



Reluctant Press

Reversal of Fortune

Lea Sanderson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

By Lea Sanderson

Chapter 1

I suppose that I loved her. I had too, otherwise, why was I missing her. Especially in the last month or so when she seemed to creep into my every thought.

I fixed myself a Cognac and sat on the custom made black leather recliner. Custom made because buying off the floor, or off the rack, was not how I did things. There was precious difference between the chair I ordered and the floor model the sales girl had offered, but I insisted on some modification just the same. I couldn't remember what I had done to it but it was something trivial. Something to show her I could afford to do so. There was no other reason other than that. Because I could. That is the way I was and that is the way I liked being.

I spent many hours in the chair, the bottle of Cognac and snifter always at hands reach. The chair offered the peace and comfort I needed to sort out problems. In the chair, I was alone with my thoughts.

So why was I so lonely and why could I not stop thinking about her? It certainly wasn't the lack of female companionship. Thanks to our dimwitted feminist leaders who had fought so hard to gain the right for their equally dimwitted brood to do with their bodies as they pleased, women were bountifully available. Who would have thought this new found freedom would lead them to the conclusion that they liked sex as much as men did? Only now they didn't have to wait by the phone for some man to call, and they did not have to pretend to be offended by the male predators. In fact, most called me to get laid. Had I been more vindictive, I would have used this new found morality to make a few of them sweat. Payback for the many tense moments in high school where I had to grovel in hopes of finding a date. Instead, I remained my sweet charming self and dutifully offered my very much in demand stud services.

This was a glorious time to be male; at least a sexually active one. No more anxious moments wondering if we can touch them here or there, or if buying dinner is a sufficient offering to get them to spread their dainty little legs. Now it was their turn. Now they worked outside the home, and spent the long hours at the office and they used those hard earned dollars to buy men dinner and gifts. The battle for sexual liberation even managed to narrow the life expectancy gap between male and female. Regrettably for them of course, they now died sooner to achieve that enviable victory. Women now

faced the horrors of stress and premature heart attacks and ulcers and whatever other calamities men had sheltered them from since the beginning of time. God had to be male I often argued, because no man would be stupid enough to wage that war.

Now, they called me and I was free to choose whichever one I wanted. Naturally, the ugly ones remained at home doing whatever it is ugly women do when they don't have a man around for them to care for. And the pretty ones; they continue working very hard to look pretty so they can get a man to say yes. No doubt about it, God was male.

“Back to the task at hand,” I chided myself as I sipped the Cognac. Why was I missing her? Perhaps I wasn't and I only thought I was. So why was she on my mind all the time if that was the case? She was invading my dreams and my thoughts, not to mention interfering with most of the other women I dated. I found myself comparing them to her, and no matter how pretty, how nice, how sexy, or how good in bed they were, they never quite measured up.

She was none of the things I expected from my women.

No, that wasn't true. “Be honest if you are going to do this right,” I grumbled aloud. She was pretty, gorgeous in fact, but there were tons of gorgeous women out there, so that alone would not make me long for her. She was nice too, a genuine heart of gold. I smiled. And she was good in bed. Not the best I ever had, before or since, but a definite eager beaver.

All right, so you had a great babe and you let her go, but was that enough to explain the way I was feeling now? Had I loved her and was I still in love with her and had simply not realized it? Is that what love was? Something you miss when it's gone. Perhaps it was because she had been mine and left. That made sense. I didn't really miss her, but I missed not having her around. She had always been there and then she was gone, like a faithful dog who just up and leaves you for no apparent reason. Yes, that made sense.

My mind drifted towards Winthrop. He had been my favorite dog as a child. A great powerful shepherd who had died in his prime. “Probably committed suicide because of that stupid name,” I laughed. I knew dying wasn't his fault but he had left me just the same. The few dogs I had afterwards never measured up and did nothing to soothe the loss. Eventually, I decided I didn't want dogs anymore. Naturally, that option was not available with females.

So that was it, or at least it was possible. I wasn't missing her per say, I was haunted by the fact that she had left me. She had belonged to me and left without my permission. I didn't say she could leave yet she left anyway.

All right, that made sense, but what was the solution? This sparkling revelation by itself, and a buck still only bought me a cup of coffee. Logically, the answer was obvious. She was gone and that was driving me crazy. Solution | Get her back. No rocket science here.

But was that fair to her. Fair to her? “Being lonely is making me fucking sensitive,” I laughed before pouring another Cognac. Still, what would make her come back? I still didn't want to marry her. I still didn't want the two point three children or the

house with the white picket fence. These were all the things that she wanted that I did not have time for. So she left.

Perhaps I reluctantly decided, I was somewhat to blame. She was just a woman, but women were people too. They had feelings, largely hormonal and completely irrational, but feelings nonetheless. So some of the pain might have been my fault.

I poured another Cognac. This sensitive thing is useful I decided, and certainly practical when trying to make a rational and objective assessment of female behavior. When I had more time, I noted mentally, I would further explore how sensitivities result in irrational behavior. Might make an interesting book. Hell, I could easily turn it into volumes if female behavior was the catalyst. I laughed out loud and looked around to reassure myself that I remained alone.

Enough thinking for now I decided, since the alcohol was starting to take effect, and I knew that alcohol occasionally clouded my judgment. As Oscar Wilde so appropriately put it, "alcohol, consumed in sufficient quantities, produces the same effects of drunkenness."

I replayed the message on the answering machine. Why had she called after eighteen months without a word? Eighteen months since I had walked into our apartment to find her clothes, the stereo and most of the good CD's gone. She had been kind enough to leave me the furniture, probably because she was unable to remove it.

I could have found her and brought her back home, but I decided against it. If she didn't want me, why the hell should I want her. Even when I began missing her so desperately, my pride would not allow me to call her. She had made her bed so let her lie in it.

There had been no sign of panic in her voice, at least none I could detect. A simple, casual and pleasant hello, how are you and she would like to see me whenever I had a chance. She left a number for me to call back.

I stopped thinking and picked up the telephone.

There was no point in seeming eager so I dialed Diane's number instead. Hers had been the first message on the machine. She asked me to join her for dinner later that evening. I glanced at my watch. Nine o'clock. I didn't want to have dinner with that bimbo but a quick roll in the hay was just what I needed to clear my head.

"I just got home and heard your message," I lied. "Probably too late for dinner," but I am feeling kind of frisky if you want to come over."

"You are such a man," she cooed and I knew she would come. "I'll leave the door unlocked and you can join me in the bedroom," I whispered in my best Cary Grant imitation. I hung up without waiting for her to confirm.

The alarm clock rang and I awoke with a pounding headache. I was alone and tried to remember if Diane had been over. I must have had more to drink than I thought as I noticed that the bed was more ruffled than if I had slept alone. She had probably been here and I couldn't remember. Too bad, she usually gave good head. "The ones with the least head usually give the best head," I laughed aloud, causing my aching

head to pound ever so slightly more. I walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

I shaved, popped a couple of headache tablets that I washed down with coffee and replayed the message.

“What the hell could she want?” I grumbled. There was no point in speculating any longer so I picked up the phone and dialed the number. My heart raced as I heard her voice. It was as soft and musical as ever.

“It's me,” I said, surprised that my voice was barely above a whisper. “I got your message.”

“I'm glad you called back,” she replied and my legs went rubbery. “I was just rushing off to work,” she apologized, “but I would really like to see you. Could you meet me tonight, about eight?”

“Do you know where Rollie's Bar is,” I asked, my voice shaking somewhat.

“Yes.”

“I'll be there at eight.”

“Thanks babe, see you then,” and she hung up.

“Babe”, that had been one of my many pet names for her, only I couldn't remember her having ever called me that before. So why now?

I arrived purposely late so that I might get some clue as to her motives. I looked around the room and saw nothing unusual. No meaty thugs she might have hired to beat me up. No one looking remotely like a lawyer, although they were becoming increasingly difficult to spot these days. In my day, you could spot them chasing ambulances. Only now, they resorted to cheap television commercials to do their chasing.

I saw her across the room and she looked as beautiful as ever. The eighteen months had been good to her, far more so than to me and I felt uneasy about the extra weight I had gained. My heart raced and I hated losing control of my emotions that way. I took a deep breath, waited until I regained some composure and walked to her table.

She looked up and smiled warmly. Her blond curls were slightly shorter, falling just above her shoulders rather than the middle of her back. Her deep blue eyes smiled and she appeared genuinely pleased to see me.

“You look good Nancy,” I smiled casually.

“Thanks,” she replied, not bothering to return the compliment.

I sat and smiled awkwardly, not really knowing what to say. “I missed you and wanted to see how you were doing,” she said reading my mind. We often did that... know what the other was thinking. It was spooky at first but after a while, we dismissed it to knowing each other a little too well.

The waiter brought me a Cognac. “Eight twenty,” he smiled looking at his watch. “Just like Madam ordered.” I grinned, she laughed and some of the tension disappeared.

We talked for about an hour. Idle chit chat mostly, a trip or two down memory lane. She, recounting some of our more pleasant times, and ignoring some of the more disturbing ones. Unusual for her since she had the rather disturbing habit of bringing up my past indiscretions long after I had presumed to have been forgiven for them. Another female trait. The genuine ability to forgive you coupled with an apparently incessant need to remind you of the offending behavior at every possible occasion.

“Are you familiar with the term 'Hermaphrodite'?” she asked. “Why, are you growing a dick?” I laughed.

She smiled. “Not the strict meaning of the word but rather its origin?”

An odd question to say the least, but what the hell, she was paying. And, it gave me the opportunity to flex my brain.

“It's Greek mythology,” I began, a little surprised that I remembered the story. “Hermes was the herald and messenger of the gods and guide of travelers... or something to that effect. Anyway, he and Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, did the horizontal bop and produced a son called Hermaphroditus. Apparently, this boy was very good looking and when he was about fifteen—years—old, he traveled to a place called Caria. That is where he met Salmacis. Salmacis was a nymph of a spring that bore her name.”

“What's a nymph?” she smiled, apparently impressed that I knew the story.

“Not what you think,” I smiled back. “at least not completely. Nymphs were kind of junior female divinities. Not real gods. Something like fourth—class gods; like an executive secretary.” I laughed and she frowned. “The nymphs were generally confined to springs or mountains or islands. That kind of stuff. Anyway, Salmacis fell madly in love with Hermaphroditus, but he, being young and inexperienced, didn't quite know what to do with her advances so he ignored them. She, like most female victims of unrequited love decided to stick it to the poor lad. So one day while he was bathing in her spring, Salmacis jumped in, clung to his body and prayed to the gods that their bodies be fused into one. And the gods, being amusing creatures with odd senses of humor, agreed and fused their bodies together. Hermaphroditus was naturally pissed off with being half man and half woman and prayed to his parents that all other men who bathed in the springs of Salmacis should suffer the same fate as he. That is, be half male and half female. That's about it. Why the interest?”

“Is there anything more to the story?” she replied ignoring my question once again.

“Not that I am aware of, but then I'm not an expert on Greek mythology. Why do you ask?” I repeated.

“I love talking with you,” she smiled disregarding my question once again. “You know so many things.”

“Mostly useless things,” I grinned, noticing her eyes sparkle as I ordered another round of drinks. It had been a pattern with us. She had lacked a formal education but had a thirst for knowledge. I quenched that thirst. She would rifle questions at me and I would answer them and then we would discuss the answers. No issue was beyond limits. Religion, sex, politics and the ever popular battle of the sexes. She appreciated the fact that I never lectured, although sometimes it was difficult not to.

I loved her childish curiosity and her willingness to learn. And for my tutorial efforts, I got fucked a lot. We often fought though, especially over ideologies and values. Mine having been born through objective thought, study and analysis; hers having stemmed from the teachings of mother whose contribution to mankind rested with her ability to occasionally spread her legs. That woman's ability to produce such a wonderful offspring had always baffled me.

“Do you want to take me home?” she asked musically. Her meaning was clear. She wanted sex and she wanted me to be the stud. For a moment, and a brief moment only, I felt used and if this had been anyone but her, I would have declined. All right, I would not have declined but I wouldn't have enjoyed myself. All right, I probably would have enjoyed myself but I wouldn't feel good about it. All right, maybe I would feel good about it but... oh, the hell with it I decided, quickly gulping down my drink. I'm a male slut.

“Anytime you're ready to leave,” I smiled broadly.

She snuggled next to me in the car, resting her hand on the inside of my thigh the way she used to. Not quite touching the crotch but close enough to cause a stir. Her hand was warm and I pressed the accelerator, my eyes darting across the freeway looking for cops. I had a few drinks and the police, rather than hunt down criminals and terrorists like I expected from my hard earned tax dollars, decided that harassing drivers who drink was preferable.

Nancy rested her head on my shoulders. The fragrance of her hair was more intoxicating than all of the drinks I had that night and my heart pounded wildly through my chest.

It was as though I had just stepped out of a time tunnel and landed two years earlier. At a time when she and I had been good together. It was as if she had never left and I smiled happily. Yes, this might be love after all, and if it wasn't, well... it still felt great. Whatever the case, I was going to have a pleasant evening.

I would have expected some awkwardness, some hesitation after all this time, but there was none. Moments after entering my apartment, which I was now glad I had bothered cleaning up, we were naked and in bed. She was still beautiful, although I noticed some aging in her twenty—eight—year— old body. Subtle hints detectable only by someone who had known her intimately. Her breasts sagged ever so slightly, the skin a little less firm, her hitherto amazing twenty—one inch waist slightly more pronounced. She was still beautiful though, and those tiny imperfections did not matter as I lay next to her.

I rolled on top of her and kissed her passionately. She tasted good and eager. Moments later, after my trembling hands had sufficiently massaged her flesh, I entered her. It took all of my self control and experience to keep from climaxing immediately. I wanted her to be pleased. I wanted her to regret having left me. I wanted her to know that whatever man, or men, she might have been with since leaving me did not compare. I wanted her to know I was the best.

I screamed mightily and stared into her flushed face. She flashed a crooked and contented smile and I knew I had achieved my goal. She breathed heavily and used both hands to adjust her now tangled locks.

“You are still the best Frankie boy,” she panted heavily and I smiled humbly rather than jump up on the bed and beat my chest and howl which is what I really wanted to do.

She tucked her head comfortably on my shoulder and within a few moments, fell asleep. I nestled her closer to me and listened to her breathe. The faint rhythmic sound was music to my ears, and if there was a heaven this is what it had to be like. I felt her warmth embrace my body, and I was at peace with the world. I was on a cloud with smiling angels floating above me and playing a music so sweet I never wanted it to end. And I wished the world could feel the way I felt at this moment.

This was good and I felt glorious, only there remained a nagging doubt in the back of my mind. Certainly this had been wonderful but why was it happening now? What was different? I had held her before. I had made love to her before and it had been good, but never like this. What was so different now? Despite feeling better than I had in a while, I could not shake the twinge of suspicion.

She had awakened before me and I could smell the bacon frying and the coffee brewing. I smiled, got out of bed and slipped into my bathrobe and slippers. I walked gingerly into the kitchen and she turned and smiled. “Bacon and eggs coming right up.”

I sat down and she poured my coffee. She had worn a football jersey from my dresser and it fell below her naked butt and I watched her work, smiling each time the sweater's fluttering movement gave me a glimpse of her smooth heart shaped ass. I felt a stir between my legs.

“Are you going to have anything?” I asked.

“Coffee is fine, for now. You know I'm not much of a breakfast eater. A girl has to watch her weight you know.”

“Have you ever seen this?” she asked placing the circular object in front of me. She removed my empty plate, poured more coffee and sat next to me, her eyes eagerly awaiting some sign of recognition on my part.

“Haven't a clue sweetheart, never saw anything like it before.”

“Look at it closely,” she beckoned, “and use that wonderful analytical mind of yours that I love so much. What would you guess it to be?”

“It's an amulet of some kind,” I replied as I studied the object. A couple of inches in diameter, made of material I could not readily identify. It was solid, although neither stone or metal. Some combination of both perhaps, but clearly nothing I had ever seen before. It seemed out of this world. The figure inside appeared human, at least it looked like four human legs with one torso and one head. The string attached to it looked and felt like leather, but I knew it wasn't. “I'm stumped,” I admitted. “I can't even tell what it's made of. Where did you get it?”

“About six weeks ago,” she began seriously, “I found it in my purse. I hadn't put it there so I figured someone else had to. I thought it was a gift at first, but no one came forward to say they had given it to me. I asked my friends and everyone denied ever having seen it. I figured it was someone's idea of a sick joke. You know, trying to

frighten me by demonstrating how easily they could get into my purse. Anyway, I pretty much forgot about it. After a week, I threw it out. The following day, however, there it was, back in my purse. I was more than concerned actually, so this time I hurled it off a cliff and I watched it fall on the side of the mountain. There was a thick forest of trees and the cliff was steep and completely inaccessible by foot. I was confident that this was the last I would see of it. I kept my purse next to me at all times so that no one else had access to it. When I woke up the next day I dug into my purse for my hairbrush and there it was, back in the purse.”

Her story was beginning to intrigue me. Nancy, like most females, was occasionally prone to exaggerations. Probably an attention getter I had once concluded, from watching too many daytime soap operas. This, however, did not appear to be a figment of her imagination.

“If the amulet you threw off the cliff could not be retrieved as you say, perhaps the one you found in your purse is a different one. And you obviously left the purse out of your sight at least once. That gave whomever is doing this the opportunity to slip it inside once more. Whatever is going on,” I concluded, “if your story is true, then someone is definitely trying to rattle you.”

She had fetched more coffee and remained standing.

“There is no rational explanation,” she snapped, obviously referring to my attempts to explain the physical possibilities, and my allusion to the fact that she had to have left the purse unattended at least once.

“As you can probably guess,” she continued, “I was terrified. I didn't sleep for days, looking over my shoulder all the time, every sound making me jump. It was crazy, but eventually exhaustion and a couple of sleeping pills allowed me to sleep. And I dreamed the very story you told me last night about Salmacis and Hermaphrodite. Only there was more to the story. At least in my dream there was.”

“Go on,” I said, a little concerned that I had allowed this whacko babe back into my life.

“In my dream,” she continued, Salmacis jumps into the lake and her body is fused with that of the young man who is swimming there. Only the bodies are not physically fused, the souls are. And so they go throughout time living together as soulmates. Only the souls take on human form and they become mates. Only they alternate, one sometimes being the female and other times being the male. In the dream, I see my face only I can't make out who the other person is. It's like I've lost my soulmate and the amulet is there to help me find him.”

“Why are you telling me this?” I smiled, playfully crossing my fingers as if fending off a vampire. She was not amused.

“Because I think you are my soulmate and the amulet is here to bring us back together.” Her voice trembled a bit and I was now firmly convinced she was nuts.

“Why me? Did the amulet actually talk to you and say it was me?” I was having a little fun at the expense of a wonderful broad whose desperate desire to marry me had clearly driven her off the deep end. I couldn't help but feel proud.

“There are many men in the world. So what makes you think I'm your soulmate?” I asked.

“I don't know,” she confessed. “That's why I'm here, to find out.” She lowered her head to hide her flushing face and continued. “I tried it on some of the other men I have been with, but nothing happened, so now I want to try it on you.”

I smiled. “You are nuts you know. This is the craziest story I have ever heard. I think your obsession with me and your desire to get married is getting the better of you — and your dreams. If you want to marry me, why not just ask, like normal people instead of making up these fantastic tales? Not that I am going to marry you of course, especially now that you have pretty much confirmed that you are either seriously desperate, or you have gone seriously bananas. Either way, I still want no part of marriage.”

She was angry now, not that I much cared since I was used to seeing her that way. Her tantrums had been a constant part of our relationship and my mind flashed back to those little physical imperfections I had discounted last night. I started to see a bit more of the shrew who had left me. Good, the old Frank was back. No more of this sensitive shit! The bitch was back and so was I. Everything could be the way it was. I would not have to miss her since this little episode clearly showed she wanted me back in her life. She might have been a little desperate or confused but that did not matter much. Either way, she would return and be mine again, the way it was meant to be.

“Humor me,” she snapped and I watched her take the amulet and place it around her neck. She took my hand and held it firmly. Before I could react, the room began to spin wildly. My legs grew weak and the room went black. I wasn't unconscious or stunned but I was paralyzed, unable to determine what was happening and powerless to prevent it.

The lights came back on and I could see myself where she had been, wearing the football jersey she had been wearing. Only I was staring at me. I looked down at my body and saw hers. She was inside the bathrobe I had been wearing, and when I stared down at my chest, I saw the rosy perk nipples stare back at me. My knees buckled. I was having an out of body experience or she had drugged the coffee. Those were the only possible explanations. Otherwise we had just switched bodies and I knew that was impossible.

I stared anxiously around the room, frantically searching for an explanation and found none. And then I stared once more at my smiling face and my legs refused to support me. She caught me before I hit the floor. I saw my face stare back at me and it was smiling triumphantly. “Welcome back soulmate,” it said in a masculine tone.

Chapter 2

“You were right,” she smiled smugly. “Women do sound hysterical when they're upset, and it is quite impossible to take them seriously. Take yourself for example. All of that ranting and raving and screaming got you nowhere, except that you will probably wind up with a smashing headache.”

“You stole my body,” I shouted, realizing I *did* sound like a crazed female and I would get nowhere unless I calmed down. Besides, the shrill like screams coming from my lips were far more annoying than threatening. And, I was getting a headache. Only seeing her there looking so calm and composed in my body...

“All right, I'm calm,” I lied, the shaking cup of coffee betraying my distress. I grabbed the cup with both hands and gulped it down. Coffee wasn't what I was in the mood for at the moment and I headed towards the liquor cabinet.

“Isn't it a tad early for that?” she chided, but as long as you're there, why don't you make one for me as well. I poured my Cognac and her Cherry and with my hand still trembling, offered her glass. She sipped. “Argh... how can you drink this shit.”

I tasted my Cognac. “Fuck,” I snarled, the annoying sound of her voice still coming from my body. “It would seem your body prefers Cherry to Cognac,” I groaned before reluctantly exchanging glasses with her. She grinned happily.

“Not bad actually,” she continued smiling. “You have fine taste in liquor.” I tasted the Cherry and rolled my eyes, despite enjoying its sweet taste.

“Great,” I exclaimed, the female sound emanating from my mouth continuing to annoy the hell out of me. “Condemned to monthly periods and bad booze.” She laughed and the thunderous sound startled me.

I stared at her in my body and realized how big it was as she stood next to me. I was not particularly tall at five foot ten, but the frame still towered over my new five foot five physique. I understood why she might have occasionally been intimidated by me even when I had not done anything threatening. The difference in size alone was enough to inspire caution. Seeing my body, my face stare back at me that way made me feel like I was in an episode from the Twilight Zone. It was weird. The only thing I could think to do was fix myself another drink.

“All right, so it seems you were correct and we are soulmates. That conclusion was illogical and absurd, yet there we were, in each other's body and in the absence of any other rational explanation, I was forced to concede that reality. “Now change us back,” I demanded angrily.

“First of all,” she snapped, “I did not know this was going to happen so try to be a bit more civil about this. Or I'll put you over my knee and spank you.” She laughed and I found myself backing away. The voice had been sufficiently intimidating to cause concern and the threat of a spanking, however idle, made me shudder. I was no match for her in this body and decided discretion was the better part of valor for the moment.

“I don't know if I can,” she continued smiling.

“What do you mean you don't know if you can?” I growled trying to contain my anger. “You got us here didn't you, so get us back.”

"This amulet doesn't come with an owner's manual," she grunted and I felt myself back up even farther, as if by instinct.

"Where is the amulet?" I asked after noticing it was no longer around her neck or mine.

She felt her neck. "I don't know."

"Women," I grumbled, knowing how amusing that must have sounded at this particular moment. A frantic search of the kitchen and living room produced no amulet.

"Perhaps," she offered, it has served its purpose and simply disappeared and went back wherever it came from." Amidst all of this insanity, I decided anything was possible — including amulets that walk away on their own.

"So try changing us back anyway," I insisted once more.

She agreed to try, but not before laughingly reminding me that I could be a real bitch sometimes. She held my hand and the room began to spin once more and moments later we were back in our regular bodies. I sighed what was undoubtedly the greatest sigh of relief known to mankind.

"I never thought I could miss the sound of my voice," I offered nervously, as I exchanged drinks with her. "This could get seriously confusing," I laughed while gulping the Cognac and pouring another.

"Well, laughing boy," she offered in her familiar voice, it seems we have a dilemma, or more precisely, you have a dilemma."

I stared at her, not quite as puzzled as I wanted my face to betray. The moment she had changed us back, I had realized that we were not only soulmates, but that hers was the controlling soul. Once she had returned us to our regular bodies, I realized she could change us at will. And since there appeared to be no physical rules to this, there was probably nothing to prevent her from doing far worse things to me. However insane this all seemed, we had exchanged bodies and I could not escape or hide from that reality. The curse was that we be together forever. Nothing said we, or more pointedly *I*, had to be in human form. As long as we remained together, she could turn me into anything she wanted. "Christ," I thought, or perhaps "Zeus" might be more appropriate under the circumstances. She could probably turn me into her fucking lap dog and keep me around forever if she wanted to. I shuddered at the prospect, since at this point it was largely theory and speculation. In any case, I didn't want to find out and I did not want her to find out either.

My mind raced for a solution. Assuming she was Salmacis, which seemed a fairly decent assumption right now, that would mean I was Hermaphroditus. That would mean I was the son of a Hermes and Aphrodite. I had the blood of gods flowing through my veins and she was only a nymph. Gods were more powerful than nymphs so this did not make sense. There had to be a loophole. Curses always had loopholes. All I had to do was figure out how to use these godly powers of mine and figure out the answer. There was a solution...there had to be. I began pacing erratically and mumbling out loud. "What I am thinking?" I shouted aloud, "this is mythology. The stuff that uneducated peasants invented to explain the moon and the stars and anything else they could not understand. There's no such people as Hermes and Aphrodite, or

Zeus and Hercules.” And yet I was a woman. Damn, I could easily see myself going crazy with this thing.

“Your dilemma,” she continued, “is that we have now established that we're soul-mates and we are going to spend eternity together. In this particular life time, I want it to be as husband and wife. I just haven't decided if I want you to be the husband or the wife,” she laughed. “Oh, don't be such a fuddy—duddy,” she added after having noted the obvious displeasure on my face. “It won't be so bad. After all, I do love you and even if I didn't, it seems the gods have condemned us to be together for eternity. So, I'm just as stuck as you are. Except of course, that I seem to be the one in charge. This being a nymph thing, even if I am just a fourth—class god as you so unkindly put it last night, I am still a goddess. And even a fourth—class goddess is considerably more powerful than a first—class jerk. Oh, God — no pun intended— this just might be a whole lot of fun. Well...for one of us, anyway.”

“I have to get my hair done today”, she continued while I quietly sat down to hear my fate. “Or more precisely, you have to get my hair done”.

“What do you mean?” I stammered, as if I could not guess.

“Not as smart as I gave you credit for,” she grinned and the room began to spin once more.

She decided we should shower first. I, trapped in her body and she in mine. I was never going to get used to this I decided as I pushed the protruding breasts away and stepped into the tub.

“Do my back,” she ordered and I slowly began to soap what was once my back.

“That feels good,” she cooed, “and look, your dick, or rather my dick now, is getting hard. This is unbelievably neat,” she exclaimed as she turned to show me the erection. Her eyes, or rather my eyes, were full of wonder and bewilderment. “So this is what an erection feels like. Not too bad at all. It's no wonder you guys want to get fucked all the time. C'mon babe” she added, “let's have sex.”

“No,” I protested strongly, knowing that if she insisted, I was quite powerless to stop her. Still, it seemed that protesting was the right thing for me to do at the moment.

“Don't be silly, you want it as much as I do. Look at your nipples pop.”

“That's the water,” I objected weakly as I watched her get out of the tub. She picked up my dripping wet body as if it were weightless and whisked me off to the bedroom.

I was completely helpless and I wanted to cry, only whatever part of me that remained male in this body would not allow that to happen. I protested again because I felt I had to. That was what any man would have done, only part of me was as curious as she was. What did a woman feel when a man was inside her? I had made enough of them squeal like pigs in my lifetime to realize sex was not an unpleasant experience for them. And since most kept coming back for more, there had to be something good about it.

“Stop thinking,” she read my mind and dropped my shivering body onto the bed. “I am the strong one now and you are the weak one so do as you are told. Now spread those pretty little legs of yours and let me at that flower.”

I was glad she had decided to forego any foreplay. The thought of kissing a man, even if that man was me, was repulsive. She, apparently as concerned with the prospect of kissing a woman, jumped on top of me, pinned my puny arms against the bed and immediately penetrated me. I moved to break free and felt her strength and knew that resistance was futile.

What happened next was not at all what I expected; not that I knew what to expect of course. She drove the hard penis into me and I winced slightly. I was wet between my legs but I decided that was from the shower rather than some sexual stimulation so the pain was understandable. A few strokes later I heard the male voice shudder and felt the gush inside me.

I saw my face smile apologetically. “Sorry,” she said, I just couldn't control it.

The scene had to be outrageous and I couldn't help but laugh. “Not as easy pleasing a woman as you thought is it?” I smirked. She blushed furiously. “Don't worry,” I continued to smile, “happens to most men, but I wouldn't recommend you go out fucking other women with my body. I do have a reputation to maintain you know.” I felt the weight of the body crushing me as she lay on top of me and she began to laugh as well. Perhaps she had just realized how silly we both must have looked.

“Now get off me you big ape,” I squealed playfully. “Your crushing me to death.” She continued laughing and hugged me tightly. “I do love you,” I heard her say and I felt surprisingly safe wrapped up in the powerful arms.

“I love you, too,” I smiled and the truth was, I probably did.

Chapter 3

She wanted to have her hair done and I was the one who would be sitting in the hairdresser chair. That, I was certain of. I was equally convinced I would be doing so wearing the clothes she had brought with her the previous night. Her mind was made up and objecting was useless. It would not be so bad I tried convincing myself. It wasn't as though I, Frank Wilson, would be wearing women's clothes. I was stuck in her body and this would be Nancy Harris wearing the clothes she usually wore. And she would face the same dilemma by having to wear my clothes. Somehow, I did not believe she would mind nearly as much as I would.

She casually, and quickly jumped into a pair of my blue jeans and put on a shirt while I fearfully stared at the pile of clothes she had left neatly folded on a chair next to the bed.

She watched my every move with a sustained grin on her face. I blushed furiously as I began with the silky black panties.

"I'm getting a hard—on just watching you," she laughed. "Doesn't that thing ever take a break?" "Now the bra," she instructed rather crudely. "Just lean forward and let the tits drop into the cups." I'll fasten it for you until you get the hang of doing it yourself." Her breasts were nice and felt good to the touch. Not very large, but deliciously round and perky. Everything about her body was deliciously round and perky. I stared at the tag which showed the breast size to be 34C.

I continued to do as I was told and felt the soft lacy black material cup the breasts and push the twin mounds of flesh together before allowing them to rest comfortably inside. The sensation was not entirely unpleasant, although I was conscious of the added weight. Men don't really feel the weight of their balls and dick when they walk around. At least I had never really noticed, or even thought about it for that matter. This, I soon discovered, was not the case with women's breasts.

