



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Flygirls Down

Monica James



---

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright* © 2008, *Reluctant Press* - All Rights Reserved

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# FLYGIRLS DOWN

By Monica James

## CHAPTER I - Sydney Pressinger

'Another day busted,' Sydney noted in his diary. 'Chem. Lab students are lucky to survive the smell of rotten eggs.' He sighed and sat on the edge of his bunk. 'Being a college research assistant while all the other guys are getting into a major war is not an ego-builder.'

His roommate came in. "Don't be so glum, chum," he said with a winning smile.

Sydney stood up. "I'm sick of this. I've applied to the Army but they turned me down and put a big '4-F' by my name." He sighed. "My application to Dow Chemical came back with a polite letter, 'Thanks, but no thanks.' They want doctorate level and I'm no where near that yet."

His roommate sat at the desk and faced him. "So, I get the picture. You want to run away from home. That means that cute sophomore, Miss Ashtabula, Ohio, gave you the brush off again."

"I don't need your critique. I tried to talk to her today but she just shied away from me. When I looked up, she was going down the hall with her arm around her girlfriend."

"Men who are not 4-F are in the army now. What's a pretty gal to do?"

"Then maybe I need to *be* a girl to attract a girl. That would be novel."

"You can start a new trend."

"Nothing new about errors of birth; I've often felt I got off the wrong gender bus. Being a girl would be agreeable and maybe the girls wouldn't be afraid I'd make them pregnant."

He laughed. "No, not until too late."

"I'm going to do something. There is a guy in my 301-Physics class who sometimes comes to class wearing traces of rouge or lipstick. I think I'll talk to him about cross-dressing. It's something to think about." He looked up to see his roommate sound asleep at the desk. He smiled and prepared for bed.

#

"Help you, Miss?"

Sydney was standing in front of a buxom lady at the recruiting office. "I've come to apply for flight training. I saw your notice about needing ferry pilots."

She forced a smile and looked Sydney in the eye; then next her gaze went to his physique. He wore a breezy summer smock, a flower print, cut modestly low at the throat to give just a hint of a rising breast line. The hem was daring at a few inches above the knees.

"You know how to fly?" she asked.

"No, Sergeant," he answered, not quite sure of the number of stripes on her sleeves. "But I can learn; I'm a good student." His practiced soprano voice was convincing enough to go without question.

"Um, yes; very well. Fill this out and we'll see. We need crew for the aircraft headed to the war zones. Planes are sitting on the ground for need of trained pilots."

He took the clip board. "Thank you, Sergeant," he answered. He sat down to fill out the forms. Since the name Sydney could be either gender, he had no difficulty bringing his education and experience up to date. For 'salutation' he inserted 'Miss'. 'If they need me so much, nobody is going to question it,' he thought.



In place of the usual army physical, Sydney provided a cover letter and exam documents from his doctor stating he was fit for duty. He had researched every detail and expected it would result in just another '4-F' rejection. By the end of the day, he had his orders cut and was on his way to a training base in New Jersey. One look around at the women on the bus told him he was entering a new world. No coed cuties to drool over. These gals meant business. Firm jaws and full bodies, all that was needed to survive training. He shuddered to think of getting in the shower with them. He hoped his 'pussy-gaff' would get him through the worst of it.

## CHAPTER II - Rosie

The pneumatic tool shook in her hands as Rosie completed yet another long line of rivets to fasten the aircraft skin in place. She wiped the perspiration off her brow and tucked a wild strand of dark hair back under her hair net.

She glanced at the huge clock on the corrugated wall. Break time. Her gloves were soon off and she was in line at the break room to get a hot coffee.

"Rough night," she said to the girl next to her. "Need coffee."

The girl laughed and nodded in understanding. "I'm getting out of here; if one of those horny supervisors hits on me one more time, I'll scream."

"How do you propose to escape this deadly routine?"

"They need pilots and crew to ferry these big birds across the ocean. I applied for flight training. Should hear from them soon."

Rosie was stunned. "Nice going! How do I get in on that? I've been watching others go flying off into the wild blue yonder to mysterious corners of the planet. When is it our turn?"

"Soon, I hope," her friend answered. "I have the info in my locker; I'll get it for you."

"Thanks."

#

Within a week, she had mailed her personal information to apply. Learning the training group would be all women made it that much more attractive. Within another week, she received her notice to appear for processing.

The moment of joy was turning in her resignation. She packed up what belongings she had and sent them to her parents on Orcas Island. Even the rain and dark clouds did not dampen her spirit.

She was prompt at the receiving center and her fears met her face-to-face. "You are in a critical industry. Our recommendation is to return you to Boeing although they have given you a good reference." The personnel lady, severe in a crisp blue and gray uniform, looked Rosie over very carefully. "You are very pretty. Did you have a fight with your boyfriend and want to run away?"

"Don't have a boyfriend, not at the moment anyhow."

"Unless you give me a reason, I'll stamp this rejected so you can go back to making the bombers so badly needed."

Rosie gasped like she had been hit in the stomach. "Look, don't do that. Anybody can do what I do in assembly. My kid sister could, probably better than me. But before I was promoted to assembly, I worked in the inspection department. I know this aircraft inside and out. I'd be a better person to crew or fly equipment I'm familiar with. You wouldn't start cross-country in an automobile you didn't know how to fix."

The lady hesitated. She referred to a procedures manual and read the chapter on experiences desired. "I'm going to pass this on for review. Come back tomorrow."

"I will not. I've quit my job, closed my room and packed my personal things for storage. I'm ready to go. That should be some advantage." Her voice was going up a level with each word. She watched the clerk pick up the telephone.

"*Rosie the Riveter* is here with a plausible argument. Can you review this, please?" She stood up and directed Rosie to an adjacent office.

She repeated her qualifications for the chief clerk. He was very slight, carried himself like the cartoon comic 'Casper Milquetoast' and was very interested in the pretty girl fate had sent him. Rosie shuddered. 'This guy is in paradise. All the hunks are off fighting the war and he gets us leftovers.' She smiled to entice him.

At first he acted like he didn't know what to say. "Do you get along all right with the girls? If that temper tantrum you just threw in the processing room is any indication, maybe you are being hasty in applying here."

She watched his beady eyes appraising her. She flexed her shoulders to emphasize her breasts and shifted in the chair to display a few more inches of calf. The name plate on his desk read 'Justin Pip' which she considered apt. "I know I can make a real contribution to the war effort, Mr. Pip," she said slowly and smiled at him. As if delaying her thoughts, she looked askance, next back to him and deftly wet her lips. "I get along OK with the other girls, my recommendation should mention that. If anything, they look to me for leadership when there's a problem."

Justin Pip stood up. At first he looked distressed, then self-conscious at what he was thinking. The good one was getting away.

She reacted more from confidence in her charms than to the situation. She stepped next to him and touched his arm. She almost laughed aloud when his face colored in a modest blush. "Please sir; I know I can be of some use in your program." She paused for emphasis. "It's more than a lark as you seem to suppose. I want to get into this service."

He gulped nervously. "Shall we have dinner tonight to celebrate?"

She was ready. "Wonderful! It's been ages since I've had an attractive man ask for some time with me. Just sign my application and I'll be one happy applicant." Another thought occurred to her. 'Did I just kiss the Blarney Stone? Ten-to-one this guy has a wife stashed someplace that tells him where to get off.' She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

From that moment he was very official in his duties, having 'won' the hand of the grateful girl. "Take this back to the clerk outside. She'll see to the rest of the processing. It's regrettable but you shall have to take a rain check on dinner. Your transfer bus leaves in an hour. Best of luck to you, Rosie Murrey. You are one remarkable person." He turned and went back to his desk.

### **CHAPTER III - Sylvia**

She was sure the clatter of the exercise machines could be heard all the way to 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. 'Maybe,' she thought, 'it is me who needs to go to the street.' She studied one of her students on the rowing machine. "No, ma'am., that isn't right. Listen to me for a change; you won't get anything but sore muscles doing it that way." She raised her voice and pointed her finger at the hapless overweight lady.

"You OK?" the spa club supervisor asked. "You don't seem yourself today."

She put her hands on her hips. "No, I'm not. I'm sick of the everyday fighting with these losers. There's no progress here."

"Perhaps, but you get a weekly paycheck. You could always pick out a corner to hustle from. Nothing steady there but you are certainly attractive enough to be a successful hooker."

Sylvia waved her away. She stretched her muscles and looked around the room.

'Why am I doing this to myself? I should be doing something important, playing with the big boys. That's it! I'm going to go back to flying again. That sky offers all the freedom I need.'

"Hey, where are you going?" the supervisor called out in alarm.

Sylvia threw her towel onto the counter. "I'll be by on Friday to pick up my check. I quit."

### **CHAPTER IV - Teterboro Field**

Sylvia headed out of the supply shack with an armload of uniforms, shoes, awful green-colored wool socks and a billed skull cap. She followed the instructions to the quarters she'd been assigned and stumbled on a row of rocks outlining the unpaved walkway. Support came from behind her.

“Steady, girl.” The touch was strong and the voice a low falsetto. She caught her balance and did not fall in the mud.

“Thanks, I was afraid of drowning,” she said, trying to be friendly.

“It’s only liquid dirt when it rains, like not having to repair the roof when it doesn’t rain.”

She laughed. “Where are we headed?”

“Ah, up there, see? Building H.”

“That might be prophetic. I’m Sylvia Woods.”

“Sydney Pressinger. Call me Syd; I was in line behind you at the supply depot.”

They claimed the first room they came to. It was, to Sylvia’s thinking, cramped. She noted the three bunks and matching lockers for each. “It’s not the Waldorf. Some welcome this is to Teterboro Field,” she said with disdain.

“Since you were ahead of me in line, you get to choose,” Sydney said. “I think we just missed the bus to the Stork Club.”

Sylvia put her supplies down on the bunk centered on the window. Sydney took the one against the wall. She sat down. “Well, when I saw the muscle-broads on the bus, I was afraid to be in training with them. But you, Sylvia, are really pretty. Are you running away from a boyfriend? Maybe an abusive husband?”

She smiled. “And you, Syd, are nosey. Don’t tell on me but I’m escaping a dull job. As luck would have it, my dad taught me to fly one of those dual-wing crates that perform at the county fair or get used for crop dusting.”

“Lucky you,” Sydney said. “Now that we are sharing confidences, I only dress and act like a girl. It was the only way I could get into this service.”

Sylvia raised one eyebrow and looked at Sydney’s feminine demeanor, the obvious breast line and fair skin. She considered the pitched voice somewhat false. “I won’t tell but you sure have some explaining to do.”

Sydney thanked her and beamed his best smile. “Hey, here comes number three, I think.”

Rosie bustled into the room; very officious, all business. “Hi, guess you saved that bunk for me,” she commented dryly and sat on the third one. Her energetic repartee stunned the other two. They sat patiently waiting for the explosion.

“Oh, sorry. I can’t help it. My name is Rosie Murrey; spell it with an ‘e’. I’m just off the production line at Boeing. If I talk too loud, it’s because I’m accustomed to noise so feel free to tell me to quiet down.” She looked at the two roommates. “Are we the Three Musketeers?”

Sylvia grinned. “So it would seem. How did you get out of an aircraft factory as badly as planes are needed?”

“I wanted to get into this war. Everybody advised against it which just made me more determined. My foreman was happy to get rid of me, I think. He had enough of me badgering him about every little imperfection I found in the assembly shed. Then the Mother



Superior who took apps for this tried to get me back to the factory. I raised such a fuss, she handed me off to her supervisor. I had to offer that guy a blow job to let me in. He was so flustered, he signed the papers. Sucks for him, pun intended."

Sylvia and Sydney were amazed at the rapid-fire speech. "We hope you didn't make a mistake coming here. I hear the wash-out rate is high," Sylvia said matter-of-factly.

"Wait!" Sydney exclaimed. "You're the girl on all those posters, 'Rosie the Riveter'. I think you were on the news as well. It's a pleasure to have a celebrity to fly with."

Sylvia looked obliquely at Sydney, wondering at her comments. "Let's all hope it works out well; this is not a good start. Look at this dump."

## #

"This is a Link Trainer," the instructor said to the class as they huddled around the strange box-like contraption with ridiculously small wings.

"Link to what?" Rosie asked, sarcastic.

"Ah, someone is thinking. Good," the instructor responded with a smile. She next went into detail on how the flight training was to proceed. They would have the opportunity to use the class studies they'd completed. There was a lot of talk about instrument flying; an artificial horizon, turn & bank indicator, airspeed, altimeter, on and on and on. The class was fascinated.

When the six-week crash course in flying was over, they received their Air Service Wings, not the silver ones yet. They had to log flight hours and prove to the satisfaction of the flight instructors that they could take off, navigate and land the huge Flying Fortress. Emergency procedures were practiced over and over until they were automatic.

Sylvia came into the room and threw her parachute harness and clips on the bunk. "Whew! I finally got that big bird off the ground today without tearing up the runway."

"Good for you," Rosie cheered. "As I read the calendar, we should have our first flight assignment in about two weeks. Word at the rumor mill has us on shuttle duty from Seattle to Westover." As often happens, the rumors had merit.

A dozen fly girls who had just been awarded their wings arrived at Boeing for flight assignments. Sylvia, with the highest grades, drew the pilot seat; Rosie was co-pilot and Sydney was radio/navigator. They felt comfortable with their team as they knew each other's strengths and weaknesses.

Security guards stopped them at the gate. Overcome with self-importance, one guard began to give them directions to the flight line. "That's OK, Ralph," Rosie said. "I know the way."

The guard squinted to look inside the mini-bus. "Oh, hi Rosie. Go right on in; they're waiting for you. Four B-17s; it's the talk of the factory with you here."

“Tell everyone I said hello and goodbye in the same breath,” she quipped. They drove on according to Rosie’s directions.

Sylvia accepted the pre-flight log from the crew chief and looked it over for completeness and comments. All was in order. She signaled the others to get on board.

Checking the instrument panel, she saw that the engines were still warm as shown on the temperature indicator. She picked up the headset and called the control tower. She received a weather briefing, radio compass headings and itinerary.

The engines whined in turn and she jammed the ignition. All four were purring like sleeping kittens and she taxied out into line for take off. Waiting for everyone to get behind her, she increased the prop pitch and checked the manifold pressure. “We’re good to go,” she told her crew. “Seat belts and headsets, please.”

As she increased the engine speed, the huge aircraft bucked against the brakes. When ready, she released them and the plane sped down the runway and into the sky.

“Wow,” Sydney said into her intercom. “Just like we knew what we were doing.”

The aircraft banked, climbed to the correct altitude and Sylvia adjusted the heading. “All yours now, Miss Navigator,” she said to Sydney.

“Roger, Wilco,” she replied.

The control tower came on the radio telephone intercom. “Good luck, Rosie. Keep ‘em flying.”

“Thanks, we just graduated from Teterboro. If they’d kept us there any longer, we’d been flying without wings just to escape.” She relaxed and took off her headset. ‘Yes,’ she thought to herself, ‘Goodbye Teterboro Air Corps Training Service.’”

## **CHAPTER V - The Meeting of the Minds**

“Welcome to Westover Field,” Sylvia announced as the threesome plunked their duffel bags down on the bunks. “Someone should congratulate us on getting that big bird all the way across the country.”

Sydney quipped, “No band, no speech from the governor?”

Rosie stretched out on the bunk and ran her fingers through her hair. She sat up on her elbows. “The sign says ‘Westover’ but we’re going east. Are we mixed up?”

Later, after dinner, they went to the base theater to watch a movie about the war. “Not pretty,” Rosie said. “If more people would make love, there would be less war.”

They showed up promptly at the operations briefing. Orders were to leave at dawn for the Greenland fly-over and on to Iceland where they would refuel and continue to Ireland and England.

Back in the barracks, they showered, put on clean clothes and snuggled beneath the wool GI blankets. Sydney was soon snoring lightly but Rosie was restless. She crossed the small room and sat on the side of the bunk next to Sylvia.

“This could be dangerous. It’s not all fun anymore. Do you realize we could be killed out there? Maybe shot down by a German fighter?”

Sylvia frowned. “You knew there were no guarantees when you took this job. What can be gained by getting worked up now?”

“Just thinking. If we don’t survive our flight, or this war, look at the times we’d miss. I don’t like to think about that.”

“What you like to think about, dear Rosie, is sex. If you end up as breakfast for a school of fish, your sex life will be ruined.”

“I did not see one guy this evening that I’d like to be with. There were a couple girls I watched while we were coming out of the movie but they were too busy with each other to pay any attention to me.”

Sylvia raised an eyebrow. “You’re telling me you are bisexual, that right? I’d like to know more about that. My sex life so far has been a disaster.”

Rosie laughed. “I can report some brief experiences. Enough to convince me that girls are more endearing.” She snuggled closer to Sylvia on the bunk. “Look at it this way. I’ve never heard of a girl to enter into a sex act and fall over drunk. Never has a girl left a hickey on my neck. Never has a girl scratched the inside of my thigh because she didn’t shave. That’s just for starters.”

Sylvia laughed. “Good points. I’m told girls are better at cunnilingus because they know what a woman wants. That’s sort of logical.”

Rosie moved one hand beneath Sylvia’s blanket and fondled one breast through her tee-shirt. “You are very sensual,” she said, her voice ragged with emotion. “Want to try it?”

Sylvia pushed her away. “No. Get me a room at the Waldorf with a bucket of champagne and a hot steaming bath, I’ll reconsider.”

Rosie smiled, touched Sylvia’s lips and returned to her bunk. She lay on her back, quietly contemplating the ceiling of their room. Five in the morning came soon enough.

The three girls were up, showered, dressed and in the breakfast line. They were rushing to make their planned takeoff time. Being first on the flight line, they didn’t have to delay departure for another aircraft. The others, following security procedures, flew fifteen minutes apart.

Sylvia checked the pre-flight log and signed it. The engines responded immediately and she taxied to the runway for takeoff. Charts, radio frequencies and compass headings were all gathered and at the ready. On the minute, the big silver bird lifted off the end of the runway. She felt a flutter of excitement as she reached altitude and set the heading.

“Tough way to get a European vacation but we’re on our way,” she said into the intercom. “Now, listen up; radio silence, please. Syd, got that?”

“Roger, skipper. Over and out.”

“The cloud cover we were expecting is dead ahead,” she said to Rosie. “Looks like a storm to me.”

They were soon in the midst of a pelting rain and fickle winds. The aircraft yawed and turned in the wind. Downdrafts made Sylvia nervous.

The B-17 survived the severe turbulence which had sent it plunging toward the ocean to about 1000 feet.

“What are you doing?” Rosie screamed at Sylvia through her headset speaker.

“Trying to keep us dry. Do you mind? The altimeter and the weather man are working their charm against us. Just sit over there,” she indicated the co-pilot’s seat, “and help me put some altitude under this bird.”

Rosie unhooked the controls and worked with the pilot to raise the nose. The engines roared, and just as it appeared they were on a steady climb, Engine Four smoked and stopped. Sylvia reached over her head to right the props so the dead engine wouldn’t cause more drag on their progress.

“Guess we overloaded it,” she said as she pulled the feather button out. Not good.”

Rosie looked to her right. “Not wind-milling. At least something is working like it’s supposed to.”

The sleek aircraft dipped again, coming close to the water. When they came out of the cloud bank, the surface of the Atlantic Ocean was nearly upon them. “Altimeter says five hundred feet.” She observed the turgid water that seemed to be snarling at them. “We are on a glide; the downdraft giant is sitting on the wings.”

“Syd, come in,” Rosie said into her headset. “Prepare to ditch.”

Sydney broke radio silence with a Mayday appeal giving their approximate location. She then hustled the survival supplies and collapsible boat next to the fuselage port. When she slipped the lever down to release the doors, the wind whistled at her. She went back to the radio station and put on her headset. “Survival procedure complete,” she said wondering at her own business-like tone.

They watched the altimeter as the ocean water rose and fell in wet valleys dotted with white caps. Sylvia called on her flight training and nodded to Rosie. “On alert; we both pull so the nose goes up and the tail skips on the water. Now!”

The pull of the waves settled the aircraft gently. Water rushed at the nose and there was darkness. “Abandon,” she said sharply. They scrambled to the open doors and helped Sydney shove the boat and supply packages out. They each clamped their “Mae West” personal flotation units in place.

Settled in the small boat, Sylvia turned to wave ‘goodbye’ as the silver Flying Fortress slipped beneath the waves. Wind whipped the torrents against them and they snuggled together. They had done what they were trained to do.