

THE RING CYCLE

By Gerri Becken



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

FIVE 'NEW WOMAN' STORIES

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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LADY THIEF

By Gerri Becken

I had done it. I had slipped unseen into the home of the Merchant Prince, Mark-um and slipped out unseen. While there I had fattened my purse greatly.

In addition to a purse filled with gems, each worth over a thousand gold coins, I had **the ring**.

The ring was magical.

If the stories were true, it granted wishes. A ring that granted wishes was very powerful, but often limited in the available number of wishes. I needed to be careful what I wished for. I didn't want to waste a wish.

The luck of the Gods had been with me. Suddenly the luck was gone.

One of the city guards, one who knew me for my occupation, challenged me. He suspected me of a theft. It was not the one I had just succeeded with, but a lesser one.

“Stop,” he ordered.

I turned and ran. I could not be caught with the gems or the ring. Others of the guard joined the chase. If I didn't escape them soon, I would be caught. I needed a hiding place.

I took a chance.

Panting I whispered, “I wish for a way to escape those chasing me.”

I rounded a corner and noticed an open door. I was through the door in a second, locking it behind me.

I stood with my back toward the door. I fought to control my breathing. Outside I could hear the sounds of the guard. They knew I was close. I looked about the room for another route of escape. There were none. This room was small, only a closet was off to one side.

An idea formed in my mind. I crossed to the closet and looked within. Three or four sets of clothing hung from hooks within. All were women's clothes.

My hairy body and short cut hair would not easily allow me to disguise myself in these clothes.

Outside I heard the guard searching house to house. I was desperate. I tried on one of the dresses, one that covered me the most. I felt my body shiver for a moment as I did so.

A guard knocked on the door, demanding to be allowed in. I had only enough time to hide my clothes under another dress and toss on a cloak before I needed to open the door.

The guard shouted, "Woman! We search for a thief. Have you seen anyone?"

I shook my head, no, not trusting my voice. I moved aside to let him search the room. He found no one else in the room.

"Thank you," he said and left.

I breathed a sigh.

Now to change back, I thought. As I undressed I soon saw that I had changed. I was slighter of built. Very little of what had been dark, coarse body and facial hair remained. What did was fine and light colored. The hair on my head fell past my shoulder blades.

I needed to wish myself back. I stopped just before wishing. I had used a wish. There could not be many more wishes left. I needed to decide how best to word my wish. I wanted to return to myself, yet wanted more as well.

I couldn't stay here.

She who lived here would soon return.

I needed to move on. I quickly redressed, this time in the most feminine outfit and took a cloak. I ignored the fact that, while still male, I now looked more female than male.

I stepped outside, confident that I could pass as a woman to the eye of any who looked upon me.

I headed toward what I called home. As I neared the location, I noticed a guard standing watch, as if waiting for me (or someone I sent) to return. I was rich, but possessed not a single coin for a room. I needed to sell a gem for coins for a room for the night. I knew a few 'merchants' who would buy a gem, even if for only half of what it was worth. I headed toward where I knew one such 'merchant' conducted his 'business'.

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"I don't know you, woman. Why do you come to me?" he demanded closing the door to his shop for privacy away from the noises of the market street.

I whispered to him in a recently practiced voice. I needed to sound feminine.

"You are known to one known to me," I said, holding out one of the gems I had stolen. "He sent me with this."

"What is it you wish me to do with this?" he asked.

"I wish money." I told him.

He took the gem I offered and looked at it.

"It is not a bad gem, worth maybe eight hundred gold coins. I will offer you two hundred gold coins for it. Take it or leave it."

I knew how he worked. He never raised his price. He normally offered half of a gem's worth, less for a first time customer. I really wanted to tell him the gem was worth over one thousand gold coins and I would not settle for less than Five Hundred. I wanted to, but didn't.

"I have been told that you are an honest man; one who does not change his offered price. I do not ask you to do so. Still the gem is worth at least eleven hundred gold coins. I accept your offer, this time," I replied handing him the gem.

He handed me a bag of coins.

I did not count or even open the bag.

He never cheated on a price once offered.

"You are wise, woman. Mayhaps we will do business again in the future," he suggested letting me know that I would receive a larger share of the next gem I sold him.

"Mayhaps," I agreed, giving him what I considered a seductive smile.

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The city is big. Some say that as many as Seventy Five Thousand souls live within it's walls. I know not if that is true, but many do live herein. With coins in my purse, I needed a safe place to lie low and think.

I choose a nice inn in the merchant quarter. Here, the rooms were clean, the food good, and the price not too high. I paid five gold coins a day for a room and meals; and protection. The first thing I decided I needed to do was to replace my dress. For now I would continue to wear the guise of a woman of some worth.

With a guard from the inn to guide and protect me as I went to the dress shop. I bought three gowns, complete with the recommended *accessories*. I wasn't sure what all of the accessories were for, but did not ask. With these dresses, I could appear as a lady of some means.

The city guard would not bother me.

Back in my room, I tried on each of the gowns. Two had a bodice that was cut far too low for me to comfortably wear. I was disappointed that I had bought two such expensive gowns that I could not wear. I had spent over one hundred and fifty gold coins for the gowns. I had only enough coins remaining for just over one week's worth of lodging before I needed to sell another gem.

I had an idea. I would try to sell the gems to a gem merchant. Such a deal would grant me around nine gold coins for each ten coins. That was much better than the one for each two coins.

To succeed at this, I needed to establish myself as a lady of quality and means. I planned to do this within the eight days I had funds for. I didn't want to sell any more of my gems at this time.

Having made up my mind, I needed a Lady's Maid. She who I choose would help me much; be for show; and, above all she must not see me without clothes. I let the inn keeper know of my interest in finding a Lady's Maid.

He agreed to provide several possible candidates.

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I interviewed five possible Lady's Maids. Ruled one out just because she was far too pretty. I did not want a pretty wench on my mind while I was trying to be a Lady.

Of the other four, it came down to the inn keeper's youngest daughter (who was more a girl than a woman) and a very experienced Lady's Maid. I chose the inn keeper's daughter, a girl of 16, named Becca. She would serve me well with the inn keeper and would not find some of my actions too odd.

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Two days passed without much of note happening.

Kimberly Anne Marie, my assumed name, began to make acquaintances within the merchant guild of the City of Ratan. I made no attempt to approach any particular merchant. I claimed to be the daughter of a gem merchant; one hoping to become one herself. My knowledge of gems was good enough to convince any that this could be true.

The day had been long and difficult. I spent the entire afternoon at a tea, a long and boring tea. I then had to race to the inn and change for a dinner party. For the dinner I would wear one of my other two gowns, the one with the least offensive bodice.

Try as I would I just couldn't satisfy myself. From far too many views, my less than ample bosom was obvious.

"I almost wish that I had some other disguise," I thought to myself, trying one more time to adjust myself. *"Trying to hide my bosom, or lack of same, is not easy."*

Suddenly, the last attempt yielded a much more believable bosom.

"I may be able to make this work," I thought.

"Becca," I called out, my high voice sounding almost normal to me from practice. "Is the coach ready yet?" I had set her to watch for the coach.

"No, Milady," she replied, then she changed her answer, "Yes, Milady. It has just arrived, Milady."

"Please get me my wrap," I instructed her. I always said 'please', as I didn't wish to be known as a mistress that showed no compassion for the help.

"Yes, Milady." Becca answered. A moment later she brought my wrap, saying, "Here, Milady."

I was ready for another boring evening.

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I was right. The evening had been boring. Boring and long. Still it had not been without some gain. An older merchant, one who dealt in gems, expressed an interest in my collection. I was to meet with him on the morrow, at his shop.

Still I was very tired when I returned to my room. I had Becca help me remove my gown, I then retired wearing but my undergarments. My bosom was still obvious after the long evening. Sleep came easily, but was often disrupted as more than one rough group of men needed to be removed from the inn and then again from outside the inn.

Becca woke me in time for me to begin to prepare for the meeting with the merchant.

I dressed in my third gown. Without much effort I was able to produce an even more acceptable bosom than I had the night before.

"It is almost as good as Becca's." I thought.

Becca well showed the proof of her gender.

Two, not one guard served as a guide when I traveled to the merchant shop. I was carrying a large number of expensive gems. I would be a target for any cut purse in the city, if they knew.

A gang of six scruffy men attacked us, hoping to gain victory by way of surprise. My guards were quick enough that they were able to beat back the first attack. The alarm was sounded and before the six could gain the upper hand due to their numbers, the city guard could be heard rapidly approaching. Five of the six left before the guards could arrive. The sixth would not survive the hour.

I felt a thrill during the attack, a tightening and swelling in my bosom as if I were reacting to the defense of my honor. I knew that this could not be.

Two of the city guard assisted in seeing me safely to the establishment of the merchant whom I was to see. Having safely seen me to the establishment, the two city guards remained outside and in the area.

As I suspected, the gems were each worth over a thousand gold coins. I possessed a collection of gems worth slightly more than fifty thousand gold coins. This was a lot of money for someone like me.

The merchant offered to sell them for me, promising me top price. In return he wanted half of whatever he could get over fifty thousand gold coins.

That was a very worthwhile offer, I accepted.

He provided me a signed receipt, one that was witnessed by my guards, the two city guards, and his guard lieutenant. He also provided me a line of credit of twenty five thousand gold coins, one which I could draw upon with but a written request.

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I was rich! I had it made!

If I ran now I would be twenty five thousand gold coins richer. Far richer than I had ever been before. However, if I stayed a little longer and allowed him to sell the gems, I would have twice as much. With fifty thousand gold coins, I could do anything.

I decided to stay a little longer, remaining as Kimberly Anne Marie for maybe a week more.

What could go wrong?

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I felt the flat of the knife at my throat even before I heard the sound of movement.

“Don't scream, Milady, or I will not be responsible for what happens,” the voice in my ear ordered.

I froze in fear. To have come so far and to lose it all. It was something that I didn't wish to do.

“You are wise Milady,” the voice warned. “Now, if you will be so kind as to step into the coach, we will be gone.”

I did as he said, noticing my one guard lying on the ground. His eyes were closed. I did not know if he was alive or dead. I wondered how long I would be allowed to live.

“Probably only until they get my money,” I thought.

“Milady. You need not fear for your life. You are worth far more to us alive than dead,” the man promised once we were in the coach. “We have been looking for you for six months. The Duke gave instructions that you were to be returned, unharmed.”

“I am far from unharmed,” I replied, my voice almost squeaky with fright.

“You have suffered no more harm than a slight scaring.” he said with a sense of gentleness not common in ruffians. “We have only to verify you are who you are and then we will be off to the Duke.”

“Verify I am who I am?” I thought to myself. *“I hope that they do not discover my disguise.”*

I thought about making a wish to get out of this, deciding to wait until the last moment to make the wish.

“And how do **you** plan to accomplish this identification?” I asked in my most feminine voice.

“Someone else, not I, shall verify you are who your are.”

“Shall I have to wait long for this person?”

“I fear that it will be a few days before we will be able to verify your identify, Milady,” he responded, as if he was used to speaking as an equal to minor nobles. “During that time, we will see to your needs.”

True to his word. I found myself in a very nice room, being served by two Lady's Maids. Neither of them spoke to me of why I was being held, nor did they speak of the Duke.

My first evening I was expected to dress for dinner. I took one look at the bodice of the gown laid out for me to wear for dinner and felt fear.

“I will never be able to pretend to have bosom enough for that bodice. I will be found out for sure.” I nearly used a wish to escape. At the last moment, I decided to wait. After all, I might, just might be able to make do. *“I hope that I am not discovered as a male.”*

As if by a miracle, my breasts was easily visible and feminine in appearance when I was finally dressed. I was too relieved to wonder how my bosom had come to be so feminine.

I was saved, at least for a little longer.

At dinner, I was joined by he who seemed to be the leader of the ruffians who had kidnapped me. He stood as I entered the chamber.

“Milady, you look lovely in your gown, but then you were always good at selecting your clothes.”

“I am sure, that I have no idea what you mean,” I told him, my voice now naturally feminine sounding; from practice, no doubt. “I did not select this gown.”

“I was informed that you would lie about who you really are. The Duke has made arrangements for a Cleric to be brought to prove who you are. It is said that none can lie to Clerics. If you will allow me?” he asked, holding out a chair for me.

I allowed him to seat me. My thoughts were more on the Cleric. I had heard that certain Clerics possess the ability to detect lies and truth. No thief is unaware of this.

“What would he ask? Would he be satisfied with knowing that I was not the woman the Duke sought, or would he dig into my past and expose me. hope that the Cleric does not see me as anything but the woman, Kimberly Anne Marie, she who I am.” I feared that I was doomed no matter what.

“Does Milady fear the Cleric?” he asked with his damn handsome smile, as if he had proof that I was she who he sought.

“No, Milady does not fear the Cleric,” I replied. “It is the company for dinner that makes me ill.”

“A statement which I doubt is true.”

“What you doubt or believe is of no concern to me,” I told him. “You have made a mistake and you will soon know it.”

“I do feel out-of-sorts whenever he is around.” I thought.

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The next morning found me once more in the company of the leader of these ruffians.

“Good morning, Milady. I trust you slept well.”

“As well as could be expected,” I said. I had slept very well, but I was not about to tell this *man* that.

“I am glad to hear that you slept so well.” he countered with a smile.

I was beginning to hate that man.

He seemed so sure of himself and he was not going to let me, a mere woman, prove him wrong.

“I am to ensure you remain safe here. Other than that, is there anything you want?”

“I would like some answers. I am not she who you seek. Why do you think I am and who is the Duke?”

“You match the description of she whom I seek.”

He then closed his eyes as if to read something written on the back of his eyes.

“Fifteen hands tall. Hair the color of molten bronze. Eyes as green as emeralds. Skin as soft and smooth as silk, the color of milk and honey.”

He then opened his eyes and asked, “Does that describe you?”

It did. I had viewed myself often in the looking glass in my room.

“There must be many woman who meet that description.” I said. “Why select me?”

“You are the first I had found.”

“But I am not she who you seek.” I protested, sounding even more feminine as I did so.

“I almost believe you, but then the Duke said you would lie as to your identity.”

“Who is this Duke to whom you are referring?”

“He is my liege lord and you are his wife, mother of his child.”

I nearly choked on my meal when he said that.

“I am neither a mother nor a wife; his or anyone else's.”

“If that be true, a midwife could prove that. I shall send for one now.” he warned as he spun to leave.

“What have you gotten yourself into now?” I wondered.

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The midwife was not on my mind when a few hours later, I prepared for my bath. At that time I discovered why it was that my bodice looked so real. Protruding from my chest were two obvious mounds of flesh, leaving little doubt as to the feminine nature of my (upper) body.

“What has happened to me?” I all but cried out. *“I am becoming a woman. Why? Oh why?”*

The presence of that with which I had been born, still between my legs did little to ease my sense of impending loss.

“I need to develop my last wish and get out of here,” I thought. *“I hope I can get out of here before anyone detects that I am a man.”*

“For what should I wish?” I asked myself. *“I need to be able to get back to get the money the merchant is holding for me. Then I will be able to live comfortably for the rest of my long life.”*

I heard the arrival of someone announced. I feared it would be the Cleric or worse yet the midwife.

I quickly formed the wish in my mind.

“I wish that I can get out of here and get back to the city where I can get the merchant to pay....”

A knock on the door interrupted me.

“Milady Kimberly Anne Marie?” an unknown voice asked.

“I am she, and I shall be right out.” I replied before finishing my wish.

“To pay to me the money he that he owes me and then that I live a long, happy, and healthy life.”

In the hall outside my room was a page.

“Milady. Follow me please.”

I was lead to where a Cleric wearing the colors of ‘She-Who-Gives-Mercy’ waited.

“My child.” She asked, “You know why I am here?”

I knew.

This one person was one who could detect lies and also verify my claim of not being anyone's mother.

“Yes.” I replied, feeling a shiver run through my body.

The Cleric laid a hand on me. I felt her thoughts invade my mind.

I tried to think only *“I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am”*

“I sense in her thoughts that she is a very confused woman,” she said. “But, I sense that she has not mothered a child, she has never known a man.”

“Forgive, me Milady,” the leader of the ruffians said.

I smelled an odd smell, one I could not place.

The room spun.

“I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am”

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“Milady. Please wake up Milady.”

“I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am ...”

Slowly I became aware of others in the room.

“Where am I?” I tried to ask. “What happened?”

“You have been kidnapped, Milady.”

I recognized she who spoke.

“I know you,” I said. “You are Becca, my Lady's Maid.”

“Yes, Milady. You are right. Do you know who you are?”

“*I am Kimberly Anne Marie. I am Kimberly Anne Marie.*”

“I am Kimberly Anne Marie,” I finally replied.

“Do you remember anything about who kidnapped you?” I was asked.

An image appeared in my mind. I described the man I saw.

One of the guards announced, “I know him. He is a thief. He is wanted for stealing an item of worth. Is he who kidnapped you?”

I wasn't sure.

“He must have been. Put out the order that he is to be arrested on sight. Torture is too good for him.”

“We were in time,” another voice, a Cleric observed. “She is all right. The man did not, *damage* her.

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Two months since that day have passed.

I now remember, with a fading memory, who I was. I say was because I am he no more. Both any trace of my maleness and the magic ring are gone. Still it is not so bad. I gained over fifty- five thousand from the sale of the gems. I used the money to buy a small estate. I live here alone with my servants.

Becca is still my Lady's Maid. She is assisted by two others. I have a staff of twenty, all told.

I have found certain advantages to being a woman of substance. No one suspects me of possessing the skill of a thief. My smaller size lost more weight than strength.

Once or twice a year I venture out in the dark of the night. This is sufficient to support me in the manner to which I have become accustom.

The rest of the time I am neither bored nor alone. I have several suitors. Some of the people responsible for guarding that which I covert.

Yes, I will live a long, happy, and healthy life of a **Lady Thief**.

WISHES DO COME TRUE

By Gerri Becken

I was a founding member of the Bug Your Older Sister Society. I was the middle of three children. Karen was my older sister and Kevin was my younger brother. We kids were spaced about two and a half years apart. I had just turned sixteen and was well on my way to manhood.

Since Dad died, I was the man of the house. This also meant that I needed to keep Karen in line.

After all, she was a *girl*.

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“Sis, do you got a date with *James*, tonight?” I asked my older sister.

“What is it to you, runt?” she countered, reminding me that I was still shorter than she was, but only about an inch now.

“Just wanted to know if you were going to let him French kiss you, again?” I taunted.

“How did you find out about that?” she demanded.

I ignored her question. “Do you really think he is that good a kisser?”

“You have been reading my diary. I’ll kill you Runt,” she threatened diving at me.

I dodged quickly out of the way and quickly left her behind. Older sisters can be so dumb.

“Where is it, Runt?”

“Where is what?” I countered, all sweet and innocent.

“You know what! Where is my diary?”

“You lost your diary, Karen, again?” I said, my voice dripping with false concern. “Not very bright. What if Mom found out about what you and *James* did last weekend?” I didn’t know what they had done, but Sis was so paranoid that she would believe I knew.

“You have been reading my diary. I’ll kill you Runt.”

I dodged quickly out of the way and quickly left her behind.

Older sisters can be so dumb.

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“Sis. The phone is for you. It is *Bobby*.” I announced.

“Hi *Bobby*,” she answered, picking up the phone.

“Who is *Bobby*?” asked James, who was on the phone. “Have you been seeing someone else? Maybe you would like it better if you went to the dance with *Bobby*?” He said hanging up.

“Oh *Bobby*!” I mimicked Sis as she hung up the phone. “I am so *glad you* called.”

“You have been listening on the phone. I’ll kill you Runt!” she yelled diving at me.

I dodged quickly out of the way and left her behind.

Older sisters can be so dumb.

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“You have been reading my diary. I’ll kill you Runt,” Sis swore.

“Thunder Thighs,” I taunted back to her.

“Give me back my diary or else.”

“Or else, what? You can’t prove I ever saw your diary. Besides, you don’t want Mom to know what you wrote, do you?”

“I hate you,” Sis said on the verge of tears.

“I am hurt,” I teased, mocking her.

She grabbed and tossed a book at me.

“You throw like a *girl*.”

“I am a girl, Runt,” she shouted, missing me with a second book.

“I am glad I am not.”

“I wish you were a girl,” she said throwing a pillow at me.

I dodged the pillow and Sis.

“If I were you, I’d wish for smaller thighs, Thunder Thighs.”

“I wish you were a girl,” she repeated in exasperation grabbing whatever was handy, this time a dog toy.

Once again I dodged her throw.

“You might, also, wish to be able to throw,” I countered, laughing at her.

“If God is on my side; she’ll grant me this wish. I wish you were a girl,” Sis fervently swore, throwing an old ring of Grandmother’s at me.

I couldn’t dodge it, so I caught it instead.

I was suddenly blinded by a bright light. I felt surrounded by the bright light.

I felt different. I felt as if my body was being molded. I felt my waist being squeezed; my body flowing like slow syrup. It wasn’t painful, just tight. I felt my chest being con-

structed; except for my breasts which seemed to be expanding. They seemed to gain weight, as if my insides were being forced out through some hole in my chest.

I felt my clothes move as if alive. I felt my undershirt shrink up on my body, felt it grow tighter around my chest. I felt the weight on my chest increase. I felt my jockey shorts grow tighter, squeezing my penis tightly against my body. I felt my shirt grow smaller, tight yet comfortable, almost silky smooth.

I felt first one then, the other of my balls slip inside me. I didn't know that they could do that, but they did. I felt my penis being drawn into my body. I felt as if my entire insides were moving, rearranging themselves, as if they were following some unknown plan.

I felt something crawling down the back of my neck as my hair continued to cascade past my shoulder blades.

I felt like my legs were being stretched while my upper body was being compressed.

I felt my entire body being molded and shaped as if I were a doll of clay being shaped by a giant; an invisible giant.

As suddenly as it had come the bright light left. I did not suffer the effects of a bright light in ones eyes, my eyes needed no time to adjust to the sudden absence of the bright light.

Sis was staring at me.

I somehow knew that I had been surrounded by a ball of light. I wasn't sure how long I had been that way. It felt like hours but I doubted if it had lasted more than a minute.

I couldn't tell what Sis was thinking from the look on her face.

“What happened?” I asked.

Sis did not say anything. She tried to, but could not.

I turned slightly and looked into a mirror. At first I didn't recognize the reflection. I then recognized who it was.

“I AM A GIRL!!!”

The room spun around me and all went black.

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I opened my eyes. I was looking up at the ceiling.

Sis was kneeling next to me. She had tears in her eyes. “Forgive me,” she cried.

“*Why does she want me to forgive her?*” I asked myself.

I then remembered.

“*I am a girl!*”

My hand went to my right breast, for indeed I had breasts. Real live female breasts.

“My life is ruined!” I exclaimed in panic, tears coming to my eyes. “I am a girl.”

“What happened?” Mom asked, entering the room. She heard the noise. “Who? What?” she stammered in shock, noticing me dressed and looking like a girl.

“I am a girl,” I wailed between sobs.

“I didn't mean to, honest Mom. I didn't mean it,” Sis swore.

“What happened?” Mom asked once more as my younger brother, Kevin, entered the room to stare at me with a mixture of surprise, and fear over the possibility that what had happened to me might happen to him too...

All four of us were sitting around the kitchen table. Some time had passed so each of us had time to settle down.

Mom seemed calm.

My eyes were still red from the tears. Sis was still quietly sobbing.

“*Just like a girl.*” I thought.

“She did it.” I protested pointing toward Karen. “She started it and then did this.”

“I did not!”

“Did too.”

“Did not.”

“Quiet!” Mom said, her tone saying she meant to take nothing from off us. “Both of you.”

We both stopped talking.

“I want the facts. What happened? You first, Karen.”

“Runt has been reading my diary, and...” Karen started to say.

“I don't care why it happened. I just want to know what happened.”

“She wished I was a girl and I became one,” I explained. “And she hit me with this, Grandma's old ring.”

“Where is the ring, now?” Mom asked.

“I don't know.” The ring was somehow lost in the confusion.

“Your sister wished you into being a girl?” Mom stated in disbelief.

“He had it coming.”

“I don't care about that. What do you remember happening, young lady?” Mom asked Sis.

“He got me mad. I started throwing things at him. I couldn't hit him and he kept teasing me. I guess I sort of wished he were a girl so he could understand what it is like to have a **runt** for a younger brother. I hit him with Grandma's old ring and suddenly he was surrounded by bright lights. When they left, he was a girl.”

“And you, young man?” she asked me.

“I might have teased her, just a little, but she had it coming. Anyway she kept throwing things at me and missing. I caught Grandma's old ring when Karen threw it

and I was surrounded by a bright light. I felt all sorts of funny things happening to my body and clothes. Then the light was gone and I found myself a *girl*.”

“Being a girl is not *that* bad,” Mom observed.

“You don't think so because you don't know any better,” I countered without thinking.

“Well, young lady,” Mom suggested to me, “You are about to be able to make an informed comparison.”

“Since school is almost over for the summer, I think I will take you out of school until next year,” Mom continued.

“That is not fair. She gets out of school a week early,” Kevin complained. He was happy that I was now a girl as he was now the man of the house.

As far as I was concerned being the man of the house was more work than it was worth. Still, I would gladly do it, if I could become a guy, again.

“When you become a girl, you can get out of school early, too,” I promised him. I needed to keep him in his place.

“How do we know if she is all girl?” Kevin asked. “I think she is faking it.”

“She is not `faking it',” Mom countered. “But I am not sure if she is all female.”

“What else is there to check?” I asked Mom. “You checked everywhere.”

“No, not everywhere.”

“Where else is there?”

Karen smiled at my question, “Can I tell her?”

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“*I had to ask.*” I thought to myself as I lay on the examining table.

The doctor was examining me. It felt like he had his entire arm up inside me.

“*If sex is anything like this, I am surprised that the race survived.*” I mused, remembering `the birds and the bees' speech that Mom had given me just last year.

“Amazing,” the doctor commented. “Simply amazing. And this change happened how fast?”

“From what Karen said, within a minute or two, doctor,” Mom said.

“I can find no hint that she is not and has not always been female.”

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“I can't wear that swimming!” I protested, responding to Sis's suggestion that I wear one of her swimsuits.

“Why not little sister?”

“Because my breasts poke out too much.”