

Changing Partners



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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CHANGING PARTNERS

By Olivia Evans

Tim Hopkins put his first cup of coffee of the morning down and read the advertisement in the tabloid again. He could scarcely believe his eyes. How could they allow such drivel to be printed? And on page two no less!

As was his custom when he found articles that interested or amused him, he circled the ad with a large felt-tipped pen. He unconsciously mashed the point down, making a darker line than he intended.

“Surrogate Sex, Inc. Guaranteed to put a new thrill in your sex life!” He laughed as he read the advertisement out loud to himself. “I’ll bet it would!”

He stopped to consider the possibilities.

He wondered what Sally would think if he ‘accidentally’ left the tabloid where she could see the ad, rather than throwing it away as he usually did.

“Maybe she would get the hint that our sex life needs some improvement.” He laughed again at his little joke. As far as he was concerned, he only had one complaint and that wasn’t really a complaint, more like a feeling of inadequacy on his part. He wished he knew how he could give his wife more pleasure.

He thought about it a few seconds more, took a sip of his coffee, then turned the page and resumed his reading. Tim had completely forgotten the ad by the time he had finished with the sensation-filled “news-paper” and his light breakfast.

He glanced at the clock and smiled. 6:05 A.M. He was right on schedule.

Tim removed his dishes from the tall counter he had been sitting at and took them to the sink, where Sally would wash them along with her own breakfast dishes later. Since he was also finished with the tabloid, he carelessly tossed it toward the trash can on his way out the door to the garage.

He was out the door before he could notice that he had missed and the paper had fallen to the floor. He never realized that he hadn't hit the trash can in over a year.

All in all, it was a morning just like any other morning.

While Tim would never admit that he was a tabloid “junkie” to even his closest friends, his wife Sally was well aware of the fact. So she was neither surprised nor annoyed as she saw the tabloid laying on the floor an hour later when, still wearing her nightgown and robe, she walked into the kitchen.

Sally turned the coffee pot back on to reheat the half pot of coffee Tim had left for her. While she waited for the coffee to get hot enough to drink, she washed the dirty dishes he had placed in the sink.

Like Tim, Sally had developed a morning routine that was almost automatic.

She would turn on the coffee pot, wash her husband's dirty breakfast dishes, drop two slices of bread into the toaster, pick the tabloid off of the floor near the trash can, and finally sit down. She would drink her warmed-up coffee and eat her breakfast of dry toast while she read the discarded tabloid herself.

Also like Tim, Sally secretly enjoyed reading the usually amusing and rather unbelievable “true” articles and ads.

Unlike Tim however, she had no job to leave the house for when she finished her breakfast.

Or more precisely, she was already at her job, which was running the household. It wasn't that she

didn't want to work outside of their home, it was just that Tim was a little old-fashioned when it came to what he believed a woman's role as a wife should be.

For a while after they had married, there had been several discussions, arguments really, about her giving up her own fledgling, but promising business selling what Sally called her "almost antique" collectables.

Her "store," little more than a small rented open space in a bankrupt supermarket containing similar rented "stores," had been just beginning to show a respectable profit when she had met Tim.

It had been one of those fabled storybook "love at first sight" chance meetings. He had been looking for an old-fashioned wooden jack plane to add to his collection of antique hand tools and had found a wife.

Two months after that meeting they were married and the arguments about her "store" and role as a wife began.

It wasn't as though they needed the extra money, Tim had argued that he made more than enough to make their spacious bungalow a comfortable home. It was just that a woman's place was in the home, running the household and not a business.

It was an old cliché, but that was what Tim believed in and wanted so because she loved him so much, Sally finally deferred to her new husband's wishes and closed up her store.

Trying her best to be a good wife, she had stayed in the kitchen and, at least during the hot summer months, usually had been barefoot as well.

But after three years of unsuccessfully trying almost nightly to get Sally pregnant, Tim had reluctantly admitted that was not to be. A disappointed Tim had made the assumption, incorrectly as it turned out, that he was at fault.

What Tim didn't know was that while Sally for the most part didn't mind being a housewife, she had no desire to be a mother, at least not quite yet. Sally had taken steps to make sure she would remain childless until SHE decided the time was right.

Both she and her husband were too young, she had reasoned, to be tied down with a bunch of kids. It wasn't that she didn't want any some day, it was just

that at only twenty-six years old she still had plenty of child bearing years ahead.

Suspecting her husband's wishes long before they had even begun to talk marriage, she had secretly started taking birth control pills the day after their second date.

By the time they had sampled each other's charms in bed for the first time six weeks after they met, she was as safe as she would ever be and knew she had made the right decision.

She still felt that way three years later when she picked Tim's discarded tabloid up off of the floor of the kitchen and began reading it.

Sally picked up a slice of her dry toast and sighed. She hated toast, especially when she couldn't use any butter or the gobs of jelly that she usually smeared on it. She hated it but eating the dry toast was the price she had to pay for the times she HAD used the jelly.

As much as she hated dry toast, it was a small price to regain her shape that she had neglected until a year ago, when she realized that she was not only bored with her life as a housewife, but was getting rather plump as well.

A strict diet and daily exercise in the local gym had helped one condition, but not the other. More than anything else, she wanted desperately to get out of the house and go back to work.

Sally opened the paper and saw the ad her husband had circled. She always read the things he had circled first, having learned long ago that it was a good indication of what was going through his mind.

This morning it appeared that the only thing in the tabloid he had been interested enough in to circle, was the Surrogate Sex, Inc. advertisement.

She frowned when she read the line "Guaranteed to put a new thrill in your sex life!", incorrectly making the assumption that Tim had circled the ad because of what had occurred in the bedroom the night before. After all, it wasn't as if she faked an orgasm ALL the time.

At first she was mildly annoyed, deep inside she knew that their sex life had slipped a little, mainly be-

cause of her boredom with being a housewife and her self-consciousness about her weight gain.

But until this very instant she hadn't realized that Tim had even noticed or had become this unhappy about it.

She thumbed through the rest of the paper, the dark print not registering in her mind as she thought about the implications of what she thought Tim was trying to tell her.

Sally was still thinking about it as she took her shower and dressed. While she was still pleased that she had regained her trim and shapely size 7 figure, it didn't give her quite the thrill it had the day before.

Nor did the new pink spandex tights and black nylon and Lycra thong back leotard she had bought to wear in her exercise classes just to show off her newly regained slim hips and shapely rear.

So he thinks that it's my fault our sex life is getting a little dull, does he? she thought angrily to herself, completely forgetting that she was the one who felt that way. She zipped up her form-fitting jeans, and briefly admired the fit in the mirror.

If it's getting that way, it was all his fault she was the one who ended up being frustrated most of the time, not him. With Tim, it was "wham bam, thank you, ma'am." Then he would roll over and go to sleep, leaving her high and dry, figuratively speaking, most of the time.

"Men! Why is it that they all think that they're God's gift to women? Most of them wouldn't recognize real love unless it came up and grabbed them by the balls!" Sally said to Cynthia Wilkenson, a twenty-five year-old attractive redhead who lived next door to the Hopkins. She was more than just a neighbor, she was a good friend of Sally's and was her partner in her thrice weekly exercise class.

Both women had been late to their class and had the locker room to themselves so they could talk freely.

"I know just what you mean, Sally." Cynthia sighed, pulling off her jeans and exposing her bright, electric blue tights and the bottom of her black thong-style leotard. "My boyfriend is always taking me for granted. With him it's come home, grab a bite

to eat, then he drags me off to bed for another of his so-called lovemaking sessions. I get so frustrated sometime, I could just spit.”

“You too?” Sally asked, sighing as she pulled her sweatshirt over her head. She tied a ribbon around her long hair, making a ponytail before she spoke again. “I guess that is just the nature of the beast. I don’t think that we could change what men are even if we wanted to.”

“No, I suppose not,” Cynthia reluctantly agreed. “But wouldn’t be fun to trade places with them for, say, a week and give them a dose of their own medicine?”

Sally giggled. “If by some magical means I ever did trade places with Tim, your boy friend had better look out.”

Cynthia looked startled and glanced at her friend. “Why should Steve have to look out?”

“Because, Cynthia darling, if I were a man, I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off that sexy-looking body of yours,” Sally said.

“Uh... Thanks for the compliment, I think,” Cynthia said slowly, studying her friend’s expression. Making up her mind that she was just being teased by a good friend and Sally hadn’t been making a pass at her, she laughed and returned the compliment.

Both women giggled for a few minutes, then walked to the exercise room to attend the next class.

“Honey, have you seen my black tie?” Tim called to Sally in the bathroom as he buttoned up his dress shirt.

Sally paused, her lipstick tube inches from her mouth, thinking. “I think it’s in the second drawer of your dresser, Dear.”

“Thanks.” Tim dug the black bow tie out of the drawer and began to tie it. “You about done? We’ve only got half an hour to get to the party and it’s clear across town.”

“All I’ve got to do is put my dress and shoes on,” Sally said as she walked out of the bathroom.

Tim glanced up at his wife and sighed. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Dressed as she was now in a pair of off-black, thigh highs, white

satin string bikini panties that were little more than a g string and a black strapless, bra, she was the sexiest he had ever seen too.

“Have I told you that you’re gorgeous?” Tim said sincerely.

“Not since yesterday.” She smiled, slipping her form-fitting, black, strapless, cocktail dress over her head. “Zip me up, will you, Honey?”

Tim stepped behind his wife and pulled the long zipper up the back. He held her shoulders, bent over and kissed her bare shoulders and neck. “How is it that you always smell so good?”

She could feel him becoming aroused through the back of her dress as he pressed his body against her. Sally smiled to herself, knowing what he was smelling was just her normal feminine scent; she hadn’t put any perfume on yet.

So far the evening was going just as she had hoped it would.

Being invited to Tim’s boss’s formal cocktail party had given her the chance she was looking for to show off her regained figure and Tim was beginning to show signs of being more romantic than he had in months. All in all it looked as though it would turn out to be a perfect evening.

Tim turned her around, pulled her tightly to him and kissed her on her lips. Sally tried to gently push him away.

“Don’t, Honey, you’ll mess up my lipstick,” she tried to protest as he crushed his lips against hers again. She could feel a familiar warmth beginning to run through her body.

With his lips still locked against hers, Tim reached around and unzipped her dress and unhooked her bra. She barely had time to catch her breath before she could feel his hands on her breast, gently massaging the perfectly formed orbs. Her nipples sprang erect and she could feel herself beginning to flow.

“Tim, please stop. You getting yourself all worked up and...” Her protests were smothered by another of his kisses. “...we’ll be late for the party,” she finished weakly, knowing as her dress and bra fell to her ankles, that it was already too late.

Sally had been wrong; they hadn't been late but not too late, only about fifteen minutes. But that was only because of a superhuman effort on her part after Tim had ejected his load into her. Sally had taken another shower, had dressed and repaired her makeup in less than ten minutes.

She hadn't even stopped to allow Tim's sperm to drain out of her as she usually did, relying on a panty liner to contain the warm sticky fluid until she had time to clean herself properly after the party.

The emotion she felt as she walked through the door of the Donald Bennet residence was one of both sexual frustration and suppressed anger over the way Tim seemed to feel that he could use her anytime he wanted.

"Sally, my dear. It's so nice that you could join us," Mrs. Bennet greeted her guest, smiling warmly.

"I'm sorry we're late, Mrs. Bennet," Tim apologized as they entered the house. "We ran into a little problem at home, and it took longer than we expected."

"Don't worry about it, most of the others haven't arrived yet either." Mrs. Bennet smiled again. "And please call me Roxanne. That's my name, you know."

Sally took an instant liking to the older woman, feeling as if she had known Roxanne for years. Sally could tell that it was mutual as Roxanne took her arm and guided her into the large living room. Tim trailed behind the two women, looking at the other party goers.

Seated around the room were a half-dozen couples, most of whom Sally knew from other parties given by the executive staff of the Bennet Company. Tim, as usual, joined the group of males, completely ignoring her and the other women.

Sally found the buffet table and after filling a small plate, looked for a place to sit. Her search ended when she saw Roxanne sitting by herself and motioning to her. Sighing inwardly, Sally walked over and sat down beside her hostess.

"Disgusting isn't it?" Roxanne said opening the conversation.

"What is?" Sally asked, startled. She glanced at the plate balanced precariously on her nylon-clad knees,

thinking that Roxanne was referring to something she had selected.

“The men. Look at them, they should be paying more attention to their wives. Instead, they’re over in a corner talking business, while their wives are in another corner talking about ‘women’s things’.” Roxanne explained. “How boring it all is.”

“Well, that’s what men do best, I suppose, talk business,” Sally said, regretting again that she had given up her own small business. “I’d like to do that once in a while myself.”

Roxanne looked thoughtfully at the attractive woman sitting at her. Reaching over she took Sally’s hand in her own and squeezed it gently. “Why don’t you tell your old Auntie Roxanne what’s really bothering you.”

Fighting back tears, Sally told Roxanne her life’s story, starting from the time she had first met Tim right through the discovery of the “Surrogate Sex, Inc.” ad and what had occurred just before the party.

“I see,” Roxanne said sympathetically. “I understand just what you’re going through. My husband’s behavior was exactly like Tim’s, before I ‘tamed’ him. Now, except for nights like tonight when he has to show his macho side, he pays more attention to me and treats me as an equal.”

“Tamed him?” Sally asked suddenly interested. “What do you mean by that?”

“It’s quite simple really. I just put him in touch with the feminine side of his personality.” Roxanne explained.

“His feminine side? What on earth do you mean by that?” Sally, suddenly intrigued, asked.

“You’ve probably read or heard that the adult human personality contain a little bit of the opposite sex. Both men and women have some traits that would appear to be more at home in the other sex, right?”

Sally nodded. She was aware of the theory, having read all about it in one of the tabloids. “So?”

“So, I arranged it so that Donald became totally in touch with his feminine side for a while.” Roxanne laughed softly as though she was about to share a secret joke. “After a couple of weeks of ‘being in touch,’

he was a changed person, literally. Since then he's treated me so much better. Even our sex life has improved."

"How did you manage to do that? And how would that help Tim accept me as a person, rather than..." Sally struggled to find the right word. "...his possession?"

Roxanne patted Sally's arm affectionately. "It's really simple, my dear. You trade bodies with him until he can truly appreciate what he's been putting you through."

"That's crazy, no one could do that," Sally snorted, thinking that the older woman was pulling her leg.

"The people at Surrogate Sex can and will, if you ask them. It's one of their special services that they don't normally advertise, but they do make available for their special customers."

"But..." Sally started to protest.

"But nothing. Listen Honey, if you want to continue on like you are, being miserable, then just forget what we've talked about." Roxanne smiled. "If not, I'll give them a call for you if you like."

"I don't know if I should do anything that drastic, even if it could be done," Sally said doubtfully. Both women fell silent as Tim joined them.

"Hi, Honey," Tim said. "Would you get me another drink, while I talk about some important business with Don?"

"Uh, sure, no problem," Sally said to Tim's back as he wandered off to join his boss. She turned to Roxanne, the anger showing hotly in her eyes. "Roxanne, would you mind making that call?"

Roxanne chuckled sympathetically. "First thing in the morning, dear, first thing in the morning."

"What did you think of the party?" Tim asked as the couple drove home.

"Informative," Sally replied. "I had a lot of fun, thanks for taking me."

"My pleasure. It isn't often I get to show off my wife to the guys in the office." Tim said.

Sally glanced out of the corner of her eye at Tim. He had said exactly the wrong thing at the wrong time.

Tim was unaware of it, but his comment about “showing off” Sally had been the final straw. Until this very instant, she had been hesitant about following through with teaching him a lesson that a woman, especially the one he was married to, was not a mere “thing” to be shown off and bragged about. Or for that matter be kept hidden away in the house when he wasn’t “showing her off.”

“Show me off? What am I, a slab of meat? A new toy or some other possession that has to be seen to be believed?” Sally snapped.

Tim was speechless for a second, surprised by his wife’s obvious anger.

He tried to apologize.

“Gee Honey, I’m sorry. I didn’t know you felt that way.” Tim said sincerely.

“You should be!” Sally snapped again, her voice one level above pure poison. “You men are all alike, aren’t you? Always taking women for granted. I’ll bet your father treated your own mother like you do me! It’s degrading to me and I’ll bet it was degrading to her also!”

Sally couldn’t see Tim’s blush as his mouth dropped open and then snapped shut. Sally had been right, he HAD been treating her just like his father had treated his mother, and stepmother for that matter.

Correctly interpreting Tim’s silence as mute confirmation of the truth, Sally folded her arms over her breasts and stared straight ahead through the windshield of the car.

A smug little smile grew on her face as Tim tried to justify his actions.

“But Honey, it’s not as if I was consciously trying to degrade you, it’s just that...”

“It’s just that you don’t know any different, do you?” Sally said, cooling down slightly. She didn’t want to overplay her hand just yet. “It’s not your fault that you could never truly understand what it’s like being on the receiving end all the time. You’re just a man, doing ‘man things’.”

Tim looked totally embarrassed, much to her satisfaction

“No, I guess...” Tim swallowed his pride and nodded slowly, not quite sure how he could respond to the obvious statement.

“The only way you could ever hope to know what a hell it can be most of the time would be if you and I were somehow able to trade places,” she said evenly.

She turned to face him, to watch his expression in the light of the oncoming cars.

“Of course, since that could never happen, you’re pretty safe in your oh- so-superior ‘man’s’ world.”

“Superior man’s world?” Tim asked, wondering if his wife had suddenly become a feminist.

“And even if it could be done, changing places that is, you wouldn’t do it, because you’d never lower yourself or give up your precious ‘penis status’ to be a mere female in this damned male-dominated world.”

“That sounded like a challenge,” Tim said, his pride hurt but still relieved that it would be a challenge that would never be taken up on.

“No, Dear, just the truth. You couldn’t handle being a woman, not even for an instant,” Sally said, crossing her arms over her breasts, satisfied that she had won the argument, at least for the night. “Just forget I ever said anything.”

For the first time in months, they went to bed without making love.

Sally looked nervously at the sign on the door, not sure she should walk right in as the sign commanded, or turn and run back to the safety of her secure but dull home life.

She had talked to Roxanne on the phone shortly after Tim had gone to work. True to her word, Roxanne had called Surrogate sex, Inc., not only letting them know that Sally might be interested in their services, but taking the liberty of making an appointment for her.

Taking a deep breath, Sally walked through the door and stood silently, looking curiously around the room. It looked more like a Victorian sitting room than the modern office she expected.

She glanced at the only other door and saw what appeared to be an old-fashioned doorbell button. She hesitantly pressed against the ivory button. The door was obviously solid; she barely heard a buzzer sound

behind the dark wood. A few seconds later the door opened and Sally was greeted by a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man in an expensive looking gray suit.

“Mrs. Hopkins?” he asked before she could speak. Sally nodded. “Right on time. I like punctuality, it denotes strength of character. Please come in.”

Sally followed the man into a small office. He motioned for her to sit in a chair that was as comfortable as it looked. The man sat down in an identical chair and smiled.

“My name is John Ender, the owner of Surrogate sex, Inc.”

“And my name, as you already know, is Sally Hopkins. And I... I’m not sure what I’m doing here.” Sally confessed.

Mr. Ender smiled. “You’re here because, like Mrs. Bennet who referred you to me, you’re tired of being treated like a second class citizen by your husband. Right?”

Sally nodded, surprised that Roxanne would tell Ender some of the details of their conversation. In spite of what she could have considered an invasion of her privacy, she had felt instantly comfortable with the man with slightly graying temples.

“And, you’re here to start the process that will allow you to give him a taste of his own medicine, right?”

Sally nodded again. “Roxanne told me something about Tim being in touch with the feminine side of his personality.”

Mr. Ender nodded, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Did she tell you how it was done?”

“No, not really. She said something about trading bodies or some weird thing like that, but since that’s impossible, I know that...”

Mr. Ender raised his hand stopping her. “That’s exactly how its done.”

“But...”

“I need to explain, obviously.” Mr. Ender leaned back in his chair and smiled. “Tell me Mrs. Hopkins, have you ever heard of the book ‘Turnabout?’” Seeing the blank look on Sally’s face, Ender offered more in-

formation. “It was written in the early 1930’s by a man named Thorne Smith.”

Sally shook her head, the book had been written over forty years before she had been born. She had never heard of Thorne Smith or his book.

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll let you have a copy to take home to read. But basically, the book is about a young couple who are constantly bickering with each other. Their constant bickering gets on the nerves of an Egyptian statute by the name of Mr. Ram, which Smith uses as the means to perform the actual trade of their bodies. The rest of the story is about what happened afterward. Quite an amusing little story, really kind of tame compared to similar stories you can find today.”

“And you use an Egyptian statue also?” Sally asked dryly, wondering why she should be wasting her time.

Ender tossed his head backward and laughed loudly. “Good heavens, no. Smith’s story was fiction and as fiction, especially since it was written in the relatively scientifically primitive 1930’s, he had to rely on ‘magic’ to work. No, while my process works in much the same way Smith’s did, I rely on more efficient, modern scientific methods.”

“But how?” Sally asked, still not convinced.

“Sally, I know that you’re an intelligent woman but I’m afraid that you would need doctorates in at least three separate science disciplines to even begin to understand how it works. What it does, however, is easy enough for anyone to understand. You select whomever you want to trade bodies with, push the button and you become them, and they become you.”

“Just like that?” Sally asked doubtfully.

Ender snapped his fingers. “Just like that. Or if you prefer, the actual change can take days or weeks. It all depends on the settings.”

“I see,” Sally said, still unconvinced that such a thing was possible.

“You’re skeptical,” Ender smiled. “Understandable, most of my customers are at first. Right about now I usually ask if you would like a demonstration.”

Sally decided to call the man’s bluff. “Alright. I’m not from Missouri, but show me anyway.”



Mr. Ender reached over to a small table and picked up something that looked a little like a remote control for a television set. He carefully pushed a few buttons and held it toward Sally. "Hold on to your end and push the large button on the bottom," he suggested, still holding on to the other end of the "remote control."

Sally shrugged her shoulders, gently gripped the device and pushed the button. There was an instant of disorientation and she suddenly found herself looking at herself!

She just had enough time to register the fact that she was no longer in her body but residing in a man's, then she was back in her own body.

"Satisfied that it works?" Ender smiled. "By the way, I couldn't help noticing that you could use the restroom. It's through the door over there. We can finish our conversation when you return."

Sally blushed and went into the restroom. She didn't have the slightest doubt as to how Ender had known she had needed to go to the bathroom. He had known it, just as she had known that he had been wearing contact lenses. There had been no smoke or mirrors; she had actually been inside of his body, and he in hers.

Ender was still sitting in the chair when Sally came out of the restroom, much refreshed.

"Show me how it works," Sally said. Ender beamed, knowing he had another customer.

"Certainly, Mrs. Hopkins. Would you like the quick exchange like the one we just went through or the long cycle."

Sally thought for a minute, reflecting on how Tim had been treating her over the years. "I'd like to see both just to know. I think that I would like to use the short cycle setting when I exchange with Tim but I'd like to see the long cycle also."

Ender's beaming grew brighter. "Of course. I've been told that it's more fun using the long cycle. Most women like a 5-day cycle for the change. They say it's particularly satisfying if they start their period and their husband finishes it for them. I've been told that the look on the husband's face is priceless when they

realize that they are growing breasts and losing their, uh... manhood.”

A gleam came into Sally’s eyes. “No, I think that I’d like the short one. Besides, my period isn’t due for another two weeks. I don’t want to wait that long.”

“Of course. Now you will notice that the device looks like a remote control for a TV...” He pointed the device at a television set and pushed some buttons. The TV snapped on. “It will even function as one, but when you push this button and this one...”

When Mr. Ender was satisfied that Sally understood the instructions for the exchanger, he gave her a new remote control to take home with her.

Tucked under her arm in her purse was a copy of the book “Turnabout” Mr. Ender had promised.

She spent the rest of the afternoon, curled up in a chair reading the book. Ender had been right, compared with what was being published in popular fiction today, it was tame. “Shared their bed” indeed! Even one of her women’s magazines had more detail than that!

But tame as it was, it was an amusing story and had some excellent ideas and suggestions.

She reread a very brief part of the story again. “Shared their bed,” she mused. Well, that was one thing that she definitely wanted to do, at least once. She had always wondered how making love to her felt to Tim. It must be good, he certainly seemed to enjoy it enough.

Sally had about two hours before Tim came home from work, just enough time to set the stage, and rearrange the bedroom.

“Hi, Honey,” Tim said giving his wife a kiss on the cheek. “What did you do today?”

Sally had been prepared for Tim’s question, the same one he asked every night almost as soon as he walked through the door. “... and after I washed the dishes, I rearranged the bedroom.”

“That’s nice, Dear,” Tim said automatically. Sally waited a second until her remark about the bedroom sunk in. “Rearranged the bedroom? Why did you do that?”

“Because, the dresser looks better on the south wall, next to the window.” Sally grabbed his hand

and guided him to the master bedroom. “Come and see if I’m not right about it. If you don’t like it, then we can change it back.”

That was only one of the reasons; Sally wanted to move the bed around so that Tim would be sleeping on the side that she normally slept on. That way, when he awoke in her body, he would be on the right side of the bed, adding to his confusion.

Lying on the bed were two pair of matching pajamas, both were men’s and identical in material, a soft cotton, one was Sally’s size and the other Tim’s.

Tim looked at the pajama’s. “Matching pajamas?” he asked. “How come?”

“I found them on sale. They looked so comfortable that I bought myself a pair. You know how cold it’s been getting in the mornings. I just thought that I’d like to try wearing pajamas instead of my drafty nightgowns for a change that’s all. You don’t mind, do you?”

Tim shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. “You realize that we’ll probably end up without the bottoms on, don’t you?”

Sally grinned and nodded. “That’s was my idea, too.”

Several hours later Tim’s prediction had proved itself to be correct. The matching pajama bottoms hit the floor of the bedroom less than ten minutes after they had gone to bed. Sally put hers back on after she had cleaned herself one last time before going back to bed.

It was well over two hours before Tim’s alarm clock was set to go off and Sally had already been awake for nearly an hour.

The pressure in Tim’s, now her’s, bladder had acted as a natural wake-up alarm. Not wanting to awaken her husband, she had decided to sit, lest the sound of another male urinating might awaken him. Of course, it wouldn’t be ANOTHER male but Sally in Tim’s own body.

Sally had felt awkward and embarrassingly exposed wearing just the pajama tops, so she had pulled the bottoms of Tim’s pair back on before returning to bed.