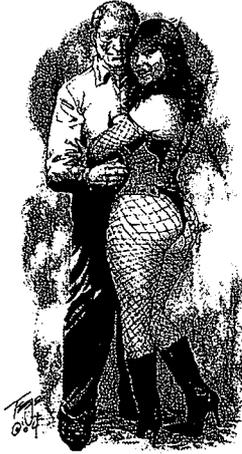


A
MOVIE
FROM MY BOOKS



**SARAH
THORPE**

**A MOVIE
FROM MY BOOKS
by SARAH THORPE**



**©2005 MAGS INC.
Written by Sarah Thorpe
Illustrations by Teeje**

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by information storage and retrieval system, without written permission by the authour and Mags Inc.

All incidents and persons depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely conincidental and unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

CHAPTER ONE

The Approach

It started with an e-mail. It came in between six and seven in the afternoon, but I was too busy then to take a look at it. When I checked Outlook about one hour later I saw that the mail was from Mags Inc. I opened it and started to read:

Dear Tom.

I have been approached by someone from Hollywood who seems to have plans to make a movie out of some of your books. They are particularly interested in your Annie Wolfe stories. They contacted me in order to try to get in contact with you. I didn't want to give them your e-mail address without your consent. If you want to know some more, please write back or give me a call on the number below. I will be available today until noon and the whole day tomorrow.

Greetings

Mark.

I was stunned. Somebody seemingly wanted to make a movie out of my Annie Wolfe stories. That's more than I ever could dream about. I looked at my watch and saw that it was only 8:30 PM. That meant 11:30 AM in California so I reached for the phone and dialed Mark's number. The phone was answered almost immediately.

"Hello, this is at Mags Inc, Mark speaking," said the voice in the other end.

"Hi. Mark, this is Tom. I just read your e-mail. What's up?"

"Oh, hi Tom. The case is that I was approached by a producer from Hollywood who seemed genuinely interested in

4 Sarah Thorpe

some of your books. You see I have a lot of customers there. I've met the guy once, so I know who he is and what he's doing. He wanted to take some of your Annie Wolfe stories and make them into a full-length movie. He said that he already had someone working on a script. And since I am the publisher of your books he approached me first. Besides, he doesn't know your real name and address, and had no ways of contacting you directly."

"I understand, but do you trust this guy, or is it just a prank or something. I'm a little afraid in being involved with someone we can't trust."

"I completely agree. I have already started some further research. A person I trust 100% is already seeking more information. I am also suspicious at the moment; no one has ever used a TV story as a basis for a full-length movie before. But on the other hand, if this turns out to be successful, we both can look forward to big bucks."

"I've thought of that, and that makes it very tempting. But I want my say in the script. I'm not willing to deviate too much from what I've written. I know that one book is not enough, and I already have an idea on how a storyline should go. Can you keep me updated on the developments?"

"Certainly. Can I call you on this number I see in my display?" Mark quoted the number.

"That's a good number. Just remember the time difference. I am nine hours ahead of you. Normally I go to bed around midnight so you can call me until then. That means 3 PM your time. Since I'm retired I am normally home all day. Just in case I'll give you my cell phone number as well." I told him the number and we hung up.

Two days later Mark called back. He was ecstatic. "Everything is OK," he said, "I have spoken to the producer and he wants you there as soon as possible. I will help and have been given a coordinating role in the project. The producer's name is

Barney Sutton and he wants to speak to you as soon as possible. He is not available at the moment, but if you can call him just after 1:30, that should be 10:30 your time, and he will take your call. And one more thing, he wants to talk to Sarah. He doesn't know about Tom yet. He knows that Sarah is a man so you don't have to do anything with your voice. He also told me that it is Sarah he wants to talk to in person."

"But you know I can't travel as Sarah."

"I know, but that will be taken care of as soon as you're here. He wants you to be Sarah all the time. You'll get more details when you talk to him. Here's the number to call." I wrote down the number Mark gave me and promised to call the guy.

I called him up later that evening. I presented myself as Sarah and asked what he wanted from me.

"I want you to come here and work with the script," he said, "I also want to negotiate a contract with you for the rights to a movie based on your books. I love your Annie Wolfe stories and I consider them good movie material."

"But I have no experience in writing scripts. I have no idea how it's done. Since I first heard about the project I have, however, visualized a story line in my head. I have also an idea of what kind of people should be in the different roles. I also assume that you want more action than what I have written."

"These ideas of yours will be very valuable for the project. No way do I intend to deviate too much from your stories, but as you indicated we will have to do something. In no case will I do anything you can't approve."

"I also understand that you want Sarah to be there all the time. How can that be arranged? I cannot travel to the US as Sarah. And why this sudden interest in filming a TV story?"

"The answer to your last question is easy, I am a TV myself and read almost all I can find in TV literature, and yours are the first I've read that is worth filming. That's because these stories contain more than just changing a man into a woman. When it

6 Sarah Thorpe

comes to you being Sarah while you're here, that will be taken care of by some people in the business. The moment you arrive at the airport you will be taken to a house I own. The house will be equipped with everything you need to be a presentable woman. There will be professionals from the business that will make sure you look OK. They will also give you advice on how to dress for different occasions. You will be monitored all the time by a person that will make sure you look OK at all times. I hope this will be OK for you."

"Sounds OK, but I never been dressed longer than a weekend before, so I most probably will have to adjust a little."

"I'm sure it will work out. But I need something from you; I need your measures so we can find clothes that fit. I will mail you something that will tell you what we need. By the way, how tall are you? And what complexion?"

"I am 178 cm tall. That should be about 5'10" in your measures. I'm Caucasian, Nordic type with blonde hair and blue eyes. Remember also that we use different size measures in Europe than you do in the US. I will have to give you all my measures in cm since I only can do my measures in metric. You will have to do the conversion yourself."

"That's all right. And I see you will be a tall lady. But that's OK. I like tall women. I'm just as tall as you. How soon can you be here?"

"Since I'm an early retiree I'm free to go at any time. It's now mid-October and I don't have any obligations before Christmas. So just as long I'm back by then, I'm OK."

"That's fine. I want you here as quickly as possible. I will mail you what I need as soon as I have talked to one of my experts in dressing. Then I will also give you a timeline on when everything will be ready and you can come. I expect we can be done in two weeks."

"You will have your data when you arrive at work tomorrow morning."

"Fine. I will take it from there. I suppose I can call you

A Movie From My Books 7

then. I also need your real name when I book a ticket in your name. Any particular airline carrier you prefer?"

"In fact yes. I prefer to go with SAS, United, Lufthansa or other airlines in Star Alliance. That's where I collect my bonus points. You can probably book everything through United. I will also give you my Frequent Flyer number. And please, let Mark have a copy of all our correspondence."

"Sounds OK. Talk to you tomorrow. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

After this conversation I called Mark immediately and gave him a summary. He agreed that everything looked to be in order. He also said that he would investigate some more, just in case. In addition he had contacted a lawyer that will see us through all negotiations.

It didn't take long before Barney's e-mail arrived. I went through it and took all the measures I was required to take. I mailed it back right away along with the information required for my airline ticket.

Two days later Barney called me back and told me that everything was arranged. The tickets were booked and an electronic ticket was on its way. I would leave on a Sunday two and a half weeks later and fly via London/Heathrow. I called Mark to verify that he had the same information. When the electronic tickets arrived I called SAS to check if everything was in order. They confirmed the tickets and wished me a happy journey. Two days before I should leave I received a call from Mark telling me that he would be at LAX when I arrived. That calmed me down, if there was someone I trusted in this case, it had to be Mark.

CHAPTER TWO

Transformation

The plane left already at 7:45 on Sunday morning so I had to get up early. I had thought about spending the night at the airport hotel, but since I only had a 45 minutes drive to the airport I decided to take the car. Since it was Sunday morning I probably needed even less. I parked the car in the cheapest area and took the shuttle bus to the terminal. After check-in I still had 45 minutes before take-off. That gave me time to find some magazines I could read if I got too bored.

The flight was uneventful. Most of the time I spent on my laptop writing another of my stories. The plane landed at LAX a little after 2 PM. I was one of the first to leave the plane and hurried through immigrations and customs. For this trip I needed only carry on luggage since Barney and his folks would provide all the clothes I needed for my stay in L.A. Out in the arrival hall I spotted Mark at once. He was holding a sign with my name on so I couldn't miss him. Mark had his car parked outside and he drove me to my home for the next two weeks.

The house was located not far from Beverly Hills and was quite large. Mark stopped the car outside the main entrance and we went in. There we were met by three women, all seemed to be in their thirties. A dark haired woman of medium height presented herself. "My name is Carla Bonnet, and I will be responsible for you during your stay here. The other two are Edith and Rosemarie. They are my assistants. During the next two weeks we will make you ready every morning and afternoon if required, and we will also serve you the meals you eat in this house. I understand you've had a long flight so you might be tired. Any special wishes?"

At this point Mark decided to leave and say goodbye. I knew we would meet again the next day. I turned my attention

to Carla and said: "I left home a little before six my time this morning and have been on my way since. Since the time here is now 3:45 it means that it's about 19 hours since I left home. I'm not tired yet, but will be in a few hours. I would like to have dinner in about two hours and I want to go to bed not later than 9:30. This is my recipe for beating the jet lag. I have important information to you, though. I am diabetic and need regular meals. Normally I have breakfast around eight, lunch between 12 and one, and dinner around six. I usually also have something during the evening. I also have pills I have to take during my meals, so I will have to carry them always."

"That's OK. I respect that and we will take proper precautions. By the way, what can happen if you don't get food on time?"

"First I start feeling some kind of dizziness and I have problems concentrating. If it goes too far I can faint and then it should be off to the hospital. A short time remedy could be to give me sugar, chocolate or something like it. Please help me to have something available on short notice. I haven't fainted yet. As you can understand, I'm very careful about these issues."

"I understand perfectly well. Anything you want for dinner tonight?"

"Since this will be my last meal as a man for a while, I thought that a large juicy beef would be appropriate. And I like it red."

"We were actually prepared for that. Rosemarie will prepare the meal for you. It will be ready at six. Anything else?"

"No that I can think of at the moment."

"Fine. Please come with me to your room." I followed Carla upstairs and into a large bedroom. "This is where you will sleep," she said, "and the closets and drawers are filled with all the clothes you will need the next two weeks. In order to make everything perfect someone will always help you dressing and do your make-up. That will mainly be Edith's responsibility or mine."

10 Sarah Thorpe

We are experts in these matters. Now take a look.”

I walked over to a large walk-in closet and opened the door. Inside was a large array of women’s clothing; everything from casual wear till evening gowns. I also noticed several pairs of shoes on the floor. “I think some of these heels will be too high for me,” I remarked.

“How come?”

“I have problems walking in heels higher than 3”. My legs start hurting, especially my calves, and it’s a real pain. I never got used to it no matter how hard I tried.”

“I’ll remember that. But now to business. Tomorrow at nine you, or more correctly Sarah, are expected at Barney’s office. He will then introduce Sarah to some of the folks she will have to deal with in the coming weeks and months. We have a 15-minute drive to Barney’s office so you have to be ready no later that 8:40. Before that you have to dress up and have breakfast.”

“I don’t know how much time you need to create Sarah, but I know that if I have breakfast at 8:15 that’s OK with me.”

“That means you will have to get up at six. It always takes longer the first day. But before that we have a lot to do. What we do in the morning is supposed to be for that day only, but we still have things to do that will be for your whole period. We will start with them right away. Please come with me.”

Carla took me to a room across the hall. There I was told to take off my shoes and socks and sit down. I did as I was told and as soon as I was comfortable Edith walked in. She went straight to work. During the next two hours I was given a full pedicure and manicure. Both my toenails and fingernails were painted red. In addition my fingernails were extended and shaped into a very feminine shape. They looked beautiful, much better than I ever had a managed to do myself.

Dinner was served at six as scheduled. The steak was excellent, just the way I wanted it. After dinner I was given some minutes to relax, but at seven things started again. I went back to

the pedicure room and this time I was told to undress down to my briefs. Carla made a thorough inspection of my body and said: “Fortunately you don’t have very much body hair. In addition your beard is light and not very heavy. We still have to do something about it though. We will remove whatever hair you have on your chest, legs, arms and armpits and rub some hormone gel on your skin. This gel will inhibit the growth of such hair. Don’t be afraid, it will grow back as soon as we stop. We will do it tonight and every morning from tomorrow onwards. This will also include your face. This will ensure us that no hair will grow back as long as you’re here. We will also have to pluck your eyebrows. Hope that’s OK.”

I nodded. This sounded fine with me.

Carla and Edith went to work and removed all excessive hair on my body and rubbed it in with some kind of gel. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw how smooth my body had become. I glided my hands over my chest, arms and legs and felt the smoothness. It was wonderful. But it wasn’t over yet. I was told to lie down again. Carla took out a pair a silicone breasts and started to glue them on to my chest. The edges were smoothed out and blended into my skin. The outer edges were so thin that the area where silicone met skin was completely invisible! It was amazing. I had never seen something like that. When I stood up the breasts felt so natural. I walked over to the mirror to have a look. They looked completely natural. The weight was perfect. When I walked across the floor they bounced like normal breasts. Carla took out a bra and fastened it around my chest. It felt so natural, even if I didn’t need it. I really looked forward to the coming weeks.

“How do you feel?” asked Carla.

“I feel wonderful. This is so much better than what I used to have. Will they really stay on for the whole period?”

“They will, and longer if you want to. You can actually wear them for a couple of months before they have come off to

12 Sarah Thorpe

give your skin a chance to breathe a little. We will leave you now and come back tomorrow morning. A nightgown is ready for you on your bed.”

“Thank you so much. But I feel I need to look around the house first. Can you guide me?”

“Of course, just put on something decent first.” We went to my room where I found a blouse, a skirt and a pair of slippers.

The house impressed me. It was larger than I had imagined and it had a nice garden with a swimming pool. After the girls left I sat down and watched television for a while. I soon got bored. In addition all the commercial breaks annoyed me. So I decided to call it a day and went to bed.

I awoke early the next morning. It felt strange waking up in a feminine nightgown and with breasts. I had slept without the bra. I had some strange dreams about being a woman for real, but didn't really remember much of it. I looked at the clock and saw that it was only 5:30. I tried to sleep a little more, but couldn't. I stood up at 5:50 and went to bathroom. I filled the bathtub and took a bath just like Carla had instructed me. At 6:30 I was back in my bedroom dressed in a pink bathrobe. I knew that Carla and the others would be here any minute. Five minutes later they knocked on my door.

I let them in and indicated that I was ready for the full transformation. Edith looked me over and said: “You still look OK, but just in case I will shave you again and pluck your eyebrows a little bit more.” She went to work right away.

The first thing she did was to straighten out my face. She used some sort of tape to pull back my facial skin in order to get rid of some wrinkles. Then she covered my face with a foundation that not only hid the tape, but also made my face look completely natural. Looking at myself in the mirror I noticed that my face was just as smooth as any woman's. Then it was time for more normal make-up. The base added some color to my face and

with the help of some powder and some rouge my face started to get some sort of glamorous look. My eyelids were painted in discreet colors while my eyebrows and eyelashes were darkened with black mascara. My eyelashes were also given the proper arc. Before she finished she painted my lips in a deep red color. I took a good look at myself in the mirror and liked what I saw. Never before had my face been made up in such a professional way. To show off the full effect of her work she placed a medium blonde wig on my head. It was relatively short, it didn't even reach my shoulders, but it seemed to fit me perfectly. She brushed it out, pushing some of the hair over the top of my forehead. At the sides it barely covered the ears.

Once more I had to look at myself. I liked my new look and said so to Edith.

"I thought you would," she replied, "I think this style suits you fine. You can also sleep in this wig; it's tightened so fast that it won't fall off. Remember well what I've taught about applying make-up and caring for your hair; you will have to do this by yourself, you know."

"I know, and I think I got it. But I understand that at least one of you will be around me all the time."

"That's right. But if we find out that you can handle things yourself, we will just disappear. Every girl has to do this on her own, you know."

"I know and backed up with my previous experience I think I will make it in a day or two."

"That's what I think as well. A normal look is not too difficult. But when it comes to evening make-up, I think I still have to help you along. Just wait til the weekend comes."

I thanked her and left the scene to Carla.

I was still in my bathrobe so Carla took me straight to my closet and took out the garments one by one. She showed each of them to me and told when it was appropriate to wear what. Since the day would be focused on my introduction to Barney and

14 Sarah Thorpe

his staff Carla said that a normal dress was the correct outfit for the day. She took out a straight red dress and laid it on my bed. “Now we are ready to start dressing you for today,” she said, “and we must start from the very beginning. Any man who wants to present himself as a proper lady must wear two things, a gaff and a corset. We start with the gaff.”

She took the gaff out from one of the drawers and said: “I suppose you’ve worn one before so you know how to put it on.”

“I have worn something similar,” I replied, “but it wasn’t nowhere as small as this one.”

“This is designed in such a way that you can stand naked and display a female front. You just push your penis and balls inside your body and the gaff will do the rest. You will notice that the gaff has a sheath where you can place your penis. Since it also has an opening you can go to the bathroom without taking it off. You will have to wear it all the time. Now get started.”

I took the gaff and pulled it up as she said. I found the sheath and placed my penis inside. With some help from Carla it was soon in place. Looking in the mirror I saw myself with a very flat front. It looked just like a woman’s front. Even my own pubic hair was visible above it. It was fastened with tiny strings around my waist and down my ass. “In about four to five hours the strings will fall off and the gaff will stay put by itself. When you need to take it off later we use a special liquid that will dissolve the whole thing. Very convenient, don’t you think?”

I nodded. It felt uncomfortable right now, but I knew it would be better after a while.

Next ‘torture’ garment was the corset. It was skin colored as well and was fit very tight around my waist. I almost screamed in pain as it was tightened. It felt awful. “After a few hours you won’t feel a thing,” Carla said, “This will also stay on all the time, and like the gaff, it will become a natural part of your body. It can only be removed with the same liquid that removes the gaff. And for the record, we remove your breasts the same way. Just relax a few minutes before we continue.”

A Movie From My Books 15

I lay down on the bed to catch my breath. This had been so much more than I bargained for. Never had I believed that I had to go through so much pain to look presentable as a woman. After about five minutes I felt ready to continue.

“Remember that all our male actors who play female roles go through the same,” Carla said, “so you are in good company. Now, what do you prefer, suspender and stockings, stay-ups or pantyhose?”

“Actually I prefer pantyhose,” I said.

“Good, put this on,” Carla handed me a sheer pantyhose. I took it and rolled it up like I was used to. When I tried to bend forward it was almost impossible because of the corset. I tried and tried, but couldn’t reach my feet.

“You must practice more,” Carla said, “besides, women normally lift their feet instead.”

That made sense. I tried it and it worked beautifully. It didn’t take long before the pantyhose were in place. Next came a light red panty that barely covered my new feminine front. A light red bra with full cups followed. Carla also took out a light red slip and told me to put it on. I did as I was told. Finally Carla helped me with the dress. As mentioned earlier it was red, had long sleeves and a round neckline. The skirt reached to 2” above my knees, well below the slip. A wide red belt accentuated my new and narrow waist. Carla finished me off with some jewelry, ear clips, necklace, bracelet, a watch and a few rings. I stepped into a pair of open-toed red pumps with 2” heels and was ready.

Carla looked me over and nodded. “You look really good,” she said, “taller and wider than the average woman, but still passable. I don’t think anybody will think of you as a man in women’s clothing. There are lots of bigger and worse looking women out there. The only thing that can set you off in general public is your voice. So be careful when you’re amongst strangers. Now go to the full-length mirror and take a good look at yourself.”

16 Sarah Thorpe

I walked over to the mirror to have a look. I had to admit that I looked good; better than I ever did before. “You’ve done a fantastic job with me,” I said, “and I am so grateful. I really look forward to the next two weeks.”

“Thank you, I appreciate you saying that. Now let’s take a look through your closet and see what’s inside.” Carla gave me the grand tour of the closet. Inside was everything a woman could wish for. She told me when to use what garment and emphasized that I never should use the same outfit twice during my two weeks stay. She also promised to put a sign on each garment on when I should use it. It was only a recommendation, if I wanted to use something else, it was entirely up to me.

After this she handed me a handbag and we went down for breakfast. For me it was about time, I had already started to feel something coming.

Rosemarie served us breakfast. It was what I would call an American breakfast. I didn’t eat much, just enough to keep me well until lunch. I found some chocolate that I put in the handbag just in case.