The Ring



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Mags Inc/Reluctant Press
4645 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 101
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USA

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The Ring

By Olivia Evans

The very first time I met Raquel, I was struck by her beauty, her shyness and yes, even her naiveté. There were times when she acted as though the mere act of walking, or putting on her clothing, was something new and completely foreign to her.

I did not realize why she acted so until much later.

I remember how hesitant and frightened she'd been when I first spoke to her. She had been sitting alone on a bench in the Old Courthouse Park.

She was quite beautiful even without make-up. Her lustrous dark brown hair was done up in a simple ponytail that fell to just above the middle of her back.

Her attire wasn't very stylish, in fact she was wearing a baggy pair of men's jeans and a large man's shirt. On her feet were a pair of ill fitting loafers, which I discovered later to be also men's. She looked as if she had awaken that morning and decided to wear her father's clothing to purposely conceal what proved to be a fabulously sexy body.

When I sat down beside her on the bench, she looked startled and tensed up, as though she were preparing to leap up and run screaming from my presence. The expression in her big brown eyes reminded me of a frightened doe.

When she realized that I was going to do nothing more threatening than talk, she visibly relaxed.

I knew that I would have to treat her as though she were a fine and delicate porcelain vase.

As we spoke, I could tell that she was becoming more and more at ease with me sitting beside her.

A faint but distinct growl from her stomach gave me the opportunity I had been looking for.

I suggested that we have a bite to eat, then maybe a walk through the park afterward.

Much to my surprise, considering her initial reaction to my presence, she agreed, still with that same nervous reluctance that had appealed to me from the very instant I laid eyes on her. Our lunch and walk through the park turned into a promise for a dinner date the following day.

The dinner date led to two more, then finally we were seeing each other nearly every day for the next three weeks.

Although she had obviously come to enjoy my company, she refused to allow me to go to her home, or even to tell me where she lived. She gave me the impression, without actually saying it, that she was part of a dysfunctional family and was ashamed of where and how she lived,

The first time I kissed her, on our third date, she acted as though she had never been kissed by a man before. She jerked away as abruptly as if I had slapped her rather than tenderly touching my lips against hers.

After staring at me with the oddest expression I've ever seen for a long moment, she slowly took my head in her hands and pulled my face to hers.

When we finally pulled apart, she was flushed, had a distant look in her soft brown eyes and a faint smile on her well kissed lips.

From that moment on Raquel seemed to change, going from a very attractive woman who wore either men's, or at most unisex clothing, little or no make-up, to a beautiful woman who began to use make-up more frequently and wearing sexy looking clothing more appropriate to her gender and incredibly sexy figure.

We dated for a total of six weeks before we slept together.

Despite the fact that we had progressed from kisses to heavy petting that resulted in almost spontaneous climaxes for both of us, Raquel showed that nervous reluctance that had almost been her trademark during the first few weeks I had known her.

I had jokingly pointed out that she was as nervous as a virgin on her wedding night. She had merely smiled and asked me to be gentle for she was a virgin. I inwardly smiled, doubting that a woman of twenty five as beautiful as she, could still be one.

Of course, I had been wrong, she had been a virgin after all.

Less than a week after I had so gently but thoroughly deflowered her, she moved in with me and we made love nearly every opportunity we could.

Then the inevitable happened — Raquel discovered, much to her surprise and seeming panic, that she was pregnant.

Even before Raquel had made her tearful and rather worried announcement that I was going to be

a father, I knew that I was in love with my beautiful, shy Raquel.

The very next evening, I presented her with a diamond ring and asked her to marry me.

She looked down at the diamond ring on her finger, then back up at me, an odd, slightly stunned look on her face reminiscent of the one the first time I had kissed her.

"Yes, of course, darling," was all she said almost without hesitation.

It was enough to make my heart leap for joy.

At that moment and for the next four months, I was on top of the world.

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The death of Raquel, along with our unborn child, had been brutal and mercifully quick.

The evening she was killed, she had gone to a nearby corner convenience store, a mere three blocks from our house. It was something she'd done a hundred times over the six months we had lived together.

A pint of her favorite ice cream to ease her almost insatiable prenatal cravings was all she'd wanted. Plain vanilla, nothing fancy at all.

Certainly safe enough, you would think.

She hadn't even been gone long enough for me to become worried before a young and very nervous looking police officer knocked on my door.

There had been an attempted holdup at the convenience store, the officer explained. The store clerk had hit a silent alarm when one of the young punks stuck the muzzle of a .38 in his face.

The alarm company instantly contacted the police department, who dispatched a patrol car from only five blocks away.

Less than three minutes later the police arrived just as Raquel was pulling the store's glass door open, too intent on her innocent errand to sense the danger, she inadvertently alerted the robbers to the presence of the police.

The two young punks had tried to shoot it out. When the smoke cleared, two lay dead in the parking lot of the store. The police had killed one of the robbers, the other, the one thought to have actually fired the round that killed Raquel, had escaped.

It had been accidental, the police report had read.

Raquel had tragically gotten in the way of a stray bullet. The police weren't even sure whose gun it had been fired from.

A simple case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. It was nobody's fault really, not that it made her loss any easier to bear.

The funeral was hard, harder than I expected.

I received a lot of sympathy for a few days , then even that dried up.

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Two weeks later all that remained to remind me of what might have been, were a small manila envelope containing the jewelry she had been wearing, a couple of dozen boxes of her belongings I had packed away and an empty copper colored metal box.

The small, rather plain looking box had held her ashes before they had been scattered at sea. I soon threw the box out, knowing that if I didn't, I would never be able to pass by the dresser without breaking out in tears of grief and loneliness.

The envelope with Raquel's jewelry lay untouched on the top of my dresser for several months after the funeral.

At first I couldn't bring myself to look at the envelope, fearing that the pain of her loss would start all over again. I suppose that the "right" thing to do would have been to either sell or give her jewelry away. In my grief I couldn't force myself to do either.

I hadn't even been able to throw her clothing away, merely packing it all in boxes and storing them in what would have been the nursery. I knew even then that what I was doing was a futile and irrational gesture.

Raquel would never return to reclaim any of it.

Never.

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Life, as we all know, must go on.

As time passed, the envelope containing her jewelry had gradually been pushed to the rear of the dresser, inching closer and closer to the edge. There it sat, half on and half off the edge, until one day, about four months after Raquel's death, my carelessly tossed wallet knocked it to the floor behind the dresser.

Hearing the small package fall, I got on my hands and knees to retrieve it. As my groping fingers brushed against it, I felt a mild static electricity shock. Startled, I jerked my hand back. Shaking my head ruefully, I tried it again.

I started to toss it back on the dresser when a strange thought crossed my mind. The bulk of the envelope felt somehow different. Curious, I opened the envelope and slid the contents out into my hand. Engagement and wedding ring set, a thin gold neck chain and a well worn class ring, the quantity matched what I remembered putting in the envelope.

Her engagement ring and its matching wedding band looked the same, as did the thin gold chain

necklace. It didn't take a second glance to tell that there was something definitely wrong with Raquel's beloved class ring.

It was gone!

Oh, there was a class ring all right, but it wasn't the one I remembered placing in the envelope. It closely resembled Raquel's except for one major difference. Except for the fact that the ring had a vaguely feminine air about it, it was made for man sized finger. Obviously too big to fit Raquel's slender finger, it was almost large enough to fit my own ring finger. Unless she'd worn it on her thumb, which I knew she hadn't, it would have slipped right off.

Why had someone substituted a man's ring for my fiancé's?

I bounced it a couple of times in my hand, feeling the weight of the heavy gold ring. I wondered what had been so special about the real ring that someone had felt the need to steal it, then substitute another ring.

I could understand someone stealing one of the rings, but why take a comparatively inexpensive school class ring? And when taken, why go to the trouble to substitute an identical man's ring for the real one? If I'd been the thief, I would have taken the engagement ring, worth several thousand more and I certainly wouldn't have taken the trouble to replace the stolen ring with another.

I was about to slip it back into the envelope when I suddenly got the urge to look closer at the ring. Heavy enough to be solid gold, it had a large clear round stone with a design in silver in the center. The design was one of those "one way" designs that was traditionally worn facing in one direction until the student reached the upperclassman year, then turned around to face in the opposite way.

Like Raquel's ring of my memory, it showed signs of years of wear. While the odd design on the clear diamond like stone was sharp and distinct, the lettering on the band and around the stone was totally illegible. It was impossible to tell which school it represented, or even if it had been a school.

I started to slip the ring back into the envelope again when an odd impulse came over me. Although I would have gladly worn my wedding band, I normally dislike wearing rings. I slipped the class ring on the ring finger of my right hand, the same place Raquel had worn hers.

Not surprisingly, it fit as though it had been made for me.

I studied the ring on my hand for a few minutes, remembering Raquel and the all good times we'd had before her death. Despite the slightly feminine design, it almost looked as though it belonged on my finger. I decided I would leave it on in honor of her memory.

Wearing a ring felt a little odd at first, but as with all rings, the feeling went away and within a week I had almost forgotten I was wearing it.

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I was reminded of the ring a month later. It was Friday night of the Memorial Day Weekend and I was working on my old partially restored '52 Plymouth Station Wagon. Far from being a classic, the Plymouth had a body design I had liked well enough to buy one to work on as a hobby. I was trying to get it running, wanting to take it for a spin over the weekend.

It took me almost until midnight to find and correct the problem, a short in the primary wire to the coil. Something I should have checked first but hadn't.

I was washing my greasy hands with some heavy duty mechanic's hand soap and water when I felt the ring begin to slip off my well lubricated finger. Not wanting to risk losing the ring, I removed it, cleaned it off and slipped it into my pocket.

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I remembered the ring when I undressed for a shower an hour later. Again, not wanting to risk losing it, I placed it back on my finger, not realizing that the design was now facing in what I'd originally assumed to be the "underclassman", or wrong direction.

I've always enjoyed long hot showers and took every opportunity to take one. As much as I like hot showers, I'm not always careful to make sure that I have soap and shampoo when I need them.

Just as I stepped under the tingly hot spray, I realized that I had forgotten to pick up some more bath soap the last time I had gone grocery shopping. Something I'd been reminding myself to do every time I had gotten into the shower for the last week. All that remained of the bar of soap in the shower was a tiny sliver that would allow me to wash my face and little else.

Leaving the water running, I stepped out of the shower and quickly searched the linen cupboard where Raquel had kept our clean towels and other bathroom supplies. I was hoping that I had somehow overlooked a stray bar of soap that may have hidden itself in the back of the cupboard.

The only soap I found was an unopened bottle of gel body cleanser/conditioner half hidden in the back of the linen closet. It was of course, Raquel's, used when she wanted to feel particularly sexy. I unscrewed the lid and smelled the flowery aroma, bringing back a flood of memories, mostly pleasant, some

still very painful. I realized that there were far fewer memories now than there would have been only a few months ago.

I decided that it wouldn't kill me to smell like Raquel for one night, besides it would be a definite improvement over the way I smelled at the moment. I was almost out of shampoo as well, so I took the gel and a couple of half empty bottles of her shampoo and conditioner with me into the shower.

In spite of the very feminine aroma of the body gel, I liked the way it went smoothly on my body and gently, but thoroughly, cleaned my skin. I wondered if they made a product like this for men. Probably not, I decided, something that smelled this sexy was for women only.

When I got out of the shower half an hour later, I felt greatly refreshed, much cleaner and, thanks to the skin gel, oddly softer. From head to toe I smelled as nice as Raquel had.

The faint but obvious perfumed odor of my body started me dreaming about her while I dried myself. It wasn't until I ran the towel along my leg that I noticed that there was something strange about the way my gel softened skin felt.

A quick glance followed by a long hard look revealed that my leg was not only softer but smoother as well. I quickly discovered the reason why. I had somehow lost all the hair on my leg.

I check the other leg, still dripping wet from the shower and saw that it too had become mysteriously denuded of hair.

Except for a tiny, almost nonexistent, triangular shaped patch of hair at my groin, my eyebrows and what was on the top of my head, my body was completely devoid of any hair whatsoever.

My immediate reaction was to check the bottle of gel, thinking that perhaps it had been a depilatory, rather than an ordinary overpriced sweet smelling liquid soap. I carefully read the label and found nothing that would explain the sudden "baldness" of my body. I was thankful that the hair on top of my head hadn't fallen out as well.

I don't have to take my clothes off while at work, so the absence of body hair wouldn't be much of a problem. Being suddenly bald, however, would have been a little hard to explain!

With the mystery nagging in the back of my mind, I finished drying off and brushed my teeth.

A few minutes later, I was in my pajamas, in bed and in a sound, dreamless sleep, my mysterious hair loss forgotten for the moment.

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I awoke to a terrific pressure in my bladder. I had to go to the bathroom and right now. I brushed a stray lock of hair from my face and swung my feet out of bed, momentarily standing upright with a slight swaying motion. I steadied myself and started toward the bathroom — and promptly crashed painfully to the bedroom floor as I tripped over something.

Twisting around, I saw my pajama bottoms tangled around my hairless legs and ankles. Kicking myself free, I arose and resumed my journey to the bathroom and relief.

I was in such a hurry that I missed the seat when I grabbed and raised the only toilet lid. The pressure in my bladder was painfully reminding me that I didn't have any extra time to waste by lifting the seat, so I did the next best thing.

In one quick motion I pulled up the top of my pajamas up slightly, spun around, sat and let fly. The

sound of my urine hitting the water in the bowl was both comforting and strange.

When the warm stream finally stopped, I reached down between my thighs to shake my penis free of the little dribbles of urine that usually remained in the urethra.

Downward my fingers went until years of experience told me my hand had gone as far as it should have. I realized then that something was wrong, but I wasn't sure what. I reached down some more, groping for my familiar friend. It was then that I received the shock of my life.

IT WAS GONE!

I couldn't find it! My penis, as well as my testicles, had somehow disappeared!

My mind must have slipped a gear or two when I realized that my penis and testicles were no longer firmly attached between my legs. Confused and a little frightened, my first reaction was to pull my loose pajama top up to my waist, bend forward to look between my legs and then down into the toilet bowl.

I'm not sure if I really expected to find my missing parts floating on the surface of the water or not. The only thought racing through my mind at the moment was that it would have been a real disaster if I'd accidentally flushed them down the toilet.

I didn't see much at first because long hair kept falling into my face, (it had been much shorter when I had gone to bed). When I finally realized that I would have to hang on to it with one hand while I held up my pajama top with the other, I had a little more success.

Only I didn't get beyond the little patch of hair between my legs. Partially concealed beneath the soft brown hair was the so called "Mound of Venus," a layer of fat that sits above a woman's genitalia. It was

intended by nature to cushion the force of contact of a man's pelvic bone against a woman's when making love. It was something that men generally do not have, or at least not as pronounced as the one women have.

Mine was very pronounced indeed!

My suddenly long hair forgotten, I reached down and felt between my legs again. Almost before I realized it, two of my fingers had slipped up inside of my body, entering easily into a warm, moist void that had never been there before.

My long slender fingers felt nothing that shouldn't have been there, IF nature had intended me to be born a girl!

My damp pubic hair reminded me that I needed to wipe myself. So without too much thought to the process, I grabbed a wad of toilet paper and took care of that unpleasant business. As I finished, my hands began shaking badly as the horror of the situation began to sink in.

All this of course, took far less time to happen than it did to tell of it. So my mind was still reeling with shock from my loss of what was, at least to me, a very important part of my body , when I accidentally brushed hard against one of my full breasts with my arm it barely registered. But register it had.

Forcing myself to remain calm and fighting the sudden desire to throw up and empty my bowels simultaneously, I pushed my long hair around to my back. No longer fighting the hair that kept falling into my face, I jerked the front of my pajama top up around my neck. Terrified of what I knew I would see, I looked down. I sucked in my breath sharply when my eyes confirmed what I had felt with the back of my wrist.

Perched proudly upon my chest were two of the prettiest female breasts I've ever seen.

Somehow in the middle of the night, I had been turned into a woman! A physically impossible event that nonetheless had somehow transpired.

Needless to say, I was scared shitless, literally.

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I must have sat on the toilet a good half hour, tying to slow my wildly pounding heart and to make some kind of sense out of what I had seen and felt.

There was absolutely no logical, biological, or any other reason I could think of to explain for what had transpired. None whatsoever, yet the indisputable proof that it HAD happened was my own, now obviously female, body.

Toilet seats aren't exactly designed for long term comfort even for someone who had suddenly gained substantial extra padding as I had. So it was understandable when my plump rear began to protest. I stood and irrationally checked the toilet bowl one last time for my missing penis and testicles before I flushed it.

I washed my hands mechanically, too busy staring at my naked reflection in the mirror to really notice what I was doing. I could still see the ME in my attractive features. But my face was subtly different, fuller through the cheek bones, a smaller chin and a slightly smaller "perky" looking nose.

There wasn't a single whisker to be seen and my eyebrows were delicate and finer in texture, while my eyelashes were almost the exact opposite, longer, darker and fuller than before. My hair had retained its original color, but was much longer, fuller and had a healthy shine that it had never had before.

I'd lost a few inches in height and more than a few pounds as well. My body looked very much like

Raquel's on the day I'd first made love to her, 5' 7" and well built.

Too damned well built for my current state of mind.

It was my physical resemblance to Raquel that reminded me that I needed to put some clothing on. A woman with the body that I'd suddenly found myself in wouldn't go running around the house naked.

Not that I usually did as a man either, but now it seemed even more important to cover myself up. My growing modesty presented me with a problem however. Everything I owned would be miles too large for my now much smaller female body.

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For the first time since the weekend after Raquel's funeral, I entered the room we had planned to use as a nursery. Tragically no longer needed, it was a convenient place to store the dozens of boxes containing her belongings until I decided what to do with them. As time passed, the thought of disposing of Raquel's clothing had dropped further and further down on my list of priorities.

Now they were first on the list again, for a very different reason. I found myself rummaging through the first of several boxes of women's clothing, looking for something that I could wear myself!

The first and second boxes contained mostly maternity clothing. By the time I opened the third box, I had found enough to meet my immediate needs.

I didn't have any problem putting on a pair of Raquel's satin bikini panties, they were merely a much softer and more colorful emerald green version of my own cotton bikini underwear.

I did however, have a great deal of difficulty with her bra. My hands were shaking so badly with the re-

alization that I actually needed one, that I couldn't fasten the hooks in back. After a few minutes of frustration and awkward contortions, I gave up.

I settled for a mechanically less intimidating pull on sports bra that looked like a bright pink cropped tank top. I felt I could manage the top-like bra, all I needed to do was to pull it over my head and down over my breasts.

Once I realized that it was necessary to adjust my breasts inside of the snug fitting garment, it actually felt quite comfortable. Although it flattened my breasts slightly, it gave me plenty of support. More importantly, it stopped the annoying jiggling of the large mounds of flesh when I moved.

A pair of black body hugging bike shorts with a wide band of lace on the legs finished my make shift outfit.

I was very self conscious of my wide hips and large breasts as I walked barefoot to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. For some reason, it bothered me that I couldn't stop the gentle sway of my hips every time I took a step. Logic told me the reason, my legs were attached to my body much differently than before, but it bothered me all the same.

It seemed harder than usual to open the jar that I kept my coffee grounds in. I flexed my arm and squeezed my almost nonexistent biceps. I discovered that I had lost considerable amount of strength during the transformation. On the plus side, the smell of the coffee as it perked never before smelled as rich or flavorful, at least not to my male nose.

I forced myself to wait patiently as the coffee perked. My fear and nervousness manifested only in the dull, sightless stare in my eyes and the tremble in my hands as I gently twisted Raquel's ring around my long slender finger.

As I saw it, there were two logical questions about what had happened to me that had to be answered. What had been the cause of my mysterious change in sex, and vastly more important, how could I get my original male body back?

No matter how many times I asked myself those questions, I kept coming up with the same answer for both. I didn't have the slightest idea.

By the time I finished the pot of coffee, and had gone to the bathroom again, I still didn't have the slightest clue of what I was going to do.

Except maybe shape and paint my nails.

I was half way to the bathroom where Raquel had kept her cosmetics, when the absurdity of the thought struck me. Paint my nails? Why on earth would I do that? I may have been wearing a woman's body on the outside, but inside, where it still counted, I was a man.

Besides, her make-up and things were in the spare bedroom, packed in one of the boxes of her clothing. I made an abrupt turn into the spare bedroom and began searching through the boxes of Raquel's belongings for a bottle of polish and an emery board.

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I had finished my last toe nail and was just about to start on my fingernails when the phone rang. There was a dead silence when I answered. Thinking that the person on the other end of the line may not have heard me, I tried again.

"Hello?" I repeated, a little louder.

"Uh… is this the residence of Kevin Smith?"

I recognized the voice of Sherry O'Neal, a coworker, good friend and the one person who helped me the most during the difficult time after Raquel's death. I

was delighted to hear her voice, maybe she had some ideas on how to get me out of this mess.

"Sherry!" I interrupted. "Can you come over here right away? I need your help on a major problem."

"Uh… who is this?"

"Don't you know?" I asked incredulously.

She should have recognized me instantly, we talked on the phone at least once a day at work and several times a week at home.

"No, I'm sorry, should I?"

I could tell that she was using her professional, "polite talk" telephone voice in the tones that she usually reserved for other women, slightly deeper and more assertive than the one she used when talking to a man. I instantly realized my mistake, Sherry didn't recognize me because my voice wasn't MY voice anymore.

To Sherry it was the voice of another woman, a stranger.

"Uh… no, there's no reason why you should have," I admitted. "Say, Kevin asked me to ask you if you called, to come over and help him on a very important project he's working on."

"Oh, is he there? If so, I'd like to talk to him, please."

"Uh… no, he had to run to the store for a few minutes. He should be back by the time you get here."

Didn't I wish.

Our conversation went on like this for a few more minutes before I was able to convince her to come over. When we said our good-byes, I glanced at the clock on the microwave. I would have less than twenty minutes to get ready.



I knew I didn't have enough time to properly fix my hair, so I just brushed it out the best I could and let it go at that.

Besides, I didn't want to meet her at the door dressed as I was and needed the extra time to find something to wear.

Everything in the boxes of clothing, while clean, had become badly wrinkled from prolonged storage. I decided that the only thing that didn't need to be ironed was a pair of faded jeans and the top that I was wearing. I threw one of my own shirts over the crop tank top and left it unbuttoned, going for the casual "layered" look.

I tried on all of Raquel's shoes, discovering in the process that they were about a half size too small, even as tiny as my own feet now were. I had to settle for a pair of dressy sandals with thin leather straps that almost matched the hot pink color of my top.

I'd been keeping an eye on the time, and decided that I had just enough time to put on some lipstick. I had to hunt through the box of cosmetics again before I found the only tube of lipstick that hadn't been thrown away. I rushed to the bathroom and carefully touched the waxy stick of pale pink to my upper lip. I'd never put lipstick on before and I didn't want to mess up on my first attempt.

I was concentrating so hard on the problem of how to go about the task, that I almost jumped when the doorbell rang.

Sherry's here!

My mind screamed at me, hurry up!

I quickly ran the lipstick around my lips and grabbed a piece of toilet paper to blot my lips, as I headed to the door.

By the time I reached the door, my lips had been blotted and I was starting to feel better about myself.

Amazing what a little make-up, even if it's no more than a dash of color on her lips, can do for a girl, isn't it? I laughed to myself.

"Sherry! Come in, please," I urged. I was so delighted to see her that I almost threw my arms around her and kissed her dead on the lips.

"Thank you," Sherry said somewhat coldly as she stepped inside. "Where's Kevin?"

"Still out," I lied. "Would you like a cup of coffee while we wait for him?"

"Don't bother," Sherry replied coolly.

"No bother, it's already made. It's just the way you like it, black and strong."

Sherry looked at me oddly and followed me into the kitchen.

We sat across from each other, neither saying much until our cups of coffee were half gone.

"I don't think you've told me your name. Since you somehow already know mine, I think it's only polite of you to tell me yours," Sherry suggested, her tone of voice on the border between sounding annoyed and being just plain nasty. I realized then that she was seeing me not as a vastly different version of myself, but simply another female, potentially her rival for… myself!

"Okay, I guess that's reasonable. But let me forewarn you, you won't believe me when I tell you," I said, smiling wryly. I could hardly believe it myself.

Sherry's eyes narrowed as she sighed tiredly. She was obviously not up to name guessing games this early in the morning.

"Try me," she countered, with a touch of venom in her voice.

I smiled and told her who I was and how I'd awakened to find myself in the body of a female only a few

hours earlier. The look on her face told me that she wasn't buying my story.

"You know, you kind of look like Kevin, or rather more like his sister, if he had one. But you're right about one thing though sister, I don't believe you." She made a move to rise.

I reached out and grabbed her wrist, stopping her momentarily.

"Ask me a question that only you and I would know the answer to. Please, Sherry, give me a chance to prove it to you."

I found myself pleading with her not to leave. This was my last desperate attempt to get her to understand that it really was me sitting across from her. I knew I had succeeded, at least momentarily, when she sat back down.

"All right, convince me you are who you say you are," she relented, although reluctantly.

Sherry then asked me where we had been and what had we done during our lunch break the previous Saturday when we were supposed to be working overtime on a deal for the company. It was a good question and something that only she and I would know.

"Instead of going out for lunch we stayed in my office, and made love on the couch. Your orgasm was so strong that you knocked my coffee cup off of the arm of the couch, breaking it."

Sherry paled when I told her the answer. "Kevin could have told you that!" she countered.

Smiling, I shook my head, "I never kiss and tell. I know what happened because I was there."

Sherry looked as though she were becoming a little more convinced that I was who I said I was, but being rightfully skeptical, she asked one more question.