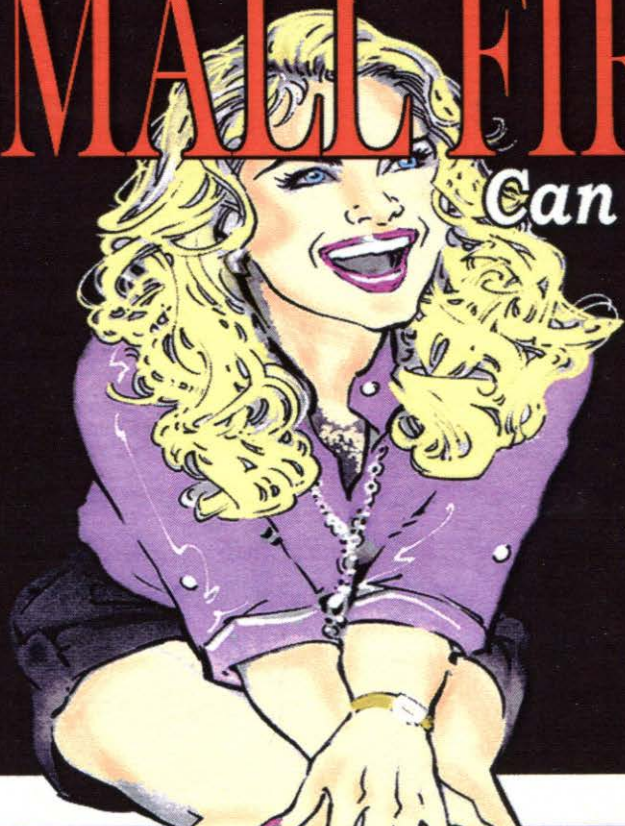


What A

SMALL FIRE

Can Do!



SARAH

THORPE

What a Small Fire Can Do

by Sarah Thorpe

Howard Stromberg looked at himself in the mirror in front of him. What he saw pleased him very much. The image in front of him didn't look like a person with a name like Howard. The image was of a woman. She was dressed in a blue pantsuit and a red top with a rolled-up collar. On her feet she had boots with only 1" heel. Her face was perfectly made up and her hair was medium blonde and reached down below her shoulders. Howard was a transvestite and in his female persona he called himself Helen Poulsson. It was Thursday afternoon and Helen was ready to leave for a hotel located about two hours drive away. There she would meet other of the same kind for a long weekend together. In fact she was going to a convention.

Howard/Helen was 29 years old and 5'10" tall. This was considered a suitable height for a man, but for a woman she was on the tall side. He/she lived in the outskirts of St. Paul, MN, and was running a small account-

ing firm all by himself. Howard had graduated from college with a degree in Accounting and Auditing. He started his career in a large company and did very well. After a few years he got tired of the rat race and decided to branch out on his own. While in college he had inherited a large suburban house and this is where he had established his business. The house had two stories. Upstairs it had three rooms, one bedroom for Howard, one for Helen and one master bedroom. In addition it contained a large bathroom. In addition he had a small room that for the time being was used for storage. Downstairs was a kitchen, a large living room, an entrance hall and a study that Howard now used as his office. A two-car garage was attached to the house.

Finally Helen was able to free herself from her own image. She left her room and went downstairs. All the clothes needed during the weekend were already in the car, it was just to grab a few final things and go to the garage. But Helen stopped in the living room for a while. She walked over to a window and looked over to her neighbors, Carole and Nina Evans. They were sisters, 29 and 27 years old respectively, with Carole as the older. They had taken over the house after their parents moved to Arizona.

Carole was a classic Nordic beauty. She was 5'11" tall with long honey blonde hair. She had been the school's beauty queen and started modelling while still in Senior High. She soon became one of the top models in the country and made tons of money.

Her sister Nina was also a very beautiful woman. She was 5'7½" tall with medium blonde hair. After High School she went to college to study fashion and clothes design. After graduations she wanted to establish a fashion store, and with the help of her sister's money they established CaNi Fashions. During start-up they had asked Howard if he could help them getting started. After establishment Howard took over all accounting for them and this again lead to the establishment of his own company. Nina had a crush on Howard and he had a crush on her, but neither of them had done anything to follow it up.

Carole was not attached to anybody; with her height she had problems finding a suitable partner.

Helen kept staring at the house for a few more minutes. Nobody was there, of course, both Carole and Nina were in their shop working. She was so much in debt to these girls. Carole had suspected very early that Howard was a transvestite. One day she had confronted him and asked him if that was the case. He didn't have to say a word, his reaction spoke for itself. From that day on Carole and Nina taught him all they knew on how he could look his best as a woman.

This day was still something special, though. Helen knew she looked good and that no one would suspect that she in reality was a man. But she had never before left her own home dressed as a woman. On all previous meetings/gatherings she had changed after arrival and changed back before she left. This meeting, however, was a convention and she had decided to bring no male garments this time. In her suitcases were only feminine garments. She had also decided to travel back and forth en femme.

Helen looked at her watch and saw that it was time to leave. She put on a fur coat, placed a fur hat on her head, picked up her shoulder bag and a pair of gloves and went down to the garage and the waiting car. She sat down in the driver's seat, laid her gloves and shoulder bag in the passenger seat, started the car and drove off. She did not forget to close the garage door behind her.

Soon she was on the road. It was the last weekend in November and snow was already on the ground. Helen liked the snow. It reminded her of stories she had heard from her grandparents on how it was like in the old country where they had lots of snow the whole winter.

At a stop light a car with four High School kids stopped next to her. They waved their hands to catch her attention. She turned her head and gave them her sweetest smile. When the light turned she pressed the accelerator and was far away when the kids finally reacted.

Helen thought about the awkwardness in the situation. Here she was, a man dressed as a woman, catching the attention of four boys at least ten years younger than her. She looked at her long red fingernails and the female face in the rear-view mirror. The whole situation was weird. If these kids had only known what they would have been up against.

The rest of the drive went without incident. She stopped outside the hotel a few minutes after four in the afternoon. A valet came up to the car and took out the suitcases and carried them to the front desk. On his way back he received a few dollars and the keys to Helen's car. He parked it in the hotel's underground garage.

At the front desk she stated her name and was given the key to room 516. As she was about to leave for the elevator she saw an old friend coming through the doors. She turned towards him and said: "Hi Frank, nice to see you."

"Nice to see you too, Helen. Have you driven all the way dressed like that?"

"Yes, I have. It's my first time and I loved it. You should try it someday."

"I'm afraid not. But I will continue to come to meetings like this."

"OK. See you later tonight. I guess we have a cocktail party at seven and I expect to see Emily there."

"She will be there. But I have a lot of work to do before she is ready. See you."

Helen went to the elevator and took it to the 5th floor. A bellboy had already taken her suitcases and brought them to her room. He was there when she arrived, waiting for his tip. Helen gave him a generous tip and he left and closed the door behind him.

Helen looked around in the room. It was fairly large and had a nice view over the area. She took off her hat

and hung up her coat. She also hung up her jacket before she started to unpack and hang up her clothes in the closet and put her lingerie in some drawers. She picked up her cell phone and switched it off. She wanted to be unreachable this weekend.

Helen dressed down to her bra and panty. She loved to walk around displaying her red toenails and flat groin. The latter was another trick she had learned from Carole. She had no idea where Carole had acquired knowledge about such things.

After some TV watching Helen went to the bathroom for a quick shower and to wash off her make-up. She needed another make-up for the evening anyway.

Back in the main room she put on a black bra and panty set and put her falsies down into the cups of the bra. A pair of stay-ups was pulled up on her legs. She took out her make-up box and started to prepare herself for the evening. When she was finished she put on a waist-cincher to reduce her waistline with 2". This was necessary since the dress was so tight.

She took the dress from the closet and put it on. It had a zipper in the back and she had to use some extra tricks to pull it all the way up to her neck.

The dress was tight and clung to her body. The skirt was straight and reached just above her knees. The dress had a wide, square neckline and sleeves that reached just below her elbows.

The evening required another hair-do so she put another wig on her head. It had the same color as the other one, but the hair was combed back from her forehead and set up in a curly fashion on the back of her head. The wig was specially made and very expensive. She looked at herself in the mirror and noticed that the dividing line between the wig and her forehead looked completely natural. A little touch of make-up made it perfect. She finished off with dangling earrings, a golden necklace, a golden bracelet, a gold watch and some rings. As a

final step she put black sandals with 3" heels on her feet. She finally felt ready for the evening.

Before she left she picked up her purse and took a final inspection of herself in the full-length mirror. She liked what she saw and left her room. She walked slowly down the hallway. She reached the elevator and pressed the 'down' button. The elevator came after a few seconds and she stepped in. There was a man inside and at the moment Helen walked in, he looked her up and down. As the elevator started going down the man turned to Helen and said: "I love tall women. Do you want to have a date with me tonight?"

Helen looked at the man. He was much shorter than her, even without her heels. She faced the man and said in her sweetest voice: "I don't date short men." This was a true statement, of course, since Helen didn't date men at all.

The man was about to say something, but the elevator came to a halt and Helen just stepped out. She continued down a hallway to the room where the cocktails were served. At the entrance she met Cheryl. She gave her a nametag and wished welcome to the Convention. Helen was up for the job as treasurer for the Transgendered Society in the North Mid-Western States so she had to make a good impression.

When she had left Cheryl the first person she met was a waitress who served cocktails. She accepted a glass and bumped right into Emily. She also wore shoes with 3" heels and was clearly the tallest person in the room. They complimented each other on their looks and revived old memories. After about ten minutes Helen had to excuse herself; she had to mingle so people could learn who she was before the elections on Sunday morning. She met a lot of old friends and had a chat with them. But she paid more attention to the girls she hadn't met before. She told them who she was and what she was running for. Even though she had no opponent she considered it good policy to introduce herself to the general public first.

Helen met a lot of interesting people that evening. Transgendered people of all categories were present. There were quite a few people dressed in suit and tie there, and most of them were all men who once had been women.

One of the couples Helen met had a nine-year old child with them. This child was born a boy, but for the occasion he was dressed as a cute little girl. Helen asked her what her name was, and she replied: "My name is Lisa, and when I grow up I will be a woman just like daddy."

Her daddy blushed. He looked good as a woman. He said he lived as a man, and normally dressed up during weekends. His wife was very supportive.

Another couple Helen met had two children. She had a long conversation with them and learned that the husband had been through full SRS six years ago. Their oldest child had been born a boy, but was on puberty inhibitors. That meant that he would not go through male puberty and develop beard and a deep voice. In a few years he would be given estrogen in order to develop into a woman. A full SRS was scheduled to take place on his 18th birthday. The other child was an eight-year old genetic girl.

Food was served around 8:30. Helen found a vacant chair at a table where two women and a little girl already were sitting. One of the women was at least seven months pregnant. Helen presented herself and asked if she could join them.

"Please sit down," the non-pregnant woman said, "my name is Olivia Jefferson. This is my spouse Victoria and this is our daughter Megan."

Helen said hello to the other two and sat down. She laid her purse on the table and Olivia offered her a glass of red wine. Helen accepted and toasted to her newfound friends. After the toast she excused herself as she had to go and pick up some food. The food court was a large smorgasbord prepared by some of the local members.

Helen helped herself to the food and brought back an extra bottle of wine, just in case.

When they all had eaten they remained at the table finishing the wine and talking about their backgrounds. Helen had from the very beginning thought that Olivia was the male in the partnership. She looked very convincing. Her breasts looked real and that indicated that she had implants. Her voice was neutral, but still feminine, Victoria looked ravishing, just like all pregnant women should. She also had a neutral voice. Little Megan was just the cutest little girl you could imagine.

But Helen was in for a big surprise. When Olivia and Victoria had finished their stories Helen was awestruck. The story was too unbelievable to be true. But on the other hand, that might be the reason it was. Their stories go as follows: Olivia and Victoria had known each other since childhood. Victoria had grown up as a boy, but wanted already from an early age to be a girl. Olivia found out and encouraged her friend all the way. During school years he was a boy at school, but spent every free moment as a girl. His parents were very supportive once she learned the truth. During High School Victoria spent every summer as a girl. After graduation Olivia and Victoria went to college. Victoria spent her whole time at college as a girl. After graduation they had a normal wedding, mostly for the benefit of all the relatives coming to visit. This was the last time Victoria wore any piece of male clothing. They had held a private ceremony a week later where they both wore wedding gowns.

Just after the wedding Olivia became pregnant. They decided then that Victoria should start on hormones right away. The physician then came up with a proposal. He wanted Victoria to donate enough sperm so Olivia might become pregnant again later if she wanted to. He even suggested that he could make Victoria pregnant with her own sperm and eggs from Olivia. This was an opportunity they couldn't resist and agreed to go along with his plan. Victoria donated her sperm and started on hormones. Two years after the wedding Victoria went through the operation that made her a complete woman. Three years



after the operation the first attempt to make Victoria pregnant was made. It failed. So did the second, but the third went fine. As a result of this Victoria will give birth in early January. The baby will be delivered by a Caesarean, of course.

Megan was born a little boy had been raised as a girl from the day she was born. She had never been given a boy's name. She would be turned into a woman as soon as it was possible. Tests taken from Victoria's baby gave every indication that she was carrying a girl.

Helen developed a deep friendship with the Jefferson family over the weekend. It turned out that they didn't live too far apart, Helen promised to pay them a visit as soon as possible. Both Olivia and Victoria worked as schoolteachers.

Over the weekend Helen met with Olivia and Victoria several times. They developed a deep and profound friendship. Before they departed on Sunday they had exchanged names, addresses, phone numbers and e-mail addresses. Helen promised to come and visit the following weekend.

Next morning the convention started. Helen had to be on the podium with several other people discussing various issues concerning the way ahead for the organization. Since Helen was up for a central role in the board, her views were very important for the other members. For the occasion Helen was dressed in a gray two-piece suit and black pumps with 2" heels. She made a very good impression. Her seat in the new board seemed very secure.

She had lunch with the Jefferson's. After lunch the convention delegates went through the report from last year and the organization's financial status. Helen had to leave during a break since she had an appointment she couldn't afford to lose. She grabbed her fur coat and hurried to a place down the street. She stepped inside a beauty parlor. She said the woman behind the counter that she had an appointment. A woman came out from a room in the back and beckoned Helen to follow her. Helen

did, and soon they came to a room where everything was made ready for Helen. The woman presented herself as Louise O'Connell. "Your new breasts are ready for you. Can you please take off your jacket and bra?" she said.

Helen did as she was told. Soon she was standing there with long hair, beautifully made up face, skirt, high-heeled shoes and a flat chest. Louise told her to sit down. "Before we start," she said, "I want to tell you a little about what will happen during the next minutes," She picked up one of the breasts and continued: "Look here. The main difference between these breasts and ordinary falsies is that these falsies are glued to your chest in a very special way. When in place, they look and act like the real thing, and no one can see that they're fake. As you can see they have edges that go beyond the normal edge of a false breast. These edges are glued to your body in such a way that the dividing line between skin and silicone becomes invisible. To make sure that this is the case, we add a little make-up around the edges. After a few hours the silicone has adapted the same color as your skin, and make-up is no longer required. You can still add some just to be sure. Any questions so far?"

"Yes, how long can I wear them?"

"In theory as long as you want. Normally I say that three months is the limit. I know people who have worn them for more than a year with no ill side effects. You see, these breasts are also very popular with women who have had mastectomy,"

"How do I get them off? And are they reusable?"

"In the package there's a special gel that will help you to get them off. Just follow the instructions. Later you can use them as often and as many times you like. They come with a lifelong guarantee. I will not recommend you to use them for one evening only. It's waste of time and effort."

Since Helen had no more questions, she was told to move over to another chair and sit down. Helen did as

she was told. The back of the chair was reclined backwards so that her chest was in a 30-degree angle. "Please pay attention to what I say and do," Louise said, "next time you have to do it on your own. The breasts come with a manual, of course, but this is still the better way of learning how to fasten them to your body. Later I will explain to you how to get them off again."

Louise started her work with making sure that Helen's chest was absolutely clean. Next step was to rub an adhesive to the area where the breasts would be. She picked up one of the breasts and pressed it against Helen's chest making sure it was in a position exactly over her nipple. The procedure was repeated with the other breast. Next she pressed the edges against Helen's chest, making sure the edges were smooth. Then she washed off the excessive glue and added the necessary make-up. All the time Louise explained what she was doing and Helen took mental note of every word she said. When Louise had finally finished Helen stood up and walked to the full-length mirror to take a real look at herself. What she had seen so far was only what she could see while looking down her own body.

What she saw was dramatic. She had breasts like a normal woman. They breasts were perfect. "This is fantastic," she said to Louise, "now I really look like a woman. No mistake now. This will make my life as a transgendered person even better. I can switch between the two roles and feel 100% secure in both. Thank you so much! They are worth every dollar."

"You're right. Anyone who comes in here now will think you're a real woman. And with your looks and body you are now the perfect transvestite. You can easily switch between being a charming young man and a beautiful young woman. Not many people have that possibility."