



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A Perfect Fit

Sara James



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# A Perfect Fit

By Sara James

I don't know why I'm writing this. I sit here, typing on my computer, and I'm scared. Cindy always told me I should write down how it started, but I knew, I still know, that putting the truth on paper is dangerous.

But even though I know what could happen if the wrong person sees this, I need to get it out of me. I need for someone or something else to know, even if it's just a printout of a deleted file stored in a safety deposit box where no one but me will see it during my lifetime. I need to know that it's in there with all my other secrets, kept in the darkness of a vault, locked in a cold metal box.

I am scared, but this was what Cindy wanted. I owe her this much. I owe her everything.

It began with the ring.

I bought it at a lawn sale around the start of fall semester my Sophomore year in college. I don't normally go to lawn sales, but I was walking by on my way back to the dorms and the sale was so crowded that people were backed up onto the sidewalk. I was frustrated at first, and considered just pushing my way through. That seemed rude though. I wanted to see what all the fuss was about, so I joined the other people there looking at the contents of the tables.

As far as I could see, there was nothing special about the items for sale. In fact, almost as soon as I started looking around, the crowd began to dissipate. At the time I thought it was just a coincidence. Looking back, I think the ring wanted to be found by me. It certainly seems to have a will of its own.

I found it in a box of assorted jewelry. It was the sort of costume stuff that only approximates real jewelry; every lawn sale I've ever been to seems to have some. There were the standard strings of plastic beads that were meant to look like pearls, bracelets, rings with fake stones, and even a few pairs of earrings. As I was

about to move on to look at other items, the clean lines of the yellow metal ring drew my attention.

I looked like gold. It didn't have any fake stones set into it, or even any engraving. It looked like the kind of plain, thin band that people wear as a wedding ring. Something about the cut of it made it seem feminine and right at home with the other jewelry in the box.

But it didn't belong in the box. For one thing, unlike the other contents of the box, it looked like it was valuable. For another, it was too big. Its cut might have been feminine, but it was too large to have fit comfortably on the hand of any woman I knew. In fact, it looked even way too large to fit me.

I carried it over to the person was presiding over the money box and held it up so he could see it. "I think this got mixed in with the costume jewelry by accident. It looks like it might be worth a little something."

"Let me see," said the man, taking the ring from my hand with a frown. He examined it closely, then looked at me through narrowed eyes. "Where did you say you found this?"

I pointed in the general direction of the box where I had found it. "In a box of costume jewelry."

He nodded and returned his attention to the ring. "Nice of you to bring it to my attention, but that's no mistake. My wife bought this at a yard sale about a year ago. She thought it was gold, but we took it to a jeweler and it's just some kind of brass." He held it out to me with a smile. "It's pretty, but it's not valuable."

I took it back, looking at it closely. "Odd. Isn't brass usually dull if it isn't freshly polished?"

The man shrugged. "That was what we thought, but we took it to more than one jeweler, and they all agreed it was some kind of brass. Since it's not gold, we couldn't sell it, and my wife doesn't wear any rings other than her engagement ring and wedding band. I don't even think she ever tried it on"

"It's probably too big for her anyway." I held it up between two fingers. "It would probably have fallen right off."

The man nodded amiably. "There is that." He grinned at me and leaned forward slightly. "It might fit you though."

I laughed. "I doubt it. I think it's too big."

The man looked at me out of the corner of his eye. "You go to school up at the college, right?" As he shifted his weight onto his other foot, I could almost see the moment the guy decided he was going to try and get me to buy the ring. "I bet the girls would be fooled, just like my wife was. If they think you have enough money to buy a gold ring for yourself, they might pay more attention to you."

I didn't want to think that women were that shallow, but I had seen too many girls from the dorms hanging all over well-dressed guys who obviously had money to dismiss the idea. "What are you trying to say? That if I wear the ring, women will want to go out with me?"

“No, no,” he protested, all innocence. “I’m just saying it might make some women that would ordinarily not pay any attention to you listen to what you have to say. Then it’s up to you to hold their interest.”

I tried to look bored and doubtful, but he had caught my attention. “I don’t know,” I drawled in a low rumble. “I don’t think one ring will make that big a difference.”

“Maybe not,” agreed the man, “but for five dollars, isn’t it worth a try?”

Considering the man’s words while imagining myself kissing several of the more attractive and popular girls from my dorm, I began to fiddle with the ring. “I don’t know,” I said, but I did know. I wanted the ring if it meant that I had even a small chance of attracting the attention of one of the many women I lusted after every day. It was one of the downfalls of being in college; all the women were beautiful and they all seemed to want anyone that wasn’t me.

“Try it on and see how it looks on you,” suggested the man.

I shrugged. There didn’t seem to be any harm in trying the ring on. My money was still in my pocket.

I expected it to be too big, but as I tried to slip it over my right ring finger, it was, in fact, too small. I could only get it as far down as my knuckle, and it refused to go any farther. “Odd,” I said, holding my hand up for the man to clearly see the result of my attempt to put it on. “I thought it might be too big, but I would never have guessed it would be too small.”

He seemed surprised too. “Try it on your pinkie.”

I decided to try it, almost hearing the sound of every woman on campus sighing in disappointment. On my pinkie it was, as expected, far too large. It would have fallen off if I let my arm hang loosely at my side. Just as I was wondering how it could be so loose on my pinkie and so tight on my ring finger, the man suggested that I try it on my other hand, and so I did.

It slid onto my left ring finger with ease and fit there so comfortably that I could barely tell I was wearing it. “There! You see?” the man enthused. “It’s a perfect fit for you.”

I was pleased for about a moment and a half, until the thought drifted up that it looked like a wedding ring. “I’m sorry, but I’m not interested.” I pulled at the ring to take it off.

“Why not?” said the man. “It fits you perfectly and it looks great on you. The women will love it.”

“Not if they think I’m married,” I pointed out, still trying to remove the ring. “Women notice things like what finger a ring is on. If I wear this, every woman on campus will think I’m either engaged or already married. I’ll never get a date.”

The man seemed to shrink a little. “That’s true. I hadn’t thought of that.” He looked at my continuing struggle to remove the ring in silence for several long moments. “It could make a nice gift, though.”

“It’s stuck,” I said, conceding the fact that the ring wasn’t budging. I could barely make it move over the skin below the knuckle, let alone remove it. Yet it still didn’t feel tight or uncomfortable, except when I tried to pull it over the knuckle.

The man seemed to digest my predicament for a moment or two. He started to smile, but quickly covered it with a look of concern. “I have some butter inside. Maybe that will help.” He paused, not moving to go get the butter. “Of course, it you can’t remove it, I’m going to have to ask you to pay for it.”

“It went on easily enough,” I said, a little annoyed by the man’s self-interest. “I’ll get it off.”

But I didn’t get it off. Two hours later and a two sticks of margarine (not butter, as the man had said) later, I paid the guy my six bucks and left. Five for the ring, one for the margarine.

Bastard.

For a few days it gave me a story to tell and even got a few laughs. By the end of a week, my roommate had let slip that I had thought that the ring would make women more interested in me. And it worked, sort of. After that, women I didn’t know seemed to take great pleasure in walking up to me and make a show out of admiring my ring before walking off in a fit of giggles. I wasn’t exactly popular, but I was suddenly well-known. If it had been high school, the guys probably would have made me the butt of their jokes and ruined my life. As it was, I still got teased a little by some of the guys, but they also saw the number of women that approached me and knew my name, so I also earned a small measure of respect.

For most of my Sophomore year, that was all that happened. I became that guy that got the ring stuck on his finger. The teasing and comments faded away after a few weeks, with only the occasional encounter after that. The notoriety stayed though, and it made it a little easier for me to make friends.

It wasn’t until a few weeks after spring break that the weirdness started.

I had been out drinking the night before. It was one of the many parties that took place on any given Friday night, and with no classes the next day and no real work to do for any of my classes, I had gotten smashed. Like everyone else, I was underage, but that only added to the thrill. The seniors bought the alcohol and the rest of us worshipped them for providing it for us.

The result was a terrific hangover. I say terrific, because it was bad enough to make me feel like I had really been drunk, but not so bad that I was heaving sick.

I woke up full to bursting and needing to use the bathroom. It was right across the hall, but my floor was coed and some of my neighbors were women. All the guys I knew put on a brave front about undressing or wearing their underwear in front of the girls, but very few of them actually acted like being unclothed in front of them was no big deal. I think mostly it’s the natural fear of possibly being laughed at, but I’ll deny it if you ever tell anyone I said that.

So before I could pee, I had to put on some pants. It was a normal enough kind of a thing. I did it every day.

Getting out of bed, I went to my closet and fished in my laundry basket for a pair of jeans I had already worn. I didn't see the sense in getting a clean pair dirty just to go to the bathroom, and I was kind of in a hurry. Hung over and still groggy from waking up, I put on the jeans and threw on a T-shirt.

It was as the T-shirt was going over my head that I began to sense that something was wrong. It seemed way too big for me.

And it was. Once it was on, it fit me like a tent, hanging down almost to my knees. I was practically swimming in the fabric. I looked at myself in the mirror that hung above my dresser and almost fainted. I still looked the same, but it was like I had shrunk. My face was normally centered in the mirror; now the chin of my reflection looked like it was sitting on the mirror's lower edge. The image was like a decapitated, floating head.

I tore the T-shirt off and looked at myself in the mirror again. Nothing had changed, except my hair had moved slightly.

I still had to pee, but now I didn't want to leave the room either. I'm vaguely proud to this day that I didn't piss myself in terror. I was certainly scared enough at the time for that to have happened. From my point of view, I was the same, but everything else had gotten larger. Only my jeans seemed like they were the right size.

It was that thought that got me out of the situation. I looked at the jeans and could tell immediately that they weren't mine. They were a generic brand that I knew my roommate wore. My 4'10" roommate was so short and skinny that he looked like he hadn't quite hit puberty yet. It was as if my entire body had shrunk itself to fit into his jeans. With that thought in my head, I looked at the image of my head in the mirror and realized that there was no "as if" about it: I *had* shrunk to fit into his jeans!

I tore them off like they were on fire and found myself facing my mirror, everything normal, holding a pair of my roommate's jeans. Confused, I held them up to myself. I was not an overweight guy, but the waist was far too small to fit me, and the inseam only came down as far as the middle of my calf. I was 5'11", and there was no way those jeans could have fit. I couldn't have put them on if I had tried; they were just too small.

Thinking that I must have accidentally thrown them into my laundry basket, I looked around and located my jeans beneath my desk. I must have mistaken a pair of my roommate's jeans for my own when I had been trying to straighten up the room the night before. I made a mental note to myself: do not clean the room when drunk. Writing off the incident as a post-binge hallucination, I put on my own jeans and went to use the bathroom.

I spent the day in a funk. I tried to forget about the incident, but it kept preying on me from the back of my mind, popping up at odd moments. Where normally I saw people, I began to see just their clothes. I tried to tell myself that I had

borrowed clothes in the past and I hadn't noticed anything odd, and it was true enough. That thought even comforted me for an hour or so until it dawned on me that any clothes I had ever borrowed had been in my size, so I wouldn't have had to shrink to fit into them.

I spent time early in the afternoon with some of the guys on my floor, watching a basketball game on TV. I kept sneaking looks at this one guy named Danny. He was wearing a T-shirt that I had borrowed from him once. It was decorated with the logo of a band this girl I knew liked. I had wanted to borrow it to try to impress her. It hadn't worked.

Danny was a pretty big guy. He was certainly bigger than me. Why hadn't I grown bigger to fill out the shirt?

A brief image of me amazed and confused by the fact my T-shirt came down to my knees floated through my mind. Then I knew why I hadn't expanded to fill out Danny's shirt: I had been wearing my own jeans at the time. It wasn't possible for me to expand to fit the T-shirt without outgrowing the jeans. That made me wonder what would have happened if I had put on the T-shirt before my jeans instead of after.

"Hey Mark," said Danny, "what's with you?" He was staring at me like I had sprouted a third arm.

I panicked for a second, thinking that he had seen me staring or I had gotten shorter again or something. It took me a moment to realize that the team I was rooting for had just pulled ahead and I hadn't even noticed. Not even the cheering and celebrating from my friends had drawn my attention. I was overwhelmed with relief that my body hadn't spontaneously changed itself again.

"Oh. Right," I said brilliantly. "Go team." I was trying not to admit to myself that what I had experienced was real and not some drunken hallucination. It was a losing battle.

"What are you, sick or something?" said Jeff, another friend that lived on my floor.

I shook my head and wondered if I should tell them what had happened. Maybe they could convince me it had all been in my head. "I was just thinking . . ." I began, my forehead furrowed with my intensity.

They erupted in laughter and began to crack jokes about how I couldn't think my way out of a paper bag. I wasn't known as a brain, and using my head wasn't exactly my strong suit. Still, I think they were mostly trying to distract me from what was bugging me. Even without knowing what was wrong, they could tell I needed cheering up and a distraction. That's what's great about having friends.

For the moment at least, I was able to forget what I had experienced. That should have been a good thing, and it was. At least it was OK for the rest of the afternoon.

Around eight at night, the guys tried to convince me to go with them to a party, but I put them off. In fact, I was scared about what would happen if I got drunk



again. By then, I had convinced myself that my experience had been due to some kind of alcohol poisoning. Or maybe someone had slipped a tab of acid into my drink.

Once they had left, the floor seemed empty. I just kind of wandered around to see who was staying in that night.

There was my roommate of course. He was a pretty popular guy for an exchange student. He wasn't much into the party scene, although he belonged to several clubs on campus. None of them must have been having an activity that night. There was Joe and Dave, who I secretly suspected of being gay, based solely on the amount of time they spent alone together. Sherrie was in her room, studying as usual. The only other person around was Cindy Baker.

Normally, that would be enough to entertain me for a whole evening. Not only was Cindy blonde, big breasted and curvy enough to be a centerfold, but she was fun, outgoing, and seemed to like almost everyone. Every guy I knew had a thing for her.

For some reason, she had picked that particular night to do her laundry. My roommate, Cole (I always found his full name odd: Cole Porter Takeshi), suggested we do our laundry too. Most of the girls in the dorm guarded the machines their clothes were in, which meant they hung out in the laundry room while they did their laundry. Cindy was no exception. Cole thought it was a prime opportunity to spend some "quality" time with Cindy, and he didn't have to try very hard to convince me to join him.

Looking back, that decision was either the biggest mistake of my life, or the best thing I ever did.

After our laundry was in, Cole and I joined Cindy. The three of us sat on the counter that was supposed to be used to fold clothes and watched the machines do their work. There wasn't much else to do in the laundry room except talk or study. It was Saturday night, and so we talked. The only thing Cole and I studied was Cindy.

Actually, Cole and Cindy talked. As I sometimes did when women were doing their laundry at the same time I was there, I began to imagine the feminine clothes that were floating around inside the washing machines and the bodies that wore them. With Cole right there and the thought of clothes in my head, it wasn't long before I began to think about what had happened to me that morning. What if it hadn't been a hallucination? What if it had been real?

One glance at Cindy was all that was needed to turn my thoughts to a more disturbing path. What would have happened if I had put on a pair of women's jeans? Or a bra?

It was ridiculous to even think about, but the idea was stuck in my head. I couldn't even really look at Cindy. It made my skin all tingly to even glance at the tight jeans and baby doll T-shirt she was wearing. The fabric of her top was tight enough that the lines of the bra she was wearing was clearly visible. I kept wondering if my body would look like hers if I put on her clothes.

It was an hour and a half of pure hell for me. I felt like my mind was flying apart. Once we all shifted our clothes to the dryers, it only got worse. The dryers were those front-load kind with the circular glass doors. They took nearly a full hour to get stuff dry. During the never-ending drying cycle, there was nothing left to my imagination. I just had to glance at the dryers with Cindy's clothes in them to see the occasional pair of panties or bra among the rest of her more mundane clothing.

When my clothes were done, I practically fled the room, leaving Cindy and Cole behind.

Once inside the sanctuary of my room, I began to pace. I was torn between the conviction that what I had experienced couldn't have been real and the clear memory of what had happened. I kept stealing looks at myself in the mirror over my dresser to make sure I was still the right size.

I had left the door to the room open, so I heard the elevator door open and the sound of Cole and Cindy chatting as they returned. Cole's arrival in our room didn't surprise me, but Cindy's did. "Hey, Mark," she said as she followed Cole into the room. "You were very quiet, and then you left in a hurry. Did something we say offend you?"

"Uh, no." I said, amazed by the sight of Cindy Baker standing in my dorm room. It only added to the sense of surreality that threatened to overwhelm me.

"Is everything OK?" She looked genuinely concerned, which surprised me. She was so popular that I had always assumed I was beneath her notice. "You seem really upset by something."

"He's been weird all day," Cole offered.

"I'm fine," I protested, looking at both of them with my most sincere look. "Really."

"No, he's not," said Cole to Cindy. "Look at this: he's afraid of my pants."

I willed myself to not back away as he pulled a pair of his jeans out of his laundry basket. "You're nuts."

"No, I'm not. I saw you flinch when they came near you as I was putting stuff in the machines downstairs. I thought it was a fluke, so I pointed out a stain. Remember? You definitely flinched, Mark." As if that wasn't enough, he threw the jeans he was now holding at my head. I managed not to freak out, but I did flinch and avoid unnecessary contact with them as I threw them back at him. "See?" said Cole, looking smugly satisfied by my reaction. "He's afraid of my pants."

Cindy was looking at me speculatively. "Well, if Mark doesn't want to talk about it, that's his choice." Adjusting the position of the laundry basket on her hip, she turned and headed for the door. "I'm going to go back to my room. It's time for me to do some folding and ironing." She paused in the doorway and flipped her long blonde hair as she turned to look at me over her shoulder. The look she gave me smoldered the air between us. "Do you want to come, Mark?"

Unsure if I had heard her right, I glanced at Cole. His jaw was hanging open, and his face was slack with a mixture of awe, envy, and outright lust. He seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room and that Cindy could still see his face.

“Sure,” I said as casually as I could. “Why not?”

Like a puppy on a leash, I followed her back to her room. My heart skipped a beat when she closed the door after we had both entered. Girls didn’t usually do that when they were alone with a guy in their room. It led to talk about what was going on when the door was closed, and most of the college women wanted to avoid that talk unless it was true and they wanted people to know who they had been with. Kind of like marking their territory.

It shouldn’t have come as a surprise to me, but I was disappointed when she actually got out her ironing board and began to iron her clothes and put them away.

She asked about my classes, which led to talk about some of my professors, which led to talk about her professors. From there I managed to loosen up and act like a normal human being with her. She let me sit on the edge of her bed while she worked. I felt privileged to just be alone with her, let alone have her treat me as nicely as she was. We talked about everything and anything, except what was bugging me.

After I was fully relaxed, she asked the question. “So what’s really going on, Mark?”

If there had been even the hint that she wanted to know just because no one else knew yet, I wouldn’t have told her anything. I hated gossip, especially when it was about me. I also wouldn’t have said anything if she had been full of pity. Instead, she struck just the right mixture of curiosity and concern.

So I told her. I glossed over the party, since nothing about it was anything to really talk about. I only told her so she would know about the hangover. I told her about my panic, and what I thought had happened. I talked about how it must have been some kind of hangover-induced hallucination, but how real it had seemed at the time.

I did all of that without looking at her directly. I couldn’t have borne to see her reaction as I told her about my experience. When I finally finished, I risked a look.

She was smiling at me, but she also looked concerned. Her head was tipped to one side, and she had stopped ironing. “I think you’re probably right. It must have been either the alcohol, or something someone slipped into one of your drinks.”

I felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from me. She believed me, but she also thought it was as nuts as I did. “I couldn’t tell the guys,” I said in a rush. “They would have never let me live it down.”

She nodded and began to iron again. “I think you went through enough with the whole ring episode.”

I smiled. “It wasn’t so bad,” I conceded. “I met a lot of people because of it. Most of them women.” I sat up straighter and tried to look manly and desirable.

“Every lady on campus knows who I am. Ohhhh, yeah.” It was so not who I am that it made us both laugh.

“So you tried it again, just to make sure it wasn’t real, right?” she asked casually.

She was concentrating on her ironing then, so she missed the way I blinked in surprise and drew back. “No,” I said firmly. “It wasn’t real. Why would I have tried it again?”

Now *she* was the one who was surprised. “You mean you didn’t test it?” She set the iron on end and circled the ironing board. She moved closer, standing next to where I sat on the bed. “Why not? It would be a simple way to make sure it really was just a hallucination. I mean, you’re not still hung over now, are you? You’re not tripping?”

“No,” I admitted with some reservation.

“Then why not try it now then? I’ll be your witness, and then you’ll know for sure.”

For a brief moment, I wondered if her concern had been a ploy to get me alone with her. If she was interested in me, this was a great way for her to get me to take my pants off in front of her.

It was, however, only a momentary thought. No one, including Cindy, had known about my hallucination that morning. There was no way she could have used that information as part of a plan to get me to take off my pants for her. It was a bruise to my ego. Part of me had really wanted to believe, if only for an instant, that she was interested in me as more than a friend.

“I would feel stupid,” I deferred, already feeling stupid and hurt for telling her the truth.

“Come on, it’s no big deal,” she insisted. “You can use a pair of my jeans. I’m not as short as Cole, but I’m enough shorter and thinner than you so we can tell if you really do shrink.” Her eyebrows drew together and she frowned. “Unless you think it only works with Cole’s jeans. Maybe we should tell him what you think happened and borrow a pair of jeans from him.”

“I would rather not drag Cole into this,” I said firmly, only noticing after I said it that I had apparently decided to go along with what Cindy wanted. I took a deep breath to firm my resolve. “Your jeans should work fine.”

It’s amazing how hindsight is 20-20. At the time, I was certain that if it worked at all, putting on her jeans would just make me shorter again. Part of me was even relieved that she hadn’t thought to suggest that I should try on a bra or a dress. In my head, jeans were just jeans, and I had dodged a bullet by not having her insist on one of those as an option for our experiment. Even if nothing happened – which I fully expected once I heard how ridiculous it all sounded out loud – I would then have to deal with Cindy having seen me dressed like that.

She went to her closet and rooted around for a few seconds before drawing out a hanger with a pair of blue jeans draped through it. “These should work great.”

She blushed and looked nervous as she pulled them off the hanger. “I outgrew them in junior high. Not only are they a couple sizes too small, but they are too short for me. I keep them around as a reminder of what will happen if I don’t diet and exercise.”

As I stood up and took the jeans from her, I tried to think of a suave way to say she was attractive. It was too much for me. I couldn’t think of one that didn’t make me sound like an idiot. Instead, I held up the jeans and verified to myself that I shouldn’t be able to fit in them. I looked at her, and she continued to stare at me expectantly. “Uh,” I said finally, “are you going to at least turn around while I try and put them on?”

Her smirk was part amusement and part challenge. “How am I supposed to witness this magical change if I don’t watch you put on the jeans?”

She had me there. “Whatever,” I grouched, dropping her jeans on the bed long enough for me to kick off my sneakers and take off my jeans.

“What happened to your underwear?” she asked me just as I was picking up her jeans. For one awful moment I thought I had an obvious skid mark or hole or something in the briefs I had on. “Did they shrink with you, or did they stay big?” Still facing away from her, I let myself feel relieved.

I straightened back up, holding her jeans in one hand and wondering at the oddity of being half-dressed in front of the hottest woman on campus. And it had even been her suggestion. “I’m not sure,” I admitted, trying to think back. “I don’t remember anything being too big except for the T-shirt.” I thought some more, nodding. “Now that you mention it, I think my underwear still fit me. That means that if I shrank, they shrank to match.”

“Weird,” she commented, her eyes dropping to my waist. I think it was nerves, but I was only semi-erect. Being in a strange situation without your pants can have that effect on a person.

I shifted my grip on the jeans’ waistband, preparing to put them on. “Well, here goes.”

Just like before, I put them on as easily and as naturally as a pair of my own jeans. Even with me paying close attention this time, there was no odd moment or sense of shrinking on my part, or of any sense that the jeans were getting bigger to fit me. They just went on as comfortably and naturally as any jeans that I owned.

It wasn’t until after I had done the button at the waist and zipped them up that anything seemed odd. The first thing I noticed was looking up at Cindy. I mean, not just raising my head, but looking *up* at her. Normally I’m 5’11” and the top of Cindy’s head is about at my eye level. But not with her old jeans on. With them on, she topped me by several inches. As I looked up at her, her expression bloomed from a kind of vague amusement to a flushed shock. “Oh my God!” she finally managed to sputter out. “You weren’t hallucinating. It really happened!” Her hand rose to hover in front of her mouth as she began to erupt with husky, shocked laughter.

It was like watching a movie. You see what is happening on the screen and it interests you, but at the same time it doesn't seem to have anything to do with you or your life. I looked down at myself and was immediately struck by the wrongness of what I saw. Unlike the first time, I didn't just seem shorter. My shape had changed.

*I just put on a pair of women's jeans*, I thought with dismay as I observed the result of my action. The waist of the jeans seemed to fit me normally enough, even though it seemed higher on my waist than on my own jeans. Below that, everything was different. My hips and rear end curved out dramatically from the waist, seeming as wide my shoulders. Even my legs seemed to be set farther apart, along with having acquired a shockingly feminine shape the seemed to fill the fabric to capacity. Touching my fingers to either hip, it also seemed that my pelvis was more prominent.

But the most radical change was also the most obvious. Cindy saw it as clearly as I did. "Mark," she asked quietly, her voice shaking in time with the vibrations of my own nerves, "where's your package?"

Of their own volition, the palms of my hands slid over the taunt, smooth expanse of my lower abdomen. Pausing only for a moment, I moved my right hand lower, confirming the reality that I had only suspected until that moment: the only parts I had left belonged on a woman.

I don't even remember taking off the jeans or my underwear. One moment I had them on and was touching what both my hand and my groin told me was a canvas-covered pussy, and the next I was naked from the waist down, thanking God over and over for the reappearance of my manly parts. I didn't even care that I was exposing myself to Cindy. Having lost my manhood for even less than a minute had been enough to seriously freak me out. "Never again," I vowed like a first time drunk embracing a toilet the night after a binge. "Oh God, never again."

It was almost a full minute before I calmed down enough to regain a little of my dignity and pull my shorts back on. Part of me wanted to grab my jeans and flee, but Cindy had moved closer to me at some point and she now stood between me and my jeans. As I caught my breath and began to stop shaking, I saw that Cindy was at least as rattled as I was. Neither of us had really expected it to work, I think. We stared at each other as things slowly returned to some semblance of normal between us.

Cindy was the first to speak. "Your shirt still fit you."

"Huh?" I was still trying to come to grips with being temporarily dickless and she was talking about my shirt!

"The shirt you're wearing and your underwear both shrank to fit you. This morning, your shirt must have seemed bigger because you put it on after you shrank."

That seemed reasonable, not that it mattered much to me at the time. "I guess so."