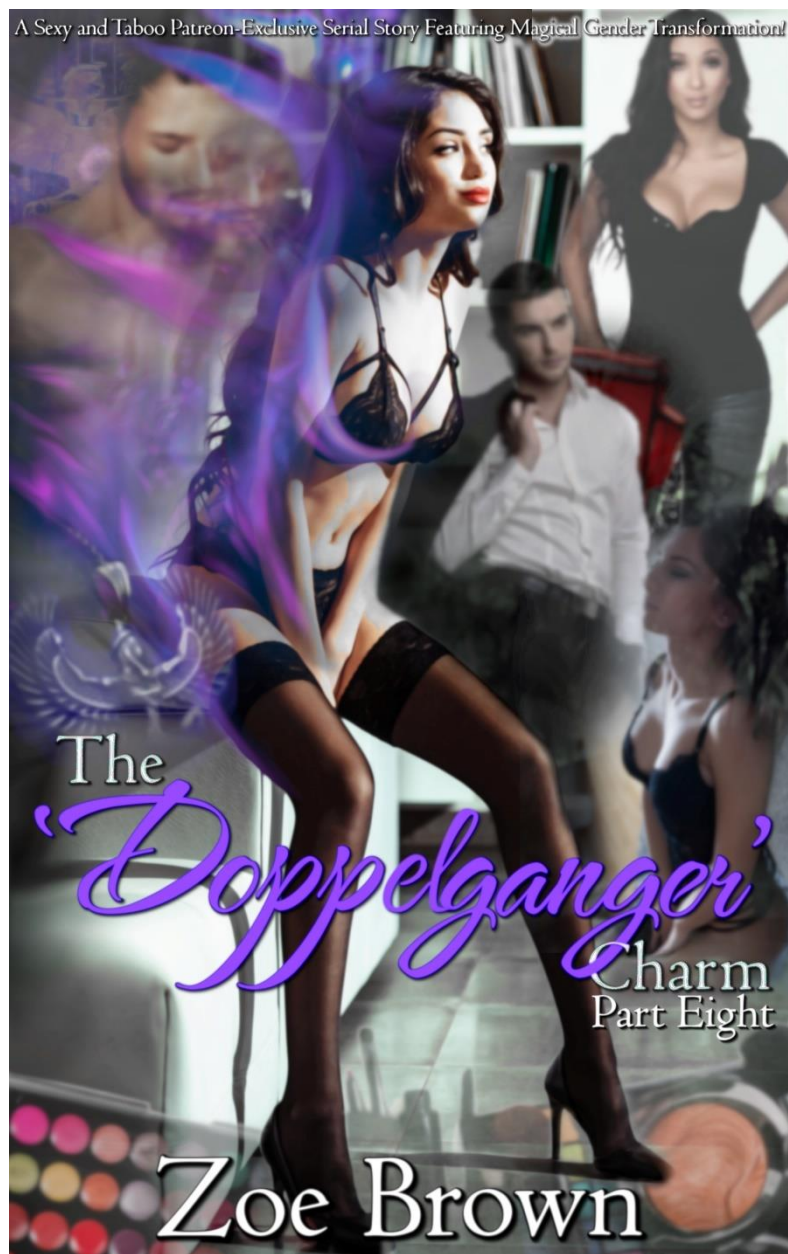


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The 'Doppelganger' Charm

Part Eight
(October 2022)

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

By Zoe Brown

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Part Eight

Emerging from Vanessa's apartment for the first time in *her* body—as a *woman*—and dressed in *her clothes*, it was with my (borrowed) heart beating wildly beneath my (equally borrowed) breasts and with trembling arms and hands and fingers and all the rest of it that I hastily stepped, stumbled, staggered, and skipped my way down the hallway up on the twenty-sixth floor of the 'Hudson Towers' residential skyscraper on the western shore of the Isle of Manhattan, still struggling to get used to walking in the four-inch black, high-heeled women's leather boots which I had elected to wear out of the loft that morning and my shapely and fetchingly-dressed new (borrowed!) female body so much a jumble of tinkling wrist bangles, dangling earrings, jangling purse strap, swishing hair, rolling, swaying, and bouncing new womanly curves that at first it all sort of overwhelmed me. Anxious to avoid either encountering or being seen by another one of the posh and well-to-do residents who lived on Vanessa's floor, as soon as I reached the elevator landing at the direct center of the building layout I smacked the glowing round 'down-arrow' button mounted on the gleaming metal wall panel and then shifted uneasily back and forth between one high-heeled-and-booted foot and then the other while I waited for a car to arrive.

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. . .

Not only was I still feeling nervous about the prospect of running into *other people* for the first time while occupying the beautiful, busty, and voluptuous body of my twenty-two-year-old hostess (an internationally 'in-demand' Instagram model and 'it-girl' who was presently overseas in Dubai for some sort of fashion and

modelling expo), having them *see me, as a girl*, and *react* to me as such, afraid (however irrationally) that they might not really see me as a 'real girl,' that they might somehow be able to *see through* my shapely new female exterior and discern that less than twenty-four hours ago I had again worn the body of the same twenty-seven-year-old male gender-transformation fetishist whom I had been all my life up until just about two days ago (no matter what I presently looked like on the outside), but also, just as soon as I had taken my first wobbly, high-heeled step outside the front door of Vanessa Tarasenko's extravagantly luxurious downtown loft apartment, coming face to face with the line of apartment doors from across the hall, the thought had suddenly struck me that a fair number of Vanessa's neighbors might well have seen the sexy dark-haired glamour model get into a car bound for JFK just two short days before (ahead of her flight to Dubai), and might think it a bit odd that she/I (her exact duplicate doppelganger) should already be back in the Big Apple again so soon after leaving.

Wanting to avoid any of the awkwardness which might result from me suddenly running into a nosy neighbor who might just possibly happen to *mention* running into her/me while Vanessa was *supposed to* have been out of town to the same gorgeously dark-haired mega-fox once my unknowing new 'twin' finally got *back* to Manhattan again (some nine-and-a-half-days from now), or someone who *knew* the young Ukrainian-American Instagram model whose body I had stolen for myself well enough to potentially pick up on any 'weirdness' in the way I spoke, acted, moved, or dressed while *wearing* a freshly-produced new *copy* of Vanessa's body that might make them feel. . . I dunno: *suspicious*, perhaps?—I immediately resolved to spend *as little time as possible*

hanging about Vanessa's apartment building while I was occupying her voluptuous, gorgeous womanly form, and to make my entry and egress from the building whenever I decided to head out at the beginning of one of my work shifts or to come back in the afternoon once I was all done for the day as quickly and discretely as possible.

To that end, darting into the first open lift car that came along just as soon as it arrived on the twenty-sixth floor of the Hudson Towers building and *dinged* its little bell to let me know it was there (feeling an immense surge of relief at the fact that it was *unoccupied*), after first palming the flat metal button that would take me down the 'lobby' (at ground level, from whence on a normal day—back when I had still been *a man*—I would have usually swung through the building's mailroom on my way to the front door, in order to pick up any letters or packages which may have come in for Vanessa while she'd been away, before exiting the building through the revolving glass doors at the front of the lobby, striding past the balding and portly male 'daytime' doorman, Scott, who had always made it a point to chat the original, male version of myself up whenever I went in or out through the building's primary entrance, and then walking around the corner of the building to take the sidewalk-access pedestrian ramp down into the underground parking lot built beneath the building in order to unlock my motorcycle, stashing whatever mail I had picked up for Vanessa in the small black secure storage compartment on the back of my bike before throwing one leg over the chassis and revving the engine to spirit me up out of the sublevel garage and back out onto the street out in front of the residential high rise), before the heavy metal doors could even roll all the way shut again, I thought

better of that initial, habitual impulse and toggled *off* the 'lobby'-level button in favor of the parking-garage-level one (marked with a 'G' at the very bottom of the control panel) instead.

This way I can avoid any. . . awkward encounters with other building residents coming in or going out through the lobby and mail room, and with Scott, up at the front entrance, I reasoned, sighing in relief at the thought that I had just avoided having to pass my hot new 'girl-self' off as the real Vanessa Tarasenko to a man who had seen both she and I come in and out of the front entrance to the building hundreds of times over the past few years, and who had spoken to the two of us and interacted with us on practically each and every occasion. I'll just. . . sneak down to the package room sometime later on tonight, before I go to bed, and avoid using the front entrance to the building as much as possible while I'm wearing Vanessa's body. After all, I can take the elevator down to the garage with the dogs when it's time to take them on a walk, and head out through the street-side pedestrian entrance. . . I can buzz any food I order for myself up to Vanessa's place without needing to head outside and interact with one of the doormen. . . yeah, that should work. . .

Once I'd resolved to avoid making much use of the lobby during my comings and goings over the course of the next nine and a half days (for as long as I continued to occupy my exact copy of the body of my gorgeous female hostess), I began to relax a little bit and to enjoy the emotionally gratifying satisfaction of having made it all the way out of Vanessa's apartment and down the hallway into one of the building elevators whilst still occupying my new body-double duplicate's sexy-sexy female form—*without* chickening out—whilst simultaneously reveling in the delicious sensuality of moving

about as such a hot and shapely young woman, dressed up in such suitably snug-fitting and alluring female attire as I presently had on: feeling my big, *abundantly-generous* new womanly breasts heaving slowly up and down within their lacy, softly-cushioned support cups upon the front of my chest whenever I breathed, my broad, round, voluptuous new womanly hips swaying seductively from side-to-side as I walked, my plump, pert, heart-shaped new female ass jutting up and out into the air behind my back (thank you four-inch heels!) and rolling, bouncing sensuously with every step that I took whilst simultaneously filling out the clingy, form-fitting, and gloriously stretchy fabric of the tight-fitting jeans I had on, and even the exciting, gender-affirming *thrill* I received from the tug of the dusty-rose-pink lace panties which I had on underneath my jeans against the smoothly-flat and slopingly-‘girlish’ ‘upside-down’ triangle of my new ‘girlish’ crotch, constant reminder of my equally-new physical womanhood.

I can't believe I'm doing this! I crowed excitedly inside my head, glancing up towards the metal doors as the elevator car descended speedily through the floors of the building and grinning in barely-contained glee at the wobbly, slightly-indistinct image of my babely new female self reflecting back at me out of the polished metal surfaces. *I'm actually going out in public as a girl!* The thought made me feel giddy, though there was still a fair bit of anxiety clutching at my heart as well. To once again reassure myself, to pump myself up a little, before the car could finish descending all the way down to the sub-level Garage underneath the building, I reached up with the pair of my small, delicately feminine new ‘girl hands’ and seized ahold of the two big, buoyant, busty new girlish tits jutting up and off of the front of my chest and gave them a quick, sensuously-

gratifying and gender-affirming *squeeze* through the thin material of the curve-hugging t-shirt and lacy-soft push-up bra cups that I had on over them, shivering slightly at the erotic thrill which raced through my transformed, newly female anatomy in response.

Remember, you're a woman, now. A moment later, I dropped those same hands down to the seat of my pants and squeezed the pair of my plump, pert new womanly ass cheeks through the stretchy fabric of my jeans, and repeated the mantra: *You're a woman now*, before sliding them back around the front of my body (over the voluptuous swell of my curvy hips) and pressed my soft, delicate new female fingertips down over the jeans-and-panty-covered, smoothly-sloping ‘upside-down-triangle’ of my womanly crotch, letting out a soft gasp and a whispery moan at the delicious pulse of gender-affirming sensuality which resulted from my fingertips ghosting over the soft, flat ‘mound’ of my new pussy, before pulling away again.

“I’m a woman,” I then breathed, low and huskily (in Vanessa Tarasenko’s soft, musical soprano tones), grinning lustily up into the wobbly face of my ‘mirror-image’ reflection just as the elevator car in which I was riding finally dinged and shuddered with its arrival down on the Garage sublevel beneath the building, the two heavy metal doors began to roll slowly open once again. “And I’m *gorgeous.*”

Taking my first steps back outside the relative privacy of the elevator car, I stumbled a bit atop the treacherously-tall four-inch heels affixed to the soles of the knee-high leather boots which I was wearing over the legs of my jeans as I wove my way slowly through the grid-like rows of parking spaces and vehicular lanes that filled the secured underground automobile storage space, my body still

not yet accustomed to walking primarily upon the balls of my feet, with such broad, round new womanly hips and such a plump, pert, and perky new female ass jutting up in the air behind my back and swaying seductively from side to side with every step that I took (not to mention the absolutely *enormous* ‘Double-D’ breasts sticking up and out in front of my chest), throwing off my center of gravity. The confident exuberance which I had been experiencing mere moments before, back inside the elevator car, had briefly been somewhat checked when I’d abruptly caught a glimpse of one or two other residents of the towering residential skyscraper up above bustling around in the underground parking space, either getting into or out of their own personal automobiles, the sight causing my heart to suddenly launch itself up into my throat and to begin hammering wildly as all my anxieties about being *seen* by other people (whilst occupying a copy of Vanessa Tarasenko’s beautifully-alluring female body) only to then be ‘read’ or ‘clocked’ (somehow) as just a pervy male gender-transformation fetishist who was merely *pretending* to be a woman and *exposed* (again: *somehow*) for all the world to jeer at and mock, the sense of ‘imposter syndrome’ which had plagued me so intensely the night before, suddenly roared back in a rush and made all my limbs seize up with hesitation and doubt.

Fortunately, however, neither of the other two individuals busying about within the underground garage that morning seemed to really take much notice of *me* (in spite of how *blatant* and *manifest* my anxieties were making me feel that my ‘obviously’ ‘fraudulent’ female impersonation ought to have been to *anyone* who so much as *blinked* in my direction), far too preoccupied with their own lives and daily tasks to care what was going on with some

random ‘hot chick’ who had just exited one of the elevator shafts that lead up into the residential building high above, and so although it took me a few moments, I eventually managed to calm myself down once again, relaxing my bodily sufficiently so as to make movement easier and more fluid, and while I continued to struggle somewhat with the changes in balance that walking atop a pair of four-inch heels came with, stumbling and staggering every couple of dozen steps, occasionally having one foot slide right out from underneath me, the more I moved about in my brand-new (borrowed!) girl body and in the sexy-sexy high-heeled boots that I had pulled out of Vanessa’s *enormous* ‘walk-thru’ closet upon the twenty-sixth floor of the building high above just a short while earlier that same morning, the more confident I gradually became upon them, until by the time I finally made it all the way across the parking garage to the designated space set aside for Vanessa’s ruby-red Mazda Miata (and where my male identity was also allowed to park his/my motorcycle whenever I was here ‘house-sitting’ for the pretty international glamour model)—a trip which seemed to take about twice as long now that I was a much shorter *girl* moving about in high-heeled *boots* than it had back when I had been a *much* taller, long-legged *guy* just walking casually—I was actually beginning to feel my wide, rounded new womanly hips sway a bit more freely and ‘naturally’ from side-to-side with each individual step that I took, in what—honestly—at first felt to *me* like a *grossly*-overexaggerated *parody* of how *normal* women walked, but which ever-so-slowly began to feel more and more *comfortable* and *natural* (and even a bit pleasurable, in a sensually gender-affirming sort of way) the more I got used to it, until I actually began to think that perhaps part of my problem with walking in heels to begin

with had been how rigidly controlled I had kept all of my shapely new womanly body's movements (so as not to feel like I was putting on a huge *show* of 'pretending' to 'walk' like a beautiful woman—when in reality I had almost certainly been letting my anxiety about 'looking weird' and over the unfamiliar *feeling* of occupying such a deliciously voluptuous chick body while it was moving about in high heels clamp down on my new body's own natural instincts—instead of just letting the muscles and skeletal structure of my bably new female body take over and move themselves. . . however *they* wanted to move.)

Upon reaching my motorcycle at last, I unlocked and un-looped the metal chain that I used to secure it at night (to the metal railing of this level of the subterranean parking space directly in front of it), flipped up the kickstand, wheeled it back out of the parking space and into the vehicular lane (an operation which took quite a bit more effort in my smaller, skinner, *way*-less-muscular new 'chick body' than it ever had in my big, burly male one), and then swung one long, slender, and shapely new jeans-and-boot-clad 'girl-leg' over the body of my sleek, sexy, maroon-and-black 2020 Zero SR/S, settling onto the molded foam-and-leather seat (and making a slight, soft, girlish sound of pleasant surprise at the sensation of feeling my big, round, shapely new womanly bottom pillowing out beneath me against the sturdy material as I did so.)

Keying on the ignition, I pulled my riding helmet down off of the handlebar grips around which I had knotted it the night before and held it upon my lap, frowning at it uncertainly for a moment. I felt briefly torn between my lengthy experience with riding motorcycles in the past and knowing full-well the need for safety even when buzzing back and forth at relatively low speeds

throughout the streets of downtown Manhattan and the temptation which I felt to indulge in a bit of femininity-affirming recklessness by taking off down the street leading away from Vanessa's building with my sexy, long dark-brown ponytail flying out freely behind me in the breeze.

Ultimately, I managed a compromise of sorts between the two conflicting impulses. After coasting leisurely up and around through the grid-like maze of underground parking spaces in the direction of the lot's streetside entry/exit ramp, holding my helmet on my lap while a light breeze whispered over my alluringly lovely facial features and through the tied-back mass of my thick, long, dark hair, I roared up past the parking attendant's box at the mouth of the parking garage under full acceleration (so there'd be less chance of the stout-looking blonde woman manning the booth catching sight of and perhaps recognizing my 'borrowed' facial features), my electric motor whistling aggressively away between my legs, and then hooked a tight right out onto the street beyond the ramp, enjoying just the briefest kick of the wind whipping my ponytail about out behind my back before ultimately easing on the breaks and slowly gliding to a halt down in front of the sidewalk at the end of the lane. There, with no other vehicles behind me looking to be let into traffic on the busy thoroughfare just beyond, I stood my bike to a brief stop and eased the molded foam and fiberglass helmet down atop my pretty, pretty head.

Now, this might sound a bit strange, but once I actually got moving on my bike that morning (zipping about the streets of downtown Manhattan with my smartphone up and affixed to the handlebar 'holder' for it at the front of my bike, the 'Driver'-side

Doordash app up and open on my screen, scrolling through available orders to accept until I found something promising in my general area and then committed to it) a great deal of the anxiety which had been clutching at my heart ever since I'd first set foot outside Vanessa's apartment only a short time before began to ease. In part, this may have had something to do with the general feeling of 'calm' and of being 'in control' that I experienced whenever I was seated atop my motorcycle, the wind whipping through the tall towers looming overhead that defined the downtown area of NYC slapping at my clothes and at any bits of exposed skin which I happened to be showing as I streaked swiftly through the streets of the city, but I also think it likely had something to do with the sense of the familiar that being back on my bike once more (albeit in the busty, voluptuous body of a *very sexy* young woman) instilled in me.

In the past, being on my cycle had always made me feel *cool*, and *confident*, and in-control, and although there was some minor dissonance to the experience now that I was a chick (my wider, womanly hips and plump, full, rounded ass sat differently upon the molded surface of my seat than they had before, back when I had been a guy, something which I found myself being continually reminded about—and thrilled by!!—while the pair of ripe, buoyant, and abundant new breasts jutting out of the front of my chest jiggled and quivered faintly within the softly-lined support of the bra-cups which contained them whenever my bike went over a crack in the asphalt, while the gentle vibrations resonating up through the chassis of the Zero SR/S—not the powerfully insistent vibrations produced by a gas-powered engine, of course, since mine was electric, but rather just from the friction of the fast-moving

wheels against the uneven paving of the downtown streets—flooded my smoothly-and-slopingly-flat, yieldingly-penetrable new girlish crotch with some delightfully pleasing low-level erotic stimulation which only further helped to relax me), the differences were more *pleasurable*—to my way of thinking—than the reverse, and more than enough of those endorphin-producing, mood-elevating feelings remained for my first ride on my bike, as a girl, to finally mellow me out a little about the whole experience of being out in public as *a chick* for the first time.

In addition, there was the fact that this was the first time, really, since I had originally become a chick (two nights earlier) that I had engaged in an activity from my originally *male* life and identity while occupying my brand new (borrowed!) 'girl-body,' rather than simply just indulging my super-fetishy gender-bending fantasies by endlessly immersing myself in all that Vanessa Tarasenko's abundantly overflowing wardrobe full of luxuriously glamorous female clothing had to offer (and then masturbating myself to yet another orgasm in response to fantasies about what I would do if I were actually *out there*, in the world, somewhere, as a girl, instead of just holed up in my hostess' enormous 'walk-thru' closet), and in a way, it made the *experience* of being out in public as a woman for the first time seem somewhat more *real* and *tangible* than it had before: I was no longer just playing out my naughty, gender-transformation-related fantasies alone inside the sumptuous luxury of Vanessa Tarasenko's apartment; I was a *real woman*, out zipping through the streets of New York on the back of my motorcycle, thrilling at the sensation of my shapely new female body cutting through the air and gripping the chassis of my bike between the pair of my full, firm, tapering new womanly thighs, and preparing

myself for my first ever experience of interacting with another real, living, flesh-and-blood human being while occupying my sexy-sexy new (borrowed) female form.

Picking up my first order of the day from the staff at the restaurant—‘Tasty Spicy Noodle’ over at the corner of West 33rd and 9th Avenue—where it was waiting for me went far more smoothly than my anxiety-riddled mind (still hopped up on ‘imposter syndrome’-related fears and waiting for someone to point at me and scream *‘That’s a dude!’* at any moment) could have possibly predicted. Coasting to a gentle halt out on the curb in front of the eatery, I nudged the kickstand down with one high-heeled and booted foot and then hopped off the seat (swinging one wide, rounded new womanly hip and long, shapely, stretch-jeans-clad female leg over the chassis of the bike as I did so), putting out a small, delicately ‘girlish’ hand to grip at the metal signpost standing directly adjacent to me. Taking a moment to steady myself once again atop the pair of four-inch booted heels now stuck to the bottoms of my dainty new girlish feet, before winding the thick metal security chain for my ride through the spokes of both wheels and around the handle bars of my bike (and then fastening it to the pole of the signpost), and leaving my helmet on out of a sudden burst of nervous insecurity, after sucking in a short, quick, fortifying breath, I took my first, slightly-unsteady high-heeled steps up towards the entrance of the trendy-looking ‘Asian Noodles’ food spot and eased myself in through the pair of broad, glass double-doors covered in advertisement lettering.

Alright, I thought, swallowing hard, while my heart pounded furiously away beneath my breasts, *here we go*.

As the bell hanging above the inside of the door jangled at my entrance, while simultaneously thrilling, once again, at the feeling of my broad, curvy new female hips swaying sensuously from side-to-side with every step that I took, the tug of my tight-fitting jeans against the generous fullness of my womanly ass, the delicate lace panties which I had on underneath across the smoothly-sloping flatness of my girlish crotch, the sway and jiggle (within the softly-padded cups of the bra strapped around my slender chest) of the two enormous new womanly tits jutting up and out in front of my upper body, the slight swish and twitch of the high ponytail which was sticking out of the back of my helmet and dangling down the slender arch of my girlish spine, I felt the eyes of at least half-a-dozen pre-noon patrons swivel across the mostly-empty space of interior in the direction of my voluptuously ‘womanish’ figure, and beneath the faceplate of my bike helmet immediately flushed, the delicate new female guts which I now possessed beneath the firm, flat front of my new girlish ‘tummy’ swimming in anticipation of my immediately being called out as the gorgeously-disguised ‘imposter’ which I was so terribly anxious about being accused of being. And yet, to my astonished surprise, as I made my slow, somewhat halting high-heeled way up towards the front counter of the little Asian-food place (my boldly glamorous new feminine footwear *click-clacking* softly against the tiled material of the floor with each individual step that I took), no one called out at me, or shouted alarm to the rest of the patrons seated within the dining room, or glared angrily back at me with an incensed and ‘knowing’ look in their eyes. Instead, the majority of the attention which I’d received upon first stepping through the doorway of ‘Tasty Spicy Noodles’ merely drifted away again in utter disinterest as soon as

the viewers registered my *obviously* ‘female’ shape and figure, while the one or two (male) sets of eyes that continued to peer at me as I wound my way through the tight grid of tables and aisles that filled the interior space of the restaurant, rather than narrowing at me in suspicion, hostility, or accusation, seemed to widen, instead, in appreciation of the new womanly curves which my transformed body now boasted, a reaction which almost made me stop and do a double-take out of shock.

Holy crap, I thought to myself, as I felt the heat of two increasingly-intense gazes following me across the dining room of the little Asian food spot, marveling at the response which my shapely new female self appeared to be receiving from the patrons of the ‘Tasty Spicy Noodles’ dining establishment. *I think I’m actually ‘passing!’* It certainly seemed to me, at any rate, as though everyone who was watching me move through the softly-lit interior of the quaint little noodle shop was treating me as though I were *exactly* what I knew I now looked like (from the outside, for sure): just another hot and sexy chick in a world-level metropolis which was absolutely full of them—of *us*. Even when one of the two high-heeled boots I had on slipped slightly upon a too-smooth tile in the middle of the floor directly in front of the counter and I momentarily stumbled before catching myself upon the surface of the wall to my left, no one jeered at me or called me a fraud or an imposter—a ‘man in a dress’ (or, well, ‘a man in tight hip-hugging jeans and a t-shirt.’) And in fact, from the way that the two male individuals who were *still* looking at me were continuing to follow my shapely figure with ever-more-hungry eyes as I stepped in front of the ‘To-Go’ section of the restaurant counter, swiped right on the bottom of the Doordash ‘Driver App’ screen to confirm my

arrival, and waited for one of the harried-looking women bustling quickly back and forth through the kitchen space on the opposite side to notice me, their glances lingering first upon the smoothly-empty *flatness* of my womanly crotch (and the way that the skin-tight jeans which I presently had on *emphasized* that particular part of my new, girlish anatomy) and the pair of large, ripe, round, and buoyant new breast mounds which were faintly bouncing up on the front wall of my chest whenever I took a step, before gluing themselves to the generously pert, plump, heart-shaped curves of my womanly ass once I moved past them in order to step up in front of the counter, it began to feel to me as though they might *actually* have been *attracted* to my shapely new womanly form, an even *more* incredible revelation which briefly took me a few moments to wrap my head around. *Oh my God, Oh my God, they’re actually checking me out! They think I’m HOT! This is fucking awesome!* If I hadn’t still been vibrating with anxiety over how the women *behind* the counter would react to my new shape and appearance once they caught sight of me, I might have actually *squealed* with delight and excitement.

“Hi, can I help you?”

“Hi!” I chirped reflexively back at the young, Southeast-Asian-featured young woman who appeared in front of me across the surface of the ‘To-Go’ counter a moment or two after my arrival, blushing beneath the visor of my helmet at the sweetly ‘girlish’ sounding tones which came out of my mouth (although they thrilled me), and then felt my teeth chattering briefly within my mouth as I tried to work out what to say next. “Umm—” Though I had made pickups like this *thousands* of times over the past couple of years, I had never done so as *a girl* before, and just for a moment

my tongue tripped over what I'd been about to say, wondering if a *girl* delivery driver wouldn't put what I was about to say slightly *differently*. "—I'm. . . here to pick up a Doordash order." I finally got out in the end, the words sounding perfectly alright as they came out in my high, breathy, 'borrowed' new soprano tones, but still slightly anxious about whether or not I had *delivered* them quite 'right.' The way a 'normal' girl would have.

Reversing my grip on the smartphone I was clutching in my right hand, I held it up in front of the face of the young woman standing across the counter from me, so that she could read the order number off the screen of my device. For a moment, then, I waited, heart in my throat as I abruptly imagined dozens of different scenarios in which the lady behind the counter suddenly frowned at me and asked where 'Cody McIntire' was. Instead, however, to my very great relief, after studying the screen for moment the other woman—the *other woman!*—merely nodded before turning around in order to collect the already-bagged delivery off of the warmer rack behind her, then spun back around again and passed the bag over the top of the counter towards me.

"Here you are," she offered me a perfunctory smile, before turning away again, and I felt relief flood my shapely new female body at the realization that the. . . the *other woman* had not detected a single thing about my new gender presentation which was so 'off' as to trigger so much as a single raised eyebrow in response: she'd accepted me as just another girl—like *her!*

"Thanks!" I called out after her (once again in my high, breathy new *female* voice), and then, feeling a bright and beaming new grin of self-satisfied gender euphoria stretching across the lower half of my face, turned away myself, carefully holding the stack of plastic-

bagged Styrofoam meal trays and paper cups filling the bag up and out in front of my curvy figure while gingerly making my high-heeled, hip-swingingly-girlish way back across the interior of the restaurant dining room towards the doors up at the front of the little noodle shop (taking extra care not to slip on the tiled floor again, or to otherwise trip and stumble atop the still-somewhat-unfamiliar four-inch heels presently affixed to the soles of my feet while I was holding the customer's food in my hands.) With fresh, confidence-boosting affirmation of my new womanly sex firing through my veins, I relished in the intensely heated and admiring looks which followed my bouncing, swaying, shapely new womanly form back across the interior of the Asian food joint, and as I made my way back out through the glass double-doors at the front of the place in order to reach my bike, thrilled by the knowledge that my new, 'borrowed' girlish curves could attract such attention and interest (even if I wasn't *quite* all that sure just yet how *I felt* about such male sexual attention being turned in my direction—it made my stomach tighten and flutter a bit, inside, but I wasn't entirely certain if I knew what that *meant*, really, about what the landscape of my newly *female* sexual orientation—the sexual orientation I had 'borrowed' from Vanessa when I'd copied her sexy-sexy body for myself—really looked like, yet.)

Upon reaching my bike again I pulled the insulted, cube-shaped red delivery satchel which I used to transport my orders back and forth across the city out of one of the storage compartments built into the back of the motorcycle chassis and carefully eased the stuffed plastic bag containing the food which I was delivering into the interior, then zipped the bag back up again and strapped it onto the secure transport rack bolted onto the rear of my ride. Swinging

one of my long, shapely new ‘girl’ legs and broadly rounded new womanly hips over the seat of the Zero SR/S once more, I settled my flat, smoothly-sloping new girlish crotch down upon the firm-yet-comfortable top of the molded foam seat-cushion, snapped my smartphone (with the GPS guidance to my destination displaying on the screen) back into the expensive metal holder mounted upon my handlebars, raised the kickstand and eased the toes of my booted feet onto the bike’s footrests, and then started the electric motor back up and waited for a gap to open up in the traffic buzzing on by large enough for me to slip into. Soon I was off and zipping swiftly through the busy downtown streets again, on my way to the order drop off location, and once again, letting the exhilaration which I was feeling at having successfully made it through my first interpersonal interaction as a woman with flying colors (without the person I was interacting with seeming to notice anything ‘off’ about me, or otherwise seeing through my borrowed new womanly ‘disguise’ and spotting the gender-transformation-fetish-driven ‘guy’ whom I had been for the past twenty-seven-years underneath), and with so many onlookers apparently having failed to notice anything ‘clockable’ about me either (one or two of them even going so far as to ‘check-out’ my busty, hourglass-waisted, full-bottomed new girlish figure as I wiggled, swayed, and occasionally staggered my high-heeled-and-booted new female body back and forth through the dining area) propel me into opening up the throttle on the bike a bit wider than was really legally permissible in downtown Manhattan, and at one point even throwing my head back and letting out a high, piercingly girlish *‘Whoooooooooooo!’* of triumph, relief, and exultation.

When I arrived at the address of the order’s drop-off location a little over ten minutes later, I took my ‘first-time’ experiment with going out in public in my shapely new female body and correspondingly new ‘girlish’ identity a step further, allowing the bolstering sense of validation and reinforcement which my burgeoning new female persona had received from the experience of *picking up* food back at ‘Tasty Spicy Noodles’ to embolden me sufficiently enough to *remove my helmet* before I got off my bike this second time (I was then forced to spend a few seconds staring into the Camera app of my smartphone, smoothing back behind my ears a few frizzled strands of dark, flyaway ‘girl hair’ which had been stirred up by the act.) Once I’d unstrapped the delivery bag from the back of my ride and secured the cycle to a nearby tree-trunk planter embedded in the sidewalk, I took a deep breath and rolled my small and delicately-rounded new ‘girlish’ shoulders back, jutting my sizable new, t-shirt-clad womanly chest up and out more prominently in front of my body before bounding up the single broad flat stair in front of the apartment building in front of which I was standing. Tapping on the call button for the unit to which the delivery instructions which I’d received through the ‘Driver’ app had pointed me, I waited a few seconds before a low, husky female voice answered, then announced my arrival.

“Hello?”

“Hi! It’s. . . *Veronica*, from Doordash?” I called out in the same high, breathy new female voice which I had used back at the noodle shop only a short while before. For just a moment, before I spoke the name of the burgeoning new ‘female’ identity (alter-ego?) which I had elected to assume prior to departing from Vanessa Tarasenko’s apartment a half-an-hour earlier, I hesitated,

questioning the ‘suitability’ of that name for this sexy-sexy new babe whom I’d become, before ultimately deciding to just plunge on ahead with it (after all, I realized, it was too late, now, to change the name of the ‘dasher’ that my customer was seeing on the screen of *her* app.)

“Oh, good. I’ll buzz you up.”

When the harsh but muted tone of the door buzzer sounded, I pushed my way on in through the heavy wooden-framed front door of the apartment building and made my slow, still-somewhat-unsteady way atop my high-heeled boots across the rug-covered tile floor of the lobby in order to queue up in front of an elevator shaft which would take me up to the fifth floor, several stories above. As I rode the elevator up, then *clomp-clomped* my way down the carpeted floor of the hallway on the building’s fifth level (the big and girly new silver ‘hoop’ earrings which I had on jangling below my earlobes as I did so), I struggled against a resurgence of the same ‘imposter-syndrome’-fueled anxiety about what I looked like (both face *and* body this time), as a girl, about whether the woman waiting for me behind the door of unit 509 would be able to take one look at me and just somehow *tell* that I wasn’t ‘really’ a girl that I had experienced upon first leaving Vanessa’s apartment thirty minutes before, that I had again experienced upon first setting foot inside the noodle-shop some ten or twelve minutes ago now (a resurgence of nervousness and anxiety which I was sure had entirely to do with the fact that I was now preparing to show my ‘borrowed’ new female *face* to another human being for the first time), but the absolutely flat and blasé response which I actually *encountered* after I arrived at apartment 509 and rapped the soft, small knuckles of my newly ‘girlish’ left hand against the thin brown wood of the

door proved even more astonishing to me than the mostly-disinterested looks I’d received from the staff and customers back at ‘Tasty Spicy Noodles.’ The brown-haired Hispanic woman in her early middle-age who had opened the door at my knock had barely even taken a cursory ‘once-over’ look at me (registering the beautifully-inviting features of my girlish face and the stunning curves of my trim and womanly figure) before she seemed to lose all interest in *me* whatsoever and instead dropped her eyes towards the insulated ‘cube’-shaped delivery bag which was dangling from my right hand.

“Miranda Garcia?” I asked, raising the pair of my delicately-shaped, boldly-arched, and stunningly glamorous new girlish eyebrows at the other woman, while I lowered my delivery satchel gently to the floor in front of the open doorway and bent to begin unzipping the top (thrilling at feeling the curves of my ripe, round new girlish ass and broad, curvaceous new womanly hips sticking up and out behind my back as I did so.)

“Yeah, that’s me,” the other woman responded, in such a banal and uninterested tone of voice that I frankly felt somewhat nonplussed. Here I was, standing in front of her, a former *man* magically transformed into the exactly-duplicated *doppelganger* of one of the hottest chicks in New York City, going about my day-to-day life as a Doordash delivery driver while assuming a brand-new female identity which I had just cooked up for myself on the spot before leaving the upscale loft apartment for which I was currently housesitting half-an-hour earlier, and this woman, the first person to see my sex-changed and newly-beautified (borrowed) female face since I had first transformed myself into Vanessa Tarasenko’s sexy-sexy ‘twin,’ didn’t seem to notice the *slightest*

thing ‘off’ (or otherwise of interest) about my bably new girlish ‘disguise?’ Just as the patrons and serving staff back at the noodle shop had similarly failed to do (though, as a critical difference, *they* hadn’t been able to see my lovely new female facial features)! Had I really blown my own internalized anxiety about my new womanly state and my fears, my feelings of ‘imposter syndrome’ so *radically* out of proportion to the actual reality of how other people were going to react to my gender-transformed new female self? Were other people *really* just going to take me for the pretty, busty, dark-haired and curvaceous chick I now appeared to be, without *somehow* twigging to the fact that less than twenty-four hours ago I had been *a guy*??

. . . Was there really nothing for me to worry about after all?

“Here you are,” I spoke again a moment later, as I lifted the bagged packet of Styrofoam meal trays and paper cups out of the interior of my delivery satchel and then straightened up again, offering it to the other woman with a smile. “Have a nice d—!”

“Thanks,” Miranda Garcia accepted the food from me without so much as glancing back in the direction of my face or body again, then backed away into the interior of her apartment and closed the door in my face before I could even finish wishing her a nice day.

Huh. I smirked and then shrugged, considered things quietly to myself as I made my hip-swiveling, breast-bouncing, high-heeled way slowly back down the corridor towards the elevator shaft once again, and then rode the lift car all the way back down to the ground level of the building. *I guess I really must just come across like an ordinary girl.* . . The thought was both astonishing to me and at the same time profoundly reassuring.

Bounding excitedly out through the lobby door of the apartment building once again a few seconds later, my heels *click-clacking* more and more confidently across the concrete surface of the sidewalk the longer I wore them, as I approached the motorcycle which I had left locked up on the curb in front of the building I could feel a bright, fierce grin of girlish glee beginning to stretch its way across the bottom half of my face as it slowly sank in for me that perhaps I no longer needed to *worry* so much about the possibility that someone out here in the real world (beyond the confines of Vanessa Tarasenko’s loft apartment, where I had first turned myself into a chick a couple of nights back) might be able to take a single look at my busty, shapely new womanly body and just *somehow* be able to suss out that I had *originally* been born a guy, expose me publicly (in some painfully humiliating manner) as being nothing more than a fetishy dude obsessed with the idea of turning himself into a sexy chick, merely temporarily *disguised* as a woman. That perhaps I was free to just. . . relax, and *enjoy* this opportunity to find out what life was like as one of the hottest, most-desirable members of the female sex that I could think of, the way I had fantasized about doing for so many years. That perhaps I could just. . . *enjoy* really, actually being a chick today, out in public (for the very first time), going about my life and my work and my affairs just like *every other* young woman who lived, worked, or studied in the ‘Greatest City in the World.’

To my delight, this fresh re-assessment of the reactions that I ought to expect from the various other people I encountered while out in public for the day, occupying my ‘borrowed’ new female form, appeared to bear itself out throughout the remainder of my

workday, as I continued to zip back and forth across the busy downtown grid of urban streets in Lower Manhattan, picking up food and grocery orders from more than a half-a-dozen different restaurants across the downtown area and delivering them to the various disparate apartment buildings, townhomes, business offices, and retail locations from which the orders had originated. At each new face-to-face interaction that I put myself through (picking up a few pizza slices at ‘That’s Amore,’ dropping them off for a pair of middle-aged white accountant women at a little CPA firm in the Bowery, then collecting a couple of shopping bags full of beauty products, snack food, baby diapers, and frozen pizza from a CVS up in Noho and delivering them to a church in the Ukrainian Village, etc.) I found myself again subjected to a brief surge of anxiety-inducing fear and doubt about my appearance immediately prior to stepping up in front of either the ‘To-Go’ counter or sales register at whatever pick-up location I’d happened to be directed to by the ‘Driver’ app, or before knocking on the front door to whatever private residence, office building, or retail location (or ‘house of god’) that I wound up completing my trip at while making the order hand-off, worrying about whether I was about to suddenly be exposed as the ‘fetishy guy playing dress-up in a ‘borrowed’ female body’ which I continued to worry that *other people* would take me for if they managed to figure out who I’d *been* all my life up until about forty-eight-hours ago, only to find myself both somewhat surprised and relieved when the various men and women (and occasional non-binary person) whom I interacted with at each of those different locations treated me no differently than I imagine they would have any *other* fresh-faced young woman as attractive as I now was. But each time the cycle

repeated itself again, the spike of sudden fear and anxiety which I felt as I sashayed my shapely, hip-swiveling new girlish figure in through (or at least up to) the front doors of all the various little eateries, retail locations, residential units, and office blocks that I visited over the course of the next four, four-and-a-half-hours in order to make my delivery quota for the day seemed to ‘peak’ at a slightly lower and more muted level of intensity, until by the time I arrived to pick up my tenth and final delivery of the day (a stack of four ‘XL-sized’ classic ‘Brooklyn Style’ pizzas—two pepperoni pies, one ‘all-the-meats,’ and a ‘supreme’— from ‘Sal’s Slices’ down on Fulton Street just north of the Financial District, bound for the Alpha Delta Kappa frat house at Lafayette and White, west of Chinatown) I felt little more than a mild *twinge* of self-consciousness and doubt roiling through my guts I stepped up in front of the ‘Carry-Out’ counter up at the front of the pizzeria and flashed the hefty-looking older black man wiping his large, thick, broad hands upon the pizza-sauce-stained front of his apron on the other side a bright and ‘winning’ smile (whilst simultaneously showing him the order number on my screen of my ‘Driver’ app), just a faint quiver of concern that the large and imposing-looking man *might not* so instantaneously read my shapely new womanly self as ‘female’ the way everyone else had done ever since I’d first stepped foot outside of Vanessa Tarasenko’s apartment a little under five hours ago. Not that I needed have worried, of course: as had been the case with every other individual with whom I had interacted that day (in my hot new ‘girl’ body), the large man on the opposite side of the counter didn’t so much as twitch an eyebrow at me in confusion or suspicion while his dark brown eyes took in the generous curves of my enticing new feminine figure

(big, buoyant breasts, narrow ‘hourglass’ waist, and broad, round womanly hips outlined to mouthwatering detail by the snug-fitting t-shirt and hip-hugging ‘stretch’ jeans I had on)—lingering momentarily upon the ripe, round, and exposed tops of my generously juicy new boobs as he did so—before he nodded and turned away from me in order to retrieve the four big, broad, flat pizza boxes that were stacked up on top of the large industrial pizza oven behind him and then swung back around again in order to pass them over the top of the carryout counter in my direction.

But if the rush of fear and anxiety which accompanied each new face-to-face encounter I had with another human being during the course of my delivery runs that day quickly began to fall off once I got over the initial ‘hump’ of picking up and dropping off my first order of the day, so too did the euphoric sense of excitement and validation that I received upon realization that the individual with whom I was presently interacting was ‘reading’ me as if I were just any other astonishingly *gorgeous* girl who just so happened to make deliveries on behalf of Doordash. By the time I finished collecting my order from the ‘Carry-out’ counter of ‘Sal’s Slices’ at about half-past-two in the afternoon, I felt little more than a slight sense of relief and gender-affirmation upon sensing the large man’s immediate and unquestioning acceptance of my new womanly sex and gender. Other than that, after nearly five hours of making deliveries in my supple and seductive new girlish body, wearing Vanessa Tarasenko’s oh-so-lovely face and all her astoundingly sexy curves, the experience of ‘dashing’ as a hot young woman was already rapidly beginning to feel ‘normal’ (even a bit *mundane*, a little *boring*) to me in a way which I would never have imagined could be the case even as recently as twelve hours ago.

And yet, if I was quickly beginning to grow desensitized to both spikes of anxiety as well as pulses of exhilaration over whether or not it turned out I could ‘pass’ as a ‘real girl’ in the eyes of ordinary people (out in the real world) once I set foot outside of Vanessa’s apartment and whilst wearing the sexy-sexy new female body which I had magically duplicated for myself using alluringly lacy lingerie items I had pilfered from the ‘real’ Vanessa Tarasenko’s wardrobe, there were other new sensations which I was now beginning to experience for the first time that I was nowhere near *remotely* close to growing indifferent to. First and foremost among these were the warmly buzzing thrills of sexual excitement which raced through my transformed, sex-changed new womanly reproductive organs each time I noticed a male (or female!) individual taking a second, much more heated look at one or another of my generous new womanly curves upon first coming face-to-face with me, or while following my slim, leggy, and shapely tight-jeans-and-snug-fitting-t-shirt-clad new girlish figure back and forth throughout the interior of whatever restaurant, retail outlet, or apartment building I happened to be visiting at the present moment—along with the far-more-validating surge of gender-affirmation that accompanied it than the rapidly-diminishing one which I now got off of simply not being ‘read’ as a ‘dude’ underneath my busty new (borrowed) female exterior. Knowing that other people found the hot new girl!me which I had become via the aid of the five-thousand-year-old ancient Egyptian ‘Doppelganger Charm’ that my great-grandfather had dug up out of the ruins of a lost temple to the goddess Isis still thrilled and delighted me each and every new time which I experienced it—not to mention *turning me on*, just a little bit, with subtle bursts of

erotic excitement and nipple-tightening going on, and even some slight dampness seeping through my new womanly sexual passage in a few of the more *intense* incidences of this sort of occurrence (when more than just one or two or even *three* sets of lustfully-charged male—and female!—eyes had turned in my direction all at once, as had happened first at a local pub which I had stopped by in the middle of my workday in order to pick up a lunch special order, and then later on a couple of hours after that when I'd dropped off an order of sloppy joes and cheesy fries at an office tower in the heart of the financial district, walking through a floor full of predominantly-male 'financial pros' on my way to an office in the back)

A second such example of the sorts of *new sensations* which I was now encountering as I gradually began to acclimate to the experience of being just another devastatingly sexy young 'working woman' in a 'megacity' of nearly 19 million people that was packed just absolutely full of 'em was the feeling of being envious over how beautiful *other women* looked which I'd found myself running into a handful of times that day as I made my delivery rounds. I know that on its face that might sound silly—after all, I had used the 'doppelganger charm' to turn myself into the exact duplicate of one of the hottest young twenty-something 'babes' on the planet (who could I *possibly* be envious of??)—and yet as I began to encounter *other* attractive young women living and working in different locations throughout the downtown area (this pretty young blonde secretary chick at the CPA firm I mentioned before, a thirty-something Italian American classic 'MILF' whose lunch I delivered a little after noon, a beauty salon full of *gorgeous* looking Black, Latina, and Afro-Latina women who all worked together that I

dropped off a group order of Puerto Rican food for just a few minutes before one, and so on), I began to notice how glamorously and enticingly made-up so many of their faces were (not to mention the hot and trendy things they had done with their hair), with dark liner and mascara drawing attention to their big, beautiful eyes while a variety of different shades and textures of lip-coloring emphasized the feminine fullness and softness of their lips, and with varying degrees of highlighting, contouring, and other cosmetic artistry employed to attract and engage the eye of the beholder—while by comparison my own new female face, naturally gorgeous but utterly bare of makeup (owing to my complete lack of skill or experience with women's cosmetic products), looked somewhat *drab*, faintly shining with perspiration as a result of all the time I'd spent zipping around the city on the back of my bike with my helmet on and visor down, while despite my best efforts to smooth them all back each time I took my helmet off, there were always a few frazzled strands of dark 'girl's hair' sticking out from the side of my head whenever I hopped off my bike to either pick up or drop off a new delivery order. Although at the beginning of my workday I had been far too caught up in worries over potentially being 'found out' or 'exposed' for 'really' just being *a guy* underneath my bably new female exterior, as the day had rolled along and those initial fears had gradually receded and as I had encountered more and more pretty and attractively made-up young women of near to my (borrowed) new womanly body's apparent physical age (in all fairness, during the course of my deliveries that day I did also encounter a significant number of women who did *not* demonstrate such an affinity for beautifying self-adornment—beginning with Miranda Garcia right off the bat—but as these were mostly *older*

women, or women whose apparent gender presentations were much less overtly ‘femme’ than that which I had long felt personally inclined towards in my fantasizing about what *I* would do, how *I* would live my life, if I ever got to be a girl, I’d not felt particularly influenced by them) I’d begun to feel more and more self-conscious about my own, completely-*unadorned* facial features, more and more jealous of the apparent *artistry* with cosmetic wands and brushes and cremes and palettes that so many of the ‘prettier’ young women who lived and worked throughout the isle of Manhattan self-evidently possessed, and more and more desirous of *acquiring* such artistic skill and competency for myself. Though I did not regret choosing to forgo making any. . . well, what I felt certain would have had to have been ‘clownish’ attempts at picking through the bits of cosmetic products which Vanessa Tarasenko had left behind in her apartment before departing for Dubai and smearing bits of it all over my lovely (borrowed) new girlish facial features, as my ‘shift’ had slowly crawled towards its end in the early afternoon that day I’d increasingly begun to devote my mental energies towards figuring out just *how* I could potentially go about *learning* how to apply my own makeup (and do my own hair, my nails. . . things of that sort), just like any other girl my age with a body as hot as mine now would be expected to.

There was, of course, I knew, always the option of *teaching myself* (watching a few dozen TikToks or Youtube videos, once I got back to Vanessa’s apartment later in the afternoon, to pick up some tips and tricks, and then just. . . *experimenting* on myself), but given my complete and utter inexperience with makeup I was concerned that this would not produce anything but clumsy, amateur results (at least in the short-term, like. . . before *tomorrow’s*

Doordash delivery shift), with colors that didn’t ‘go well’ with the rest of my face or hair or eyes or whatever, lipstick that looked ‘garish’ on me, poorly applied mascara that looked ‘clumpy,’ or smudged eyeliner—whatever!—and in spite of all the success I had experienced that day *proving* to myself that I could venture out into the world wearing my brand-new copy of Vanessa Tarasenko’s body and absolutely *no one* would be able to tell I had ever been anything *but* the beautiful girl I now appeared to be I was desperately afraid that if I went out in public with my face made-up *badly* (with all the skill and artistry of a toddler playing with her mother’s cosmetics for the first time), that somehow *this* would be enough to get people to ‘twig’ to the fact that I was ‘really’ just a *guy* underneath my babely new female exterior.

What I really wanted was for another girl, like me (someone hot and young who aspired to the sort of ‘luxe,’ ‘high-femme’ glamour that I did) who was already a dab hand at doing her own face up to show me the ropes. Unfortunately, I didn’t have any ‘hot’ young ‘girl friends’ to whom I felt comfortable *disclosing* my new, magically-sex-changed female status just yet: for the moment I was too afraid they would all *freak out* on me about the whole ‘body-copying-‘doppelganger-charm’ revelation. This left me at something of an impasse for the last hour or so of my workday, until just shortly after leaving ‘Sal’s Slices’ on my way to drop off my last delivery order of the day (the four-XL-pizzas-run to the Alpha Delta Kappa frat house just west of Chinatown) my motorcycle decelerated to an idling halt a few car-lengths back from a stop light on Centre street, directly alongside a bit of building-renovation fencing out in front of the sidewalk which had been plastered over with a variety of advertisement flyers from dozens of local

businesses and performance venues. One whole big chunk of the flyers—which I only happened to *barely notice* out of the corner of my right eye while I waited for the light three cars ahead of me to turn back to green again—as it turned out, happened to be promoting a place called ‘Atelier Beauté CHANEL,’ a makeup consultations and beauty-supply ‘workshop’ up on Wooster in Soho (not far from where I would be making my last delivery of the day, in fact, I noted with some interest. . .) which apparently not only hosted large-group ‘event’ classes in makeup application and beauty enhancement routines for women (and fancy gay men) from all across the NYC area, but also proclaimed (in large, bold-print lettering down near the bottom of the flyer) that they welcomed *walk-ins* looking for one-on-one consultations with their complement of beauty experts. Intrigued by the opportunity which the flyer was advertising, I pulled my bike off to the side of the street for a moment and ripped one of the flyers down off of the fencing, folding it up and stuffing it into the purse which continued to ride along at my side so that I could look into it further once I was finished with work for the day, then quickly negotiated my way back into the flow of traffic which had once more begun moving along the length of Centre street with the change of the light, and resumed my trek towards the frat house at the end of my delivery run.

But if there was *one* aspect of being a hot and desirable young gig-workin’ ‘babe’ in Manhattan which my first day out in the world as a boob-sportin’ Doordash delivery driver up to that point had not in the *least* prepared me for, it was how to respond when my freshly-feminized new female body’s own, seemingly *considerable* sexual appetites were finally triggered as a result of at long last

finding myself face-to-face with. . . well, whatever sort of guy (or gal) it turned out that Vanessa Tarasenko’s unique physical biology was most attracted to. All throughout the course of my day up to that point, picking up and dropping off ten successive delivery orders, I’d somehow managed to avoid encountering any individuals to whom my shapely new female body was all that particularly attracted. Though I *had* found a handful of younger women (particularly the pretty blonde secretary at the CPAs’ office, and one or two of the more attractive Black, Latina, and Afro-Latina hairdressers who had worked at the salon down in Two Bridges) whom I’d interacted with at least *moderately* attractive (in the sort of benign, passive way that *most* people find other people attractive *most of the time*), all of the men and *most* of the women whom I’d interacted with over the course of my delivery shift that day had been somewhat significantly *older* (a couple of decades older, in most cases, or so I would have guessed) than my new body was, outside of the ‘age-range’ to which I’d expect a chick as young as Vanessa Tarasenko (at twenty-two-years-old) to be attracted to. I’d yet to run into *anyone*, male or female, who was *so* undeniably ‘hot’ that I couldn’t but *help* to experience a physical reaction to them (you know, like the way you accidentally spring a boner on the bus—even as you do your best to avert your eyes—when a *super* hot chick in tight-fitting yoga pants and a sports bra boards the bus and then winds up clinging to a pole *directly* in front of where you’re seated.)

Which was probably why, a dozen or so minutes later, after I arrived on the curb just out in front of the ADK building and bounded up onto the steps in front of the door, four Extra-Large-sized pizza boxes balanced upon my dainty new girlish left hand

against the soft, delicate roundness of my new, left female shoulder, staring down at the screen of the smartphone which I was holding in my right hand and texting the customer who had originally placed the order to let him know I had arrived, when the front door to the frat house was unexpectedly pulled open in front of my face before I could even finish composing my text and I suddenly found myself glancing up to discover that I was now at eye-level with one of the hardest, most muscularly-cut and glisteningly perspiring male torsos which I had ever encountered, and above it one of the most strong-jawed, sharp-nosed, broodingly-intense-looking sets of male features I could ever remember having lain eyes upon, the suddenness with which it felt like my cutely flat and tight new 'girlish' tummy dropped clean through the concrete step beneath my high-heeled and booted feet, my newly sex-changed lady bits instantly *flooding* with fresh, warm, moist, womanly arousal that I could just barely feel dampening the gusset of the panties I had on beneath the pair of hip-hugging jeans my shapely new womanly figure was clad in, completely and utterly astonished me.

Oh. . . my. . . gaaaawwwddd. . . I heard myself marveling 'aloud' inside the sudden stillness of my mind, while outwardly my plump-lipped and inviting new 'girlish' mouth dropped partially open and my long-lashed eyes widened in appreciation of the astonishingly sexy sight of the most *handsome man* that I could suddenly recall *ever laying eyes upon* standing directly in front of me.

He's so. . . fucking. . . hot!!!

Welp, at least that settled one question beyond all doubt: judging by the growing *pool* of slick wet womanly arousal which I

could now suddenly feel washing through my sex-changed new vaginal passage, I was *definitely 100%* into dudes.

End of Part Eight

Author's Note

Thanks for reading *The 'Doppelganger' Charm* (Part Eight) 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