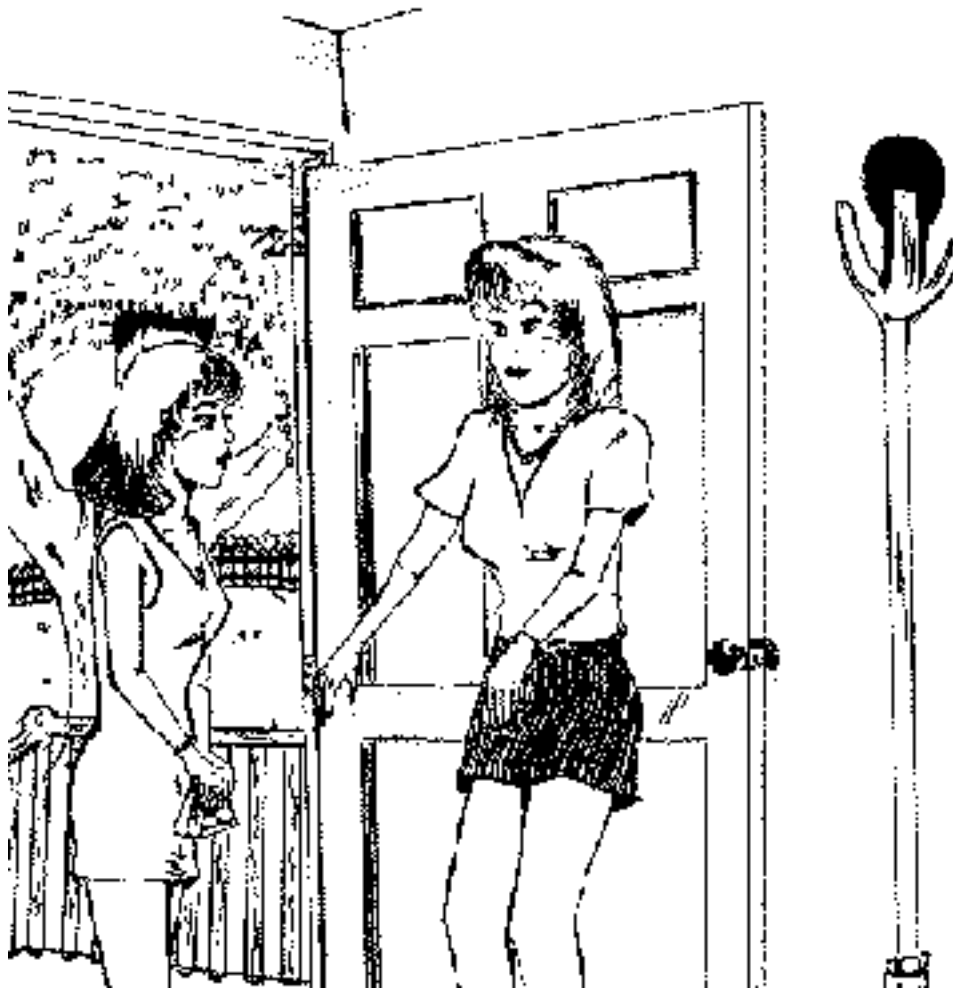


SWITCHING SEX

EVIE KAY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PITTS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“ROLE REVERSAL”

By Evie Kay

Mrs. Eleanor Daily, a well-recommended marriage counselor, was finishing up the latest session with her present clients.

“You two do love each other, from what I've observed. Basically the problem is that you lack compatibility. It must have been there or else you wouldn't have gotten married in the first place. But now, even empathy is gone. With this, hatred could exist, but it doesn't. Instead, there is what amounts to... for lack of a better way of putting it... a borderline apathy.

“However, all is not lost. Because, as I said, you do love each other. I have a solution, but...

“Only if you both are willing.

“Stacey, you are to be Curt in every way you've come to know him. Curt, vice versa. I want you to see each other as the other sees you. Show one another, in a kind and tactful way, their good and bad qualities. Ready to change... if you sincerely love each other, and are not just putting on a show, fooling me. Doing that, you're only throwing away money... and fooling yourselves.

“There will be no taking of turns or always showing only one side at a time. You should be the complete person you want each other to be, at all times.”

Curt and Stacey agree to her suggested “role reversal”.

Mrs. Daily goes on, in order to give them an idea as to how they can successfully accomplish it.

“You both co-own and operate a video-rental store. However, after a lengthy illness, Stacey decided to stay home. Now, Curt argues that it was the stress of the business that caused Stacey to de-emphasize the physical sexiness and intimacy that Stacey admits to having. So, Stacey, for the purpose of the experiment, since Curt kept total charge, now you have that charge.”

Curt looked as if he wanted to say something. But it quickly became clear that Mrs. Daily had remembered everything that was discussed in previous sessions. He and Stacey came to her for advice. Now it was time to take it. So, keeping mum, Curt deferred from speaking, as Eleanor continued.

“As I hope was understood, the best results of role reversal is to actually be that person around-the-clock. If you switch it on and off, as being apart while is one away at work tends to do, it loses strength. Since you have a very public job, it can help reinforce your situation, instead of destroying it.

“Now, since either of you know the job of renting and selling of videos and relative equipment, as Stacey works there for the next two months, Curt, you exclusively have the home.

“Businesses in general know no gender. As you sometimes had to switch over to thinking like your customers when dealing with the opposite sex, to get a successful sale, you should likewise be able to play off each other. Though you will be apart at times, Stacey can get away with acting like Curt on the job, due to mere authoritative-ness, in being the other boss to your employees. Curt, you can easily portray Stacey at home without anyone looking at you negatively. Because there will be no one there, without your permission, to do so in opening your front door.”

“Do you follow me?”

The couple nodded their agreement.

Mrs. Daily, satisfied, ended with, “Fine. I'll see you two in two months. If I don't hear anything from you before then, I'll assume that everything is okay.”

On the way home, in the car, Curt asked, “what's for dinner.”

Silence.

“I know I could go for a nice, juicy steak!” Curt hinted.

More silence.

“Honey?” he asked. “Didn't you hear me? I asked what are you making for dinner?”

“Me?” Stacey said, with none too little surprise.

“Yes, you.”

“Wait a minute. For the next two months, you are me. 'Role reversal', remember? I thought you were getting into character, by planning the meal out loud.”

“But...”

“Look. It was your idea to go to a marriage counselor in the first place. You felt so righteous, you even picked a woman. Sure that she was going to show me 'the error of my ways'. But neither of us was all right or all wrong, to her.”

“We were both selfish in our wants and we knew it. We just didn't know how to remedy it all. Mrs. Daily, figuring this out, suggested what she did.”

“If you didn't want to do this, then why did you agree?”

“Stacey, neither of us wants a divorce. No matter who 'chose' Mrs. Daily, we both agreed to see a counselor.”

“I'll do whatever it takes to save our marriage,” Curt sighs. “As far as answering Mrs. Daily truthfully, the only lies you've heard from me are the truths that haven't been said.”

Curt admitted to himself that he had no idea how to do this role reversal. Be it pride or whatever, he had kept quiet in his ignorance.

But he did know that he loved Stacey.

In the beginning, Stacey had been deliberately sexy, to get a husband.

With her knowing that she was attractive, and her boyfriends realizing her disposition as well... if not her ultimate desire... it just happened to be Curt who took her seriously.

They were then wed.

Later, as he became distracted with his new business, Curt had assumed that Stacey meanwhile was something irrevocably his. As more of a possession or a convenience, something along the lines of a trophy than a wife. Married for the past five years, Curt Fix had considered himself a very lucky man. Though blond and good-looking, he was a literal ninety-pound weakling. Known as a wimp.

Still, he had a brain.

He created a hole-in-the-wall business into big bucks, ready to expand.

As Curt got busy with his then-fledgling business, she had purposely become involved, so that she could be a part of his life. Stacey, had helped tremendously with moral support during the early lean months. Later, she had contributed with innovative ideas that Curt ultimately refined. The longer they were in business, the better Stacey's acumen got, the more she was able to hold her own.

In those early days, Stacey's beauty and sexy wares brought many a return of a male customer. As Stacey became more business-oriented, she downplayed her physical self. Once a volatility-sexy female in almost everything that she wore, including make-up, Stacey stopped dressing up. Stacey's desire to maintain the manufactured end of her attractiveness was dying.

But before it could be a recognizable problem to Curt, the business soon demanded more help. But having more help, the new employees seemed not to need two bosses lording it over them. Self-conscious, Stacey felt useless and her illness gave her a graceful way out. With her not coming back, Curt filled her void at the store between himself and more personnel. Regardless of it all, whether she worked or not, being married to Curt, Stacey was modestly set for life.

The business was seeming to take up more and more of his time and Stacey was feeling shut out. Therefore, he paid no attention as to what happened to Stacey as it did, and she was able to let herself go completely.

As her loss was not entirely physical, Stacey's figure remained somewhat naturally, shapely and buxom. However, having a very long chestnut-colored mane, she cut it very short, being weary of erotically styling it. Also gone were the wearing of low tops and short skirts, for a more "comfortable" casual attire of sweat shirt and jogging pants and the like that covered everything and it made her physique appear strangely dumpy. As far as make-up was concerned, in the end Stacey rarely wore lipstick, much less the full gamut of cosmetics.

Curt noticed it all too late. Afterwards, tired from arguing about her now-lost manufactured glamour, he simply gave up. Reducing himself to privately reminiscing what Stacey used to be. Eventually, the rarely went out, despite being able to afford it. Unspoken, Curt felt that he had nothing to show off anymore.

Lastly, even intercourse faded. As they tolerated each other, they would argue over little things. While not admitting what was truly bothering them, Curt and Stacey knew that something was wrong. It was then that they found themselves a marriage counselor, instead of separate divorce lawyers.

It was after several sessions that Eleanor Daily perceived that the best way to help the Fixes, was to let them help themselves.

Curt cooked dinner, able to cook since early bachelorhood. Despite it being tasty, this nor anything else was discussed during the meal.

Yet, at its end, Stacey was feeling somewhat smug with her end of the reversal bargain. Without thinking, she not only teased him about being home tomorrow, she addressed Curt by her name!

Two heartbeats passed and Curt rejoined with, "Now, don't you worry. I'll be fine."

Curt and Stacey were both surprised at his response.

Stacey was particularly amazed to hear Curt speak in a perfect, genuinely feminine voice. As for Curt, although it was deliberate, he was only trying to jokingly attempt a falsetto. Thinking that his wife had been kidding in her calling him Stacey. His surprise came from seeing his wife's brow dramatically rise. Because it was only then that he knew that the timbre was authentic.

Equally swift once again, getting an idea, Curt was now determined not to lose 'her' new voice. Seeing the happy mood that now existed, he wanted it to last.

He said to himself, *"Wants me to be her in every way, huh? We haven't had a good laugh in a long time. Since I don't have to go anywhere, just like she doesn't... or, at least, didn't... I'm gonna do this right!"*

The rest of the evening had Curt's mind humming with planned activity. Finally, being broken from his reverie, Stacey asked for a good night's kiss before bedtime. Realizing that this action was prompted by him each night, it only firmed Curt's resolve.

After obliging his wife, he said to himself, *"You think you know me, do you? Well, tomorrow, dear 'Curt', I'll show you exactly how 'Stacey' should be. Now, I fully understand what Mrs. Daily wants!"*

Morning came and "Stacey" could not wait for "Curt" to leave. Using reverse psychology, Stacey did argue... officially calling his wife his name now... that with the help they have, the business runs itself. She did not have to go to work.

Regardless, Curt insisted on getting up very early to get to the store before anyone. She said that she wanted to get her hands "dirty". That is, in refamiliarizing herself and being busy with the job she now had for the next two months.

As Curt was dressing, Stacey was already so, and without being coerced, he was busy in the kitchen. Curt then arrived and was very pleased to find breakfast almost ready. She found it wonderful being waited on. As busy as Stacey was in catering to his wife, he did not seem to mind. Indeed, his mind was even busier beyond the meal. About 2:00 that afternoon, Stacey received a phone call.

It was Curt.

After a little small talk, Stacey eventually complained that Curt was expected to call earlier. Actually he was glad that she had not done so.

Before leaving home for the day, Curt did say that she would “check in” on Stacey, to see how he was doing. The reason why Stacey had been deceptive about being disappointed that Curt had not called earlier was that he was truly relieved that she had not done so. Because he would not have been there. He had asked, to be sure that Curt had indeed not called.

Stacey had been out... shopping.

The Fix's having two cars, Stacey pulled out of the driveway almost immediately after Curt had driven out of sight. Simmerly gone for most of the morning, he was never worried about Curt. So, although he knew that she might have forgotten about calling until she actually did, Stacey was grateful that Curt had waited to call as late as she had.

Now, being home, Stacey was anxious for Curt's arrival.

Stacey had been nursing a drink while patiently waiting for Curt, around this early evening hour. Although he had been carefully sipping it so as not to get drunk, Stacey wanted it to bolster his courage, in getting at least a little lightheaded. Finishing it, as an afterthought, he then went into the bathroom to use some mouthwash for his breath. It was while he was in there, that he heard Curt's car drive up.

That evening, Curt returned, with a surprise gag gift of a dozen genuine red roses. Curt barely had her key in the front door lock when the door was yanked open from the inside. The sudden action off balanced her. Being startled, she almost dropped the roses, as well as her keys.

Unknown to her, Stacey also had a surprise for Curt.

Upon catching everything, being bent over, Curt looked in front of her and spied dark-stockinged feet nestled in three inch high heels. Raising her sight higher as she straightened up, Curt watched the long legs disappear just in time before they met, under a tight leather micro-miniskirt. So far, she had not recognized any of the apparel as hers, even though they were.

Getting to the knit blouse, Curt saw something that she could readily disbelieve, if she already knew who was standing before her. With the blouse opened expansively, it displayed cleavage. A pronounced and very feminine bosom.

The hands sported long, painted fingernails. The face was exotically made up and upon the earlobes there were a set of clip-on dangle earrings that peek-a-boo sparkled behind strands of hair. They were seen through a very long blonde mane that traveled

well down the back, with a flip bang that covered more than half of the forehead. The smell of the individual was feminine as well, thanks to Curt's perfume.

Curt entered the house, still surprised at this person's presence. As Curt tightly gripped the flowers in one hand, she was quickly offered a drink to fill the other. As soon as she got the liquor, Curt began gulping it, in her growing anger. Unwittingly, the drink's strong potency was cutting her edge, preventing her from getting as upset as she really wanted to be.

Curt was angry, knowing that this attractive woman was uninvited... at any rate, by her... in a home of whose marriage was already on shaky ground.

But then, as they sat together on the sofa, the person asked Curt how her day went.

It was Stacey!

Curt immediately recognized her husband's new voice and her temper dropped completely. But her shock returned. Curt acknowledged to herself that Stacey was very authentic as a female.

But even Stacey could hear the unspoken question, "How?"

Stacey had originally went out for one thing. A wig.

He had presumed to use Curt's clothes and maybe some lipstick, as well. However, Stacey did not know where to look for a wig store.

Calling himself brilliant, Stacey was actually naive. He went to a part of town that he thought would not only have what he wanted, but that the area itself would boast of stores that would even be open at the early hour he was now out. Indeed, open at any hour. To be available for their regular clientele who would need them.

Prostitutes.

Stacey had gone to the red-light district, in search of a cheap wig.

His rationale was that it was only for a joke. He was not even sure that Curt's clothes would even fit him, despite his small stature in comparison to hers. In assum-



ing that hookers wore outrageous items, along with cheap wigs, Stacey innocently assumed that it could all be done inexpensively.

As Stacey searched for a wig store in this area, he surely did find a store that sold outlandish female clothing. Next door also caught his eye.

It was a bookstore. A very unique bookstore. A store that dealt exclusively transvestitism. Rather, crossdressing. Wearing clothing of the opposite sex. Sometimes, as a result, to the degree of desiring to be the clothes' gender for which they were intended.

While ignorant of the phenomenon as a whole, Stacey was curious. He knew of the words "transvestite" and "transvestitism". But they were just words. Learned, shelved and almost forgotten. Yet, this subconscious knowledge was perhaps the very thing that gave Stacey his idea for his part in the Fixes's role reversal.

With some trepidation, Stacey went in.

Within moments, he was asked if he needed help. Nervously denying that he did, Stacey began to over-explain himself. In-so-doing, he had forgotten that he was still using a woman's timbre, not dropping the voice all this time for Curt, since the night before, when he first discovered it.

It was seeing the look on the person's face addressing him that caused Stacey to hear himself. Given his male clothes while sounding like a woman, it was a similar look that Curt displayed last evening. The difference was indeed that significant. Even to one who had never heard his male timbre.

Therefore, in an effort to avoid derision, Stacey dropped the voice in favor of his male one. He volunteered the full story of why he invented such a tone in the first place, his shaky marriage.

As a result, instead of laughter, he found a sympathetic ear. That of Harold Holly's.

Upon hearing the tale as if it was a plea for help, Harold offhandedly said that he wished that he had a friend that could have saved his own marriage. Then, as if a light bulb switched on in his head, realizing what he had said, he immediately begged to help Stacey.

As the words seemed to uncontrollably bubble forth, Harold eagerly told Stacey that he knew exactly where to shop. Where they would not frown on a man buying women's accessories for himself.

He also freely admitted that everything underneath his male wear was feminine. Garter belt, stockings and panties. That when he gets home, Harold additionally wore a bra, along with the 'proper' outerwear and everything else.

"I don't know why I don't come to work fully dressed. I own this business and there are no crossdressing laws on the books in this town. Believe me, I've checked. If only in self-defense!

"One night, I ran out of something. I quickly went to the store, not thinking of what I have on, and bam, I almost was arrested as a hooker."

"But, Stacey," Harold paused, seriously furrowing his brow, "not having initial desires, doing this just to save your marriage... I dunno.

“Transvestitism is a sickness. I'm hooked, and that's why I made sure my ass was covered with the law. You can wind up liking it so much, you'd be addicted to it. Suddenly, you need a pair of panties and nothing else will do!”

Stacey replied sharply, “Harold, listen. Right now, I only care about saving my marriage.”

Yet, despite the warning, after hearing Harold's transvestite admission, Stacey could not help but notice Harold's slim figure and smooth features. Envisioning Harold all done up enabled Stacey to desire himself fully in similar fashion, for Curt.

Harold had told Stacey something otherwise inestimably important. That Harold Holly was a genuine transvestites.

As Harold took Stacey around, Stacey had to restrain Harold, as well as himself, from buying clothes and cosmetics. This was because Stacey realized that his feminine voice had come too easy. Much too easy.

If he was right about Harold, Harold was going to make him beautiful. For Curt to see Stacey with his women's apparel, it would have her to think that her husband was gay. Or at any rate, bisexual. Thus, possibly destroying their presently tenuous union this way.

Therefore, Stacey said “no” to this, to Harold. Curt's things would be used, deliberately. To himself, he then began praying that her things would fit, beyond his previous guesswork.

After a brief shopping spree, Stacey took Harold to the Fix home.

Stacey was then told to strip.

After which Harold denuded him totally with depilatory in the necessary places, while advising him to use it in the future.

Stacey could have felt embarrassed by his nudity in front of Harold, but he was too excited with that which was to come. Besides this, by now, he and Harold had gelled into a camaraderie so smoothly, it was as if there were never any secrets between the two. So easily the bond between them had become.

Upon completion of the hair removal, Stacey bathed, using Curt's scented bath powder afterwards, in order to mask the lingering scent of the hair remover, giving him an overall feminine odor at the same time.

Using Curt's make-up, Harold transformed Stacey into a woman, facially. But before Stacey could marvel and regale in intuitively being right about Harold's talent, Harold abruptly wiped it off, telling Stacey to repeat it on his own.

“I'm not going to be here, every time you need to be made up,” Harold advised. “You've seen what I can do and how I did it. Now, let me see your efforts.”

Although not perfect, Harold only had to patch up an error here and there, while showing Stacey how to do this too. All in all, from Harold's brief instruction, he was amazed with Stacey's capacity in remembering what was being taught.

Going through Curt's belongings, Stacey was beside himself in finding that a number of things fit, or could be made to fit, with relative ease. Things he loved his

wife to wear gave him a special thrill, now that he was able to wear them. After deciding on a final choice, this is what Stacey had on, when he saw Curt that evening.

After gluing on false fingernails to Stacey's fingers, Harold then weaved a long blonde fall into Stacey's own hair, for a feeling of feminine permanence.

The fall had been decided over a cheap wig, after Harold let Stacey choose between the two in a wig store. Being able to graphically show him the difference while there, in donning them. In going to the "right" stores, as Harold had noted, he had the allowance to be able to do this.

"*A cheap wig would indeed be a joke,*" thought Stacey, upon noticing the distinction. By this time, Stacey was very serious about being feminine and the originally-planned jest went out the window. After Harold had matched a long fall to Stacey's own hair-color, Stacey gave himself goose bumps from seeing the dramatic effect.

This would be Stacey's only real trouble if Curt wondered how everything looked as if he had instantly grown a couple more feet of hair. Still, the odds seemed against it. Curt had much more to capture his attention.

Particularly, Stacey's new bust.

A mixture of flesh and padding, Harold had carefully shown Stacey how to make a bosom, as he did it. From seeing how swiftly Stacey had adapted to the complexities of make-up, the bust was not destroyed so that Stacey could redo it then. Without a lot of explanation... assured that it was reasonably simple for Stacey to repair, if necessary..., Harold was able to make it look as if it was simple ingenuity; just in case Stacey was questioned by Curt.

Once completely dressed, Harold also offered Stacey some tips on feminine comportment, as Stacey got used to walking in high heels. After a while of this, Stacey let Harold leave.

Having turned his womanly voice back on as he was being transformed, Stacey was completely dressed as he answered the phone that happened to ring at that time. The caller, of course, was Curt.

Earlier, although she went through emotions while conversing with her husband, Curt did not get upset in hearing Stacey's new voice itself. From hearing it whine, she could have been, stating that he was spreading their 'problem' over the phone wires, being that it did not have to be her that called. Although, in its seemingly-natural authenticity, the voice could have merely been considered as belonging to yet a third individual in the Fix home. So, conversely, it was hearing Stacey's current pitch that gave her the idea of buying him roses later, as a humorous dig.

So, with the obvious exception of the roses idea, as Stacey recalls everything now, he explained his change to Curt, while leaving out many details. Making it all his idea.

Curt finished her drink during his monologue. When Stacey ended, she thought that it was too incredulous to be possible, and said so.

Stacey could have gotten angry over her lack of appreciation.. He could have felt guilty. Thinking that he was caught in a lie, because Stacey knew that he was taking

credit for someone else's handiwork. Instead, Stacey just broke down and inexplicably felt like crying.

"I-I did it 'cause I love you," Stacey bawled. "If-if you re-remem-mem-member, you said that we-we should be each other thoroughly! I-I-I was-was trying to make you hap-hap-happy!"

Curt was stunned at Stacey's demure and submissive demeanor, wondering where it came from. But she melted at his tears, all the while getting defensive.

"See? I brought my baby some roses!" Curt tried to placate, finally offering the flowers.

Stacey did stop sobbing. Accepting the bouquet, he dried his eyes while announcing that dinner was ready. It was only being kept warm until Curt's arrival.

At that, they went to eat.

Nevertheless, during the meal, Curt could not help but to continually stare at her husband.

Afterwards, she noted Stacey immediately took their used dinnerware, clearing the table. In the midst of this, Stacey ushered her back into the living room. Even fixing her a fresh drink. Instead of sharing kitchen duties as they had of late, Stacey catered to Curt's relaxation, as he took care of the doings in the kitchen alone.

Curt could not help but recall that Stacey liked her to do this for him, before she had abandoned her sexy facade.

As Stacey finally settled down next to his wife on the sofa, Curt sighed as she conceded, "You are very beautiful."

Stacey looked as if he was about to get defensive, but Curt cut him off.

"No, Stacey," she said, emphasizing his new name seriously. "You're supposed to be beautiful, being me... or, at least, as I was. According to you, it was one of my 'good' traits.

"However, it happened, I know you. I know you're not gay and that it's all just coming out now."

Realizing that the tension was surely gone, Curt even joked, "You're welcome to use anything of mine. I just hope that you don't expect me to wear your things!"

Stacey merely responded with a kiss.

Yet, the kiss developed far beyond a simple buss, Stacey knew that he had turned Curt on. By her intensity in following through with her end of the embrace.

At bedtime, Curt was astonished, yet once more.

Watching Stacey undress, Curt was not disturbed in noticing the seemingly full brassiere. Stacey's cleavage had been very evident all evening and he had briefly explained how it was done. Curt could see that Stacey's middle was as flat as any woman's. She could swear that there was supposed to be a healthy, good-sized penis!

"What happened to your cock?" Curt gasped.