guessed that she would see Oberleutnant Karlheinz Schurning, when she turned, and she was right.

The Oberleutnant fired a torrent of German at the S.S. NCOs who glowered back insolently at the regular army officer. With an exaggerated salute, the squinting rottenfuhrer stood up and slouched out of the bar, pushing Jeanne out of the way with an expression of dislike.

"My apologies, Madame," said the German officer, brushing off his uniform fastidiously with a gloved hand. Schurning's French, like his manners, was impeccable as always. A career soldier, he was always apologizing for the excesses of the German soldier wherever he saw them occurring. He had apologized far too often of late, he thought sourly.

"De rien, monsieur," Jeanne replied automatically, surprised to see him in the bar so soon. She glanced back at the room behind the bar where the new, very pretty girl was shivering in humiliation at her lewd treatment by the hands of the German soldiers, probably crying over her laddered, ruined stockings and hurting backside.

Schurning had taken his usual seat in the secluded corner near the bar. "I was so sorry to hear about Francoise," he said conversationally to the bar owner. Jeanne wondered if Jacques had known that Schurning would be here so quickly. No, he couldn't have. He had said that the girl, who was quiet and seemed nice, but was definitely not a waitress, would be with her for several days, at the very least.

“Do you know what happened to Francoise?” Jeanne asked, always a little afraid to be talking to a German, even one as polite as Oberleutnant Schurning.

“Of course,” he said, adjusting his wire-framed glasses. With his close-cropped fair hair and blue eyes, he was rather handsome, she thought, envying the late Francoise her many trysts with the young officer. She poured him a glass of Bordeaux, supplied by one of Jacques Colbert’s contacts, finer than most wines in Paris, of late.

Schurning took a sip and raised an appreciative eyebrow but his hand detained her for a moment. “You have a replacement for Francoise, I trust?” he asked and watched her eyes flick to the back room.

Madame Simard nodded, knowing it was hopeless to deny him. “Have her serve me a Pernod, as well,” said the amused officer; and so, Jeanne went back into the store room/living room. Denise had lifted her dress to her waist and was bathing a red weal on her smooth, hairless thigh, just above the laddered black stocking. She blushed and lowered her skirt, concealing her white panties from the woman’s eyes.

“Oh, don’t mind me,” said Jeanne crossly, picking up the apron and re-tying it about the girl’s slender waist. “But watch out for Guy. He loves to surprise the girls I employ back here. Anyway, your boy friend’s here. He’s come earlier than your uncle predicted, and wants you to serve him now, in the alcove.”

“My boy friend?” asked Denise in astonishment. “I don’t have ...” She stopped when she saw the sardonic smile on the older woman’s face. “What is it? Who? Who?” Denise asked, shaking in fright, the older woman would have said.

“Didn’t your uncle tell you?” asked Jeanne, frowning, but frankly amazed. “Surely he told you about the German lieutenant.”

Denise’s madeup blue eyes were terrified as she shook her dark hair. She smelled very nicely of flowers, Jeanne Simard was glad to note. Clean and fresh was the girl, her makeup a little overdone, her lips perhaps a little too invitingly red, but, these days, thought Jeanne, you had to use what you could get.

“H-He said he w-would tell me w-when the time came,” Denise stammered fearfully.

“Well, the time has come,” said Jeanne firmly, pushing the stricken girl towards the door to the bar. “He will finish his wine, have the one Pernod that you will take to him, and then you will leave with him.”

Denise stopped in the doorway. Her mind reeled. Surely this woman couldn’t think that she would go off with the German officer. She knew what that implied. But Madame Simard didn’t know that Denise was not a girl. Denise couldn’t go off with a German, she couldn’t, she was telling herself. She looked to the woman to explain, but the older woman pushed her into the bar as her earrings fluttered against her neck, reminding her that she was supposed to be a woman.

There were old men to be served by the window and ‘she’ did so, feeling so awkward in her high heels. They had become second nature to Denise since the talent show, but this was so different, actually working and being thought of as a woman. She felt the eyes of the man in the alcove on ‘her’, but she didn’t look, knowing that she was flushing and quivering like a girl, anyway. He must be studying her, she thought, her senses reeling, as her skirt swirled

about her stockings. Ooo, 'her' bra seemed to tighten across her chest.

Guillaume had already poured the Pernod at the bar and indicated the alcove. He regarded Denise with what seemed like intense dislike, 'she' thought; but then he blanked and turned to walk, stonefaced, over to the interminable domino game at the table in the front window.

Denise picked up the little tray, seeing Madame Simard watching her from the doorway to the back room. She spilled a little of the yellow liquid, so much were her hands shaking even as she tried to be careful carrying just one glass of Pernod to the alcove table.

The Oberleutnant smiled with amusement at her confusion and nervousness at serving him. She didn't look at him in the face. "Sit down," he said quietly, but it was definitely an order. Denise pressed her skirts against her padded panties and stockings and sat gingerly at the table. He reached over and took the cloth she had over her sleeve and wiped the glass before taking a drink of the Pernod.

Denise felt the pull of her suspenders on her corset as she sat femininely, as she knew that she had to try to be, at the table. 'She' wondered if she should cross her legs. She kept them primly together as she felt the man studying her. Surely, he had penetrated her disguise by now. Her cheeks flamed as she thought of the excuses she might use for being a man in a dress, but it would be so humiliating when she was discovered. She had done nothing and didn't even know what she was supposed to be doing as a woman in France.

“Would you like to go out with me, mademoiselle?” the German asked very politely, as she risked a look at his serious, unmarked face.

Denise desperately wanted to say, No, and scamper away, but Jeanne came and joined them at the table. “Hah,” she chided lightly, smiling at the German. “You find our Denise not to your liking, Herr Schurning?” And Denise felt sudden relief. The German would reject her.

“On the contrary, Madame Simard,” said Schurning with great politeness, “I find her quite satisfactory. Shy and demure, yes, but a welcome change, I am sure. She is similar in her tastes to poor Françoise, I trust?” The last was said very quietly and confused both women.

Jeanne stood and put her arm about Denise in a motherly way while the girl shuddered at her touch. “If you take her,” blustered the bar owner, “You must take care of her very well, Herr Schurning. Denise is very innocent.”

Denise gasped and risked a look at the officer’s face. Her heart sank. ‘She’ trembled as she read the expression there. The German officer gave her such a sad look, making her stomach start to constrict. ‘She’ felt that ‘she’ would be sick. “Yes,” he said quietly. “I can see that, madame. But, in war, there are many strange bedfellows, are there not?”

V. STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

A totally frightened Denise was ushered out of the bar still in her waitress dress, the silly cap in her hair, and the girlish apron about ‘her’ shaking, fe-

male body. She sat in proper, womanly fashion onto the back seat of a German car. The lieutenant got in beside her but made no move on her as Denise tried to pull 'herself' into a corner well away from him. He did suggest then, that 'she' remove her cap and apron which 'she' did with trembling fingers, thoughts of 'her' being the man that 'she' was, dominating her, Kenneth's, mind.

The chateau to which they drove was surrounded by German soldiers, Wehrmacht, regular army soldiers as far as Denise's fluttering eyelids could see. Oberleutnant Schurning had all the right passes, however. So, Denise, with an officer's greatcoat about her shoulders to keep her warm, was given only cursory glances by large, wide-shouldered sentries.

Even inside the chateau, they had to pass sentries who could hear her coming, just by the sound of her high heels. They went through two checkpoints before they came to a long, carpeted corridor, many rooms with ornate doorways, on either side. Chandeliers lit the high ceilings as Schurning put his arm under the girl's, smiling as Denise quivered at his touch. He directed her to a room off to the left.

Inside, the air was warm from the high, banked coal fire in the center of the far wall. A servant, Denise thought anxiously, an old man in a striped uniform, was busy setting out a meal at a table on the right, in a bay window, now blacked out by drapes from spilling light to the outside. It appeared like a candlelight supper for two by the place settings, making Denise swallow hard, feeling the knot again in her stomach.

Schurning's hand directed her towards the large canopy bed on the left. Draped across the front was an evening gown, sparkling in the dim lighting and the flicker of the flames in the hearth.

“You will put on the dress, mademoiselle,” said Schurning in a world-weary voice. “You will be attended to very shortly.”

The lieutenant snapped his fingers to the servant who, despite his age and bulk, scampered out of the room very quickly. After a quick inspection and the recovery of his greatcoat, Oberleutnant Schurning smiled encouragingly at the shaking girl and himself withdrew, leaving ‘her’, Ken-trying-to-be-Denise mystified and frightened, and quite alone.

At first, Denise Colbert, alias Kenneth Browning, didn’t know what to do. ‘She’, yes, he had been thinking of himself that way all day, checked out the luxurious room. There were tapestries on each wall, high and depicting what seemed to be medieval scenes. At last, his gaze came to rest at the top of the bed and the little table there.

There was a dark wig on a wig block on the table along with a necklace, earrings and a bracelet. The gown on the bed was of glittering, lame, silver material and was held up by only the narrowest of straps. There was lingerie beside it, soft, frilly and very feminine. Kenneth swallowed very hard as he touched the panties that he was expected to put on, and probably enjoy adorning himself in.

Ken Browning felt a hard lump in his throat as he saw the black garter belt and the silk, very thin stockings that he would have to put on his smooth, shaven legs. He flushed when he saw that the gown was slitted as well, up to just above the knee. He would be showing off so much skin to the lieutenant each time he moved, which was probably the right idea as far as the German was concerned. If only he was a woman, Kenneth thought with a shudder, he might enjoy this. But that was such a silly thing to be thinking of at just that moment.

There were no obvious spyholes but neither was there any room for him to retire to where he could change. There was, however, a padded seat in front of a mirror with bright lights about it on the far side of the bed. He could see the makeup tray there, as well, and the cloths to remove his makeup.

Gingerly, he took the wig block with him to the mirror and watched himself as he took off the black dress and then the black, laddered stockings. A dark basket seemed to contain soiled women's clothes and he laid his female, servant's clothing over it. He was struck by how his padding, supplied by female impersonators to the company talent show, according to the quartermaster-sergeant, made him still look like a woman in his panties, corset and bra.

It was such a relief to take off his bra and corset while he looked dubiously at the tight waist cinch and strapless bra combination on the bed. He held it against him and put the pads from his bra into the new cups. It was tighter than his original, cutting into him and, strangely enough, when he breathed in to let the item fit him, his chest muscles seemed to lift. Then, when they settled, they actually suggested, with the pads well hidden, that he had something of a female chest.

Denise's waist was very thin. 'She' could scarcely breathe after fastening all of the hooks at their tightest. She took off her panties, shivering at the image and took out the soft padding. Yes, she had to keep on the very tight panties that the quartermaster had made all the men, in female roles, wear.

"We don't want anything poking out, do we?" the old soldier had asked, with a leer, when some had objected. That had made Kenneth feel really stupid, trying to be what he wasn't, to entertain other men. "Think what your mates are going to say when they

see you getting excited, shall we say, at wearing women's clothes."

Some had objected to wearing women's clothes from the skin out, staying in their BVDs, but, finally, an officer had appeared and given the orders they all hated. They all had had to wear the tight panties, the gaff, as the quartermaster ordered. But later, Ken had been glad he had it on, several times in the shows, when the male actors took advantage of the most female-looking actors and hugged them, caressing the 'actresses'.

Yes, Ken, called 'Marie' then, was in a man's arms and being kissed for the rest of the show, it had seemed, as the 'actors' loved sliding their hands over the female-dressed 'actresses', particularly Ken, as if they, he most of all, was really, or they all were, women. Brian Green had been the worst when Ken was in his stage makeup and wig and short, frilly, Charleston dress. He had always had his hand about Ken's shoulder or waist, even on Ken's tush, saying he was helping his 'girl' to wiggle as 'she' should. At the end of the dance, Brian had even kissed Ken on the lips, before he could avoid it, when he supposed to kiss 'her' on the cheek in the last two shows, as the other boys were doing to their 'girls'.

Scolding Brian had only made him leer. He had laughed at the furious Ken Browning and had only gotten worse. "You know you like it, little girl," he had taunted. "Or else why would you let them put you in a dress and make you up like this. You are enjoying being a girl, aren't you, and I am only trying to help you enjoy it more."

Ken had sworn that he wasn't enjoying it, telling himself that the thrills he got at fooling people, were just that. But Brian's touches, particularly on his stockinged legs as they waited to go on stage, made

his panties sometimes threaten to bulge. Oh, yes, he was glad of the quartermaster's order to wear the tight panties, and the gaff, right about then.

In this chateau suite, he didn't like doing this, Ken told himself anxiously, thinking what the German lieutenant was going to do to Denise when 'she' was all dressed up in this new woman's clothing. He really had a nervous fit, he told himself, when 'Denise' put on new black panties, a match for 'her' bra and waist cinch and filled them with Ken's older pads.

Denise needed a few touches of wig adhesive to make the pads stay in place at 'her' hips as the pads inside 'her' bra, bounced against 'her' shaking body. Yes, Ken trembled as he put on the soft stockings that slid so easily over his legs. The black garter belt attached so easily and made him not only look like a woman but feel like a sexy woman. Shivering, he put on the waist slip that hid the panties and looked at the young girl in the mirror.

Ken, no Denise, he must think of himself as 'her', put on the gown and felt strange emotions going through 'her' as the dress fitted to his slender waist and his tight bra, covering all the lumps and pads that 'she' felt 'she' had. He put on the new high heels and heard his dress rustle, his softly stockinged leg trembling as it showed through so provocatively in the dress. He debated changing his hair and then decided that he must. The hair must have been left for Denise.

'Denise' shuddered as long hair fell over 'her' shoulders and back. Women were the lucky ones, 'she' thought with a shudder, to feel this fine, this sexy, this wonderful, hair caressing bare shoulders. Then Ken realized what he was thinking and tried to chase away the weird ideas in his head as he, no, 'she' put on the earrings, the necklace and bracelet.

Denise was retouching up 'her' makeup, adding more eye shadow to 'her' eyelids when a heavy, inlaid door, that 'she' had thought locked beside the bed, opened and a small, petite, blonde-haired woman walked in.

"Carry on," she said with a smile as Denise paused, frightened, the makeup brush in 'her' hand. "Oh, I am so glad that wig suits you. Françoise loved it and I loved her in it. Oh yes, so put on lots of makeup and perfume. Remind me of what it used to be like in gay Paree, please!"

Denise put down the eyeshadow brush and nervously began to powder her face as the woman strode to the telephone and ordered no interruptions for the rest of the night. Denise freshened her lipstick as the woman looked at her and smiled.

"Denise is your name, isn't it?" asked the blonde woman, reaching to an old-fashioned bell pull on the wall. "Come on over, darling, and we shall eat," her voice changed and became very sultry, "before we get down to business."

Denise shivered as she tried to move naturally as the woman directed her to sit at the table for two as she sat opposite. The dress was so difficult to sit in without exposing her legs and soon Denise gave up, realizing that she was supposed to.

The old servant came bustling into the room, pushing a small cart from which came many mouth-watering odors. Denise realized that she was hungry but her anxiety didn't disappear as the woman started pouring out white wine and putting a glass in front of Denise.

"Thank you, Franz," said the smiling blonde woman as the servant served them soup and then, with a nod, left the room. The woman was studying

Denise who risked looking back at her, the hair and earrings moving against her neck, sending many chills and thrills through her, her groin definitely active as she sat as gracefully as she could and pretended she was as female as the woman opposite her.

The woman was clearly German by her accent and a woman of not more than forty, surely, but with a great worldliness about her. Her grey eyes fixed 'Denise's' with an ironic look. She was attractive but her forehead was too wide for her ever to be called beautiful. For a moment, Denise hadn't realized that the servant had addressed them in German and her whispered reply had been in German as well. No wonder the woman was smiling at her.

Denise took a spoonful of the soup which was delicious and something she had never tasted before.

"I love to see my girls in that dress," said the woman approvingly. "It is for very thin girls, of course. I can't get in it now." She smiled at the uncertain look on Denise's face. "Don't worry about Franz," she said with that ironic smile, her manicured hand with painted fingernails reaching out to caress Denise's. "Franz knows very well that you are a prostitute," she smiled as the girl's eyes widened in surprise. "Just like me," she finished with a chuckle.

Denise was stunned. She sipped at her soup and felt her body heating up. She knew that her face was flushed but there were flushes travelling through her body as the woman gave her a frankly amorous and appraising look, her mouth teasing the girl opposite her with a little pout. Denise felt the flush creep over her body, from her stockinged feet, up her legs, through her garters and panties to the tight bra, over her bare shoulders and the curls and wisps of hair about her face. She was only grateful that her female makeup would hide some of her embarrassment.

The woman laughed, taking great pleasure, it seemed, by the girl's discomfort. "Don't worry, darling," she said, drinking her wine. "I would guess that you are not as decadent as me. I am more than a lady of the night, however. I am also a lesbian. I don't think that you are, not at this very moment. Am I right?" She still spoke German. "But you have to admit, both words used about us give us excellent cover. I did manage to convert Françoise a little bit to being just like me. What's even better, of course, is that I even have one of my husband's excellent young men do the procuring for me."

Still quivering, Denise felt the flush leaving her face. The new necklace weighed a ton on her chest and reminded her, like her moving, tantalizing hair, how she was dressed and how the other woman saw her. Confused, he, Ken, ate a little for want of an activity, cringing inside at the sight of his so bare arms and the delicate bracelets above his wrists. Denise's appetite was long gone. Lesbian? Oh, the shivers that went through him! How can I be a lesbian when I am scarcely a woman! Oh, this was too, too decadent! Why didn't anyone warn me, was one thought passing through the femininely dressed Kenneth Browning.

"Madame Simard," the woman stressed the 'madame', "does very well in supplying girls to the officers of the occupying forces. You didn't know that?"

The woman smiled as she read the surprise on the girl's face. Oh, this Denise was so innocent, definitely not a prostitute, as she and Françoise had been, definitely. Anyone questioning Denise would know right away, by her blushes, what this innocent girl was doing in bed with the General's mistress.

"Jeanne keeps Albert's special packages, girls like you, for exclusive people like the well-connected

Oberleutnant,” she went on and then stopped abruptly as she stared at the dark-wigged girl. Abruptly, she stood up and walked round the table. “How much do you know?” she asked suddenly, switching to French. “Hein, pretty, little Denise? Do you know who I am?”

Slowly, a quaking Denise shook her head, her curls moving and making her tremble even more. Eva relaxed. It was a good job that Helmuth hadn't seen the girl arrive or he'd have been here in her room, introducing himself as he had to a terrified Françoise, once upon a time. Still, any woman being subjected to Helmuth would necessarily fall into Eva's willing arms. And Françoise had.

This girl didn't seem to know how extraordinarily attractive she was, the long hair being just the right touch for her, with her almost non-existent figure. She looked so young. She could be easily moulded by the Countess von Fellenstein to be a lesbian, like her true mistress. She needed a few touches that a woman of the world could give her. She could shape her eyebrows more femininely. They were thin enough, but shape also counted. Then, with new eye makeup, yes, she would be beautiful.

The Countess smiled to herself. She was thinking too much and too much like a lesbian. This fresh, innocent girl was actually attracting her. And Eva knew herself. She'd had more lovers than her husband, each in retaliation to his stream of infidelities.

When the Gestapo told him of her lesbian affairs, and she was sure they soon would, if they hadn't already, it would hurt his male pride far more than her sleeping with one of his staff officers. They did let him know which officers she fooled around with. He railed at her about that but she only had to say one word,

the name of his current mistress and she could shut him up.

It wasn't enough, however, she thought absently, as she tickled the girl's hair about her thin, lovely neck, watching Denise react to the discomfort she must be feeling. She intended to destroy her husband for his great sin of infidelity to her. Wouldn't it be justice if he could become jealous of the same woman that she took as a lover? Even better if he knew at the end that Eva wasn't a lesbian at all and had only posed as one to get back at her husband.

Here she was, thinking of him again, and of the von Riffel party at which the General and his French mistress, Lise Broussard, would be the center of attention among the so civilized General Staff officers. Meanwhile, the Gestapo would note that she was starting a new affair with a woman, fixed up by the estimable Madame Simard who had been so accommodating as to engage her husband with Lise Broussard, Françoise's true replacement. She must get the eager Oberleutnant Schurning to arrange something particularly degrading for her, Lise, not so prosaic as the 'accident' he had arranged for Françoise.

"P-Please," murmured Denise as Eva realized that her fingers had been digging into the girl's soft-skinned shoulders.

"Sorry," Eva whispered, leaning close to the girl's ear and blowing gently past it, enjoying the way the girl wiggled and clutched shakily at her dress, after Eva's attentions. "Of course, you know nothing. But you are Françoise's replacement, from London, are you not? Yes, nod if that is true."

What else could Denise do at such words, but to nod, even as she was shivering at what the woman, a

German woman, was saying to 'her'. "Yes," breathed Eva, blowing in the girl's ear again so delicately. "Albert would never trust you with knowledge of me, not until it was absolutely necessary. Well, here's a special for him and your radio to London."

Eva took the girl by the hand and led her away from the rest of the enticing meal to the large, comfortable bed. "There's a special convoy," she murmured, drawing the shivering girl to sit beside her on the bed. Denise quivered and tried to cross her legs as Eva put her hand on her smooth, silky thigh, the dress opening so easily as the girl sought, in fright, to move Eva's caressing hand away.

"A convoy is going to re-supply the Normandy defences," murmured Eva, enjoying the touch of soft silk and even softer, squirming flesh as the girl tried to resist her advances. "It will contain the new V-1 rockets that will skim over the Channel and hit the Americans in their training areas. It's also not going into Normandy in just one assault group, just to the one base that is making this launch. Schmidt, the routing genius in Obergruppe, has dozens of small convoys, going in all directions. until they come together in a wooded reserve west of a village called Epinard in Normandy. It will be there five days from now, on the sixteenth." She lay back and stroked Denise's bare back, making the girl shiver so deliciously. "I trust that your people will arrange an appropriate welcome for the convoy."

Denise was flustered as the woman's hands caressed her arms. She was flabbergasted at what the woman, whoever she was, was also saying to her. She looked towards the door, wondering if she could leave in the clothes she was wearing and shuddering as she thought of what the men might do who saw her dressed like this.

“Oh, yes, you do have to stay the night,” said the Countess, raising her head on one arm and smiling at the girl beside her. “Franz is an old family retainer. I wouldn’t dream of disappointing him, especially since he thinks that a husband must know every one of his wife’s indiscretions if he asks. So, we have to mess the bed, darling Denise.” She smiled and sat up. “I would much prefer it if you were a young man, you know,” she finished, pulling the girl beside her.

The girl was wide-eyed in panic, it seemed. “I, I,” she stammered clutching at her chest as Eva took off the heavy necklace and took the opportunity to caress the girl, who was heavily padded but jumpy about being caressed, nevertheless. Eva kissed Denise’s chest, enjoying the feminine fragrance of the pretty girl.

“Let me help you out of your dress and your wig,” said Eva caressing the trembling figure beside her. “There’s something even more important that I have to tell you anyway.” She leaned over impulsively and kissed the girl’s trembling lips, tasting her lipstick and enjoying it as the girl reacted as if she had been shot.

“You can see why I prefer young men,” Eva said sarcastically. “A young man would not refuse a kiss from a woman in bed, no matter how he was dressed.” She sat up and laughed. “Next you are going to tell me that you really think I am a lesbian after all,” she said with her wry smile.

Denise shook her head, her long hair shifting over her shoulders and earrings making her shudder. She tried to get up and her dress opened again. She looked up at Eva and the woman had marks from Denise’s lipstick on her face.



“Look, I don’t bite,” said the Countess in irritation, taking the girl’s shaking hand and helping her to her high-heeled feet. Her dress quivered about her as Denise struggled with all the conflicting sensations she was receiving, not the least was being kissed by a woman. Kenneth had done that only fleetingly, here and there, but he had been the man and initiated the different kisses he’d tried with different girls. Now, here he was, shuddering as he was to try to be the girl and fake out this real woman. Yes, Eva was kissing him as if he was a true woman. It made Ken shudder, through and through.

The woman then put her arms about him, her ample breasts pressed against him. “Listen, Denise,” she whispered, wriggling on the bed covers as if to prevent anyone hearing what she said to the other girl. “This is most important. There’s definitely a leak in the London organization. Obergruppe calls the source, November. There’s quite a search going on now for an agent named Browning that November insists has been sent into France in the last few days. Albert has to know that.”

The girl’s body stiffened against the Countess’s as the older woman was speaking. ‘She’ felt the woman’s arms about her but didn’t realize that she was taking off Denise’s dress until it began to slip down ‘her’ body. She clutched at the woman and offered up her mouth and the two began to kiss as Denise teetered on her high heels.

Denise was unused to having her mouth invaded in a French kiss as the other woman did to her, stroking her and being amused as she found where Denise was padded. She hugged Denise in her swishing petticoat, caressing Denise with the lovely petticoat, as the young woman was left in front of a smiling Eva in her bra, stockings, panties and garter belt, her high

heels having been kicked off, as the older woman took off hers.

“Mmm, this is nice,” murmured Eva as she directed the girl where to open her dress which Denise tried to do just as the other woman had done to her clothing, ‘she’, however, with nervous, fumbling fingers.

Eva caressed the girl’s slender thighs and undid the girl’s garter belt as Denise sought her lips again eagerly and kissed her, trying to take control but Eva was too experienced for that.

“Come on,” Eva said, treading on the silver, lame gown that Helmuth had given her for her twenty-first birthday. Denise had looked so pretty in it. She must wear it for Helmuth some time, when he’d been told by his spies that Eva had a new girl. Yes, her husband would know absolutely then, what was going on with his wife. He would know absolutely, too, that she had betrayed him, and their marriage, as thoroughly as he had betrayed her.

Eva opened the bedsheets and coaxed the girl into bed, caressing her stockings, now so loose on her legs, while the girl looked as if she was trying to say something. Eva undid her own bra and placed the girl’s agitated hands on her breast, her mouth still directing the other’s as she rolled up on top of the girl who seemed dazed as she was kissed and kissed lovingly, Eva holding her arms and making sure that Denise still caressed Eva’s ample breasts. If only she was a boy, she thought, this would be so much better.

Eva reached then for the girl’s wig just as Denise clutched for it as well. Why she was being so stupid, trying to deny this woman what she wanted, Denise knew only too well. She must stay a woman. She

mustn't be found out. Oh, good heavens, she was being kissed and touched and treated as if she was a woman. Such soft hands had caressed her legs, undoing and taking away 'her' stockings. Denise's dress had fluttered from 'her' so gently, she'd hardly felt it leaving 'her' and exposing 'her' bare body to this Eva, whoever she was, whom Denise was expected to know of, 'she' realized as a nervous shudder went through her. The partly naked woman on 'her' was directing 'her' lovemaking to what must be only one conclusion. But Denise mustn't be found out!

Eva pulled the hairpiece away as the girl tried to hold it, Eva's hands brushing the back of the girl's neck. Denise pulled back as the Countess suddenly felt the short, bristly hair at the back of the girl's head.

"Mein Gott!" she exclaimed. "Who are you?" She had a terrible thought that she had a prison escapee in her arms, but this couldn't be one of those women, not and be 'employed' by Jeanne Simard, who knew exactly what this girl must do for the wife of an important German general.

Denise's hair was long and soft on top. She could possibly have been in a prison recently, Eva thought, as Denise struggled and rolled her soft legs to get free from the woman holding 'her'. As the pretty girl tried to swing her legs free, Eva grabbed at her, and clutched at the pretty, frilly panties between Denise's legs.

The Countess felt there something she'd never expected to find, between the soft, shaved legs of the slim, pretty girl. "You're a man!" she screamed, sitting up, leaning away from the cowering figure in front of her.

“Yes,” whimpered the girlish figure in Eva’s own underwear. “I’m a m-m-man. I’m K-Kenneth B-B-Browning.”

The girl seemed it was a relief to say such words to an astounded Eva who, almost immediately, had her hand closed over ‘his’ mouth. ‘She’, pulling her panties back into place over her male equipment, was strongly pushed back then, her eyes showing real fright, as Eva von Fellenstein held her down and quiet as she could do nothing more, for several, long moments, than to stare down on the whimpering, girlish figure beneath her, the only real woman in the bed.

“How?” she finally asked in a soft whisper, hoping to all the deities that her husband was not hearing any of this, certainly not her words and her reaction to finding a man, posing as a pretty girl beneath her.

“It isn’t my fault,” murmured Kenneth Browning nervously, tears of frustration coming to his eyes. He had no idea what he looked like, now ‘she’ had been discovered. I don’t have to pretend, all the time, any more, went through his head, as he felt that finally he didn’t really care who it was who had discovered what he was.

But, to Eva von Fellenstein, the figure beneath her looked like a young teenaged girl about to cry. The mascara on her eyelids sparkled with tears and the pout on her mouth was so feminine. Eva had joked a lot with Françoise about being a lesbian, and about not being one. It had started out as a way to convince Schurning that the Countess was immoral. He would and could believe that but he would never believe that she was a traitor. But if he ever got hold of this girl, discovered that she was the Browning they were all looking for, and then asked ‘her’ to tell him what the Countess, what Eva, had to say to him, well, with

a hard enquiry, she'd spill it all, Eva was sure. She'd have to get rid of 'her' before Schilling found out what Eva was really doing as her husband's wife.

Kenneth was babbling on, luckily in a girlish whisper, about talent shows and being deceived and betrayed by the people in London. Eva could relate to that. She knew deception and betrayal only too well. 'She' didn't even realize that 'her' deception, yes, Eva must use the right pronoun for 'her' while 'she' was with Eva, mustn't she, had saved 'her' life. If 'she' had not been disguised as a young woman, 'she' would have been captured at the Gare du Nord within a day of 'her' entry into France.

"Lie still and let me think," Eva said, sinking back onto the bed and the wide-eyed, pretty 'girl'. Eva pulled the covers over them both. This is how it had started with Francoise. She had touched her here while the other woman had giggled and touched her back. But this was a young man! 'She', yes, Eva must think of him, no, 'her', 'she' was padded and so did feel a little bit as Francoise had. She'd also worn falsies as 'she' seemed to be doing, as well, and successfully.

What had she said earlier? She would prefer it if Denise was a young man? Well, her mockery had been heard by the gods, the Norse gods of her ancestors. She could imagine Loki, the trickster, laughing at her now as he delivered to her what she had said that she wished for.

Ken Browning wanted to tell her more, but shivered in anxiety as this woman, Eva something, a general's wife, was behaving quite strangely, now that she knew all about him and why he was in a dress and made-up like a woman. She pushed on his bra and padding, pushing it back into place (!), and then her soft hand caressed his arm. He felt shivers run

through him as her soft legs touched his. "You look quite stunning in my lingerie," murmured Eva, raising more quivers inside him, as Eva was letting her hands run down the corset about his waist and on to his garter belt. "I like my earrings and necklace on you as well."

Kenneth tried to pull back, feeling absurd as the woman caressed his hip and then his thigh, her own panties on him and caressing his lower body which was being restored to the bindings he'd felt so much before. "My lady," he mumbled but then his words were cut off as she kissed him. Her hand caressed between his panties, making her intentions very obvious.

"Shush," Eva muttered when he tried to re-explain. "Or are you a virgin, pretty little Denise." She kissed him forcefully, pushing her tongue into his mouth. Ooo, her body slid over his, pushing him down into the remarkably soft mattress of the bed. She whispered so softly he could almost not hear her. It was what she had told Denise to do and it was as if she was showing him how to speak. Ken shook as he could guess why she was doing that. Oh, gods, were some Germans somewhere listening in on him trying to be the girl that he really wasn't?

"What lovely perfume you are wearing, Denise," murmured the older woman kissing and caressing the 'girl' beneath her. "But I must tell you that it is not available now in Paris. You must have brought it from England but only a woman would know that, a woman like you and me."

"I'm not," Kenneth Browning began to protest but she took his hands and put them on her breasts and about her neck and kissed him while she showed him what to do to her as she kissed him again. With her left hand, she caressed his panties most enticingly

until his maleness betrayed him. She played with the garter belt against his thighs which sent strange, enervating thrills through him.

Ken felt her taking off her own panties as she said, "Yes, darling, yes." He found that he did want it, did want sex with this woman whose scent filled his nostrils and whose breasts were at his mouth. But he couldn't have her, he knew, not dressed and primped as the pretty girl(!) Yes, 'Denise' she was calling him.

When Eva began to slip Denise's panties away, however, it was with such complete assurance that Denise only jiggled and shuddered, trying to stop her movements over him. Eva giggled then and whispered in his ear. "Well, I wonder where that Browning fellow went, don't you, my lovely Denise? How could he possibly be hiding out in Occupied France and not be discovered by my husband as he contacts me. How could he ...?"

She knew all about him and why he was so girlishly dressed, Ken Browning felt, his veins beating in his head. "You... You know how...!" he whispered as she giggled again.

"Just the same way that Françoise became my lover," murmured Eva. "you would have loved her making love to you, my darling girl," she went on. "I told her to tell the Englishman whom she was talking to, that if something ever happened to her, to Françoise, he should replace her with another girl just like her. I think he did, didn't he? What a lovely man he must be, your commanding officer!"

Ken Browning almost choked as this German woman kissed him again and pulled him against her as if he was indeed a man. Oh, gods and goddesses, he found that he was assisting her with removing the girlish panties from him. Her hands, oh, her delicate



and soft fingers and hands, quickly found what was he was trying to hide, beginning to caress him so gently! She knows! She knows! The words thundered through Kenneth's brain as he felt this woman removing the gaff that was supposed to be his greatest protection.

His fumbling attempts to keep his dignity only made her giggle, more and more, as she stroked his burgeoning man-thing, as she caressed his bare thighs and tush with soft, women's panties and the silky slip she'd lifted to his waist when she'd started to explore him, no, 'her'. Eva laughed even more as she made 'her' enter her, a true woman, while 'she' was flat on 'her' back. She was still calling him Denise, but 'she' was past caring by then.

When Denise was free of her panties, it was Eva's turn to be surprised. She'd had so many lovers like Karlheinz Schurning, military copies of her husband, so correct and formal even in their lovemaking, that she'd forgotten how beguiling and pleasurable a young, innocent boy could be. Or girl for that matter, as Françoise had been anything but innocent. It was almost back to her teens and her first explorations with sex that she went through with the virginal Kenneth Browning.

Oh, but she was never going to call Denise that. Like any youth, English, French or German, 'she' came much too hastily. Eva made 'her' stay under her, rousing Denise again and making 'her' take 'her' time, as 'she', Denise came and came, in a series of short orgasms while Eva stroked 'her' legs and garters which made 'her' surprisingly twitchy as she did so. Denise's lipstick lasted longer than hers as she kissed 'her' rouged cheeks and thin eyebrows, surely 'she' hadn't done those 'herself', so fine and girlish, were they. Maybe this 'Denise' had been active with

young men before she'd been catapulted into France and the woman who awaited 'her'!

Just wait until Helmuth found out that she, Eva, preferred a member of the third sex to himself. How she could laugh at her husband's impotent fury then! And what would she say to him? Oh, yes, darling Helmuth, this is a girl we can share! Yes, look at the way that this Browning fellow was coming now with her, wriggling and wiggling as Eva kissed and kissed 'her', thinking how great this new transvestite was going to be in her bed, as soon as 'she' understood that 'she' had to be as wiggly and little girlish as Françoise had learned to be. Ooo, yes, this lovely Denise was going to make her mistress the happiest woman in Occupied France. Yes, 'she' was.

Kenneth filled the woman again as she achieved a shuddering orgasm. They lay together then, but she wouldn't let him remove his wig, having pulled it back about his head, covering his shoulders with soft, long hair. She wouldn't let him remove the bra, nor the earrings nor the jewellery he wore.

"No, no, Denise," she smiled at him, her kiss so beguiling. None of the women in England had ever kissed or touched him so girlishly as Eva did. "I like the way you have done your eyes. So pretty and feminine. You take the part of the woman so well that some day, I will introduce you to my husband. He always likes his mistress to wear her makeup in bed. Think what you could learn then as a spy, Denise, if you were the mistress of a German general. Wouldn't you just love that?"

Ken shook in terror at the thought and found her looking at him with what could only be great mockery, on her face. "No, little Denise," Eva whispered. "I will not share you with my husband, not like I did

Francoise. We don't want the Gestapo arranging any more accidents, do we?"

Denise looked suitably terrified and was quite content to be consoled by the older, more experienced woman. Eva showed her pretty, new, girl friend a range of gentle kisses as she had 'her' caress and stroke Eva's body in manly fashion, until Eva came again. Denise herself was clearly exhausted then. 'She', with Eva's encouragement, was glad to fall asleep in Denise's new wig, 'her' garter belt and 'her' corset. No, 'she' didn't think at all, Eva considered with a smile, about how pretty and girlish 'she' looked to an amused Eva, 'her' lover.

Both were somewhat embarrassed when they awoke but for very different reasons. Eva, who thought of herself as sophisticated, was unsure how this young man would react to seeing her in daylight, how much older she was than the pretty, little girl 'she' really now, appeared to be. 'She' was also, Eva thought, unsure of 'herself' and 'her' emotions of the night before.

Kenneth Browning, however, could only think how this exciting and stimulating woman would belittle and shame 'her' when she saw that 'she' had to dress as Denise again. Oh, 'she', Denise, was going to have to be a girl again, a girl who could be, would be, ordered about by the German woman and made to act as the girlish waitress that 'she' was supposed to be.

Eva didn't, however, even seem to notice that. It wasn't scorn but encouragement Denise received as 'she' bathed quickly before Eva, 'she' feeling totally idiotic. But, then, Eva, this sophisticated woman climbed into the still warm water of the ceramic bath Franz had brought into the room while 'Denise' had hidden under the covers. Eva had combed out her

girl friend's wigs and told 'her' to wear the longer, dark-haired one that tickled Denise's back and ears.

Ken was surprised when Eva got out clean underwear of hers for a shuddering Denise, including stockings with dark seams to run down the back of 'her' leg. She made 'her' wear black panties again with pink ruffles. Denise found the corset she had chosen was just the same with pink lace across 'her' chest and around 'her' tush and thighs where this new corset fitted and joined between his legs.

"Do it slowly, darling," the Countess told her quivering girl friend, loving how nervous and delicate the 'girl' was as 'she' put on 'her' stockings. "Don't they feel so nice as they slide over your legs? They should. They should make you feel all female inside as you attach your black suspenders."

Ken shook in distress, as she named the feeling that was sweeping over 'her', as she kept calling Denise and using that in front of other words. Yes, the panties were 'hers' and 'she' had to put 'her' stockings on 'herself'. Oh, Eva was even calling it a female feeling, as 'she' saw how he was shuddering, as Denise attached 'her' pretty stockings to 'her' corset. Then she directed the way her new girl friend applied 'her' make-up. Eva tripped over in her bathrobe to shape and tweeze Denise's eyebrows to an even more feminine arch than 'she' had thought right.

She showed Denise how to blur 'her' eyeliner and do 'her' eyes softly. With a light, pink lipstick, one of hers, 'she' looked at a new Denise, yes, 'herself', in the mirror, softer, more girlish, with little clips at 'her' ears. 'She,' a very realistic Denise, shivered. He could not be 'her', but the woman who had made love to him the night before seemed only to eager to make him into 'her', an even more feminine Denise than 'she' had been, ever, even in England.

The Countess had new clothes for Denise, a dark, straight skirt and white, lacy blouse with frills at the neck and across the chest. "Denise," she whispered as the pretty girl put on her black high heels. Eva came to Denise, 'her' breasts loose in the flowing robe that 'she' wore.

"You will come back very soon," Eva whispered, kissing Denise on the mouth and so smearing 'her' lipstick, 'she' thought numbly, startled at the sight of the lipstick 'she' had used, on Eva's formerly clean mouth. Eva hugged Denise tightly and kissed her ear, which was what Oberleutnant Schurning and Franz saw as they entered the Countess's quarters at the stroke of ten, as she had previously ordered them.

VI. THE COUNTESS'S LITTLE GIRL

"But why can you not find this young man, Brown-ing?" asked General von Fellenstein. He was making the most of his chance to embarrass Obersturmbannfuhrer Heinrich Jellinek and his phalanx of stolid, S.S. 'experts'. The Luftwaffe officers present were as pleased as the Army at the discomfiture of the S.S. Colonel, loathed and detested by all.

"November," the General went on, "has supplied the life history of this young man up to the time that the American Colonel recommended him to his son."

"We presume he recommended him," snapped Jellinek. His hand rose to his upper lip where he smoothed out his thin, almost non-existent, light brown moustache. He was flushed and obviously chagrined at the failure of his forces. "But the situa-

tion is more serious than even you are aware, Herr General."

The S.S. Colonel reached into his briefcase and took out a thin piece of yellow paper which he placed on the table. Those in the know recognized the color as being associated with despatches from November.

Von Fellenstein took it and recognized the code heading immediately. "What is this?" he bristled. "You have kept the latest November message out of our hands?"

The Luftwaffe officers showed open disgust at the S.S. contingent around the large, circular table on the main floor of the Chateau d'Arrance.

"This Browning fellow has penetrated Obergruppe," Jellinek rasped, his face returning the scorn of the other services. He saved his blackest looks for the Abwehr representative, the Military Intelligence liaison, at the General's elbow.

All the jollity vanished at once from the officers, present there. Von Fellenstein pored over the document dropped in front of him by Jellinek.

"The Bois d'Epinard raid," Jellinek's pronunciation was so guttural that several of the officers at the table failed to understand him clearly, "was no mere chance, nor was the assassination of Hauptsturmfuhrer Schmidt. Browning's message was routed from Albert, our old, cagey friend," his voice grated bitterly. "It also carried the notification that we have a source in The Bank that we call November who knows of Browning's drop and that he was on the train from Lisieux."

Jellinek waited for the tumult to die down and the shocked silence to begin again as he raised his arm stiffly in salute, as if he was about to hail the German

leader. Instead, he went on about the topic in hand. "Since the existence of November, by that code name, is known only within Obergruppe, we now know that there is a traitor amongst us," he stated angrily, glaring at Frunsche, the 'major' from Abwehr, though he wore no uniform. The glare was intense if Jellinek was sure that it was the other intelligence service that was harboring a traitor, seated right across the table from him.

"It appears that you are correct, Obersturmbannfuhrer," von Fellenstein said, tossing the communication from November across the table to the senior of the Luftwaffe officers. "I trust that Signals will, however, verify the arrival of this message."

Jellinek's face twisted with anger at the veiled insult. With an effort, he controlled his seething emotions, merely nodding to his superior.

"What counter-methods have you begun in Obergruppe?" Frunsche dared to ask, betraying his nervousness with a stroking of his thick, blonde hair.

Jellinek gave him a cool smirk, a parody of the Abwehr major's earlier gratified expression.

The meeting ended very quickly after that as Jellinek promised counter-measures but would not say what they were. Von Fellenstein indicated to Jellinek that he was to stay when the others left. "You did not answer Major Frunsche's question," the General stated directly when they were alone. "I understand why you would not wish to speak in an open meeting. As Commanding Officer of Obergruppe, however, I expect an answer."

Jellinek's face showed his turbulent, inner feelings. "We have installed listening devices," he finally blurted out.

“Where?” asked von Fellenstein curtly.

Jellinek’s face was more a snarl than anything else. “In all rooms where non-German personnel frequent,” he snapped at last.

“In Mademoiselle Broussard’s room?” asked the General, the paper in his hand quivering violently, as he referred to his current mistress quite formally.

“Of course,” said Jellinek defiantly.

“How long?” asked the General. Both his face and his voice were equally bleak.

“A week,” said Jellinek, forced at last to look away.

“You’ve been sitting on this for a week?” asked von Fellenstein in outrage. “And what are the results of this, this insult.”

“Inconclusive, Herr General,” stated the S.S. Colonel. “But do I need to warn you not to speak so disparagingly of me and my colleagues to your young lady.” He stood up as the general looked about to explode. “We intend to extend the devices to all personnel of Obergruppe, and their relatives and associates, Herr General. I am determined that we shall soon catch this Browning and his contact among us. We will get them. Have no fear of that!”

“If only we could pin this one on my wife,” murmured the general than, smiling inwardly at the security officer. “If you get anything suspicious on her, Jellinek, remember who her father was. Come to me first. It will be quite a joy to me to have that woman shot, if anything can really be proved.”

After each of her visits, wherever the blushing girl was being taken, with Oberleutnant Schurning, Madame Simard was pleased to see, each time, that there were very satisfying changes in the young girl. Even the way that she girlishly served now, as she must be learning to do elsewhere, suited and charmed all the old men who were beginning to congregate, more and more, to flirt with the pretty Denise, in Madame Simard's 'bistro'. The romantic attentions of a man, even if it was a German officer, were clearly helping a blushing, attractive Denise to bloom.

Denise had acquired a 'waspie' from somewhere, Jeanne noted, her figure thus blossoming femininely. Her breasts seemed fuller. Yes, now she had cleavage, coming back wearing plunging necklines, in the new blouses and dresses that Schurning, or he and his friends, had bought for her. She praised the pretty girl, just as the German officer did, he making 'her' blush more than modestly at such praise from a man, for how pretty she was.

'Denise', of course, was unable to tell Jeanne of the taping of her breasts that Eva, Countess von Fellenstein, liked her to do. Nor could she tell Jeanne of the new liquid inserts Eva had made 'her' wear, that bounced so much, and made it seem as if she had real breasts, much of the time. 'She' was constantly in female clothing, not a day going by that 'Denise' wasn't a woman. Yes, she had to wax and shave her legs and do everything a woman would do, as Eva made her promise to do, even on days when Denise was not seeing her.

Kenneth Browning knew that he was dangerously being subsumed into the personality of Denise Colbert. He was beginning to think like her, in the

way he looked at the world, imagining himself in the fine dresses the Countess always had for Denise to try on. She had actually got his hair to take a curl the last time he was with her. Eva had had Denise sit while she photographed her as a blonde showgirl, after curling his real hair and adding a little fall at the back. Yes, she'd even had Denise slip off her dress and had taken her picture looking over her bra strap, her panties and stockings being posed as if she was a girl on stage. Oh, how she'd shuddered and begged the other woman to destroy the pictures when Denise had seen them, days later.

“Oh, but Karlheinz has the negatives and several copies he's sharing with his friends,” Eva had said with a sweet smile. “You can't get rid of them all, my darling girl. You'll just have to live as being a pinup girl in the barracks round here, I'm afraid, my lovely showgirl. The men all think Karlheinz is so lucky to be having you. While, he's angry with me, for not letting you visit him after we've done our thing, together. He really wants a turn of his own with you, my lovely!”

Now, when she came over to see the general's wife, Denise was fluttering nervously as she sat in the car, Karlheinz studying her. Yes, and he'd even smiled and winked at her the last time that he'd brought her up to the chateau. She'd almost run in her high heels into the building, only to have Eva and Karlheinz discuss how pretty she looked from the rear, with her tush bouncing so femininely as she ran from the man.

The Countess also had a riding crop, her husband's, she said. She stung Denise across her backside whenever she did some male thing instead of making a real, or proper, in Eva's opinion, female gesture. Eva used it also to make Denise speak in lighter, more girlish tones. Eva would never talk

Army stuff with the girl, however, only talk about women's fashions and designers and new makeup techniques. She had Denise meet her manicurist and pedicurist so that Denise now had femininely shaped and painted fingernails and toenails. She could do nothing without seeing them, constant reminders that she was male no longer and slipping daily into a femininity that all about her seemed to be encouraging her towards, as well.

It was so unnerving. Guillaume tried to impress her all the time with his maleness, but he could hardly look at her, without a scowl, when 'her' German officer arrived in the bar. Jeanne could see that the bartender was just green with envy while Schurning seemed to have spotted it as well. He put his arm around the girl's slender waist at first which had made Guy white with rage. The girl was very nervous as well, blushing furiously as Schurning put his arm about her in the car.

"We do have a part to play, mademoiselle," Schurning told her. "If I do not show you a little affection, mademoiselle, enquiries are sure to be made about why you are at Chateau d'Arrance, and the truth about you and the Countess might be discovered."

Show a little affection had grown from his putting his arm about her to kissing her hand on his arrival at the bar. Karl had walked her then, hand-in-hand, through the check points, until, one day, he had stopped and kissed her on her freshly madeup lips right in front of a huge group of soldiers exiting the Chateau on weekend passes.

Trembling, Denise had had to wipe her lipstick off his face as he smiled at his friends and said, "I tell her not to put on too much lipstick. After all, it isn't going to be on her pretty mouth for long."

Now, each time Karlheinz Schurning met Denise at the bar, he kissed her. Oh, Denise felt such strange pulses in her panties and corsets as he did so. She was so confused why he should do that when he knew she was a 'lesbian'. But now on the car rides, he was beginning to kiss and fondle 'her' for long times which she found herself responding to. Yes, 'she' really was matching his forceful kissed with girlish kisses of her own, yes, on his lips. Ooo, the strangest of feelings went through her then, but it wasn't because his response was unpleasant. No, it was the opposite!

Denise was even looking forward to them, dressing in rusty dresses to please Karlheinz as he liked to drop his hand casually onto her thighs and caress her through the dress while she had her arms about his neck. Oh, how her temperature soared as girlish feelings did arise in 'her', she knew. Then they would slowly walk, hand-in-hand, 'she' shuddering and shivering, as Karl was swinging her so that her dresses swished appealingly about her legs, to the Countess's apartments, where he had started to give her very passionate goodbye kisses which Franz clearly did not like.

In her very last visit, Karlheinz, he told her to call him 'Karl', had drawn her to him in the car and thoroughly messed up her lipstick, leaving her just a minute to repair it before they got out. "Franz wants me to stop kissing you," Schurning had said, his arm still about her as she had shakily powdered her nose. "I told him that it was up to you. I wouldn't kiss you if you wouldn't kiss me. Do you want me to stop kissing you, lovely Denise?"

Her stiff dark dress had rustled as Karl pulled her close and she looked at his expectant lips. She had been going to say, Yes, you must stop. You make me feel too much like a woman. But his kiss took her

breath away and then his tongue entered between her lips and she clung to him as he breathed in her female fragrance. He had his arm about her shoulders as he strolled with her so slowly down the corridors that led to Eva's bedroom, stopping here and there for him to kiss her, again and again.

Denise was so ashamed of herself for liking Karl to kiss her so much. Eva would tease her. She always knew and told her that she didn't mind. Kissing Karl made Denise so excited and then she was primed, ready to be the Countess's little girl, which Denise had to admit was exactly what she had become.

Madame Simard liked to see the affection that Schurning had for the girl. She had guessed that Schurning was taking her to someone else; but Jacques Colbert would not confirm it. Denise was responding to the young man as well, her face lighting up when he appeared, she noted.

Denise kept her hair the same, Jeanne noted, dark and long, a wig certainly that her senior lover had wanted to see her in. She had experimented with putting it up and with putting ribbons in her hair but it made Denise look so young and the men were touching and pinching her, even more than they normally did, trying to get her to sit on their hardening laps from which Jeanne had had to rescue her at first. Lately, pretty Denise had become more skilled at avoiding the grasping hands.

Jeanne loved the experimenting the girl was doing with her makeup as well. She showed her how to make her eyes large and doe-like and bought her false eyelashes and showed her how to put them on. It was a pleasure to take Denise on a stroll along the Left Bank, or what was left of it, and see how the girls did their eyes. Then, they both experimented when they got back. The customers liked it from afar, busi-

ness was really improving, and Jeanne was thinking of taking on another waitress.

She waved to Denise as she went off with her officer, he pausing to give her a kiss before she entered the car. Denise now so willingly kissed the officer back as he looked down on her so tenderly. She had really made that cold fish into a human being, Jeanne noted with satisfaction, as Guy muttered 'collaborator' or some such thing under his breath.

Denise wore a purple, silk dress, another gift of Eva's along with seamed stockings and dark purple high heels that 'Uncle Jacques' had shyly acquired for her from the black market. She had kissed him on the forehead as he had waited for her to thank him. "You can do better than that," Jacques Colbert, supposedly 'her' uncle, had said then and proceeded to kiss her hard on the lips. "Oh yes," he had said then, staring into her shocked face. "I can see why your German wants you coming back again and again."

Denise had been back to the Countess over two dozen times but not a word of information had been passed between them, since the first time, the message relayed on, Denise expected, by her 'uncle'. Eva was only interested now in getting Denise into soft, frilly feminine lingerie and then making love to her. And Denise was beginning to love it as well for, with Eva, she did not have to hold back. Eva wanted her to behave as girlishly as she possibly could; but there was always that moment when Eva slid down on her and they were united. So what if 'she', Denise, was always flat on 'her' back and partly clad in soft, feminine lingerie, it was a woman 'she' was making love to and Kenneth could enjoy that thoroughly.

Eva had said that Franz must have the right idea about her after all. But, seeing the hurt look in Denise's eyes, she softened the blow by telling her

that she was the greatest lover Eva had ever had. That set Denise to tingling and produced one of their most prolonged lovemaking sessions.

Having been picked up as usual, Karl's arm about her, his mouth on hers, his hand gently caressing her stockings and garter belt, Denise did not notice where they were going at first. Her new, long, dangling earrings, a gift from Karl, swung so sensually at her neck as he seemed to bury his mouth in hers, his hand on her artificial breast and so she had to bat him away.

"Where are we going?" Denise asked fearfully at last as the black car was following a road unfamiliar to her.

"You will see soon, Denise," said Schurning unsteadily, trying to draw her back into more kisses in the back seat of the car.

Denise noted that all the car doors were locked and that the driver was new, as was the route they were following. She began to be very afraid as they headed out into countryside.

"Where are we going?" she pleaded with Karl but he had no answer. Denise refused to kiss him more, taking out her compact and lipstick and nervously repairing her makeup.

The car turned off into a small village, flicking off even the hooded lights as it eased through narrow streets. When it stopped, Karl leaned over her as someone outside unlocked the door. "Tell the truth," he whispered. "Protect the Countess if you can."

Hands reached in for her and Denise was pulled from the car, swaying and almost falling, as her high heels found cobblestones beneath her. The men about her had weapons. She could see the dull gleam

of them as she was directed to a dark entrance, heels clicking on stone steps, her dress swirling about her as she was pushed through the doorway. Schurning came behind and took her arm. He seemed to know the way. He kept a tight grip on her as they went up a stairway and then he rapped smartly on the door at the end of a short hallway.

“Enter,” snapped someone in German.

The red stripe on his trousers told Denise that the German was a General. He was the only occupant of the room. Schurning drew her in to stand before the General and then withdrew quickly.

The look he gave Denise was so calculating that she began to blush with shame and tremble with fear at the same time. In a panic, she began to look for a way out, but there were dark curtains at the window, concealing what was beyond. The General was sprawled across the bed that filled most of the small room. He studied Denise intently, making her frightened to death.

“I know that dress,” he said, intensifying Denise’s fears. “My wife has worn it on several occasions to entertain me.”

This was Eva’s husband! Denise knew nothing about him save that Eva was so very bitter about him.

“You’re very pretty, Denise,” he said, reaching for a cigarette from a pack on a side table. He flung it on the bed and indicated to her that she could take one if she wished. “I understand that you are my wife’s lover or that is what those tapes,” she saw a recorder on the floor by the cold fireplace, “recorded by the Gestapo tell me.” Disgust briefly crossed his finely featured face. “My wife is a lesbian and so are you.”

The General took in and recorded the girl's confusion right away. "Ah," he said in understanding. "The S.S. tells me that you are a lesbian. Are you?"

Denise's lower lip quivered. "N-No," she stammered.

The General laughed a bitter, sarcastic laugh. "Liar!" he sneered. "The Gestapo played me the tapes of you and Eva making love. Schurning confirms that it is you and confirms what you are. You see how it is, my dear. They all want to hurt me. They want to force me out. Resign or risk a scandal. Have the whole world laughing at me behind my back." He paused and took a pull on his cigarette.

"But I know my Eva, mademoiselle," he went on, the General's pale grey eyes studying Denise again. There was a quaking in his voice as there was in her entire body. But they each had different fears.

"With a man, I would worry," the General went on, his body taut and showing his anxiety, Denise was startled to note, through her own fright. "But she could never do, never do, never do that, never that, with a woman. You must have been acting."

Helmuth von Fellenstein stared at the girl's face and her frightened expression destroyed that last hope. Denise looked at him helplessly and both understood that Eva and Denise had not been acting as they had made love.

The General slumped. "If you were acting," he went on lamely, "it could only have been that my wife was passing on secret information to you."

"N-No!" Denise's shock and fear were genuine, though not for the reasons the General assigned to her.

“No, I see that,” he whispered, drawing again on his cigarette. “You don’t know Lise Broussard either, do you?”

Since Denise didn’t, it was easy to stand there in her high heels, skirts slightly moving about her and show blankness at the name.

“Jellinek has his hands on her,” the General was rambling on, grief surfacing on his face, his voice almost incoherent as if he was unaware of the attractive girl in the room. “And Frunsche. They’ll implicate me if that is what the new Gruppenführer wishes them to do.”

Von Fellenstein could not keep the bitterness out of his voice as he thought about what this whole affair would do for the career of Heinrich Jellinek. “And November gone too. Damn the Brownings!”

Denise gasped as the General became aware of her again. “Oh, I am sorry mademoiselle, my language. I apologize.” He dragged himself to his feet. Denise’s fright grew as the tall man advanced on her. ‘She’ tried to think how she could defend herself in high heels and billowing dress. Her nails were long but she seemed to have lost so much strength in her arms lately.

“You can’t help being a lesbian, I suppose,” von Fellenstein snarled at her, his face looking even more haggard as he loomed over her. “But with my wife!” he roared, his hand lashing out and overwhelming the hands she tried to put up. His fist glanced off Denise’s mouth, causing an instant rush of blood. “Balder! Schurning! Get this, this woman out of here!”

The officers were no more gentle than their General, in seizing Denise and rushing her out of the room. In the car, however, Schurning looked so wor-

ried as he gave her a handkerchief to press against her swelling lip.

“You didn’t admit to being a lesbian, did you?” he asked hopefully.

“I did,” Denise said, tasting her blood. She looked nervously at the officer who had been kissing her earlier. “I like making love to women.”

Schurning grimaced and sat back quietly all the way to Le Crocodile. He pushed her out on the pavement in front of the bar and said, “Goodbye, mademoiselle,” in such tones of finality that Denise knew that her assignment was over.

Oh, the relief that flooded over her. She was done. She was finished. She wouldn’t have to be a woman any more! Well, there was a little regret at that but she was easily able to cast that from her mind and cautiously enter the bistro.

Jacques Colbert was sitting with Jeanne at the domino table. They looked up in surprise as Denise swishily entered the bar. “Oh, your poor face!” exclaimed Jeanne. “Guy! Bring us some ice quickly!” She jumped up and hustled into the room behind the bar to get some bandages.

“What happened?” asked ‘Uncle’ Jacques.

“I am finished with the Germans now,” said Denise, taking off the earrings Karl had given her and laying them on the table. Perhaps she should take off her wig but the look on the men’s faces, Guy, Jacques and the three others in the bar, warned her not to do that. “Please, Uncle Jacques, can’t I go home now?”

*****end of part one*****