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The 'Doppelganger' Charm

Part Seven
(August 2022)

A Sexy and Taboo Patreon-Exclusive Serial Story Featuring
Magical Gender Transformation

By Zoe Brown

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Part Seven

I finally made it back downstairs to feed Vanessa's two dogs and her cat about a half hour after I had first flown in through the front door of the same girl's luxurious two-level loft apartment. Having first relished in the deliciously orgasmic, roughly ten-minute sex-changing metamorphic experience of transforming back into the body-double duplicate of my astoundingly sexy twenty-two-year-old female host, I'd spent the better part of the next ten minutes finger-fucking the wet and yielding new womanly slit which I now once again sported between the pair of my lusciously soft, full, firm, and taperingly girlish new thighs in order to reach my *second* female orgasm of evening, this one inspired by the profoundly titillating rush of 'gender affirmation' which had washed over me at once more assuming the beautifully soft and voluptuously enticing new, *'borrowed'* female form which I had only first managed to acquire for myself the night before, at once again seeing the beautiful, radiantly euphoric features of 'Vanessa Tarasenko's' gorgeous face beaming back out of the surface of that same young woman's bathroom mirror at me, getting to hold the pair of that alluring goddess's ripe, round, full, firm, pert and *perky* size 32 'E'-cup breasts in my hands (feeling them squish beneath my tender and girlish palms, between my slender and delicate new female fingers), gripping again at the thick, plump, juicy new curves of my girlish buttocks, beholding the smooth, flat, slopingly empty new 'upside-down' triangle of my womanly pelvis (with no unsightly male phallic protuberance getting in the way), thrilling at the knowledge that I was once again a woman.

After gasping, whimpering, and panting my way through the deliciously cathartic erogenous shocks of a second wet, wild, and explosively climactic female orgasm in under fifteen minutes, I'd needed nearly five more before my heart and respiratory rate had calmed back down again, and for sufficient strength to return to my freshly-feminized arms and legs for me to push myself up off of the gleaming black tile floor of Vanessa bathroom and to stagger the few steps back across the interior space in order to collect the small bundle of lacy, satiny black cloth which I had dropped onto the polished stone surface of Vanessa's wide, broad sink countertop at the beginning of my transformation (after using it in conjunction with the tarnished silver figurine of the Ancient Egyptian goddess Isis which was now similarly occupying a spot between the pair of the large, ovular porcelain sink basins inset into counter's surface before me in order to invoke the body-altering mystical powers of that millennia-old deity to induce my metamorphosis) and shake the lacy, lingerie-style women's bodysuit (a 'teddy' in 1990's lingo, and in old 'TG transformation' stories which I'd read that had been written and posted on the internet at the time, during the early days of the Internet, a decade before I was even born, though I hadn't seen anyone *contemporary* use that particular term to refer to the distinctively sexy style of women's underthings for as long as I'd been on social media) out in front of my newly-shrunk, shapely, five-and-a-half-foot female figure. Then, lowering the delicate, seductively provocative bit of *ridiculously* expensive high-class women's lingerie down towards the floor in front of my femininely flat, smooth, and slopingly empty new womanly crotch, I'd ever so carefully stepped into the top of the bodysuit and poked my dainty new girlish feet through the leg holes at the bottom. Rolling the

stretchy, satiny material of the sexy, lacy piece up along the pair of my long, slender, hairless and lusciously-shaped new girlish legs, I'd ever-so-gently tugged the snug-fitting crotch and thong-style 'seat' of the bodysuit's built in 'panty'-style bottoms into place around the freshly-resaped new womanly contours of my enticingly voluptuous lower body (letting out a high, sweet, and cutely girlish little 'mmm—!' of sensual delight as the material of bodysuit pulled straight up between the pair of my high, firm, and ample new womanly ass-cheeks, in the back, while stretching flat and taut across the new, smoothly and girlishly sloping surface of my empty, womanly crotch, in front) before working the top half of the garment into place around my slim but busty new feminine chest, hooking first one of the adjustable 'bra-straps' up over one small, delicately rounded new girlish shoulder and then the other, until I could at last reach down into the front of the bodysuit, take hold of and lift the pair of the *deliriously* generous new (borrowed!) 'E'-cup breasts which my magically gender-transformed new female body sported and settle them into place within the molded, padded support of the exquisitely seductive lingerie item's built-in bra-cups. When this quick but convoluted process was finally complete, I'd glanced back up into the gleamingly bright and polished, reflective surface of the mirror mounted up on the wall above the pair of Vanessa Tarasenko's brightly-polish bathroom sinks and reveled in the beautifully alluring sight of my sex-changed new womanly *chassis*, so beguilingly bedecked in such an enticing bit of snug-fitting black satin and lace.

"Ohhhhhh, gaaawwwddd," I'd then purred, thrilling at the sound of 'Vanessa Tarasenko's' high, breathily soprano voice issuing from my throat, out from between the pair of my plump, girlishly-

inviting new (borrowed) womanly lips, while simultaneously reaching up with one small and delicate new female hand to toy at the long, darkly glossy layers and tresses of thick, soft black satiny 'girl's hair' which now framed the heart-shaped sides of my beautifully feminine face and tumbled over the delicately small and rounded tops of my newly-shrunken, demure little shoulders before swishing down along the slender arch of my girlish back towards the boldly waspish new womanly curves of my 'hourglass' waist. "I *love* the way I look in this!!" I'd squealed, a moment later, with genuine exuberance, while I twisted the pair of my wide, broad, and delectably round, curvy new womanish hips from side-to-side in front of the mirror, trying to catch an all-angles look at the way that the deliciously feminine little black triangle of the backside of the bottoms of the sexy black lace bodysuit that was now stretched so fetchingly across my but-newly-resaped hourglass figure pulled up so snugly between the pair of thick, plump, pert, and 'teardrop'-shaped new womanly cheeks which the ass that my freshly-sex-changed new female form now boasted. *I love getting to look like such a hot and sexy babe! I love getting to look like Vanessa Tarasenko! And I especially love—*swinging back around in order to face the mirror directly once again, I slid three fingers of one femininely elegant new girlish hand down over the empty, flat, smoothly-sloping 'upside-down triangle' of my new, female crotch, gasping softly in girlish sensual indulgence as my delicate fingertips brushed across the thin, black-satin-and-lace material of the 'panty'-style bottoms built into the bodysuit and caressed the sensitive little 'mound' of my new, womanly sex through them, keenly delighting in the fact that I could both see (in the reflective surface of the mirror before me) as well as *feel* through the tips of my fingers that

there was now no longer any physical evidence *whatsoever* that a man's cock had once jutted proudly up and out of the base of my crotch (from this very spot!); that I was in fact, now, entirely 'female' down there, between my legs—the way that *Vanessa's panties fit me now that I am*.

Once I'd finally finished admiring the 'borrowed' and beautiful new female face and form which, through the power of a five-millennia old ancient Egyptian magical charm, I had once more assumed for myself, and how fetching it looked wrapped in the stretchy black satin-and-lace bodysuit which I'd taken from my hostess' lingerie drawer, some. . . five to ten minutes later, I'd stepped back out of the big, brightly-lit and luxuriously indulgent 'master bathroom' of Vanessa Tarasenko's loft apartment and padded barefoot across the length of the expansive, oval-shaped 'walk-thru' closet which connected it with the 'master bedroom' at the top of the loft's one winding stairwell, only pausing momentarily in front of a small selection of short satin sleep robes in a variety of fun and flirty colors ranging from powder-puff-pink to shimmering white in order to select a glossy black robe which fell to about the middle of my smooth and shapely new womanly thighs and to pull it down off of its hanger, draw it on around the ample curves of my lingerie-clad womanly form, before starting down the winding stairwell leading to the lower level of the apartment (with its kitchen and living room areas) whilst simultaneously basking in the scrumptiously 'girlish' thrill of feeling the loose hanging satin folds of the robe shifting across the soft and tender flesh of my broad, round new womanly hips, and while the stretchy and snug-fitting fabric of the lacy black bodysuit pulled up taut against the smoothly-flat front of my womanly crotch, as the

pair of my big, generously ripe and swollen new womanly breasts bounced and jiggled within their molded, padded support cups, my long and luxurious new fall of thick, glossy black 'girl's hair' swishing and whispering about the small tops of my delicately rounded new female shoulders, and, finally, as my big, plump, pert and heart-shaped new womanly ass twitched and quivered out behind my back with every step that I took. Just moving about at a leisurely pace within my beautifully alluring young hostess' apartment and while wearing her abundantly voluptuous female form produced a plethora of delightfully girlish new physical sensations to thrill and to titillate me, and as I descended the stairs back down into the primary living space of Vanessa's luxurious downtown New York apartment, I'd taken the time relish each and every one of them, a soft but wickedly indulgent smile tugging at my plump and inviting-looking new girlish lips.

"Alright, alright, here I am," I laughed reassuringly in my girlishly high and sweet new 'borrowed' female voice at the boisterous pair of energetic little 'doggos,' while they *yipped* and bounced and barked and pranced excitedly all about me, once I at last stepped back down off of the winding, elegantly designed metal staircase in the center of the apartment, and began padding across the dark, gleaming-polished hardwood floors leading towards the loft's *enormously* sprawling kitchenette (where Vanessa's one pretty but sulky-looking cat sat perched atop the long, black stone countertop of the breakfast bar, waiting with barely-contained enthusiasm for her own dinner.) "It's time for food! Come on—!! Come along!" Patting my small and delicate new girlish hands against the smooth, soft fullness of my full yet tapering new womanly thighs, I beckoned for the dogs to follow me into the kitchen (momentarily

marveling at just how much *bigger* and more imposing the scale of everything inside the kitchen now appeared to me, now that I was occupying the far-smaller, slimly curvaceous five-foot-five-inch female body of the sexy dark-haired twenty-two-year-old glamour model whose home I would be occupying for the remainder of the next ten days, instead of my old, originally six-foot-four-inches-tall and broadly muscular male form) and then to wait patiently upon the floor at my feet in front of the refrigerator as I picked the pair of their weighted metal dog food bowls up off of the expensive-looking woven rug which ran along one side of the wall that separated the kitchen from the guest bathroom which was located at the extreme opposite end of the unit from where Vanessa slept at night, and began to fill them with the dry dog-food kibble which their pretty mama had left for them to eat in the especially-designated ‘pet products’ cabinet that she kept locked up tight underneath her kitchen counters. Once the puppies’ bowls were full, I lowered them back down onto the rug against the wall and watched them yip and squeak their way somewhat unsteadily across the polished tile floor of the kitchen in order to bury their faces in their evening meal for a few moments before turning back to the expectant looking cat who was still perched anticipatorily upon the surface of the kitchenette island, watching me.

“Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten you,” I chirped, gaily, picking up the special, non-skid ceramic bowl which Vanessa had left sitting out on one side of the island (where the little dogs couldn’t get at it) and carrying it back over to the deep, copper-basin sink set into the center of the countertop so that I could rinse it out and dry it off (with a paper towel) before filling it up again with a fresh serving of the specially-formulated luxury wet food that the fabulously

successful internet model had decided to pamper her furry baby with and returning it to her. “Yes, yes, I hear you: you’re *sooooo* hungry,” I cooed back over one of my small and rounded new ‘girl’ shoulders at the hungry little monster pacing impatiently back and forth across the surface of the kitchen island behind me, in response to her quietly insistent *meows* of hunger while I fixed her dinner, before finally rotating back around to face the orangey-colored tabby cat once again and setting her bowl back down upon the gleaming ceramic-tiled surface of the island countertop where she could reach it. “There you go.”

As I watched Selene pad primly across the polished black tile surface in order to plop herself down atop her haunches in front of the big round bowl and begin lapping at the (to me, anyway) revolting-smelling mixture of fish meal and fiber content that it contained, reaching out and gently petting her back and hind-quarters (so as not to disturb her) while she feasted, I was abruptly, belatedly struck by the light and syrupy new girlish tone which my borrowed female voice had unconsciously assumed while I was speaking to the trio of Vanessa’s treasured animal companions. Though the words had been all my own—the sort of thing I might have normally said to the two doggos and the single cat who shared the luxurious downtown loft with their glamorous ‘Insta-hottie’ mama (albeit usually in a far lower, more resonantly masculine tone of voice), the intonation which I’d just heard myself employ surprised me—it had been much more varying and musical, much more naturally feminine than the dull and plodding sort of high-pitched and breathy monotone (a holdover from the originally male voice and unemotive masculine speech patterns which I’d had drummed into me as a part of my ‘manly’ upbringing over the

course of the previous twenty-seven years of my life) with which I'd been speaking up until that point, even while clad in such a soft and sensual new female form. I still didn't sound like *Vanessa*, exactly, or at least, I knew that I would not to anyone who really *knew* the girl—the cadence of my 'girlish' voice was still wildly different, I lacked Vanessa characteristically light but noticeable 'upper-East-Side New Yorker' accent and dialect, and the *original* Vanessa Tarasenko's intonation was still *far* expressive (almost, occasionally, *gratingly* so, part of the 'posh,' frivolous rich-girl social-media-influencer act that she put on as part of her professional persona) than my own—but for a few moments there I now recognized that I had sounded *remarkably* much more convincingly 'girlish' and 'feminine' in the way that I talked when I was addressing my hostess' pets than I had ever heard myself sound before—and it had all been effortless, completely natural, without any intention or forethought behind the new way of speaking whatsoever!

Interesting, I mused, thoughtfully, for a few minutes more, still idly stroking the side and flanks of the bright and fuzzy orange tabby cat which was likewise still nomming quite contentedly away on the bowlful of mushy pâté which I'd just set before her, keeping one eye trained on pair of cute little pooches who were pigging out on the wide knit rug that covered the roughly 3'x5' rectangular section of the kitchen floor which was flush up against the dividing wall between Vanessa's ginormously expansive living-room-den-slash-kitchenette and the guest restroom on the far end of the loft. *I wonder if that's an instinctual reaction. Like, maybe when I started talking to the puppies some sort of automatic 'switch' got flipped inside my head, maybe because I was finally talking to someone*

other than myself, and because, like, I wanted to have them 'read' me as a normal girl. . . ? Like, some sort of unconscious 'code-switching,' a performance that I instinctually put on so that I'd sound more like an ordinary chick? I wonder. . . I'd been consciously trying to 'ape' Vanessa's regular speech patterns, her dialect and intonation, ever since I'd first turned myself into the gorgeous girl's 'doppelganger' twin the night before, but now it was suddenly occurring to me that perhaps I ought not to be trying so hard to make myself sound like *Vanessa*—that maybe, if I wanted sound more like a *regular girl* and less like a moody, chain-smoking depressive I ought to just focus on letting my natural instincts take over whenever I was imagining myself talking to other people while I was up in Vanessa's closet on the bedroom level of the loft, trying on ever more and more items from that seemingly inexhaustible store of girlish and enticing female clothing and fantasizing that I was really somewhere out in the world, interacting with other, *real* people while wearing my hot, voluptuous new *borrowed* womanly form, try to get into the habit of ingratiating myself with a bunch of other regular people, just. . . *passing* as your everyday normal hot chick.

Of course, the other alternative is that I could just go out into the real world, like this—as a girl, as 'Vanessa,' wearing a copy of her smokin' hot body and just letting myself find out what life is really like for a hot chick when I'm not playacting 'dress-up' in another girl's closet by means of acquiring some real first hand experience, I then ruefully conceded a moment later, frowning and giving my head a disgruntled little shake (the thick, soft, satiny mane of my long dark hair whispering softly across my shoulder blades as I did so) upon abruptly finding the whole idea of *pretending* that I was

interacting with *real people* while dolling myself up in still-yet more bits of enticing feminine apparel in Vanessa's closet on the upper-level 'loft' of her apartment more than a little pathetic once I admitted to myself that that was precisely what I'd spent the entire previous evening doing after first turning into fully-authentic life-model-duplicate of the gorgeous, dark-haired 'Insta-hottie.' The idea of going out into the *real world* and attempting to 'pass' as a beautifully desirable young woman, to interact with other people in real social contexts, only a day or two after I had first turned myself into a chick still somewhat unnerved me—I couldn't help but worrying about whether I would *really* be able to convince other people that I was just another average, normal, stunningly hot babe like so many others walking the streets of the city, that there wasn't something about my mannerisms or my appearance or my personality which would give me away, that there wouldn't be at least *one* person out there, somewhere, who would be able to take just *one look at me* and see right through the very sexy 'female disguise' which it still felt (in part) like I was wearing. The feeling of 'imposter syndrome,' the sense that I wasn't *really* a girl now just because I now possessed all of the physical and reproductive body parts that society generally associated with womanhood, and that if I took so much as a single step outside the front door of Vanessa's apartment on the twenty-sixth-floor of the Hudson Towers residential skyscraper that *somebody* out there in the world was going to 'clock' me as still being the same horny *male* gender-transformation fetishist that I had been for the past. . . fifteen or so years of my life underneath all these alluring new womanly curves which I was now sporting, and call me out on it, expose me in front of everybody (the whole city!!—yes, I knew I was being hyperbolic,

even at the time, but that's how irrational fears work sometimes, isn't it??), was so stifling and oppressive that whenever I thought about maybe just taking the plunge and heading out onto the streets of the city that evening (or tomorrow, or the day after, or—whatever) in order to attempt to interact with other people, as a girl, I could almost feel my lungs constricting beneath my chest in a paroxysm of anxiety and apprehension.

And yet, I suddenly reflected, feeling my delicately shaped and arched new 'girlish' eyebrows knitting themselves together upon the front of my forehead as a fresh sense of boldness and defiance abruptly began to blossom within me, had I really spent the past few months scheming about what I would do once I finally got a chance to make use of the 'doppelganger charm' which my great-grandfather had dug up out of the sands of Egypt nearly a century before in order to *at long last* discover just how much fun it could really be to turn myself into *a beautiful girl* for a little while only to hole up inside of Vanessa Tarasenko's seemingly inexhaustible wardrobe for the better part of the next two weeks, playing 'dress-up' and acting out imaginary scenarios about what it would be like to *really* be out there in the world, interacting with other people as the beautiful, dark-haired goddess whom I had so recently become, instead actually *living* those experiences??

No, of course not, I asserted, reflexively, and when the trio of Vanessa's fluffy little animal companions finally finished their dinners, ambling languidly in the direction of one or another of the two self-cleaning litter boxes which their lovely human female companion had set out for them on opposite sides of the lower, main level to her loft apartment, on the spur of the moment, rather than immediately springing back up the winding metal staircase in

the center of the loft in order to dive back into another all-night session of playing ‘dress-up’ and make-believe amid the seemingly-boundless selections of hot and trendy female clothing hanging up inside of the gorgeous girl’s *enormous* ‘walk-thru’ closet (as I had previously been intending), I chose instead to putter about inside of the apartment kitchen space for a little while longer (dressed revealingly in the sexy black satin-n’-lace lingerie bodysuit and matching black satin, mid-thigh-length sleeping robe which were all that I had on at the moment) while I fixed *myself* a modest little repast as well, pulling a frozen pizza out of Vanessa Tarasenko’s ice-box (pepperoni, mushroom, and black olive—mmm!), unwrapping it and setting it down atop a beautiful, charcoal-colored pizza stone with molded handles to either side which I’d dug out of one of the cabinets direct beneath the main kitchen counter of the unit, then pouring myself a full glass of expensive-looking sweet rosé wine out of one of the corked bottles that the shapely international glamour model had left sitting in an elegant little wood-and-metal-framed wine rack up on the surface of her kitchen counter (directly adjacent to the glossy-black new-model refrigerator that stood off to one side) and taking some leisurely sips of the elegant and feminine alcoholic beverage while I waited for the oven to pre-heat, leaning back against the sturdy, tiled surface of the island behind my back and just allowing myself the first real opportunity which I had thus far taken to simply enjoy merely *being* a beautiful and shapely young woman for a little while—to enjoy. . . *just being a girl*—lounging about in some luxuriously indulgent lingerie for an evening inside of the plush, elegant downtown high-rise housing unit which I happened to be lodging at for the better part of the next two weeks, instead of going right back to continuously

indulging my fetishy appetites in non-stop female autoerotic and masturbatory rituals inspired by my boundless appreciation for my but-newly-acquired physical womanhood, and in the opportunity which that female state now afforded me to finally try on item after item of the sort of sexy and enticing ‘girls’ clothes’ which I’d always fantasized about wearing but had never before possessed either the right body-shape or size to truly *enjoy* the experience the way I really wanted to (as a hot chick, trying on clothes expressly *designed* for hot chicks to wear.)

Once the oven’s twelve-minute pre-heating cycle had run its course, I used the broad black handle on the door to pull it open and then slid the wide, round pizza stone onto the center-rack within (somewhat bemused by how much *heavier* the thing felt now that I was a five-and-a-half-foot and un-muscularly ‘gym-bunny’-fit twenty-two-year-old *girl* instead of a hulking, broad-shouldered, six-foot-four-inches-tall and ripplingly muscle-bound guy), having to tuck a number of long, thick, and satiny locks of my new, dark womanly mane behind my ears to either side of my face in order to keep it from dropping down in front of my eyes as I did so, while simultaneously snickering in some moderately ‘fetishy,’ gender-transformation-related amusement at the erogenously-laced sensations of *drag* and of *weight* that I then experienced (for the first time ever!) from the pair of my big, ginormous new womanly breasts as they dangled somewhat loosely off of the front of my chest when I bent over in front of the open oven door (with only the modest support provided by the lacy bodysuit’s built-in ‘bra-cups’ to keep them from swaying and jiggling as freely as they pleased.) Next, plucking a small, heart-shaped red box of assorted gourmet chocolates out of one of the

smaller ‘pantry’ cabinets mounted up above the surface of the kitchenette counter, I turned and sauntered slowly and seductively back out of the kitchen area and into the posh, comfortably-but-minimalistically furnished ‘living room’ section of Vanessa’s loft, thin-stemmed and half-empty wine-glass in hand, dropping lightly onto the plushly-cushioned seat of the large white sectional couch—positioned directly across from the enormously-broad “86 flat-panel smart-TV mounted up in the corner of the unit, directly across the hallway running along the center-axis of the apartment from the guest bathroom—that defined the space, and reached for the multi-purpose electronic remote that was lying atop the lacquered black surface of the coffee table directly before me. For the next fifteen-to-twenty-minutes, while I waited for my dinner to cook, I munched on a few cherry-, caramel-, and amaretto-flavored chocolate cordials between repeated sips of my half-empty glass of blush-pink rosé, while simultaneously browsing the extensive streaming video libraries of Vanessa’s Netflix, Hulu, HBO Max, and Amazon Prime Video accounts, looking for something new and entertaining to watch. My intention was to spend as much time just hanging about my gorgeously sexy new ‘doppelganger’s’ apartment for the remainder of the evening, *just being a girl*, enjoying a nice, quiet night-in in front of the tv, dining on delicious-tasting pizza and sipping girly wines—munching on scrumptiously savory morsels of gourmet chocolate!—as I could get away with before the intensely-fetishy appetites which I could still feel churning away within my freshly-reformed new womanly loins finally drove me back upstairs for another marathon session of clothes-trying-on and repeat bouts of female masturbation, until I finally passed out atop Vanessa’s bed at some point in the post-midnight hours (just as I

had the night before.) Because while I had thoroughly enjoyed the previous night’s experience of trying on first one girlish and alluring item of girls’ clothing after another—and then another—while simultaneously fantasizing about the sorts of fun, frisky sort of feminine excitement I could potentially get up to in my bably new female form while so fetchingly attired, and of repeatedly getting my wet, pleurably throbbing and slickly-yielding new womanly sex off at irregular intervals all throughout the course of the evening, I also wanted to find out what it really felt like. . . *just being a chick*, and doing things that other chicks might normally do on any random night, when they were all alone at home with no other way to occupy their time—hell, the sorts of things *I* normally did, just while I so happened to concurrently be wearing a *girl’s body* at the time—in order to try and work out for myself whether it was pure fetishism that lay behind my lifelong obsession with sex-changing gender transformation fiction and media, or whether there might actually be somewhat *more* to my desperate, decades-long desire to transform myself into a pretty girl—to *live my life* as a pretty girl—than sexual thrills. To find out if I really *would* enjoy the experience of just getting to *be a girl* for a while as much as or even more than that of being the big, tall, powerfully-built and athletically-muscular young man that I had always been up until that point. Whether. . . ‘being a girl’ somehow managed to feel more *fulfilling* for me than the past twenty-seven-years of life which I had lived through as a man.

Of course, there were aspects of gender-transformation-related fetishization and sexual thrill which overlapped with the experience of ‘just getting to be a pretty girl for a while’ that I was looking to begin experimenting with that evening (after all, it wasn’t like I had

ever fantasized about turning into a hot chick so that I could spent the next sixty-plus years of my life living as a *nun*), and there were certainly some deliciously lustful impulses running through my shapely new female figure that evening as I first threw myself down upon the surface of Vanessa's living room couch, dressed in nothing more than some lace-and-satin lingerie and an enticingly-short matching sleep robe in order to sip at some 'girly' wine while munching on some unexpectedly tasty chocolates—*Hmmm, I wonder if there really is something to the conventional wisdom that girls enjoy the taste of chocolate more than guys do??* I found myself briefly pondering after the first few surprisingly savory bites—as well as a few gender-affirming little thrills that I experienced every so often, whenever my mind abruptly re-registered the soft rise and fall of the ripe, round breasts now sticking up off of the front of my chest in time with my breathing, the absence of any thick, bulgy protuberances jutting uncomfortably out from the base of my crotch and taking up space between the pair of my old, formerly hair and muscular male thighs, the new smoothness and softness and erotically-thrilling sensation of 'emptiness' which had taken their place. Almost without realizing it, purely on instinct, as soon as I'd first seated myself upon the surface of the extensively sprawling white section which dominated the bulk of Vanessa's 'living room' space I'd crossed one of my long, sleek, and shapely new 'girl' legs over the other at mid-thigh, several inches above the knee—it had just felt. . . *more comfortable* for me to sit that way, now that I was a chick, with a pair of wide, round new womanly hips. The moment I first noticed it, however, a intensely pulsing thrill of girlishly gender-affirming eroticism shot straight through the yieldingly soft and penetrable folds of my new womanly sex, stirring up some

lustfully damp excitement between the pair of my soft, full, firm, and tapering new girlish thighs, and I squirmed slightly in my seat for a couple of seconds as a result.

For the most part, however, my first experiment with just lounging about as a girl for a while, trying to figure out whether I *liked it*, turned out be a real success. After spending the bulk of the fifteen-to-twenty-odd minutes which it had taken for my pizza to cook that evening scrounging through streaming services trying to find something interesting to watch, I'd finally had my attention snagged by a surprisingly-enticing-looking little trailer from the first season of Netflix's recently-released historical-romance series, *Bridgerton* (which, of course, being *a person* alive in the years 2021 & 2022, I had *heard about* before, but had never felt much of an inclination towards watching, until now)—the 'surprising' part being that it had been something about the face, body, and manner of the handsome male lead which had caught my attention—and my *interest*, if you catch my drift—now that I was *a girl*, in a way that they had never done before back when I had still been a guy. Intrigued by that unexpected development (the first *real* glimmer that I had thus far received that my sexual orientation might have been altered, somewhat, along with the rest of my body during the course of the sex-changing magical male-to-female metamorphosis which I had now put myself through for two days in a row), I'd started the series playing just as the alarm timer on my dinner began going off, jumping up off of the seat of the couch upon which I had previously been planted just as the opening monologue and musical 'intro' theme began to get underway, and dashed back into the kitchenette (empty wine-glass in hand, long, glossy black new mane of girlish hair bouncing and swishing across the satin-covered

surface of my slender back, my big, ripe round new 'E'-cup breasts jiggling faintly in their cushiony cups upon the surface of my chest, full, firm, plump, and pert new heart-shaped ass twitching perkily away behind my back, while my broad, round new 'hourglass' hips rolled voluptuously from side-to-side beneath the loose-hanging folds of my sleep robe and the snug-fitting lace-and-satin 'panty'-style crotch of the lingerie bodysuit I had on tugged snugly against the flat, smooth, femininely-sloping 'upside-down-triangle' of my new womanly crotch) in order to pull the deliciously mouthwatering-smelling pizza out of the oven and set it atop the surface of the countertop beside the sink for a moment, run the rolling pizza cutter which I plucked out of one of the utensil drawers in Vanessa's kitchen across its surface a couple of times, and then re-filled my wine glass before carrying both it and a broad white plate loaded up with four wedge-shaped slices of piping-hot pizza back into the living room with me again and resuming my seat in front of the tv.

For the next several hours, from just a short while after six o'clock in the evening to a little after one a.m. the next morning, I kept myself thoroughly entertained by working my way through the first six episodes of season one of *Bridgerton*, buoyed along for the most part by the unexpectedly titillating attraction which I found myself experiencing in response to both of the two principle leads, the charmingly scruffy-faced and debonair young Simon, Duke of Hastings, and his beautiful, witty, and charismatic female paramour, Daphne (which, *interesting*: did that mean that I was functionally *bisexual* now? Equally attracted to both men *and* women?? Was the *original* Vanessa Tarasenko bisexual? Given the primarily professional relationship which I had always endeavored

to maintain between the two of us, I had never really been privy to the intimate details of the gorgeous dark-haired 'Instagram model's' sexual preferences, so I had no real way of knowing one way or the other, but I could only assume, given that in all other respects I now possessed an exactly duplicate copy of her original body, that whatever sexual orientation had been hardcoded into *her* DNA at the time of her conception had now similarly been imprinted upon my own, though perhaps that didn't fully account for the differing experiences and personal biases which the two of us had separately acquired over the course of our lives and which might influence the way we perceived, understood, and interacted with our sexualities in the real world), but I was also fascinated to find myself becoming progressively-more-and-more invested in the ongoing story of their romance as it developed. At various points throughout the evening, partially in response to the undercurrent of fetishy excitement which was still running through me in the wake of my second-ever experience of male-to-female magical gender transformation which I had undergone earlier in the afternoon, partially in response to the sexually-titillating material laced all-throughout the early episodes of the *Bridgerton* show, but also partially in an attempt to more fully-empathize with Daphne, the pretty female lead of the series, to try and put myself in her shoes, to imagine being in *her place*, living *her life*, being a girl *like her*, I would move the delicate new female fingers of one hand up to trace around the generous fullness of one of my ripe, round new womanly breasts, or push those same fingers down over the smooth, flat front of my new, womanly pelvis, reminding myself of my own new physical womanhood, and how I now shared my new status as a member of the female sex with the beautiful young woman I was watching moving about on

the screen in front of me, looking out for and caring about the other members of her family, interacting with the social circles in which she moved, and both enticing and dazzling all the various handsome male suitors who orbited around her. As had been the case with most of the romantic plotlines and couples which I had watched on screen or read about in books over the course of my twenty-seven-years of life up until that point, it took very little time at all for me to find myself wishing that I could live the life of pampered, elegantly feminine womanhood which Daphne so obviously enjoyed (albeit transplanted into a much more liberated, modern context, by my preference; I had no *real* desire to go back in time and find out what life was like for women forced to live in the patriarchally-oppressive and sexually-constrained period of the Regency era, when they had few rights to either bodily autonomy or personal liberty—not even the right to vote!—while the rigors of childbirth would very literally *kill* about twenty percent of women at some point in their lives—though if, prior to my discovery of the five-thousand-year-old magical charm which my great-grandfather had stashed away inside his old interwar-era luggage trunk, someone had *offered* me the opportunity to do just that I knew I would have almost certainly have jumped at it, being *that* desperate to become a girl) and yet, now that I was a chick myself, I found those desires taking on a much sharper and more urgent sense of immediacy for me as the awareness that I now possessed the ability to *make* those fantasies come true filled my thoughts.

But the gut-clenching sense of ‘Imposter syndrome’ and my fears about how people would really *react* to the sexy, shapely, beautiful and dark-haired new female version of myself which I had now once again become—the carbon-copy ‘doppelganger’ twin of the

original Vanessa Tarasenko whose apartment I would be house-sitting for throughout the remainder of her stay in Dubai over the course of the next ten days—once I finally worked up the courage to take my first steps out beyond the safety and privacy of my luxurious surroundings up here in Vanessa’s apartment on the twenty-sixth floor of Hudson Towers and allowed myself to be seen by other people while walking around wearing an exact duplicate of her voluptuous womanly form didn’t just evaporate once I’d made the decision to start trying to actually experience *life* as a girl (instead of just holing myself up in Vanessa’s closet, trying on all her clothes, and merely *fantasizing* about it), and when after about two hours into my binge-watching *Bridgerton* marathon, Chance, Vanessa’s two-year-old male Sheltie, began pawing at the front door to the apartment in a demonstration of his eagerness to go on a walk, it abruptly occurred to me that whereas whenever I’d stayed over and house-sat for Vanessa in the past I had always been down to take her dogs on a walk at least once a day after I got home from making my delivery runs, if I wanted to take the doggos on a walk *that* evening it would either mean having to turn myself back into a guy once more before leading them out of the apartment, or braving the outside world in my new, ‘borrowed’ female form for the first time—as ‘Vanessa.’

Neither of those were things which I particularly wanted to do that evening, both because wearing the sexy lacy bodysuit and satin sleep robe which I presently had on was making me feel both ‘girlish’ and ‘sexy,’ and I didn’t want to take them off (far less did I want to force myself through the physically unpleasant experience of reverting back into my original male form again that evening, all for what amounted to about thirty minutes of walking up and

down along the block with two hyper-active little puppies racing crazily all around me), but also because the prospect of having to face the outside world as a chick for the first time, to see how they would respond to me in this shapely new female form which I now occupied, whether they would accept me as the girl I presented as, or if they would somehow be able to *sense* that I was ‘really’ a guy underneath all these generous new curves, was still too intimidating for me to confront just at that moment. But not long after I called the playful young pooch away from the door and found him a toy to play with instead, to distract him from any further thoughts of going on a walk that evening, resolving that I would just have to make some time immediately after my work ‘shift’ the following day to make sure the two dogs got their exercise before turning myself back into a girl again, after I’d returned to watching *Bridgerton*, an unexpected feeling of self-reproach began to steal into my thoughts. Somewhere in the middle of the show’s third episode, as the narrative briefly began to lose me over the unappealing drama surrounding Prince Friedrich’s courtship of the lady Daphne, I abruptly caught myself feeling somewhat disappointed about my choice to sheepishly shy away from the prospect of taking Vanessa’s dogs on a walk that evening, while still wearing the enticing new womanly body which I had ‘borrowed’ from my brand-new (yet totally unknowing) ‘doppelganger,’ as well as about my prior decision to turn myself back into a guy before going on my Doordash delivery runs earlier that morning. Though at the time I had convinced myself (or at least, I had pretended to be convinced) that I would likely be breaking all sorts of Doordash rules by making deliveries under my male identity while simultaneously occupying a *female* body, and that it could get me

in trouble and potentially endanger my job were I to do so, now that I was looking back on those events with the benefit of hindsight, I no longer felt quite so convinced that there wasn’t a way I could have potentially swung it—it felt more to me, in all honesty, in retrospect, as though I had really just chickened out of the opportunity to introduce the brand-new girl!me to the world for the first time that morning because I’d been afraid of how people might *react*. And that I was still afraid, *now*. And to my surprise, as I continued to work my way through the remainder of Episode Three and then started watching Episode Four (following a short, somewhat bewildering bathroom break—the first time I’d ever actually had to go *pee* in my brand-new female body; it took a few minutes at first for me to work out the practical mechanics of how to relax my new bladder muscles and how to clean up after myself *down there* when I was all done, but thankfully I managed to avoid making any messes), that realization slowly began to eat at me.

It abruptly began to occur to me that there were going to be a lot of tiny little errands that I was going need to run over the course of the next ten days, while I was staying here, alone, in Vanessa Tarasenko’s luxuriously indulgent loft apartment: I was going to need to go grocery shopping, pick up my hostess’ mail, walk the dogs, take out the garbage, hit the gym, pick up *my own mail* from the post office box that I rented for myself across town—and all that aside from my five-days-a-week delivery running for Doordash. If I changed back into a guy each and every time I needed to poke my head out through the front door of the apartment, I was going to be spending a *lot more time* either turning myself back into a guy or actively *being* one than I had previously envisioned spending when I’d been looking forward to the opportunity of having

Vanessa's place (and her fabulously sumptuous female wardrobe) all to myself for a significant amount of time while she was away, and that prospect was a real bummer. Worst still, if I *didn't* run those errands, well—especially if I didn't walk *the dogs* at any point over the next ten days, or take out the garbage, or replenish the food I'd taken out of the fridge—that might make for a really awkward conversation with my gorgeous and uber-desirable hostess when she finally got back from Dubai (I mean, it just wasn't really an option.) Plus there were all those nifty little feminine experiences which I'd so been anticipating at long last getting to sample for myself once I finally had the chance to do so in the gorgeously sexy female body which I was now presently occupying: was I really going to let my fears about how the rest of the world *might* react to me occupying a perfectly exact duplicate of Vanessa Tarasenko's deliciously desirable female form keep menacing me out of the chance to find out for myself just how delightfully fun and fulfilling being a hot young woman living in 'the greatest city in the world' could be?

You know what—? No. It was at that moment, about twenty-minutes into the fourth episode of the first season of Netflix's *Bridgerton* that I finally found the resolve to decide that *no*, I wasn't going to keep letting my fear and nervousness about how *other people* might react once they saw me walking around as a hot chick, out in the world, for the first time keep me holed up inside my brand-new body-double 'doppelganger's' swanky downtown New York City residence any longer. I only had *eleven days* (twelve if you included the night before) in which to enjoy my first-ever experience of getting to live the life of a such beautiful, sexy single woman as 'Vanessa Tarasenko,' and I'd already spent two of those

twelve days cooped up inside of that same world-class 'Insta-hottie's' apartment. Not that I wasn't having *fun* tonight—this one time—just 'lounging about' as a girl inside of Vanessa apartment, wearing some delightfully girlish and sexy lingerie, sipping 'girly' wine and eating some. . . *fucking delicious* morsels of gourmet chocolate, watching a Netflix period drama which would never have really *grabbed me* before, back when I'd been a man, but which was proving surprisingly gripping and titillating now that I was a sexually-keyed-up young woman with years' worth of fetishy sex-changing-gender-transformation-related fantasies to burn through, but, well—I could think of a half-dozen other, much more *pleasurable* ways that a sexy single girl like me could spend an evening in this city, many of them a part of various fetishy fantasy scenarios about what I might do if I ever managed to get myself transformed into a hot chick which I had dreamed about, lusted after, and masturbated to over the years, and if I didn't hurry up and get a move on, I might not have enough time to get through them all before the *original* Vanessa Tarasenko came back from Dubai.

No, I'm not gonna let my fear about how people might look at me—whether they might be able to tell that I wasn't always a girl because of the way I dress, how I move, the way I talk, or act—dissuade me from enjoying the hell out of the next ten days, for as long as I've got access to Vanessa's gorgeous body and the clothing to keep turning myself into a copy of her, exactly the way I've been fantasizing about it for the past two months—for the past twenty-seven years! I'd let my fears about how big and bulky I was (in my original body, as a man), my lack of optimism about the sort of outcomes I could expect from taking female hormones for the rest

of my life, my nagging suspicion that I would never be truly ‘passable’ as a girl (or even *pretty*, really), that I would always be treated like a freak by everyone who interacted with me, hold me back from pursuing medical transition back when I’d been in college, and at the time I’d felt justified in making that decision, but now I had no good excuses: whether or not I was being fully *rational* in worrying that people would take one look at me, once I stepped outside this apartment, and somehow just *know* that I hadn’t originally been born a girl, that I had *stolen* the sexy, female form which I was presently wearing through ancient mystical powers, I knew full well that no one could *possibly* pretend that I was anything other than *brehtakingly beautiful* while I was wearing my ‘borrowed’ copy of Vanessa Tarasenko’s alluring face and shapely figure. The only thing that was holding me back from living my ‘borrowed’ female existence to fullest over the course of the next ten days was my own anxiety, the sense of ‘imposter syndrome’ which had been bothering me ever since I had first used the ‘doppelganger charm’ to turn me into a body-double-duplicate of my gorgeous house-sitting client the night before. And I wasn’t going to allow it to continue to do so any longer.

The only way to overcome your fears is to confront them, I told myself, taking a deep breath and clenching my delicately-rounded new womanly jaw shut tight in anxiety-ridden resolution. *That’s it: from now on, I’m not gonna spend one more minute of the next ten days in a male body if I don’t absolutely have to. No matter how scary it might seem at first, every time that I go outside the front door of this apartment from between now until when Vanessa herself comes back from Dubai, whether it’s to take the dogs out for their evening walk, or to do my shopping, or to pick up*

Vanessa’s mail, I’ll do it as a chick. Everything apart from going to work, at any rate, I belatedly amended, although after a moment’s further quiet reflection, I frowned, feeling the fiercely and girlishly plucked and shaped new female eyebrows on the front of my forehead knit themselves together as I took that back. *Actually, you know what. . . ?*

Seizing upon a sudden rush of inspiration and ingenuity, all of the sudden I shot forward, up and off of the seat of the couch, snatching up the big and heavy black remote to Vanessa’s extravagantly expensive home entertainment system and pausing the current episode of *Bridgerton* at the 21:37 mark. Then, bounding quickly and nimbly out of the apartment’s ‘living room’ space (lifting my dainty and slender, no-more-than-a-hundred-and-fifteen-pounds-dripping-wet new feminine frame up onto my ‘tippy toes’ and both adroitly and effortlessly prancing my way around the slumbering lumps of floofy dog and cat fur which were curled up in one or another of the cute little cushiony ‘beds’ scattered across the floor between the couch and the long, low black coffee table in front of it without tripping over a single one of them—a feat which I had never successfully managed to achieve back when I’d been a big, thick, lumbering *man*), I flew up the winding stairwell leading to the bedroom loft in a rush of delicately padding feet, the thick and silky, waist-length mass of my beautiful and glossy black new womanly mane billowing out behind my back and the folds of my soft, black satin sleep robe swishing sensuously across the smooth, tapering fullness of my girlish thighs as I went, aiming for the master bathroom at the far end of the level and for the small black rectangle of my smartphone which I’d left tucked away in one pocket of my male jeans just as my most recent sex-changing gender

transformation into the mouthwateringly curvaceous body-double duplicate of the alluringly lovely Vanessa Tarasenko had been getting underway, while a clever little plan began forming in my thoughts.

At just a few minutes after nine-thirty the next morning, I stepped in front of one of the two tall, slender, floor-to-ceiling-length wall-mounted mirrors positioned on either side of extensive, oval-shaped space of Vanessa's 'walk-thru' closet (directly adjacent to the two white-painted sets of drawers built-into the walls beside them) and untucked one of my housesitting client's floofy white towels (slightly damp from having been used to dry off after my morning shower) from around my body in preparation for getting dressed to go off on my delivery rounds for day. I was still a chick, and as I let the towel fall into a heap upon the floor at my feet, the pair of ripe, round, abundantly generous new size-32-'E' breasts which just yesterday had so sensuously and titillatingly swelled up and out onto the surface of my upper-torso as I'd shifted and changed back out of my original male form and into the beautifully desirable 'doppelganger' of the gorgeous dark-haired Instagram model whose place I was staying at for the time being bounced and jiggled freely out in front of my soft, slenderly hairless new female chest, while in the surface of the mirror before me I noted (with a small and lustful thrill of gender-affirmation) the smooth, flat, girlishly-empty and femininely-sloping 'upside-down' triangle of my new womanly crotch.

"Alright, remember," I breathed, somewhat unsteadily, up into the mirror-image reflection of the alluringly soft, beautifully inviting female features of 'Vanessa Tarasenko' which were now staring back

at me now out of that same gleamingly polished surface, while a slightly choking undercurrent of stomach-knotting anxiety and apprehension caused my shapely new female form to tremble, just a little bit, at the prospect of what I was about to do. "You're a girl," I reminded myself, in the sweetly soft and warmly husky soprano voice that I now possessed, turning slightly to the side and pulling open the top drawer of the dresser besides which I stood and spending a few brief moments hunting about through the numerous rows of neatly-packed little bundles of rolled-up women's panties which lined the interior for a pair to wear out of the apartment with me today, for my first day out in the world as a beautiful young woman, before ultimately settling on a 'sexy' and 'girlish' pair of dusty-rose-pink nylon panties in a low-rise 'brief' cut with some elegant lace patterning across the front panel. Pulling the pair out of the drawer I nudged the drawer closed again and lowered them down towards the plushly-carpeted surface of the floor of the closet in front of my dainty new 'girl's feet' and then stepped into them, drawing them swiftly and sensuously up the lusciously tapering and curvaceous new lengths of my girlish legs. "And no matter what—*mmmmppphhh* . . ." I let a soft and sensual whimper momentarily escape from between the pair of my plump, tenderly inviting new 'girl' lips as the indulgently soft and stretchy material of the panties pulled up flush and snug against the deliciously sensitive and freshly-resaped new contours of my womanly crotch, the delectably lascivious sensation yet another savory reminder of my equally new status as a card-carrying member of the female sex. "*No matter* . . . what . . . anyone says to you, or how they look at you, once you get out there—even if, somehow, they figure out that you *used to be a guy*," I panted, attempting to

finish my impromptu self-pep-talk while simultaneously tucking the seat and waistband of the panties into place all around my voluptuous new womanly lower-body anatomy and then reaching a few spots down along the front of the dresser for the drawer containing the matching bra, which I swiftly retrieved. “It doesn’t change that you’re a girl *now*. And a fucking *foxy* one.” Sliding first one and then the other of my slenderly delicate new ‘girl’ arms in through the shoulder strap loops of the enticingly-designed female support undergarment, I fastened the hooks and clasps of the stretchy chest-band behind my back and then tenderly seated first one and then the other of the bountifully soft and gaspingly sensitive buoyant new womanly breast mounds sticking out of the front of my chest within the cloth-lined and lace-covered underwire support cups of the bra, before finally taking a long and admiring look at my newly-bra-and-panty-clad female reflection in the surface of the mirror. “Hell,” I finally tittered, softly, after a few seconds’ pause, giving the soft and silken mass of my flowingly long, dark ‘girl’s’ mane a flirty toss back over one small, soft, delicately-rounded and bra-strap-sporting new feminine shoulder, “everyone should be lucky to have a Doordash delivery girl as hot as you bringing them their food, even if you *did* sport a cock for the first twenty-seven years of your life.”

After finally turning in to get some sleep at some point a little while after one o’clock in the morning the night before—well, I say ‘sleep,’ but honestly it was more like, after making it through the whole, increasingly titillating length of Episode 6 of the first season of *Bridgerton*, watching the suavely-sexy and debonair young Duke of Hastings repeatedly and enthusiastically make passionate love with and to his beautiful and seemingly-inexhaustibly horny new

wife, Daphne, all over the palatial grounds of his sprawling estate, that I’d been reduced to such a quivering livewire of slick, wet, and willing new *female* lustfulness that I’d had no other recourse but to launch myself straight up the loft’s winding metal stairwell and toss myself into bed atop Vanessa Tarasenko’s indulgently-expensive California-king-sized mattress and reinforced bed-frame, yank the lace-and-satin crotch of the bodysuit which I was wearing to one side of my soaking-wet new womanly slit, and to pile drive my needfully throbbing new pussy again and again with my delicately girlish and thrusting new feminine fingertips (visions of the Duke’s scruffy yet strikingly-handsome features gazing lustfully down at me floating in my mind, interspersed with the occasional sprinkling of fantastical imagery in which I quite happily envisioned myself as *Daphne*, being on the receiving end of his irresistible ardor), thumbing my taut and insistently demanding new womanly clitoral nub all the while, until I finally brought myself to shriekingly-intense orgasmic release, and then promptly dropped right off to sleep less than five minutes later—I’d rolled straight out of bed, bright and early at only a few minutes past nine a.m. the next morning, eager to begin the day, because today was going to be the first day that I set foot outside the front door of Vanessa Tarasenko’s loft apartment as a *female* delivery driver.

Yep, that’s right! After spending between fifteen and twenty minutes the night before working at the problem of whether or not I could legitimately get away with making my daily delivery runs while still wearing my ‘borrowed’ womanly shape and sex—and *without* either getting into trouble or risking my livelihood while doing so, I’d ultimately reached the conclusion that there was really no reason why I ought not to be able to do so. Doordash didn’t

put pictures of its drivers up on our delivery profiles when we made our runs, and more than once since I had first begun using the service to order myself up some grub from restaurants and eateries which had no in-house delivery service of their own I'd received food brought to me by individuals who didn't look anything at all like the person whom I'd envisioned in my head from the name of the driver who was *supposedly* making the delivery (whether it was a girl who dropped off my food while the driver's profile name looked like it ought to belong to a man, or a very non-white-Anglo-Saxon name showing on the screen while the actual delivery person turned out to be a lily-white Caucasian individual with a thoroughly American accent.) In the past, I'd always assumed that such incidences of mismatched names and delivery persons were likely the result of couples or partners making deliveries together (I'd never quite worked out what possible incentive they might have had to do this, but that was somewhat besides the point), but it had finally struck me just the evening before, while I was still in the middle of the fourth episode of *Bridgerton's* season one, on Netflix, that if those people could get away with such an obvious disconnect between their names and the actual appearances of the people who physically dropped off your food at the point of delivery, then—why shouldn't I be able to do the same??

Well, in the end, there had seemed to be no good reason that I could think of for why I *shouldn't* be able to do exactly that, if that's what I wanted to do. And, then of course, the next logical thought had hit me only a moment after I'd arrived at the prior realization: was there any reason I *had* to keep making deliveries (over the course of the next ten days, at any rate) under the name of 'Cody??' I mean, sure, I'd needed to *sign-up* for the delivery service using my

real name and legal identity (for tax purposes), but there were all sorts of 'gig-working' apps these days where you could sign up under your real name and then use a public-facing 'nickname,' 'display name,' 'business name,' or other pseudonym while interacting with customers. Certainly, I had to imagine, there must be thousands of cis women, trans people, and people of color who delivered for Doordash for whom the ability to use a public-facing alias while making their deliveries (so that they didn't get stalked by bigoted and violent assholes when they were off the clock, in their private lives) was a matter of basic safety, right? There *had to be* a way that I could change the name which showed up on the delivery status screen for a customer's meal whenever I accepted an order. I felt certain of it.

And as it turns out, in the end, there was. It had taken me more than fifteen minutes of scrounging Google Search results and subreddit response threads to work out exactly *how* to make the change (editing the driver's profile information on the 'Dasher' app didn't work—the box for my legal name was greyed out and inaccessible, and there was no space for me to add a 'display name,' 'nickname,' or other alias—a major oversight, if you asked me), but once I'd finally stumbled across a subreddit reply which had suggested that one could change the display name for their 'Dasher' account by editing the display name shown for your own 'Customer Profile' in the main Doordash app (as long as you weren't using an iPhone, apparently—something to do with the technology being incompatible; mine was a Samsung Android phone), I'd hastened to do just that, and had then let out a celebratory little, girlish 'whoop!' of success once I'd seen the display name on my 'Dasher' account profile switch over from 'Cody' to 'Vanessa.'

With that little problem out of the way—with no one expecting to see a guy named ‘Cody’ showing up at their front doors tomorrow, bringing them their food, cube-shaped red insulated delivery bag in hand, but instead a young woman named ‘Vanessa’—there had no longer been any reason (apart from the lingering fear and anxiety which I was still continuing to feel, the ‘imposter syndrome’ which I had yet to overcome) for me to change back into a man again upon waking up in the morning, before getting ready to make my daily delivery runs. Instead, as soon as I’d rolled out of bed the following morning (after feeding the pair of Vanessa’s two dogs and her single cat), rather than giving myself a chance to question the resolve I’d reached the night before, I’d dashed back up the winding stairwell in the middle of the loft and down the connecting length of the ‘walk-thru’ closet between Vanessa Tarasenko’s top-floor ‘bedroom’ and ‘bathroom’ spaces, stripped off the sexy-sexy lingerie bodysuit and satin sleep-robe which I had gone to bed wearing the night before, and had then flung myself head-first into my hostess’ big, glass-walled, luxuriously-expansive and high-powered shower in order to wash up ahead of my first-ever experience of life as a working woman.

Now, as I stood amidst the bountiful plenitude of Vanessa’s ridiculously extravagant wardrobe, already dressed in a pair of pink, lacy women’s panties and a matching underwire bra, brimming with enthusiasm and excitement (if still more than a little trembly and afraid, as well—as previously explained) about the prospect of finally making my public debut as a hot and sexy babe, I picked my way selectively through the various offerings of ‘casual’ outerwear (skirts, pants, slacks, leggings, jeans, blousey tops, and t-shirts) on display in the closet of the gorgeous, world-travelling ‘It-Girl’ for a suitable

outfit to wear while I spent the next five to six hours making my daily rounds on the back of the sleek and sexy motorcycle which I had left parked downstairs in the building’s sublevel garage. As I attempted to narrow down the various possibilities from which to choose, I felt eager to assemble an outfit which would both show off my new womanly body’s mouthwateringly alluring curves and yet not make me look *too overtly* ‘slutty’ to the sort of observer who was likely to confuse the amount of skin which a girl like me was showing with how ‘easy’ we were—no short, flirty, or otherwise revealing skirts or backless tops for my first day out in the city as a girl: the thought of having to fend off the sorts of horny male attention which I felt almost certain that the sight of such a sexy, voluptuous young woman such as I now was riding around on top of shiny, streamlined and sexy-looking motorbike while dressed in an outfit that showed off the majority of my long, luscious new womanly legs or the open expanse of my bare, slimly curvaceous back was a *mite* too intimidating for me to deal with just then. In the end, instead, I ultimately decided to go with a pair of skin-tight, hip-hugging slate-grey ‘skinny’ jeans which showed off the well-defined curves of my hourglass hips and astoundingly pert, plump, and perky new heart-shaped womanly ass and a snug-fitting, curve-emphasizing short-sleeved deep-v-neck black t-shirt that fell to just about two inches north of the hem of my jeans and which featured a number of cleavage-revealing buttons running down the front (to just below the base of my breasts) which, if I went with the ‘default’ number of unfastened buttons which the *original* Vanessa Tarasenko seemed to have left undone the last time *she’d* worn the item, wound up showing off only a tiny bit less than *half* of the generous abundance of the new, womanly breasts that I now had

sticking up and out in front of my girlish body, jiggling and quivering most eye-catchingly off the surface of my chest. I was happy with these selections, as they seemed to neatly balance my desire to simultaneously *feel* and to be *seen to appear* both ‘girlish’ and ‘sexy’ against my desire not to attract *too much* lust-fueled attention from the masses of randy male individuals which I felt certain I was likely to encounter as I went about my day. I knew it wasn’t really the sort of outfit which the *real* Vanessa Tarasenko would have been likely to throw together, were she in my place (given what I knew of her fashion tastes from having spent two years house-sitting for the gorgeous international glamour model and following her on Instagram, I felt reasonably certain that in my place the stunningly voluptuous brunette hottie whose body I had ‘copied’ for my own private use by means of invoking the mystical energies contained within the five-thousand-year-old ‘doppelganger charm’ would probably have gone with the more ‘risky’ combination of a short and flirty skirt paired with a snug-fitting, boob-emphasizing top, which I had decided was a bit too intimidating an outfit for me to wear on my first day out in the world as a pretty girl, or a backless blouse combined with either some snug fitting skinny-jeans or anatomy-hugging leggings, or something equally revealing along those lines), but that was alright with me. I hadn’t *actually* set out to copy Vanessa’s entirely fashion sense and aesthetic when I’d ‘stolen’ her body for me to wear for a couple of weeks while she was away; I didn’t actually want to *be* Vanessa, herself—I just wanted to know what it was like to be *a girl* as hot and as sexy as she was, and cloning a copy of her own voluptuous female form for me to wear while she was away had

been my ticket to finding out. Now that I had it, I could invent my own sexy, chic, ‘luxe’ fashion aesthetic.

Once I finally finished getting both the jeans and the t-shirt on (pairing them with some black linen socks and a set of knee-high black-leather high-heeled boots that I’d zipped up over the calves of the jeans), I spent a few minutes twisting my beautiful and curvaceous new female body first one way and then another in front of the gleamingly reflective surfaces of Vanessa’s full-length closet mirrors, admiring the way that the outfit I’d assembled emphasized my mouthwateringly voluptuous new womanly ‘assets’ while simultaneously making me look both *chic* and glamorous, pretty and sexy all at once, and yet still ‘caszh’ (short for ‘casual’) enough to look like I wasn’t *trying too hard*, and getting a confidence-boosting ‘buzz’ of low-level autoerotic sexual excitement off of how well I thought I’d pulled the ‘look’ off. Then, after pausing for a moment in front of the extensive collection of women’s purses, totes, gym satchels, and other feminine carrying bags and wondering whether I ought to bring one of them with me that day (in place of the thick, heavy black canvas bookbag which I usually took everywhere with me, but which felt too ‘masculine’ for me to bring along with me that morning, on my first ever foray out into the world as a pretty girl), I snagged a mid-sized, empty, chic and classy black leather shoulder/messenger bag with bright, shiny silver buckles and chain-loop straps down off of the wall and carried it out of the closet into Vanessa’s bedroom with me. At first I had to take short, halting, uncertain, and occasionally wobbling steps atop the towering, four-inch black heels attached to the soles of the sexy-sexy boots which I had chosen to wear that day (I still wasn’t used to walking in heels), but as I approached the luxuriously expansive

bed in the middle of the room, I tossed the dark, elegantly feminine shoulder bag down on top of the mattress, and then spent a few more minutes trying to decide which of the more important contents from my bulky ‘male’ bookbag to transfer on over into it: the title and registration for the motorcycle, my smartphone and wallet, the keys to my storage unit, that sort of thing. I momentarily grimaced while handling the heavy black mens’ wallet (with my ID and credit cards inside) that I pulled out of the base of my backpack, before tucking it away inside the depths of Vanessa’s shoulder bag, at the sudden realization that, not having any *ID* for this shapely new female body which I now possessed, I would be taking something of a risk going out to make my daily delivery rounds that morning atop my motorcycle, but ultimately I dismissed those concerns, comforting myself with the reminder that in the two years that I’d been living in NYC, making deliveries for Doordash from atop the back of my bike, I hadn’t once been pulled over, and then chuckled, wryly, at the naughty and briefly-amusing thought that—hey, if I *did* happen to get pulled over while occupying this sexy-sexy chick body which I now possessed, I ought to stand a fairly decent chance of talking, crying, or. . . otherwise manipulating my way out of any trouble that my lack of any valid ID might bring. There was such a thing as ‘pretty privilege,’ after all, and the average cop was just as susceptible to the sight of a hot pair of boobs and a nice, ripe round ass being flashed in his face as the rest of mankind.

Though let’s hope it doesn’t actually come to that, I thought darkly to myself a moment later, shuddering slightly at the stomach-turning idea of potentially being forced to *sex* my way out of an awkward police encounter, and resolving to check with a few of the shadier folks I knew in the city’s sprawling underground art

community to see what I could do to potentially get my hands on some ‘convincing-enough’ identification for my babely new female alter-ego that I wouldn’t ever really have to worry about the possibility.

As soon as I finished transferring the most important contents from my old ‘male’ bookbag to my ‘girly’ new shoulder-bag/purse, I took a quick look around the interior of Vanessa’s bedroom to see if there were any feminine accessories which I ought to bring with me before I departed my babely new unknowing body-double-duplicate’s swanky loft apartment for the next five or six hours, and collected a spare hairbrush which I then added to the rest of the bag’s meagre contents. Though my eyes rested for more than a handful of seconds on the extensive collection of grooming and cosmetic products which were scattered across the surface of Vanessa’s bedroom vanity (off over in one corner of the ‘bedroom’ space, up against the dividing wall between the sleep area and her enormous ‘walk-thru’ closet), I ultimately decided against bringing any of those bewitchingly enticing tubes, wands, and applicators along with me for the day, or attempting to make any use of them before I headed out (as much as I *desperately* wanted to.) I simply didn’t know. . . well, *anything*, really about how to make *practical* use of women’s makeup, or what sort of beauty and skin-care regimen the original Vanessa employed, and I felt far less than confident that any purely-amateur, first-time-ever attempts to apply some of the expensive beauty-enhancing products which the gorgeous dark-haired Instagram model had left behind when she’d departed on her trip to Dubai the day before last which I ventured to make that morning would produce anything other than utterly downish results, so I chose not to risk it for the time being. Now

that I had such an alluringly foxy female form to bedeck and doll-up and experiment with however I wished, I would have to find someone who could teach me how to select and acquire makeup and skincare products which would complement my alluring new womanly face, features, and skin-type, and how to apply them in ways which would make me look even hotter and more entrancing than I already did—but I didn't have time for that this morning. I had deliveries to make. The only concession which I made to my burning desire to present the prettiest, girliest, most desirable version of my babely new female self to the world when I stepped outside the front door of Vanessa Tarasenko's high-rise apartment that day was to spritz a few puffs of a sweetly musky-scented female perfume which the other girl had left behind when she'd packed for her trip across my shapely new womanly body before I once more stepped away from the vanity. But before I leaving the loft that morning I *did* make one last, momentary stop in front of the extensive array of jewelry and hair accessories which were organized upon an elaborate, wall-hanging mirror display mounted up on the surface of the bedroom wall directly beside the open doorway leading into the unit's closet which I only happened to notice just as I was turning to start down the stairs leading to the main left of the apartment.

Hesitating at first just long enough to decide that I was intrigued to see what a few 'tasteful' pieces of feminine jewelry and the application of a hair-tie might do to slightly 'va-va-voom' the otherwise 'barefaced' *'au naturel'* no-makeup look which I was presently sporting, I fished through the sizeable collection of bangles, necklaces, and earrings which had been left behind when Vanessa had departed for the airport for a minutes before coming

up with a pair of big, round, delicate silver 'hoop' style earrings for me to wear (my 'doppelganger' twin didn't seem to get much use of them, from what I'd seen, but I'd always thought that a pair of big, dangly hoop earrings looked *super-sexy* on a dark-haired girl with her hair pulled back), and pairing them with a set of silver bangles which seemed to match. I also plucked a small, black-satin 'scrunchy' off of one of the hooks build into the top of the organizer. Due to the way that the magic of the 'doppelganger charm' worked, the 'borrowed' new 'girl' ears which my sex-changed and gender transformed new female body now sported were an exact duplicate of the ears which my gorgeous female 'doppelganger's' body had possessed at the time that Vanessa had last worn the sexy black lace-and-satin bodysuit which I had used to transform myself back into her carbon-copy duplicate the day before, and that meant that they now sported the exact same compliment of ear-piercing holes which Vanessa's had at that exact same moment, so I knew that I ought not to have any problem actually *wearing* the hoops once I finally got them on—but in practice the process of actually putting *on* a pair of women's earrings for the first time proved to be a mite trickier than I had imagined it would be, and it was nearly ten minutes before the pair of dangly hoops were sufficiently secure. But as it turned out, that was time well-spent.

Next, after taking a few moments to first consult the internet (via my smartphone) on how to finagle the kind of sexy, flirty hairstyle that I now had in mind for me to wear out of the apartment that morning, I pulled the voluminous mass of my shiny, satiny waist-length and layered new womanly mane up high behind the back of my head, momentarily grateful that I had taken the time

to conduct another quick little Google search an hour so earlier that same morning, while I was downstairs, watching Vanessa's fuzzy little animal companions eat their breakfasts, before leaping into the shower. At the time, I'd been trying to find out just how one went about *washing* such an enormous quantity of hair as I now presently possessed, only to be caught more than a little off guard by just how many of the results which had scrolled across my screen had suggested that unless it was feeling sticky or greasy it was probably better for the long-term health of my new 'girl' hair for me *not* to wash it more than once two or three days. Ultimately, I'd decided against sticking my head under the spray of the shower that morning, electing instead to seek out the advice of a professional hair-stylist before attempting to wash it myself, a decision which was paying dividends now, as it provided significantly simpler to tie my voluminous new mane back up behind my hair into a high, tight, flirty little ponytail which dangled ever so sexily straight down the back of my head and between my girlish shoulder blades when I didn't have to worry about doing it while the hair was *wet*. A pair of thick, long bangs fell forward and dangled down to either side of my beautiful new 'girl face,' framing it most alluringly as I worked the scrunchy securely into place behind my head (I had to loop the scrunchy around three times in order to make it tight enough not to slide right off as soon as I turned my head too fast.) Once I'd successfully managed to secure the new ponytail in place, upon taking one last, evaluating look into the surface of the mirror before me I felt another deliciously girlish and gender-affirming thrill run through me as I watched the sexy new length of long, straight black hair that now dangled down the slim line of my neck swish and twitch out behind my back

whenever I moved it, even as the pair of my dangling hoops quivered and bounced below my earlobes, catching the light in a delightfully feminine fashion, and finding that the combined effect made me both look and feel a bit 'hotter' and 'sexier' and more 'glamorous' than I had done a moment before. *Ohhh, I love it—!! I look so fucking foxy like this!*

Alright, then, I finally determined, grinning lustfully back at my gorgeously 'luxe' new girlish reflection, before sliding the small collection of silver bangles which I'd plucked off of the surface of the organizer in front of me onto my left wrist, slinging the silver-loop shoulder-strap of my new, girly 'purse' crossways over my shapely body, and then turning to *click-clack* my slow, hesitant (but ever more confident) high-heeled way cautiously back across the hardwood floor of the loft towards the winding metal staircase descending down onto the bottom floor of the unit, making that descent. Approaching the entrance to Vanessa's apartment, with a visibly trembling hand I reached towards the small brass knob on the inside surface of the door, and sucked in a deep, fortifying breath as I clicked the lock open and prepared to turn the handle. *Here we go, girl.*

Just as I was about to open the door, though, I hesitated, one last reservation flashing through my mind. There was one thing. . . *not quite right*, just yet, about the presentation of this hot and sexy new girl whom I had so recently become which I was about to make to the world beyond that door, one last detail that I suddenly felt needed correction. Tugging the modest leather bulk of my girly new handbag around in front of my shapely female form, I pulled the flat black rectangle of my smartphone out from the interior and up in front of my abundant new womanly tits, swiping my way in

through the lock screen and then going into the profile settings on the ‘customer’ side Doordash app. Tapping on the box for my ‘first name,’ I backspaced away the last six letters of the name ‘Vanessa’ which was showing up there from where I had entered it the night before, then paused at the ‘V’ character for a couple of heartbeats and bit down on the full, plump softness of my new lower lip in concentration before quickly adding seven more: ‘e-r-o-n-i-c-a.’ Then I confirmed the changes which I had just made to my profile, closed down the ‘customer’-side Doordash app again, pulled up the ‘Driver’s side’ app and refreshed the screen showing my delivery driver ‘display name’ a couple of times until it abruptly shifted from showing the name ‘Vanessa’ to that of ‘Veronica,’ instead. Once the changeover was complete, I sucked in one last, deep, refreshing breath of fortifying air, exhaled all the carbon-dioxide which I had been holding in a moment before, and once again switched off the screen of my mobile device, slipping back into the darkened interior of my ‘borrowed’ new black leather purse. Then I took hold of the bright and polished brass door handle affixed to the inside surface of the door directly before me, and twisting the handle, pulled the door open so that I could take my first, high-heeled step, as a woman, into the world outside.

End of Part Seven

Author’s Note

Thanks for reading *The Doppelganger’s Charm* (Part Seven) the newest instalment in my Patreon-exclusive serial story involving repeat, taboo magical gender transformation and willing self-feminization via the ‘magic’ of a five-thousand-year-old charm figurine of the ancient Egyptian goddess Isis, as well as some very indulgently ‘naughty’ autoerotic sexual exploration and experimental sexual encounters with both male and female partners in future instalments. I hope you enjoyed yourself!

As ZOE BROWN, I write and self-publish Sultry Romance novels, Steamy Erotica novels, novellas, and serial series (some of which feature Action-Adventure elements), and LitRPG novels which are primarily about adventure storylines and character progression, but which also feature Smutty & Romantic subplots. All of my stories feature Male-to-Female Gender Transformed Heroes-turned-Heroines in the starring roles.

If you enjoyed this story, you can find much more of my work on Amazon by visiting my AuthorCentral page, which is located at <https://www.amazon.com/author/zoebrown>.

You can also find me on the web at My Official Website: <https://www.zoebrown.net>!

Thank you, again, for reading my story! I hope you enjoyed it!
Zoe