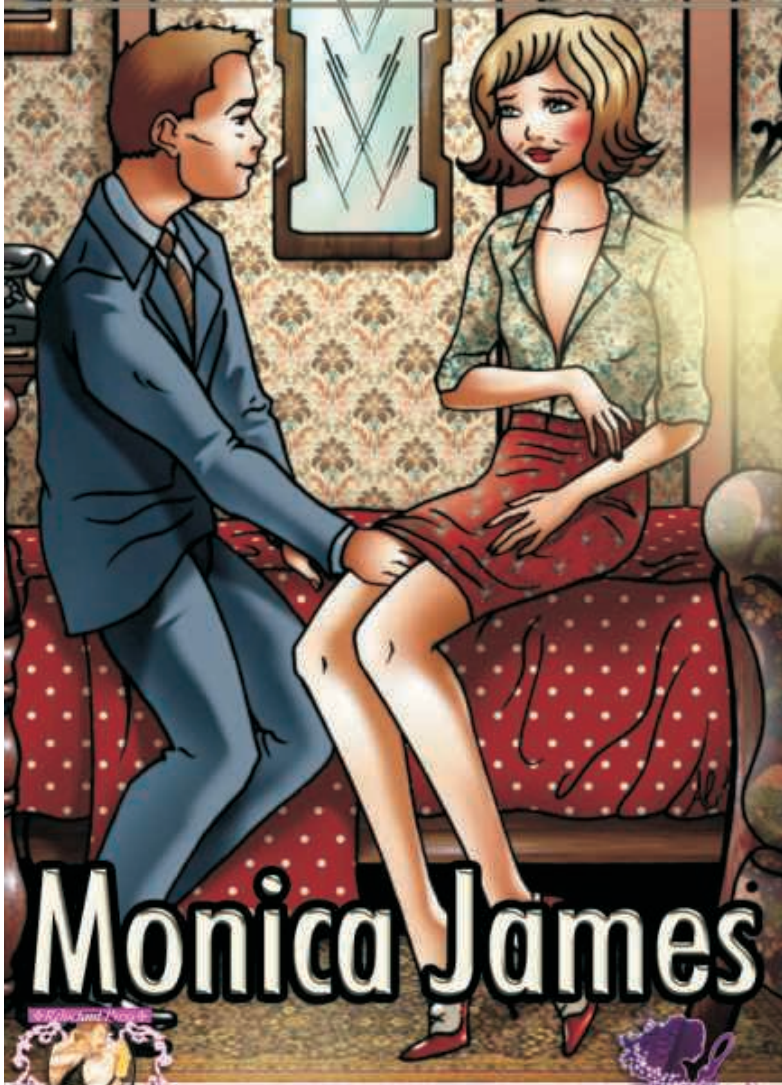


Parachute Silk Dress



Monica James



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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PARACHUTE SILK DRESS

By Monica James

WWII Airman bails out over Germany

I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

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

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

Exhausted from his ordeal, Ed Logan was soon asleep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What do you want?” he asked finally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can I make a request?"

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You are hilarious,” Ed answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do what?” Ed answered, stalling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, we heard them but nothing crashed.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Were the Germans here?" he asked.

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

“Who is Claire?” Ed asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Is there news of the war?”

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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