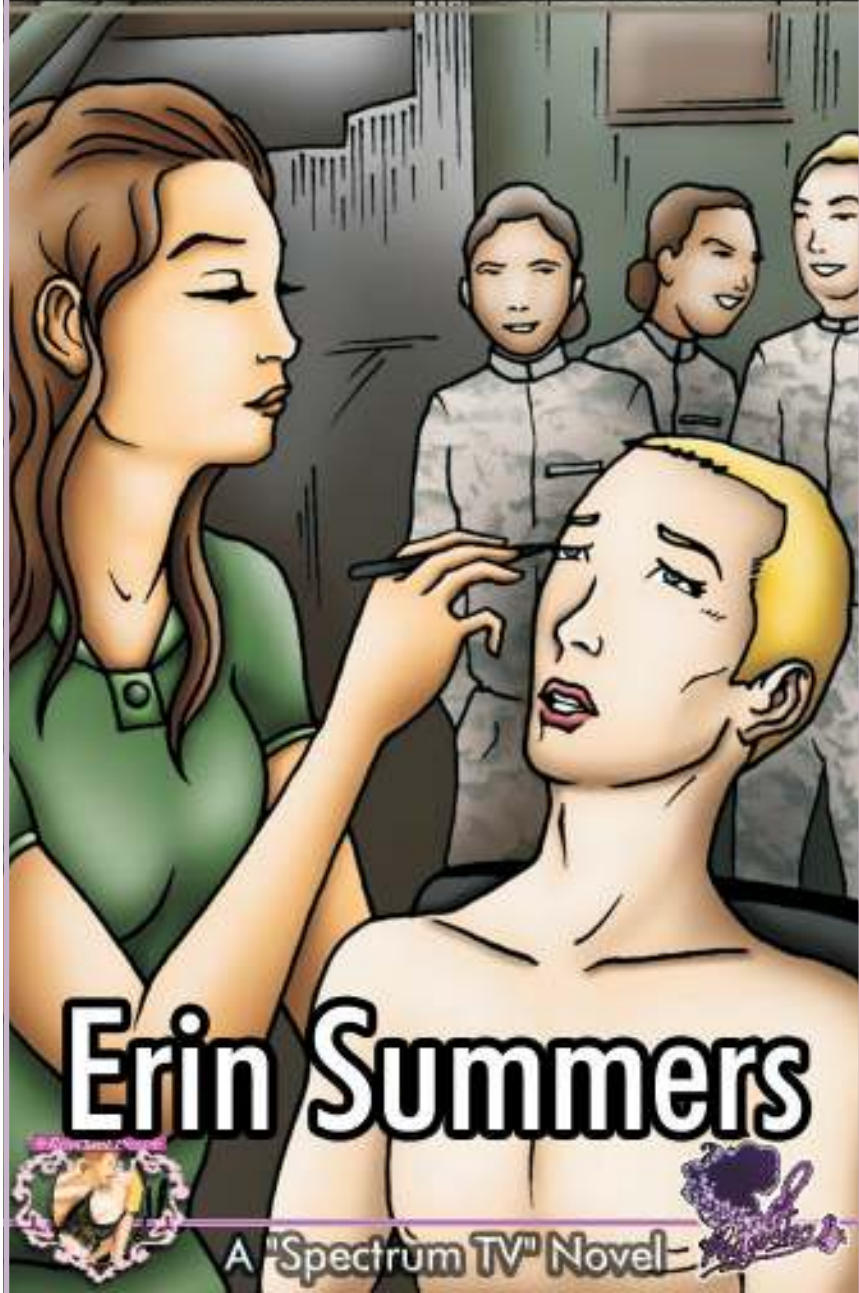


Barracks Beauties



Erin Summers

A "Spectrum TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Barracks Beauties

By Erin Summers

The Barracks Go Co-Ed

I got the call on a Friday afternoon. I was already back in my room in the barracks when someone knocked and said, “Hey Palmer, First Sergeant is on the phone for you.”

I cursed and pulled on a t-shirt before walking down to the common room where the barracks phone was located. “Specialist Palmer speaking” I said into the mouthpiece, knowing that First Sergeant Salmon was a stickler for military protocol.

“Get into a uniform and get your ass down here instantly. The CO wants to see you fifteen minutes ago.”

“Roger that, First Sergeant” was my response and I hung up and sprinted back to my room without waiting for an acknowledgement.

Minutes later, wearing the olive drab fatigues that I had planned to wear on Monday (they were already pressed and clean), I knocked on the door of my com-

pany commander. Captain Edward Morgan III was career Army, came from a long line of soldiers, and was a fanatic about protocol, etiquette and most importantly, discipline. “Get your ass in here, Specialist Palmer.”

I walked in the door, marched to the proper position in front of his desk, snapped him a perfect salute and said, “Specialist Adam Palmer reporting as ordered, Sir.”

He returned my salute and then got up and walked around from behind his desk to stand beside me. I remained at attention, terrified that I’d fucked up in some horrible way that was going to end my Army career. I didn’t see what he was holding, but he held it against my arm and then violently punched that arm.

“Congratulation, Sergeant Palmer. I wanted to be the first to pin your stripes on you. Top, you’re up.” The First Sergeant, who had been standing out of sight off to the side of the office walked over, took the stripes from the captain, and hit me on the arm. Much harder than the captain had. I guessed that I would have a “charley horse” in that arm for at least an hour

“Army done screwed the pooch again and made this misfit an NCO. I may have to put in my papers rather than watch him fuck up my Army. Just kidding, boy. You worked hard for this and I’m damn proud of you.”

The captain said, “That will be all, Top. I need to jaw jack with our newest NCO for a minute.” The First Sergeant shook my hand and departed, closing the door behind him. “Sit down A.P. (my nickname among friends). He gestured to the chair in front of his desk, and I sat, as he went back to his own custom-made chair. It was needed as the CO stood over six and a half feet in height. “Like the Top, I’m damn proud of you as well, son. You’ve done an excellent job for me since we lost Ssgt Jones, and you’ve

earned those stripes. The bad news for me is that with the promotion, you're being reassigned."

"Sir, I didn't put in for any orders. I wanted to stay here with you."

"What we want and what the Army wants has nothing in common, A.P. You are leaving next week for the Presidio of San Francisco. The HQ Support Company there needs someone to run their Orderly Room and you're it. Your orders will be cut Monday and you'll be out-processed by Thursday morning. I'm sorry to lose you, son. I'm putting you in for an Army Commendation medal for your tour of duty here. Any questions?"

"No sir. Thank you, sir."

While I regretted leaving the CO and First Sergeant, because we were a terrific fit in running our company, I was totally jazzed at the idea of going to California's Bay Area. It would be a big change from living in Oklahoma, more than an hour's drive from Oklahoma City. Thanks to my folks co-signing the loan, I'd been able to buy a new car the prior year, so I drove myself to my new post. Arriving on a weekend I chose to stay in a cheap motel and explore the city. I got drunk Saturday night and decided to just spend Sunday in my room recovering.

Bright and early Monday morning I reported to the Welcome Center and, after a few hours of in-processing, was escorted to my new home. The company orderly room was in one of the barracks where the company's enlisted personnel were billeted on post. I was given a private room, one of the few perks of my new rank. I stowed my gear there and went back down to the office to meet my new commanding officer.

Specialist Rebecca ("Call me Becky") Carter greeted me and told me that our new CO was expecting me. Just then a female captain poked her head

into our office and said “Oh, you must be the new man. Come with me, SGT Palmer.” My new stripes felt a bit weird on my old Class A greens, but I leapt to my feet and followed her briskly.

“Have a seat and relax, Sergeant. I’m glad you are here. I have two important jobs for you in this unit. The first is to keep that office running at peak efficiency just like the man you are replacing did. The second is a bit unusual.”

“I’m up for whatever it is, Ma’am.”

“In here you can call me Captain Mayfield, Adam. Or do you prefer A.P.?”

“How did you know that, Ma’am...er, Captain Mayfield?”

“You were handpicked for this assignment, A.P. I pulled a few strings to get you here, mostly because of what we’re going to be doing.”

“May I ask what that is, Captain?”

“The Army is going to be doing away with the Women’s Army Corps in the relatively near future. We were selected as a test location for co-ed barracks. One half of the top floor of the barracks will become home to 16 female soldiers. I assigned you to a private room on the other side of the hallway to be an additional, shall we say presence?”

“I am not sure I get your meaning, Captain.”

“I live off-post, as does the First Sergeant and all of the Senior NCOs in the company. You are the only member of our command team that will be living in the barracks. Normally on this post, because of the shortage of barracks facilities, NCOs get a housing allowance and can live off-post. I need you here as an additional protection for the female soldiers under my command. I don’t expect you to stand post 24/7 in your room. The door leading from the female hallway to the external stairway is alarmed and is to be

used only in emergencies. There will be an entry door in the hallway leading to the rooms where women are billeted. Only those women, the First Sergeant, myself, whoever is posted as the Charge of Quarters, and you will have keys to that hallway.

“Anytime you go in or out of your room, I want you to verify that door is properly secured and locked. If any of the women in those rooms have problems, they are going to come to you first. If you were born on a farm, I’d compare it to you being the rooster in charge of the chickens, although that analogy would get me in serious hot water with the battalion commander.”

“So, I’m like a den father or something. With all due respect, Captain, that’s not why I enlisted.”

“I know that and I wish this weren’t needed. But it is. I need this test to be a success and someone much higher up in our chain of command is depending on you and me to get this done. Do you know why you were chosen for this job?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“We screened a bunch of people in your Military Occupational Specialty and you rated the highest in the areas we were looking for. You have a reputation as a really nice guy among the women who know you. You’re considered reliable, trustworthy and you aren’t the kind of guy who would abuse the easy access you will have to an area that is to be populated by women. Also, as you’ll be next to the dayroom, you can keep an ear out for trouble between the men and women who will be sharing that room. I considered making the other men on your floor use the dayroom one flight down but the people monitoring this experiment vetoed that.”

“Anything else, Captain?”

“One more thing. You have the rest of today off until nineteen hundred. Then I’m going to meet with you

and the women who will be moving into this barracks to go over things. That will be all, Sergeant.” I stood up, saluted and after doing an about-face, I went back to my room to ponder my future.

I walked into the dayroom five minutes before the meeting was slated to start. I was once again wearing my Class A green uniform. The captain had on her Class A skirt and the lighter green blouse, but no jacket. All the ladies who were there were also in uniform, although most were in the fatigues they'd worn to work that day.

Captain Mayfield cleared her throat after gesturing me to a chair next to the spot where she was standing. “Now that Sergeant Palmer is here, we can get started. We will have a meet and greet after my briefing to allow you can get to know the newest member of my command team. As the new Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of the company orderly room, Sergeant Palmer will also be my barracks chief. As such, he will be living in the barracks, in the room on the opposite side of this dayroom from where you ladies will be residing.”

She paused to get her breath and then continued by saying, “I know we went over this handout at our last meeting about you being relocated into this barracks from the current WAC barracks. But I'm giving you another copy to remind you of the policies. While this barracks may be going co-ed, your rooms are still off limits to male personnel at all times with the exceptions noted. The First Sergeant, your platoon leaders and your platoon sergeants and, of course, Sergeant Palmer are exceptions when they are there on official business. Now that is what is in writing. Those are the rules as they can be enforced. However, provided there are no shenanigans going on, you can have men in your rooms. But you better have the door to that room wide open when a man is present and both of you better be fully clothed. Anyone

caught having any form of sex in their room will be subject to a general court-martial and their military career will be over. Am I clear?"

The "Yes, Ma'am" was very loud.

Let me be perfectly clear, ladies. If even one man is found in a room with a closed door, from that point forward, men will not, repeat NOT, be allowed anywhere in your part of this barracks. Screw up once and you will ruin it for everyone."

What the captain had not discussed at the meeting was that women were already allowed into the rooms of men in the barracks, provided the door to the room was open and the occupants were properly clothed.

That was the rule. The practice was that this was often ignored. The predominately male leadership universally ignored that rule. I had no problem with that, although when I had been forced to share a room with a guy who was a "player" I'd spent more than a few nights dozing in the dayroom waiting for his conquest to depart.

Captain Mayfield had made it clear she would not be ignoring the rule in favor of a practice preferred by the troops. She told me the morning after that meeting that she wanted me to make a pass down the female hallway every couple of hours between the end of the day and going to bed. We had no formal "lights out" time like we'd had in boot camp and the training that followed. She'd said "I don't expect you to be watching them 24/7 but keep your eyes and ears open."

About six weeks after that meeting, I was walking the female hallway on a Saturday night. It was almost time for me to rack out and I was a bit sleepy as I meandered down the hall. All the doors were closed. I was heading back toward the doorway leading to my much-anticipated slumber when I heard the unmis-

takable sound of a woman in the throes of ecstasy. It was coming from room 206.

I knocked loudly on the door. "Open up, it's Sergeant Palmer. Right now."

A female voice came through the door "Just a minute, A.P."

"You have thirty seconds before I use my master key."

I looked at the second hand on my watch and after waiting only 15 seconds, unlocked the door and burst into the room. I saw PFC Stacy Winter pulling on a sweatshirt over her bare breasts while a man I didn't recognize was just starting to pull on his boxers. His civilian clothes were in a pile on the floor.

"Freeze right there" I bellowed, quickly closing the door so no one could see what was going on in the room. "Put on your clothes and sit down." I waited a moment for them to finish getting sufficiently attired to avoid embarrassment. "What in the hell is going on here?"

"He's my boyfriend from back home. He surprised me by visiting and my roommate is away for the weekend. We didn't mean no harm."

"The captain made it clear that the first one of you who did something stupid like this would ruin it for everyone. You want to live with every other female in this barracks blaming you?"

"No, A.P."

"Sergeant Palmer, at the moment, Private. Why didn't you two go to one of those cheap motels or something?"

"We don't get paid until next week and it took all of Bobby's cash to get here."

I reached into my pants pocket and pulled out my wallet. I pulled out two \$20 bills and handed them to

him. “Here. Get dressed and get the hell out of here before someone else sees you.” I departed before either of them had a chance to respond.

Things changed remarkably after that. While some of the women had warmed up to me a bit, most had treated me like my basic training platoon had treated our drill sergeant. Like a rattlesnake we didn’t want to get anywhere close to. But apparently PFC Winter told the other women what had happened and suddenly I was universally adored.

On a lazy night in mid-October, I was making my usual early evening pass down the female hallway. The doors to their rooms were open most of the time now. I’d learned after the incident in PFC Winter’s room that the ladies had been behind closed doors to avoid watching me walking up and down the hall. That was no longer the norm. As I walked by one open doorway, I hear a voice call to me. “Hey A.P., come on in here.”

I walked into room 205 and was surprised by what I saw. There were no beds present. “What have you ladies done to this room?”

“Oh, we turned our two rooms into a suite. Both sets of bunk beds and the dressers are in the other room. We use this as our living room. It’s cozier. Sit down and join us.”

“Why? What’s going on?”

“Judy is here from Kari May. She’s here to do makeovers on us and teach us how to do a better job on our makeup. She needs a model to demonstrate on. That way all four of us can watch and learn.”

“You’re out of your mind.”

Judy was the next to speak. “Actually. she isn’t. You have a nice face. No five ‘o clock shadow. High

cheekbones. I promise, it will all come off afterward. Please help us out and I'll give you a nice gift afterward."

The other girls started pleading with me and soon I was seated facing the girls as they watched this woman painting my face. I thought she was painting it like a clown, but I would soon find out that I was very wrong.

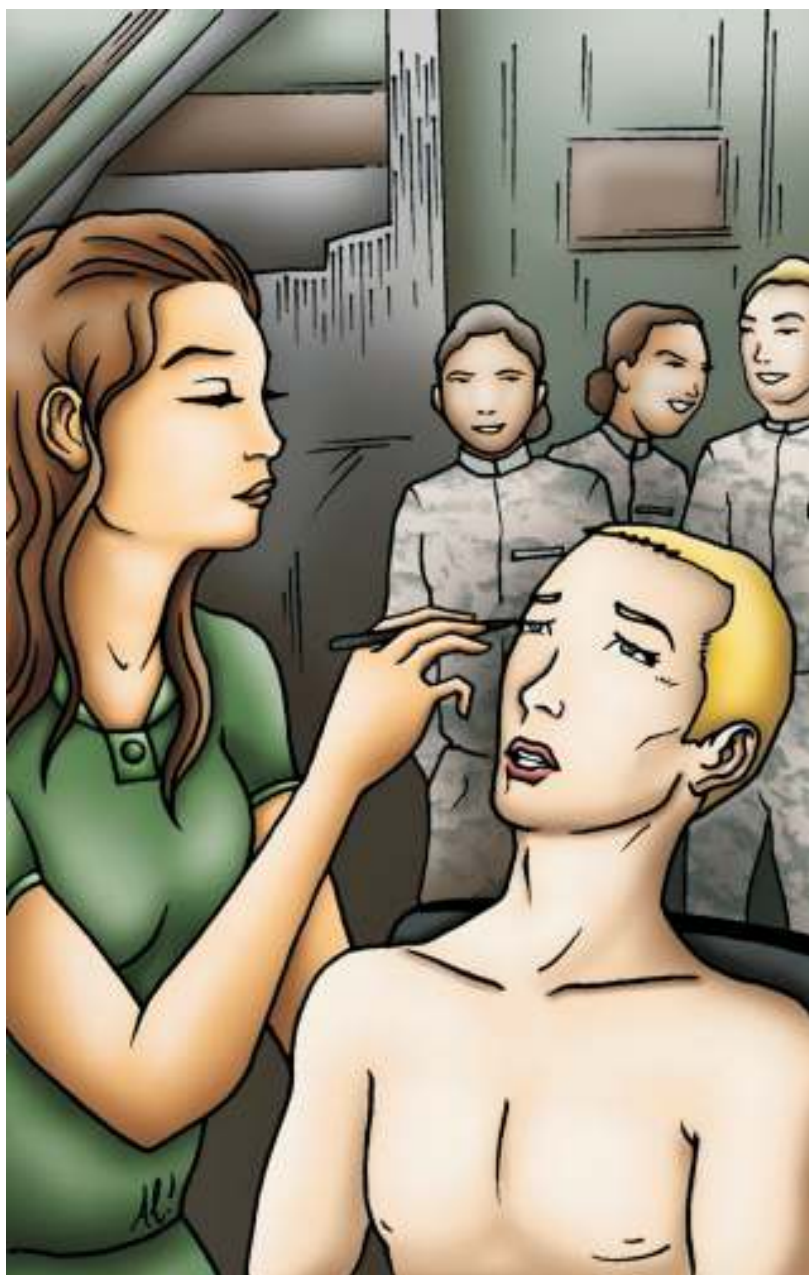
"Now watch as I use this liquid foundation to make, I can't call you A.P. when I'm making you beautiful. Girls, what should we call our model while he's pretending to be she?"

They called out several names before settling on "Amy."

"Now you can see I'm adding this rose-pink blush to just the apples of Amy's cheekbones and then spreading it from there with the brush. Now let's work on her eyes. We always begin by lining the eyes and I'm going to teach you a little trick. See this eyelash curler? We apply a bit of this liquid liner to the rubber guard that prevent your eyelashes from being damaged. Amy, close your eyes please. Now you can see as I kill two birds with one stone. I'm curling her lashes while I'm lining her eyes. Come up close and you can see how her eyes are perfectly lined. I know some of you like to extend the line beyond the edge of the eyelid and if that is what you like, do it by hand after you do this.

"Now we'll use this mascara to lengthen Amy's lashes. They were already long, but just look at them now. Next I'm going to blend these two shades of brown eyeshadow to give her a smoky eye effect." I was again told to close my eyes and this time I felt her brushing something across the closed lids of my eyes.

"Last but not least let's do Amy's lips. We begin by using this wonderful lip primer. It moisturizes and gives us a great canvas to work with. Next, we chose a



lip pencil that is as close a match for her natural lip color as possible to properly outline them. Now that I've outlined her lips, I use our long-lasting lip color and apply it with the brush. Brushes are far superior to lipsticks. Next, I'll add a bit of our high-shine gloss and then dust a bit of loose powder over it to make the shine last. Ladies, what do you think of my creation?"

"She's adorable."

"We should put her in a skirt and heels and take her out on the town."

"Never mind that, get her a uniform skirt for work tomorrow."

A.P. thought that the women had to be exaggerating but then Judy handed him a mirror. He looked at his reflection and to his shock and amazement, it was the face of a woman looking back at him. "I don't believe what I'm seeing."

"Well Amy, I can teach you how to do it yourself if you'd like. Then you can look like that any time you want to. Or the other girls can teach you. Ladies, shall we talk about what the rest of you are going to order?" She turned to face Amy directly and continued by saying, "Sit tight, sweetie, and we'll talk in private after I finish writing up the orders for your friends. I'll also show you how to take all of that makeup off your face and teach you a bit about skincare."

After checking to make sure the hallway was empty, Judy and A.P. went down the hall to his private room and for once he violated the rules about having a member of the opposite gender in his room with the door closed.

"Amy, do you want the lesson in how to do this, or for me to just turn you back to normal?"

“Please call me A.P. and take this stuff off of me. That was kind of embarrassing.”

“Looking like a girl is embarrassing? Honey, almost all the world’s women and a lot of the men wish they could look as pretty. Some of my best customers are boys who like to dress up as girls. You’re slender and have a feminine face, even without makeup. There’s nothing wrong with wanting to be pretty. I get the feeling that you like the way you look.”

“Even if that were true, I can’t dress like a girl. I’m in the Army. There are regulations against that. I could be discharged for being a transvestite.”

“You know what that word means? Are you a crossdresser in secret?”

“My mom liked dressing me up for Halloween. She always wanted a daughter, and I was the last of her three sons. It went on until my first year of high school. After she dressed me up in her old majorette uniform and made me learn to twirl a baton, I was so humiliated by my classmates I refused to do it ever again.”

“But you liked it, didn’t you?”

“Ma’am, that’s not any of your business. I don’t know you. I’m not admitting to something that could jeopardize my Army career, even if you do mean well. Now please take this makeup off. Yes, I know how to do this myself, although not nearly as good as you.”

“I’d love to teach you how to do it better.”

“I’ll think about it.”

Of course, he wouldn’t.

Back in the Orderly Room the next workday, A.P. learned just how fast word of his facial transformation had spread. He walked in to find Becky at her

desk, and she looked up at him and said, “Good morning, Amy. Did you forget to put on your face this morning?”

“Ha, ha.”

Maybe it would have ended there if Judy hadn't been such a big hit with one of the four women who'd been in the room during his makeover. PFC Winter's roommate, Specialist Tina Guthrie had spent a ton of money with Judy and arranged for a couple of private makeup lessons off-post. It was during one of those sessions that Judy told Tina her suspicions about A. P. “Well hon, he told me while I was removing his makeup that his momma had made him dress up like a girl for Halloween a bunch of times.

Specialist Guthrie thought about it for a moment. “Do you think he liked it when you gave him that makeover?”

“Yes, I did. I didn't see him get ‘excited’ but I could sense that he was feeling strongly about what was going on. Then when Amy saw herself in the mirror, her eyes lit up at how pretty she was. I think he'd like to do it again.”

“You've dealt with guys like this before, right?” Judy nodded. “Do you think they want to actually be girls, or just dress up like us?”

“I think some of them just want to dress up and be pretty and some wish they were real girls. And don't ask me which Amy is, because she and I didn't talk about that stuff. All I know is that he liked being pretty.”

And maybe nothing would have come of that except for an incident a few weeks later. It was late and while there was no official “lights-out” time in the barracks, all the doors were closed and the soldiers sleeping.

A figure in fatigues came into the hallway leading to the female section. He looked around and then pulled a stocking mask down over his face. He pulled some small tools from his pants pocket and went to work on the door's lock. Moments later it popped open, and he entered the hallway.

He walked around looking at the nameplates by the doors of the rooms of the women. It was obvious he was searching for a specific name. He stopped outside that door and pulled those tools out of his pocket again. The lock gave way quickly.

At that very moment, A. P. walked out of his room. He'd run five miles after work that evening and had neglected to hydrate afterward. He was going to the dayroom to get some ice from the ice machine there, next to the soda machine. He noticed the door to the women's hallway ajar and went to check and see what was going on.

He walked through the doorway just in time to see the unknown figure in fatigues walking into the open door and closing it behind them. If the person had not been so tall and broad-shouldered, he might have assumed it was one of the residents coming back after a night on the town. But there were no women in this barracks anywhere near that large. Prudently he went back to the dayroom and called the MPs to report the intruder's presence. Then he went to confront the man himself.

The intruder had locked the door to the room, but A. P. always had his master key with him. He opened the door and found the intruder holding something over the face of Specialist Cindy Davis. "Move away from her," shouted A. P.

The intruder whirled around and hit A. P. in the head with the club in his other hand. A. P. was dazed but didn't go down immediately. He managed to partially block the next strike and landed a punch of his own. Then the intruder landed another blow to A. P. and everything went black.

“Looks like Sleeping Beauty is waking up.” A. P. opened his eyes and looked around. Specialist Davis and a nurse were watching him. He looked down at himself and saw that he was in a hospital gown, lying in a hospital bed.

“What happened? My head aches.”

“Lucky that you have a very hard skull, Sergeant. The MPs got to this young lady’s room just as you were knocked out by the rapist. They subdued him and he’s in a cell waiting for trial.”

“Rapist?”

“He’s an ex-GI who has raped at least two other women near the Presidio in the last six months. At least that’s what the local police told the MPs. Never mind that, let’s focus on you, Sergeant. Other than your head, how are you feeling?”

“I’m thirsty.”

“You’ll have to settle for ice chips for now. I’ll go get some and give you and Miss Davis a moment of privacy.”

The nurse left, and A. P. looked over at where Cindy sat with an adoring look on her face as she viewed her savior. “You saved me. You risked your life and you saved me. How can I ever repay you?”

“I just did what needed to be done. You don’t owe me a thing.”

“Oh, but I do. My family tradition is that if someone saves your life, you become responsible for them. So, you’re my responsibility now. Don’t worry, I won’t mother or smother you. And once you’re out of here, we’re going out to a very fancy dinner. My way of making a down payment on taking care of you.” A.P. started to reply but Cindy put her finger to his lips and shushed him. “Not another word.”

Several of the women in the dorm gathered that night in Cindy's room. She wanted to pick their brains about how to best reward A.P. for saving her life. Ideas were batted back and forth for nearly an hour before the girls started leaving. When Cindy and Tina Guthrie were the only ones left, Tina sat closer to Cindy. "Cindy, do you remember the visit from the makeup lady?"

"The Kari May lady. I do. Why?"

"I went to see her for a private session, and we talked about A.P. She thinks he is one of those guys who likes to dress up as girls. Maybe you could help him with that to repay him."

"Do you think he'd really like that?"

"I do. Plus, I read up on this at the post library. Seems that dressing up makes those guys really horny. Who knows, you might get lucky."

"He is a cutie; just not sure I'd want to do a guy wearing my undies. But thanks for telling me. I'm going to give that some more thought."

After Tina had left, Cindy gave the matter some thought. Then she left to make a phone call.

"Hello?"

"Aunt Millie, it's Cindy."

"And just how is my favorite niece doing?"

"Your only niece and I'm doing just fine. But I was wondering if I could come see you this weekend?"

"Of course, but that's a long bus ride for just a weekend visit. Is it important?"

“It is to me. I don’t mind.”

“But I mind my favorite niece spending all those hours that way. I’ll come see you on Saturday for lunch. You know I can be there in an instant.”

“Yes, Auntie M. I do. That’s part of why I want to talk to you.”

Saturday found Cindy and her Aunt Millie enjoying lunch at a restaurant on the famed Fisherman’s Wharf in San Francisco. Millie was a striking woman who looked at least 30 years younger than any other 76-year-old might have looked. She had a lithe figure, sparkling hazel eyes and a gaze that made it clear she knew everything about everyone around her.

After the waiter had left them alone in the quiet booth in the back of the place, Millie took Cindy’s hand into her own and said “Okay dear, why did you want to come and see me on such short notice? Is there some kind of problem?”

“No, Auntie M. I wanted to tell you about what happened to me and...”

“I read what happened in your mind just now when I took your hand. I will deal with that man who tried to hurt you later and he will suffer far more at my hands than he will at the justice system. I am just glad you are alright. Who is the young man who saved you?”

“His name is A. P., and he is a really nice guy. I want to give him a very special reward for helping me, but I don’t have your abilities. Will you help me?”

“Of course, dearie. Do you have any thoughts on what he would want? Money? Advancement?”

“I don’t know him well. He is sort of the guardian of the women’s hallway in that barracks building. It is

part of some test of having men and women live in the same buildings, but in separate hallways. He also works in the company's orderly room."

"Go on, dearie, there is something on your mind. Spit it out."

"The girls had a Kari May lady come up and do a presentation one night. He happened to be wandering by and wound up being the model for her to do a before and after. He looked just like a girl. Tina told me that the Kari May lady said he likes to dress up like a girl. I read up on that at the post library and found out that there are a lot of guys who like to dress up like us."

"Indeed. It has been that way throughout time. My own mother told me that her father was caught several times wearing his own mother's girdles and corsets. But with this boy, we need to find out if he liked being dressed as a girl, or if his fantasy is to BE a girl."

"What if that *is* his fantasy?"

"Then if you like, I can let him live out that fantasy for a while. Longer perhaps if he likes being a she. I want you to say nothing about this. If it turns out that this is his desire, things will change and only you and I will be aware of it at first."

"But it would be so cool if all of the girls in the barracks knew about it."

"I'll see what can be worked out. Now we can enjoy this excellent lunch and I can get to work on this right away."

That very night, as A.P. slept like a log in his private room, Millie ventured out onto the astral plane as her own aunt had taught her. She entered A.P.'s room but even if she'd awakened him, he wouldn't

have seen her. She was invisible. She sat on the edge of the bed and explored his mind at the deepest levels. Then she smiled and disappeared.

A.P. slept through Sunday and it was a good thing, as his body underwent many changes. His shoulders and waist narrowed while his hips widened. His muscle mass was reduced, making his arms and legs slender like those of a female. His hair grew until it reached below his neck and reached to the middle of his shoulder blades. It also thickened and became glossy. His hands and feet were reduced in size while his fingers became longer. The nails were lengthened slightly and were expertly manicured into the style worn by a woman who spends many of her hours typing on an electric typewriter. His facial features also changed a bit, the nose becoming more of a button-type, while the cheekbones became more pronounced.

Breasts grew from his chest, becoming visible beneath the blanket. His penis and testicles reformed themselves into a clit and vagina, as the boxer shorts he'd worn to bed became silken panties. A baby-doll nightie covered the panties and the rest of his body.

In his wall locker, the military uniforms were altered first. In those days, Army personnel wore what were known as OD (Olive Drab) fatigues. The difference between the male and female versions were how the shirts buttoned. Men's shirts button left over right. Women's shirts button right over left. Soon, all of A.P.'s fatigues were those worn by women. The dress uniforms were next. The jackets morphed into the female version, while the slacks became skirts. The combat boots shrank to fit his smaller feet, while his low-quarter uniform shoes became those worn by women. Uniform pumps with regulation 2-inch heels materialized alongside those low-quarters.

Next his civilian attire became that worn by girls. If an outside observer had been watching, they would have thought that the depth and breadth of these changes were not for a short-term trip through life as

a girl. It looked like this might be a one-way journey. But anyone watching would not have known what was in Millie's mind.

The grooming items in the latrine were next, with shaving cream and razors replaced by those for shaving legs rather than faces. Makeup, all of it from Kari May was placed neatly on the dresser by the mirror in the room itself.

An anklet appeared on A.P.'s narrower ankle while holes opened in his ears. Or to be more accurate, *her* ears, as her physical transformation into a female was now complete. So thorough were these changes that Millie's magic had wrought, that A.P.'s chromosomes were now of the XX versus XY variety. Any test run by any scientist unable to detect the presence of magic would have concluded that A.P. was now a woman.

The last evidence of the existence of the man Adam Palmer disappeared when his birth certificate, driver's license and other identification, and his military records were altered. Where they had once read Adam Palmer, they now read Amelia Jennifer Palmer. While she was still A.P., she was now Amy.

Very early on Monday morning, Millie returned to the room where Amy now slept. It was 0530 hours, the hour that A.P. would normally have awakened to his alarm. Millie opened the door right as Cindy walked up to it. "Right on time. Come in, dear."

"What are we doing?"

"We're going to get her up and fully dressed for the day. Then we will wake her up and explain to her what has taken place. She will be frozen in place and unable to speak until I let her. That's to prevent her from panicking or waking anyone else up with a scream. We will tell her that this is her reward and that it is only temporary if that is what she wants.

Then she'll go off to work and everything will act as though she'd always been Amy."

"Can I tell anyone else?"

"In a day or two. Let her get her bearings first. Then you can fill in a few of your friends, who I will prevent from speaking about this to anyone else, to preserve secrecy."

After Millie had the still sleeping Amy stand in the shower and wash herself, they dried her off and got her dressed for his first day as a female Sergeant. Panties, bra and pantyhose, all within Army regulations. The dark green skirt and light green blouse fit like a glove. As Millie picked up a pair of pumps for Amy from her locker, Cindy said, "Shouldn't we let her wear low quarters on her first day as a girl?"

"Not to worry, dearie. She has all the physical skills of someone born a girl. She could walk as easily in four-inch heels as she would in flats. But if it will make you feel better, grab those other uniforms shoes and put them on her feet."

Once Amy was fully dressed, Cindy did her makeup, using a bright red gloss on her lips. At last, they were finished, and Amy was all ready for the day. Millie touched Amy on the head, and she awoke.

"Rest easy, young lady. I'm Cindy's aunt and my name is Millie. I know you cannot more or speak and I will fix that in a moment. Meanwhile just listen to me. I am so grateful to you for risking your life to save my niece and this is my way of rewarding you. Yes, you are now a woman. I know that you have had this fantasy since you were a little boy but were afraid to explore it in any way. Now, for a time you will get to live out your fondest dream. Then you can choose to remain this way, or I will return you to your former life. If I let you talk, do you promise not to scream or shout?"

Amy nodded in the affirmative. Millie gestured and Amy said, “How did you know this is something I’ve dreamt of?”

“I read it in the recesses of your mind and made it a reality. If I let you move, will you promise not to run away?”

“I promise. There’s nowhere for me to run to anyway.”

“Then walk over to the dresser where your purse is, open it up and look at your wallet.” Amy did as she was told and opened the now very feminine wallet. In it was her new driver’s license. Under sex, the F for female seemed to be glowing. Her height was listed at 5’8 and her weight at 111 pounds, well within the norm for a woman of her age.

“And no one else knows about this besides the three of us?”

“Not a soul, although Cindy has asked if she can tell some of the other girls who were there when you were the makeup model.”

“I suppose that is alright, but not today, okay? Just let me soak this in.” Amy went back to where she’d been seated a moment earlier and sat back down. She smoothed out her skirt as though it was second nature and crossed her legs at the knee.

“I can’t believe how thorough these changes are. I never got dressed up as a girl because I knew I’d look like an ugly drag queen. But I look like a real woman.”

“Amy darling, you are as real as any girl. Remain this way a few weeks and you will experience your first period. Have sex with a man and conceive and you will become pregnant. That is one warning I wanted to give to you. That is the one condition I cannot reverse. Should you become pregnant, you will remain female until you give birth. I could turn you

back into a man at that point, but you wouldn't want me to."

"You've done this before?"

"I and other women in my lineage have. Any man transformed into a woman by our magic who then got pregnant insisted on mothering their child. You would be no different. So, practice safe sex if you decide to explore sex. Deal?"

"Of course. Any other cautions?"

"Just bear in mind that I haven't just altered your appearance. I've changed every aspect of your life. Your parents believe they raised a daughter. You have different friends now from your childhood as your history has been altered. As far as the entire world is concerned, you were born and raised as Amy, not Adam. No one has ever heard of Adam. He now exists only in the memories of the three of us."

"Any other advice?"

"Yes. Eat lightly at breakfast to keep your girlish figure and don't be late for work." Before Amy could say another word, Millie vanished in an instant.

Five minutes before her shift began, Amy walked into the orderly room where she'd been working as Adam. Her desk was unchanged, but the nameplate on it read "Amy 'A.P.' Palmer." It had been a gift from the Captain.

Becky came in a moment later. "Morning, Amy. Is that a new lip color? It looks really good on you."

"Yeah. I got it from that Kari May lady. You should try her stuff, it's great." A moment later, Captain Mayfield entered.

"Good morning, ladies. All quiet in the women's hallway last night, A.P.?"

“Yes, Ma’am. Nothing out of the ordinary.” In fact, many things had changed. A.P. was now residing in a private room in that hallway and as far as anyone else except Cindy knew, she’d been living there since being assigned to the unit. A.P. was sitting at her desk, skirt smoothed out beneath her butt to keep it from getting wrinkled, her long legs crossed at the knee.

“Glad to hear it. Keep up the good work. Oh, I signed that paperwork for you, A.P.”

“What paperwork, Ma’am?”

Turned out the paperwork was for educational assistance. A.P. had submitted. She was enrolling in classes taught at night at a local college.

A.P.’s first classes started one week later. She attended in civilian clothes to avoid bringing attention to herself. A good idea but in the end, a waste of time. Her good looks and trim figure brought her plenty of attention from the male students in the room. Like all night courses, the student population was a melting pot of people at different stages of their lives. Some of the students were full-time college students who needed to take a course at night in order to fulfill a requirement of their degree program. Others were adults with day job who were trying to move ahead in life by getting a degree going to school on a part-time basis. Still others were retirees who were bored and found taking a class or two every semester was a way to get out of their home and interact with younger people.

This course was a sociology class that the Post Education Officer advisor had recommended as a good way to get started in college. The professor picked up a bullhorn from his desk and used it to amplify his voice as he said “Okay, ladies and gentlemen, it is time to begin our first session together. I am Jake

Miller, Associate Professor of Sociology and I will be teaching this course. Some of the lectures will be given by my graduate assistant who unfortunately could not be with us this evening. On your desk you will find the course syllabus and a cover letter outlining my expectations from you in order to achieve a passing grade. We will meet here twice a week between 7 pm and 9 pm and after this evening, we will begin promptly at 7.”

He paused for a moment and then handed another stack of papers to one of the students and instructed them to take one and pass the rest around. “This is the description of a live lab that you can elect to take part in to earn extra credit in the course. Some of us will leave class and go directly to a local drinking establishment where we will observe the mating rituals of men and women. You will sit with two or more of you classmates and jointly watch people near you. You will take notes on your observations about mating rituals and what did and did not work for the people you are watching. We will share your group observations at the outset of the next class session.”

Amy was gathering her notes, textbook and purse after class ended when she was surprised by a man’s voice. “I saw you taking a lot of notes. Are you a full-time student here to get in a required course?”

“No. I have a full-time job and can only take classes at night. In fact, this is my first class since high school.”

“Oh. My name is Tony Piper, and I am an auto mechanic who decided to go back to school to get a degree. What is your name?”

“I’m Amy. Amy Parker. My friends call me A. P.”

“Are you going to do that life lab thing?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

“I’m going to do it and would love it if you would team up with me and another student. I get a feeling from you that you are a keen observer.”

“I’ll think about it and let you know next class.”

“Excellent. Let me walk you to your car.”

“No need.”

“I insist. Can’t let a lady walk alone at night.”

Two nights later, after class was over, Amy and Tony met up at the designated bar. Patti Connors, another student in their class, was already there waiting for them. Patti had an ulterior motive as she found Tony very attractive. She was hoping Amy wasn’t feeling the same feelings toward Tony.

They watched as men would walk up to women sitting at the bar or with girlfriends at tables and try to engage with them in conversation. Some tried to get the women to join them on the dance floor in the bar’s other room. Most were shot down quickly.

After three hours of observing, Amy was getting tired. She decided to call it a night. As she excused herself from the exercise, Tony insisted on walking her to her car. He opened the door for her and told her, “I look forward to doing this again soon”

Amy had planned on driving straight back to the barracks. But when she saw a market open in a neighborhood, she was unfamiliar with, she decided to stop and pick up a few things. It was a decision that would alter the course of her life.

After she’d shopped, arms carrying several bags, she went back to her car. And before she could unlock the door, she was grabbed from behind. An instant later she felt a knife being held against her throat. She heard a harsh, raspy voice say, “Bitch, if

you scream, I will cut your throat and be gone before anyone hears that scream.”

Amy complied. The assailant quickly bound and gagged her and tossed her into the backseat of the car. Then he drove off.

They drove for quite a while. To Amy, it seems like an eternity. When the car stopped, the assailant blindfolded her before yanking her out of the backseat. With her arms tied behind her, and her ankles bound with shackles, she could not move. She heard the sound of the assailant’s zipper being unzipped. Then came a smack to her head and she was mercifully unconscious.

Feeling the worst headache of her life, Amy opened her eyes. She saw she was in a bed in what was obviously a hospital room. The nurse noticed she was stirring and came in to check on her.

“How are you feeling?”

“Like someone took a hammer to my head. How long have I been here?”

“You were brought in four days ago. The police estimate you were assaulted about 18 hours before you were found. So you’ve been unconscious for nearly six days. Don’t try to move around. You are lucky to be alive. I’ve paged your doctor so she will be in to see you soon.”

“Thanks.”

“One other thing. There is a detective sitting outside. He wants to interview you about what happened. Are you up for it?”

“Sure. Bring him in.”

A few moments later, Rudolph Morgan walked in. “Hello, Miss Palmer. It is good to see you are awake

now. I have a few questions and the sooner we get them answered, the sooner we can catch your rapist.”

“Rapist? I thought I was just robbed, and my car stolen. I was raped?”

“Yes, and I apologize for you learning about it this way. I thought the nurse was going to tell you that first thing. How much do you remember?”

“I remember stopping on my way back to the barracks and stopping for some groceries. I was getting into my car after I finished shopping, and someone grabbed me from behind. They tied me up and stuffed me into the backseat. That is all I remember.”

“You never saw your attacker?”

“No. Is that bad?”

“It would help if you could identify him when he goes to trial. But we’ve already arrested him.”

“That fast? How did that happen?”

“He wiped down everything inside the car. But he forgot to wipe off the door handle. We got his fingerprints and once we identified who he is, we arrested him. There is a long laundry list of offenses he will be charged with, some of which are not connected to his assault and kidnapping of you. I’m going to stop here and let you rest. Get better, Amy.”

“Thank you.”

Later that evening, after most of the hospital’s employees had gone home, Amy had another visitor. It was Cindy’s Aunt Millie. “I am so glad you are alright. I am here to heal your injuries must faster than these doctors and nurses can do. Now close your eyes, child.”

Amy did as she'd been told. She felt a tingle in her chest that spread throughout her body. After a few minutes, the tingling stopped. So had the pain in her head.

"You are healed, child. But there is one thing I am unable to heal."

"What is that, ma'am?"

"I know you did not choose to have sex. But the fact is, that doesn't change what has happened. You are with child, Amy. I cannot undo your pregnancy. I warned you before that when a man transformed into a woman becomes pregnant, she must remain female until she gives birth."

"I'm stuck this way for nine months? I'm going to give birth to the child of my rapist?"

"Yes to both questions, dear. I will help all I can during this time. And I will ensure that the man who did this to you suffers greatly for his transgressions." Amy started crying. Millie let her go on until the tears began to subside. "Child, this is not the end of the world or your life. I've seen you blossoming as a girl. You like being one, don't you?"

"Part of me feels like admitting you are right is a betrayal of my manhood, my masculinity. But yes, I am loving my new life. I was unsure how to tell you I did not want to go back."

"Do you think I didn't know? It was plain to see on your face, never mind what I read in your mind. You will have a rough time being pregnant, but you will get through it."

"How? I didn't grow up a girl. Now I'm going to be one for months and months, possibly forever. I don't know how to be pregnant."

"None of us were born knowing how to be pregnant or how to be a mother. We learn those skills over time. You will learn them as well. Cindy and I will be

there to help you. I want you to focus on getting better right now.”

“What about the man who raped me?”

“He won’t be a man very much longer.”

Epilogue:

In the unsolved case files of the San Francisco Police Department is a file concerning the kidnapping and rape of Amy Palmer. It will never be solved. That is because the suspect cannot be found. He no longer exists, at least not as a man.

There are 16 counties in the state of Nevada. Ten of them allow legalized prostitution and have heavily regulated brothels. At one of those brothels works a woman who is named Delilah. She is gorgeous. Probably the best-looking woman employed at the brothel. She is constantly busy, turning more tricks than any other working girl there. Most of her co-workers wonder what it is that drives so much business her way.

They don’t know that it is Millie’s magic that makes Delilah so incredibly popular with the customers. They don’t know that 25% of every dollar Delilah brings in goes into a trust fund for Amy Parker and her daughter Alexis. Amy lives in a small town in the Midwest. She works as an executive assistant and serves in the Army National Guard. She is single but has been dating David for over a year now. Maybe they will marry someday. Millie knows what will happen, but she isn’t telling.

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