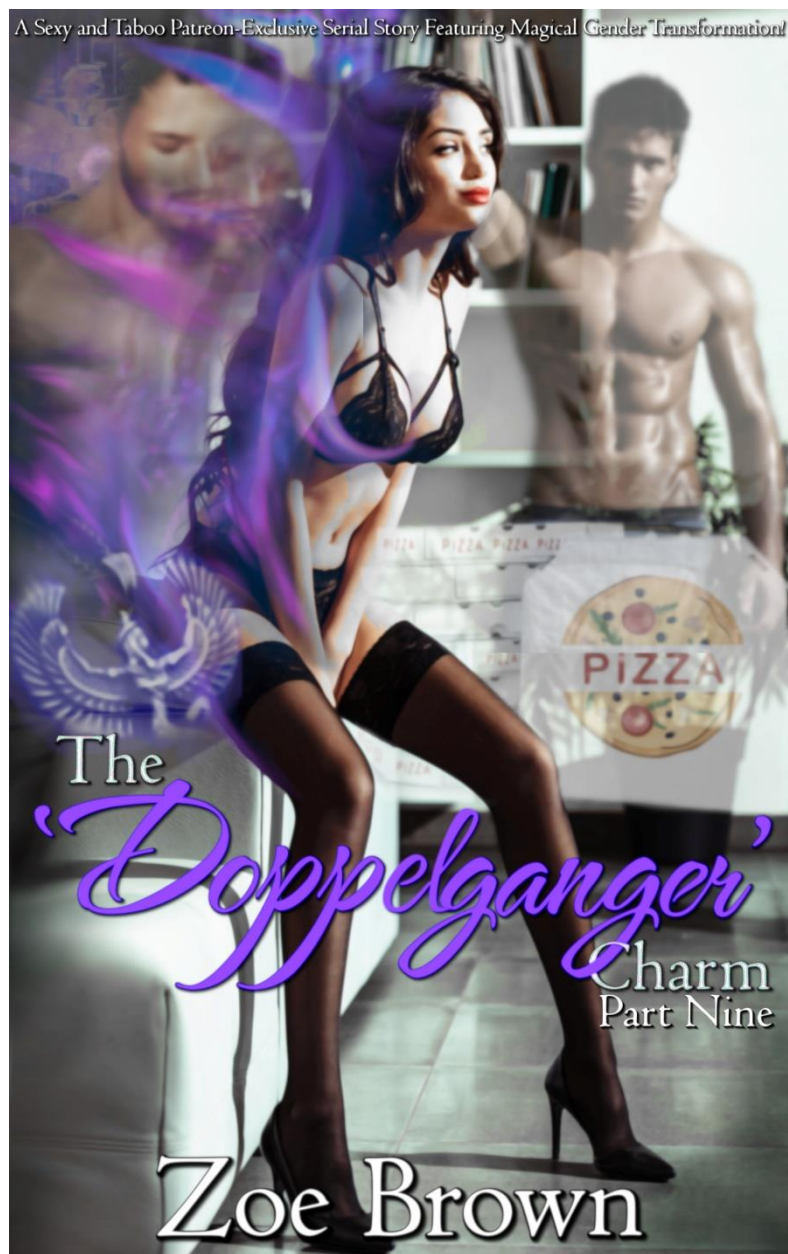


Patreon-Exclusive story only for active Patrons of Zoe Brown. DO NOT SHARE. Copyright Zoe Brown, 2022. All rights reserved.



The 'Doppelganger' Charm

Part Nine
(November 2022)

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

By Zoe Brown

Patreon-Exclusive story only for active Patrons of Zoe Brown. DO NOT SHARE. Copyright Zoe Brown, 2022. All rights reserved.

Copyright © 2022 Zoe Brown
All rights reserved.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Individuals pictured (Cover) are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Author's note: This story was exclusively published for \$5 Patrons of Zoe Brown's Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/ZoeBrown>

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

Please don't steal or repost my stories elsewhere without my permission. It may prevent me from being able to publish more of them in the future.

Find me on the web at: <https://zoebrown.net/>
Or E-mail me at: zoe@zoebrown.net

Acknowledgements:

'Kleer', Matthew, 'Gamer of The soul', 'Zendrell', Tabitha Elizabeth Alison Trammell, Tim Willows, 'N-2199', 'MisterMundus', 'AM', 'Blueeyes74104', 'Spiraler9', Harry Thornton, Dominique Young, Brian, Iain Lippitt, 'John97', Robert J Delgado, Lauren Fentiman, Tsoi Kwok Pui, Corey M, Kristy Anderson Ghere, 'WHF', Scott, Frank Johnston, Shawn, Bob Brown, 'swengr', Danny, 'Sloth402', James, Michael Rekers, 'flamma77', Jerry Peters, 'VinnieD', Michael Bass, Derek Hui, 'clancy688', Jason Sommers, Adam Murakami, 'Anonymouschanman'

Part Nine

“Ummm. . . uhh. . .”

Fortunately for me in my suddenly, startlingly stunned, eyelash-fluttering and briefly discombobulated state (in which I proved momentarily unable to recall precisely what it was I was *doing* there or just what was in the stack of big, broad, flat boxes that I was balancing on my left hand), the large (like, no, seriously: huge—like. . . Chris-Evans'-Captain-America-*huge*), ripplingly hard-bodied young man with the sharply-chiseled masculine facial features framed in the open doorway of the Alpha Delta Kappa frat house, maybe (judging by the look of his face). . . twenty-one or twenty-two-years-old, clad only in a baggy pair of logo-emblazoned red athletic shorts, his 'cut' and magazine-perfect chest and muscularly 'sculpted' male physique otherwise bare and glistening with what looked like a healthy sheen of post-workout perspiration, upon registering the sight of me standing there in front of him in all *my* astounding new female hotness, wearing a pair of stretchy, tight-fitting grey jeans which emphasized the round, voluptuous curves of my new womanly hips while simultaneously highlighting the smoothly-flat and slopingly-feminine front of my newly girlish crotch, along with a low-cut, midriff-baring, snug-fitting black t-shirt which showed off roughly forty-percent of the abundantly-prominent new terrain of the pert and mouthwatering new size-32-'E'-cup breasts now jutting up off of the front of my chest, and utterly gorgeous (however bare my face presently was of any of the enticing and glamorous make-up that the *real* Vanessa Tarasenko would have been wearing were she now standing in *my place*) with the soft, finely-formed, enticingly-seductive feminine facial

features which I had 'copied' for myself off of those of my unwitting body-double, my generous new womanly mouth hanging partway open as I brazenly gawked at him (abruptly discovering right at that moment that it turned out I was every bit as much attracted to hot, 'hunky'-looking young men now—now that I was *a chick*—in *person* as well as in theory and in fantasy, either watching them on the large, flat-panel TV screen mounted up on the living room wall of Vanessa Tarasenko's sumptuously if 'minimalistically'-decorated loft apartment, or *picturing* them doing various. . . tantalizingly 'naughty' things to my foxy new—borrowed!—female body), experienced an equally brief, tongue-tying response to the sudden appearance of my 'babe' new female form, standing directly in front of him out on the front stoop of the frat house where he lived, leaving the two of us blinking inarticulately at one for a handful of seconds before we finally recovered the power of speech.

“Ummm. . .” I began again, giving my pretty little head a slight shake, in order to clear it, just as soon as I'd managed to recall where—not to mention *who*, what—I now was, and what I was *supposed* to be doing there, my soft, round, girlish cheeks flushing bright pink in embarrassment as I abruptly realized that I had now been gaping, openmouthed, at the sexy young man standing before me (and his *very* muscular chest) for the better part of the last ten seconds, the sharp, crisply salty scent of his ripe, manly musk (fresh from the weightroom, if I had to guess) filling my cute little girlish nostrils with the first, overwhelmingly potent dose of masculine pheromones which I had thus far experienced since turning myself into a girl for the first time two nights back, and finding that not only had the pair of thick, enlarged new girlish nipples sticking off the front of the prodigiously *massive* new womanly breasts which

I now sported tightened and hardened into a pair of needfully aching little *knobs* within the soft, padded cups of the push-up bra that I was now wearing at the sight and the scent of such an alluringly masculine specimen presenting himself before my babely new female self, but also that the yieldingly-penetrable new womanly sexual passage which now existed between the pair of my soft, velvety new girlish thighs was positively *soaking* with slick, wet, lubricating feminine arousal in response to his undeniably virile manhood.

Oh my gawd! I marveled inwardly, both astonished and delighted by this latest revelation in my burgeoning new womanly existence. *I'm actually. . . wet! I'm so fucking wet!* Though of course by that point in my gender-bending adventures I had (repeatedly) experienced female arousal before, *this* was the first time since turning myself into Vanessa Tarasenko's exactingly-perfect 'doppelganger,' that I had experienced what it felt like to get *turned on*—like any other remotely male-attracted chick could have been, in similar circumstances—by the sight *and* scent of an *immensely* attractive *young man(!)* with whom I had suddenly found myself face-to-face in the *real world* (as opposed to seeing him on a TV screen or on the screen of my smartphone—or in a sexy mental fantasy), a brand-new experience for the former, lifelong male whom I had been these past twenty-seven-years of my life, and one which I found *absolutely* exhilarating! *My new body really wants to fuck this guy!* The realization made me feel so deliciously girlish and feminine, and I loved it.

"Ummm—I . . . have . . . pizzas . . . to deliver," I at length managed to stammer aloud, in my high, breathy new (borrowed!) soprano voice, after a few further seconds of inarticulate panting out in front

of the frat house's open doorway, once I finally succeeded in overcoming my initial, instinctually-carnal biologically female reaction (for a girl who's into guys, at any rate) to unexpectedly finding myself in the presence of such a *stunningly* buff, almost-*irresistibly* desirable (and starkly under-dressed) male stud, my soft new girlish cheeks still burning a bright, fiercely rosy-pink hue as I turned the screen of my smartphone (upon which was presently displayed the Doordash delivery order that I had originally been dispatched on some twenty minutes or so before) around in my free hand and waggled it in front of the astonishingly built young frat bro's face, but no longer feeling quite so *completely* overawed by the raw animal magnetism of the *shockingly sexy* young man's sharply-featured face and ripplingly-muscular male physique. "From 'Sal's Slices?' Order under the name of a . . . 'Damien Reims?'"

"Uhh, yeah. . . okay—pizza," for his own part the tall, ripplingly *beefy* hunk now standing opposite me, who sported (as I was only *now*, belatedly becoming aware) some intriguingly-attractive medium-length sandy-brown hair on the top of his head (with a slightly messy front swept over to one side of his forehead), along with a slight sprinkling of day-old stubble across the lower half of his face, and a pair of fetching, baby-blue eyes which I felt certain could have easily drawn me back in once again and put me back under his beguiling spell (had I not been on the lookout, at that point, for exactly that sort of thing, doing my best not to completely fall to pieces, like some 'boy-crazy' teenybopper abruptly discovering her brand-new sexual attraction to *guys* for the first time, in front of the *gorgeous* male 'god' in whose presence I now suddenly found myself), seemed to be having slightly more difficulty overcoming a similar state of stunned stupefaction over

having unexpectedly come face-to-face with a girl as *breathhtakingly beautiful* as the absolute-knockout *babe* whom I had so recently become. Giving his own head a slight, clarifying shake (just as I had done a few seconds before), at first seeming to tear his eyes most reluctantly away from the pair of pert, juicy new size-32-‘E’ womanly orbs now riding proudly and prominently out on the front of my chest (a rush of shiveringly-erotic heat shooting straight down into the already-*soaking-wet*, agonizingly empty, and needfully-throbbing sexual passage of my new womanly sex as I registered his obvious attraction to them) before refocusing his attention on my face, instead—only to then apparently be dazzled by the alluring combination of beautiful and delicate new feminine facial features (all copied onto my transformed and re-molded new feminine form, through the aid of a five-thousand-year-old ancient mystical object that my great-grandfather, who had originally dug the item up out of the sands of Egypt, had dubbed ‘the Doppelganger Charm,’ from those of the gorgeous and internationally-lusted-over internet glamour model Vanessa Tarasenko) which I now sported there. “Holy *fuck*, you’re hot,” he finally gaped at me, a bit baldly, a moment later, apparently having *completely* forgotten within the space of the past few heartbeats what it was we were talking about.

“Uhhh—thanks,” I murmured back, a bit bashfully (not knowing what else to say, really), my cheeks flushing an even brighter shade of pinkish-red while the twin sets of my thick, long, full new girlish eyelashes fluttered in a deeply-primal response (hardcoded into my new womanly DNA, I supposed) to suddenly finding my curvaceous and nubile new female self the object of desire for such a hot and ripplingly-muscular beast of a man. *Oh, boy*, I then thought, resisting the urge to lose myself in the delicious thrills

girlish excitement (both mental as well as physical) which I experienced as the musclebound, empty-headed young ‘himbo’ immediately went back to scoping out the abundantly voluptuous curves of my new womanly form, valiantly attempting to remain focused on the task at hand even while another shivering charge of feminine arousal and in validation of my new girlhood shot straight down into the slick, wet, and throbbingly empty new sexual passage of my womanly vagina when I felt the ‘hunky’ guy’s hungry eyes trace down across the smoothly-flat and femininely-sloping new front of my jeans-covered crotch. *I think I quite like having such a big, sexy man checking me out. . . No—wait! Focus, girl! You’ve got a job to do, here! Pizza delivery!*

Unfortunately, however (or perhaps fortunately. . . ?), in spite of the fact that I was of course *fully aware* that failure to promptly deliver the stack of extra-large pizza boxes which I was now balancing on one hand and my left shoulder before the pizzas inside began to grow cold could well result in a *seriously* negative delivery-driver review that might *tank* my driver review and potentially imperil my continued employment with the company, given the way that the ripplingly muscular and good-looking young man now standing in front of me was looking at me, how intensely and voraciously he was checking out my bably new female form, I found it quite difficult to concentrate on the *job* I was supposed to be doing. Perhaps it was the fact that he *was*, in fact, *so* ripplingly muscular, *so big* and *so potently*, *so scrumptiously virile* (not to mention strikingly good-looking, naked from the waist up, and glistening all over, his perspiring body giving off a thickly heady aroma of male ‘musk’ that was setting off *all of* my brand-new female olfactory receptors), or the fact that I was still essentially

totally new to this whole ‘being a girl’ thing and had never yet gone through the ‘boy-crazy’ phase of female sexual awakening that most (male-attracted) young women experience by the time they turn *fourteen*—or perhaps it was *both of the above*—but for some reason, I found myself strangely affected by the big, hot-and-sexy young man’s compliments and attentions to my alluring (stolen!) new womanly shape and form. were still having an effect on my budding, equally-new *female* sexual responses. Even as I gathered my wits to make another attempt to prevail upon the unnamed ‘hunk’ now just blatantly *leering* at me out of the open doorway of the house to go get whoever it was inside the three-level downtown fraternal residence who had *ordered* all these pizzas—this ‘Damien Reims,’ whoever he was—and have him come out and *collect them* from me (abruptly transferring the short and weighty stack of boxes which I had now been balancing on my *left* shoulder for the past several minutes to my right when the sharp edges of the boxes began to painfully dig in to the far softer and more sensitive new ‘girlish’ flesh of my smaller, more delicate and rounded new *female* shoulder) I picked up a glint of what looked like some raw, primal *lust* lurking behind the pair of those big, pretty blue eyes with which I could now see that the massively muscular and shirtless hunk was mentally undressing my busty and voluptuous new womanly figure, and upon registering all that naked sexual desire that he was now beaming at me—the fact that I could literally *feel* how much this. . . big and muscly ‘hunk’ now standing in front me wanted to *fuck* the hot and sexy *babe* whom I had turned myself only the day before—and within the softly padded cups of the bra which I now had on I could feel my already rock-hard and throbbing new womanly nipples tighten up just a *liittle bit more* in *deeply* carnal arousal.

“So, umm. . .” Pushing past the new sensation of titillated butterflies now swirling beneath the trim, flat, and toned new surface of my girlish ‘tummy’ (shifting a bit from side-to-side upon the pair of my small, delicate, high-heeled and booted new womanly feet as I did so), I sucked in a deep and fortifying breath, then licked the pair of my soft, plump, prominent new girlish lips and shook my long, gleamingly onyx-black ponytail out behind my slenderly arched new feminine back, raising the pair of my two, stark-black and boldly, girlishly-arched and shaped new womanly eyebrows up the front of my forehead at the big man, once again waggling the screen of my smartphone up into his face, “. . . Pizza? Damien Reims? Do you know who that is? Does he live here—?”

“*Oh! That’s me!*” A voice then called out from further down the front hallway of the frat house, behind the big, enormously-‘jacked’ blond stud who had just opened his mouth to respond, and a lean, lanky young Black man with warmly-inviting facial features and a full head of beaded dreads abruptly bounded into view alongside his fellow frat ‘bro,’ beamingly broadly at me. “That’s me! *Whoop!!* I’m Damien Reims!” Suddenly catching sight of my breathtakingly *beautiful* face and *stunningly* voluptuous new (borrowed!) female figure, he came up short a pace or two, staggering to a sudden halt while his eyes went wide and his mouth dropping open—just a little bit—in shock at seeing such a hot and sexy babe delivering his pizza order that afternoon, but to his credit, he recovered far more quickly than his larger, far more studly-looking friend, shoving his own smartphone up in front of my face (upon which was displayed the customer-side order status screen for the delivery which I was now balancing upon my right shoulder) even as he remarked upon the uncommon ‘hotness’ of my new womanly form. “. . . *Wow!* You

sure are *a lot* prettier than our usual delivery drivers!” he exclaimed, giving his head a quick little shake as he swept the pair of his rich brown-eyes slowly and voraciously up and down along the slim and sinuous length of my big-breasted and curvaceous new girlish figure.

“Ummm, thanks,” I murmured again, ducking my head slightly as the blush in my cheeks recharged itself and tucking a few stray, flyaway strands of glossy black hair behind my ears, once more feeling a stomach-fluttering dance of butterflies beneath my ‘tummy’ as a second, not-at-all unattractive young man now mentally began to undress my stunningly-sexy new female form with his eyes. If this ‘Damien’ was a bit smaller and less humongously-‘jacked’ than his fellow frat ‘bro,’ he was still trim, broad-shouldered, and impressively-muscular, clearly another athlete—*Were they football players. . . ?* I found myself distantly wondering, as my own eyes now reflexively traced the bit of Damien’s cut pectorals that I could detect through the thin, sleeveless old New York *Giants* football jersey he had on—with bright green eyes and a devilishly charming smile which I found incredibly magnetic. Though he didn’t present *nearly* as ‘rippling’ and ‘virile’ a masculine physique as his as-yet-unnamed friend, the new arrival’s flattering flirtations had almost as much of a knee-weakening effect upon my suddenly-swooning new girlish self as those of the *enormous hunk* still standing beside him, seemingly confirming for me my earlier suspicion that (on account of the fact that I had only just become a girl a few short days before, and now seemed to be experiencing some sort of brand-new, heterosexually-*female* ‘sexual awakening’ in response to encountering, for the first time, a pair of hot and ‘hunky’ young men of about the same

biological age as my brand-new female body) I might well be suffering from a sudden attack of late-onset ‘boy-craziness.’ *Ohhh, no. . .* I cringed internally at that conclusion, hoping desperately that my ‘encounter’ with this quintessentially-feminine form of sexual awakening would pass far more quickly (and with *much less* mortification involved) than those of the girls whom I had known back in Junior High well over a decade ago.

“Sooo, then. . . that means. . .” As soon as I managed to steady myself once again, I decided to fight fire with fire, offering up the brightest, most dazzling smile (beneath another full fluttering of my long, thick new womanly eyelashes) that my *stunningly* beautiful new girlish face was capable of producing and letting loose with a broadside of all my prodigious new womanly charms (rolling the pair of my small, round new girlish shoulders back in order to arch my abundant new womanly chest up and out in front of my body, then cocking one broad, rounded, voluptuous new womanly hip out to one side) which I aimed at the pair of hunky young men now standing before me, while at the same time hefting the weighty stack of pizza boxes that I was carrying up in front of Damien’s face. “These are for you, right?”

“Uhhhh. . . yep.” Although unlike his hugely-‘jacked’ fellow fraternal ‘brother’ the winsomely-beaming Damien wasn’t struck *completely* dumb by the full wattage of my girlish grin, I could see that my own barrage of flirtatious charms had still had at least *some* effect upon him, his eyes blinking rapidly for a moment or two following my ‘charm offensive’ (while sneaking a quick and—for me—quite validating and gratifying glance back down towards the pair of stunningly sizeable womanly tits which were now filling out of the front of the low-cut t-shirt I had on) before he sucked in a

breath. “Yo, Derek—” Finally taking the boxes out of my hands, the attractive young Black man jutting an elbow into the side of the hulking goliath who had now been gaping dumbly at me for the better part of five minutes, before turning to carry the pizzas on inside: “Pick yo’ damn jaw up off the ground and stop *leering* at the poor girl,” He teased. “T’mma head on in and pass these around the common room so the guys can start diggin’ in! *Whoop!! Dinner is served!*”

“Uh, right—,” The large, unbelievably hulking and hard-bodied young man with the sharply-chiseled facial features immediately blushed and yanked his eyes back up from the increasingly-bold visual exploration of my enticingly curvaceous figure which it seemed he had unconsciously been conducted, the avid light of lustful intent clear in his eyes (at which I again felt a shiver of titillated excitement rushing straight down into my new womanly sexual parts), clearly still picturing all the incredibly-‘NSFW’ things he would like to do my beautifully voluptuous new (borrowed!) female body, should he ever get the chance, although he at least had the decency to offer me a *mildly* abashed look of apology following Damien’s remark. When his wittily-charming friend turned and bounded away, back into the interior of the frat house, chuckling as he went, carrying the stack of over-large pizza boxes with him, ‘Derek’ turned to following Damien’s retreating back—and the scent of warm pizza that was now wafting through the air—for a moment or two, and on a sudden impulse I took advantage of his temporary distraction to allow my own set of hungry new male-attracted *female* eyes to voraciously drink in the sight of the big guy’s enticingly broad and bulky shoulders, the well-defined musculature of his chest and abdomen, the part of his firmly-

muscled male posterior which I could steal a glimpse of as he turned part-way around to watch Damien step away with the pizza boxes, secretly thrilling at just how deliciously the sight of such a rippling-muscular man titillated the exciting new womanly sexual appetites that it seemed I now possessed. But then Damien disappeared around a corner deep within the darkened interior of the frat house, and Derek swung back around to face me again, so that I hastened to once more refocus my attention on the large and rippling-muscular young blond man’s strikingly handsome face, catching him in the act of once more stealing a peek down the low-cut front of the snug-fitting black t-shirt which I had on and savoring the sight of my prodigious and mouthwatering new womanly cleavage. When, abruptly sensing my renewed attention, he glanced back up towards the alluringly beautiful features of my freshly-feminized face, our eyes momentarily locked, and we both blushed for a second or two before letting out a pair of matching, nervous laughs before awkwardly averting our eyes once again. Following the awkwardness of that interaction, we had both just opened our mouths to say something—me taking one quick, leather-booted and high-heeled step back as, now that my final delivery of the afternoon was complete, I prepared to depart—before a sudden outburst of thunderously loud and cheering acclaim sounded out from the interior of the house, catching us both by surprise.

“Sorry about that,” Derek apologized a moment later, when the noise died down again, at my startled expression, after first shooting another quick glance back over his shoulder into the darkened interior of the house. When he turned his charming face back towards me once more, his pretty blue eyes were bright with excitement. “It’s game day. I must have just missed kick-off.”

“Oh!” I replied, instantly comprehending, my dark, girlishly-arched new eyebrows shooting straight up the front of my face in some interest. Now that Derek had said something, I began to hear the sounds of a large, raucous social gathering taking place within the house. There was loud music playing, the sounds of a number of boisterous young men baying loudly at tv screen in front of them, and the heavy tramp of many big, heavy pairs of male feet shuffling back and forth through the common areas of the building. “Who’s playing?” Although, growing up as a lifelong gender-transformation fetishist (and probable trans-femme, though I had never found the courage to really act on my desires until coming into possession of the ancient, body-altering magical trinket which my great-grandfather had dug up out of the sands of Egypt) with an all-consuming obsession with becoming/turning-into a girl someday, I had never really acquired the sort of fervent passion for men’s competitive sporting activities that many of my (male) peers had done, though in the interests of ‘fitting in’ I *had* learned how to convincingly *fake* such an interest, and even though I had *now*, at last, finally *achieved* my goal of becoming a hot chick (at least for the time being—until Vanessa Tarasenko got back from Dubai and I was forced to vacate her sumptuously luxurious apartment once again), as soon Derek mentioned ‘the game’ I immediately fell back upon long-ingrained habits, without pausing even for a moment to anticipate the sort of reaction I could expect to receive from the athletically-‘cut’ and muscular young man now standing before me after presenting myself as the kind of ‘hot chick’ who could at least feign an interest in the sorts of brutally-competitive athletic sporting activities that frat boys and ‘jocks’ like him were *particularly* obsessed with.

“Giants-v-Bears,” the brawny, bare-chested ‘beefcake’ posing in the open doorway of the frat house before me immediately supplied, cocking his head to one side and narrowing his eyebrows at me in some surprise as he abruptly registered the ‘interest’ that my ‘eager’ and ‘enthusiastic’-sounding conditioned response had just conveyed. “Wait—,” once again sweeping his eyes all up and down the length of my supple and shapely new womanly form as if he couldn’t possibly *conceive* of a chick as hot me who was *actually* into sports, he raised the pair of his bushy black eyebrows at me and then asked me to confirm his suspicions: “—*you* like football?”

“Uhhh—” For a moment I hesitated, not really caring *a whit* about the game, but suddenly getting a hint that it would *really excite* the hot and hard-bodied young hunk now standing in front of me if I said that I was, while at the same time feeling a deeply-instinctual new heterosexually-female desire to have Derek *like* me, then, before I could think better of the idea, giving my alluringly-beautiful new female head an enthusiastic nod, brightly and girlishly exclaiming—“Ohh—yeah! I *love* football!”—while simultaneously letting another flirtatious flutter run through my long, dark, thick new womanly eyelashes as I beamed encouragingly up into his handsome face.

“Huh! Wow, that’s pretty fucking cool. Not many babes as hot as you into football.” Derek grinned back at me again, the excited light in his eyes only further intensifying as he peered at me in sudden re-appraisal. After a moment’s hesitant consideration, the big man suddenly licked his lips and spread the pair of his thick, broad male hands in a welcoming gesture, taking a half-step back into the frat house and away from the door, while hitching up one

shoulder at me in invitation. “You. . . wanna come on in for a little while and watch some of the game with us? Have a drink, eat some pizza. . . Don’t tell the provosts, but—we’ve got beer!” He finished with a twinkling wink and a cautionary finger pressed against the pair of his lips.

“Oh, I’d love to!” I answered, without hesitation, laughing off the mention of illicit alcohol being served to under-21s on what were *technically* campus grounds (as if that wasn’t happening in frat houses across the country *all the time*) and waving aside his feigned concern as I felt a surge of endorphins rush through me at the abrupt invitation, thrilled by the sense that I was getting that the *very fit, sexy young man* who had just asked me to come on into his home (I mean—well—the *frat house* where he lived) and spend more time with him, doing something that he loved (*watching football*) now seemed to think that I was even *hotter* than he had just moments before. Finding myself wanted and desired (as a girl, now, for the first time in my life) was proving to be a deliriously intoxicating and euphoric sensation, and I wanted *more* of it—even if the price for spending more time with the charming and charismatic young hunk whom I was now swooning over was being forced to watch *football* for. . . however long—though even as I bounded up the step and in through the front door of the frat house it occurred to me that I was not at all certain just what I was ultimately *looking for* as a result of this thrilling new encounter which I was (thus far) so immensely enjoying, or what sort of outcomes, even, I was *prepared* for.

Hesitating only momentarily in the open doorway of the house I glanced back over my shoulder to frown out onto the sidewalk in front of the building where my motorcycle was chained up, for a

second or two worrying over whether or not it would really be safe for me to just leave my bike there for the next. . . ohhh, however long I wound up spending inside the house that afternoon, having Derek flatter and flirt with me until I had had my fill of this delicious new female experience of being wanted and desired by a man as surpassingly big and ‘hunky’ as he was for the afternoon and was prepared to head home again (or, well. . . back to Vanessa’s loft), before finally shrugging my shoulders and turning away, reminding myself that I’d waited up to thirty minutes for a delivery pick-up a time or two in the past without anyone coming along with chain-cutters to steal my bike. My ‘shift’ for the day was now over—I’d made my minimum ten deliveries—I could afford to spend a little time relishing in my newfound, heterosexually-*female* interest in hot guys, and in the fact that *men* now found this babely new chick whom I’d become so intensely ‘*sexy*.’

“So, uhh—what’s your name, anyway, beautiful?” The hugely-muscular young blond man with the glistening physique abruptly laughed as he belatedly put the question to me.

“V—*Veronica*,” I chirped in response, briefly tripping over the name for a moment in hesitation, just long enough to make sure that I had the answer right before I gave it. *Oy!* I then suddenly rolled my eyes at myself in bemused consternation. *What the fuck was I thinking, picking a name starting with the same first letter as Vanessa’s?! I sure I hope I don’t spit the wrong one out at any point—no telling how hilariously bad that could turn out.*

“*Veronica*,’ sweet—sexy name for a sexy babe,” the big man smirked at me from out of the side of his face, eliciting another resurgence of my pleased and titillated blushing as I followed after him down the long front entry hall of the Alpha Delta Kappa frat

house and towards the broad, spacious ‘common room’ which dominated the bulk of the first-floor level of the Greek residence. For those few short seconds as we moved down the hall I was *intensely aware* of the bouncing, rolling, swaying new womanly curves that my magically-transformed, freshly-sex-changed, and equally-new female body now possessed, thrilling at the sensation of the pink, lacy women’s panties that I now had on pulling taut across the girlishly-flat, smoothly-sloping front of my new womanly crotch, as I prepared to step like a (girlish) sacrificial lamb into the den of a bunch of hungry (male) lions, and imagining that I was about to find myself the sole panty-wearing, breast-sporting, pussy-equipped new *female* individual among an *entire* frat-house-worth of randy, lust-driven young men whom I was now eagerly anticipating having drool all over my hot and girlish new curvaceous figure just as soon as I set foot inside the common room, a thought which, to the burgeoning new *female* sexuality which I was now developing, proved delectably titillating.

In this expectation I was quickly to be at least partially disappointed, however, as upon first setting foot inside the house’s common area I discovered that there were at least a half-dozen other attractive young women (none as pretty and shapely as *I* now was, of course) present this afternoon as well, scattered all around the spacious room (which was positively overflowing with disparate pieces of used furniture in conditions ranging from ‘like new’ to ‘curb refuse’), sitting alongside (and in most cases, *snuggling*) the various boyfriends, lovers, or other guys whom they were clearly *interested* in moving into one of those two categories.

As I’d predicted, when Derek introduced me to his assembled fraternal ‘brothers’ and the handful of their female companions

(explaining how *I* had brought the pizzas that they were now passing around the room, only to become aware that they were watching ‘the game,’ and—since I seemed so *interested*—him then inviting me in to watch with them for a while; no mention, of course, of how *hawt* we both so clearly found one another), every single male individual in the room turned a lustful look in my direction, hungry eyes roving over and devouring the big, busty new womanly chest that I now sported, along with the wide, broad, round new female hips, trimly-narrow and ‘waspyish’ ‘hourglass’ waist, and the smoothly flat front of my girlish crotch—even those of the guys whose *girls* were seated directly beside them, some of whom began discreetly elbowing their men in the ribs when they drooled a bit too obviously over the enticing voluptuousness of my freshly-reshaped new feminine figure. It simply couldn’t be helped, though. From the moment that I had first stepped foot inside the common room, as the but-newly-transformed ‘doppelganger’ of drop-dead-gorgeous (and thankfully unaware) international glamour model Vanessa Tarasenko, I immediately became easily the prettiest chick in sight, and very likely the hottest babe that *any* of the young men seated around within that frat house that afternoon had ever *seen* before in the flesh. And yet to my surprise, while I fully reveled in the heated gawking that my shapely new female form then promptly began to receive from the roughly two-dozen young men who were dispersed throughout the common area of the house, munching on pizza and drinking illicit beer as they watched the game unfolding upon the enormous flat-panel tv screen mounted up on the broad rear wall of the lower level of their housing unit, thrills of carnally-charged new girlish delight rippling all up and down the length of my slim yet curvaceous new womanly

figure as more than twenty pairs of hungry male eyes began roving across it, mentally undressing the sexy-sexy girl whom I had so recently become, for those first few minutes there as Derek led me across the room to an open pair of seats on one tattered old brown couch which from the lumpy and squashed feel of the cushions when I eased my plump and rounded new female backside down on top of them had *definitely* seen better days, my thoughts dwelled principally on the half-dozen or so *other* young women who were scattered about the place (four of whom had beamed bright, welcoming smiles from across the room in my direction following Derek's introduction, while two others had glanced at me with guarded, if not openly *hostile* then at least mildly disgruntled looks, clearly envious of the incomparable beauty and female sexual allure of which my magically-transformed new womanly body now boasted), it suddenly hitting me for the first time as the pair of abundantly generous new 'E'-cup breasts now jutting out of the front of my womanly chest jiggled slightly within the padded cups of the 'push-up' bra which I was wearing while I settled into my seat (once again without thinking instinctually crossing the pair of my long, sleek, and shapely new, jeans-clad and girlish legs the one over the other at the thigh), the smoothly-flat and femininely empty front of my new womanly crotch tucking neatly beneath the soft, full, tapering folds of my feminine thighs, without any thick, prominent, unsightly male 'bulges' getting in the way, that I was now finally one of *them*, a girl among girls, just as I had so desperately longed to be for the better part of the last twenty-seven-years. The sense of exultation and delight which I experienced at this realization, validation of my new 'womanly' status, the new feelings of kinship and of the 'sisterhood' that I now shared with

the other girls in the room which then swept over me, were so powerful and affecting that I had to blow out a low, trembling breath of exhilaration and deep feeling (even as the ripplingly-huge Derek with the sharply-chiseled facial features that my brand-new female body apparently now found so remarkably enticing settled into the open seat beside me upon the couch) in order to maintain my cool, and to keep myself from letting out a wild and girlish *whoop!* of celebration.

For the first half-hour or so that I then sat beside Derek on the couch, ostensibly watching the game play out on the *enormous* 86" smart-tv mounted up on the wall in front of us while we munched on a few slices of pizza and sipped from the cans of cold beer which we clutched in our hands (just one can for me; I remained *fully* cognizant of the fact that no matter *how* this thrilling experiment in male-female sexual dynamics which I was now presently conducting—for the first time in my life from the *female* perspective—turned out in the end, I would still sooner-or-later need to ride my motorcycle back *home* again—back to Vanessa's apartment—before the night grew *too late*, in order to feed the trio of small, fluffy animal companions that my new, unknowing body-double-twin had left behind for me to care for while she was out of the country), the two of us exchanged a bit of the sort of light, *usually* meaningless small talk that two randy young adults who are *really* into one another (physically) will banter back and forth while they each try to work up the nerve to proposition the other (or, in more traditional heterosexual contexts, the girl waiting for *the guy* to work up the nerve.) You know: '*so what do you do for a living?*'; '*are you in school?*'; '*do you come here often?*' Meaningless at any rate *unless* you happen to be a girl who had never *existed* prior to

some forty-eight hours ago. Having not previously considered the *need to do so* until just that moment, I was forced to think fast and on my feet as the enormously-big-and-beefy young *hunk* now seated beside me casually probed me about *who I was* and *what my story was*, constructing a brand-new, *partially-fictionalized* biography for this bably new dark-haired chick whom I had first become less than forty-eight hours before, drawing on bits and pieces of my own, originally-*male* backstory and combining them with a few morsels of material combed from what I knew of the ‘real’ Vanessa Tarasenko’s life in order to create a fictional history for my hot and sexy new female alter-ego which came across convincingly enough while not requiring me to invent *too many* details on the fly: I was twenty-two years old (drawing on the real chronological age of the gorgeous Instagram-model whose body I had stolen a copy of for myself)—which as it turned out made me *biologically* half-a-year-older than the *very large* and powerfully built college football player whom I was now seated beside on that ratty old couch, though of course in terms of absolute *lived* time-on-planet, as a formerly twenty-seven-year-old *male* individual I *actually* had about *six years* on him in total—had gone to school at NYU (just as the original, *male*-me had done in real life) for three years before dropping out to pursue my goal of becoming an independent artist (again, like the original me), and had then travelled the world for a year or two (like me, only with the time period of my globe-trotting travels somewhat compacted to fit with the *far-younger* age of my new, fictional female identity) to study art traditions from across the globe before ultimately winding back up in NYC again; now I (supposedly) shared a swanky loft apartment on the lower West Side of Manhattan with a roommate

who was frequently out-of-town for ‘business’ and was doing my art while working as a Doordash delivery driver on the side in order to make ends meet (the whole bit about a *‘swanky loft apartment on the lower West Side’* being one of the elements of the *real* Vanessa Tarasenko’s life which I most envied her for—apart from her gorgeous female body, of course—and so took for myself while inventing this new, quickly-pieced-together backstory for my female self). As fictional biographies went, I thought it didn’t sound half-bad, fairly-convincing actually, and it was one which I felt reasonably certain I would find fairly easy to recall the details of if I were ever questioned on it again (at some. . . unknown point in the future.)

Not that, as it turned out, I really needed have gone to all that effort: from the way that Derek alternatively responded with either a deep, low murmur of consideration or a vaguely-distracted nod to the answers that I supplied him in response to his various questions, it didn’t take me very long before I picked up on the fact that the big, bare-chested and ripplingly-‘cut’ young hunk seated next to me on the couch was barely paying *any* attention whatsoever to the straightforwardly-simple but not-entirely-inelegant tapestry of half-truths and altered events which I was weaving together to create a sufficiently convincing fictional backstory for my bably new female self. For while *I* had been occupied with trying to figure out what sorts of edits I needed to make to my original *male* biography in order to make it fit the five-years-younger new *female* version of myself which I was now inventing on the spot, it seemed that the lustful college footballer had primarily been preoccupied with thoughts as to how he could most quickly and efficaciously get the alluringly beautiful and curvaceous, big-breasted new *female!me* who was currently

prattling on at him about the stresses and delights of working as an independent artist in New York City in 2022 to agree to sleep with him (before I disappeared from his life once ‘the game’ was over.) Not that I could really blame him for this—had I not been so caught up with scrambling to come up with answers to the ‘meaningless’ questions he kept asking me about where I was from, whether I was still in school or not, what I was doing with my life now that I had graduated, and so on, I’m sure that *I* would have been just as busy scheming up ways to get *him* to continue leering at my hot new female form (instead of watching the game, which was after all what we were both *putatively* here to do) the way he had been ever since he’d first caught sight of me standing outside the door of his frat house, a stack full of pizza boxes balanced upon one shoulder, and go on making me feel all sexy and bably and hot and desirable and *deliciously* girlish and feminine all at the same time.

Moreover, all around us, whenever I happened to look about the common room, I could see that other ‘couples’ (hot chicks and the buff, studly fraternity guys alongside whom they were seated) were lounging all over one another, the girls pillowing their heads against their boyfriend’s/lover’s chests, or seated in their laps, or leaning against their shoulders, while their hands discretely crept into one another’s laps when they thought no one else was looking, resting upon or between one another’s thighs, not so much *doing* anything, really (as far as I could see, at any rate), as merely teasing one another with the sensations of nearness to each other’s crotches—the *potential* for. . . *something* to happen. Every now and again, when the game briefly cut away from the action on the field to run a commercial break, one couple or another would ‘discretely’ slide off of the seat of their couches and edge their way furtively out

of the thoroughly-packed common room so that they could dart upstairs (sometimes to the sound of girlishly ‘naughty’ giggling), only to reappear again some fifteen or twenty minutes later, flushed and grinning, the girls’ hair slightly disheveled while they sought out new seats to share with one another. While the rest of the guys and gals clustered around the tv pretended not to notice all this secretive activity, from the vibe in the room (the sly little smirks that I noticed other members of the fraternity wearing when one of their ‘bros’ successfully ‘scored’ that afternoon), I got the sense that *everyone* present knew *precisely* what was going on, but was simply choosing *not* to call attention to it, instead pretending that it *wasn’t* happening, after all.

Derek finally made *his* first move towards seducing *me* up into *his bedroom* right around when the first quarter of the game was called. At the time, I was still basking in the delicious thrill of finally getting to be a ‘hot chick’ out in the real world for the first time, surrounded by a bunch of fit and hunky young men who kept checking me out and flirting with me (along with a gaggle of other, similarly ‘pretty’ girls, with whom I was now experiencing the most delightful feeling of ‘kinship’ and ‘belonging,’ in spite of the fact that we had collectively exchanged maybe fewer than thirty words between ourselves since the game had first gotten underway), the warm glow of having a *very hot* and ‘hunky’ college athlete like Derek so interested in getting with the impossibly gorgeous girl I’d so recently become proving so intoxicatingly heady that I barely even *noticed* all the action happening out on the field, and idly wondering what *I* would do if *he* invited *me* upstairs (as other members of his frat house were doing all around us), and whether I might even *like* him to do so, when, all of a sudden, while no one

else was watching (a loud and flashy commercial for some new truck happened to be playing across the screen of the television in front of us at that very moment), the very fit and athletic young man seated beside me abruptly slipped the broad, meaty paw of his right hand into my lap, a pair of his thick, knuckly male fingers sliding over the soft, round top of one of my full, tapering new girlish legs, just a few inches south from the base of my crotch, and pushing in between the pair of my femininely crossed legs so that he could caress (through the thin, stretchy material of my jeans) the soft, velvety skin lining the insides of my new womanly thighs.

Woah! Oh my gawd! In spite of just how thoroughly I had been enjoying, up unto that very moment, the flirtatious ‘game’ of mutual lust and desire that the two of us had been playing that afternoon, I was initially quite startled at the sudden intrusion of Derek’s probing fingers between the pair of my long and shapely new girlish legs, not knowing at first just how I ought to react to such groping advances (after all, I had spent my entire life up to that point *as a man*, and thus usually the one who *felt* pretty girls *up*, rather than actually *being* the pretty girl being *felt up*)—or precisely how I even *wanted to react*—my luscious new female body momentarily stiffening as the gears in my head abruptly began to churn. But after a few seconds of having the insides of my girlish thighs petted and stroked, the seductively teasing sensations which the brush of Derek’s probing fingers sent rushing up between my thighs into the still soaking-wet passage of my new womanly sex began to have an effect on the rest of my shapely new girlish form, causing it to loosen up and start to relax once again as I gradually began surrendering to the delicious inducements of his sure, talented

touch, while the breath in my lungs began coming both a bit faster and harder even as my heartbeat quickened.

Ohhhh, holy fuck that feels good! I then groaned, internally (while outwardly fighting to maintain my cool, so that no one else in the room who happened to shoot a casual glance my way would be able to tell at a glance what Derek and I were getting up to on that tattered old brown couch), in response to the delectably titillating sensations now flooding into my sex-changed new womanly crotch, luxuriating for just a moment in the conjoined, exquisitely *feminine* and *submissive* sensations of having such a big, hot, hunky guy feeling up the insides of my soft, velvety new womanly thighs. *Ohhhhhh wow. . .* Trying to work out precisely how I was really *feeling* about the prospect of getting up to some heavy ‘petting’ this afternoon with the hugely-muscular, handsome college senior and varsity football player beside whom I was now presently sitting—particularly right *here and now* in the middle of the common room of the Alpha Delta Kappa house, surrounded by two-dozen-or-so other members of his fraternity (and a half-dozen of their female partners), with whom we were *supposed to be* watching an NFL match, I gave my pretty, new girlish head a slight shake as if to try and clear my mind of all the pleasurable enticements which were crowding into my thoughts—though in this I was only partially successful—so that I could focus on the meat of the question with which I now found myself presented: although I was *seriously* enjoying experimenting with my newfound *female* sexuality, and with being checked out, flirted with, and hit on by hot guys, seen as sexually desirable in my bably new female form, was I *really* prepared to let some random dude whom I’d only met a little over an hour ago be the first one to put his hands between

the pair of my long, luscious new girlish legs and potentially feel up (through the thin, form-fitting fabric of my jeans) the soft, yielding new womanly ‘slit’ now embedded within the base of my crotch?

Yes! I heard an echo of the high, breathy new girlish voice which I now possessed resoundingly answer, inside my head, in the very next heartbeat, as I reached for a big, broad, square-shaped pillow which was lying to one side of the couch upon which Derek and I were now currently sitting, and pulling it over the top of my crotch in order to partially conceal what the huge, hot, and hunky young college senior seated beside me was now getting up to between the pair of my sleek and sexy, jeans-covered legs. *Ohhhhh yes.* A moment later I slowly and deliberately uncrossed the pair of my long, lusciously sinuous new womanly legs, slightly parting them so as to afford the big, sexy, and rippling-muscular man’s probing fingers better access to the upper extent of my inner thighs, just south of the juncture between them. I didn’t even have to think about this last impulse—it was almost *instinctual*, some biologically-ingrained female reaction to sexual enticement slowly working its way up the sensitively velvety insides of my womanly thighs—I just. . . *did it*, and then thrilled with girlishly lustful pleasure a half-a-dozen seconds later when I began to feel Derek’s probing moving slowly northwards towards the base of my new womanly crotch, continuing stroke and caress the insides of my thighs as he went.

Unnnhhh. . . I was soon softly moaning, inside my head (while continuing to try and keep my face outwardly neutral and unexpressive, my eyes fixed intently on the tv screen in front of us, though I no longer felt that I saw *any* of the action which was now unfolding upon the field, so distracted was I by the intensely erotic activities now taking place between my girlish thighs. *Oohhhh—!*

FUUUCCCKK—!! That feels absolutely amazing—!! I practically purred with girlish sexual pleasure, having to reach down and grip the edges of the soft, lumpy couch cushions underneath me—*hard*—with all ten of my long, elegant new, femininely nail-tipped fingers in order to keep from crying out loud in womanly wantonness once the thick, roughly-calloused tips of Derek’s meaty male fingers finally brushed up against the soft, flat base of my new girlish crotch and began caressing, through the twin layers of the snug-fitting grey skinny jeans which I was wearing and the pink lacy panties that I had on underneath, the *ultra-sensitive* new ‘lips’ of my womanly slit. *Oooohh shit!! OHHH GAAA WWDD—!!*

The truth was that. . . well, *yeah*—I **did** want this. I always had! Night after night for the majority of the past two decades I had masturbated myself to sleep over fantasies of turning in to a hot babe (in one imaginary scenario or another) and then getting my sexy new girlish brains fucked out by some big, hard-bodied male stud. My only brief, fleeting hesitations about letting Derek feel my freshly-feminized crotch up that afternoon had been about a slight case of nervousness and performance anxiety—what if the *actual experience* of getting felt up, as a girl, turned out to not be as satisfying as I had long imagined it would be?? Or what if *I* did something wrong, either in not sufficiently encouraging the hot piece of man-candy now seated beside me to be assertive and take the lead in this ‘heavy petting’ session which it seemed that we were now fully committed to—and thus making him think I wasn’t very *into* this—or else missing out on something that *I* was supposed to be doing to make the experience good for *him*, too (or even worse yet, doing something *so wrong* that it turned him off?)

As soon as Derek's fingers came into contact with the pair of soft, throbbing new labial 'pussy lips' now embedded within the base of my crotch, however, feeling up my freshly-carved new vulval opening through the fabric of my jeans and panties, any remaining doubts and hesitations which I might still have been experiencing immediately fled, as I eagerly submitted my yielding new womanly sex up to the rippling-muscular hunk's intensely carnal caress. In addition to the deliciously titillating sensations which flooded into my *achingly* empty new vaginal passage as a result of Derek's surprisingly skillful attentions, the gloriously feminine delight and sense of girlish validation which I experienced at suddenly finding myself a hot and beautiful young woman who was now being felt up by such a ripplingly potent and virile *paragon* of manhood and masculinity was (nearly!) all that I could have ever wished for out of my first time getting 'felt up' as a girl.

Might have been nice if I could have been fully *made-up* and wearing a sexy skirt or minidress outfit when it happened, in a swanky hotel room somewhere or in the darkened corner nook of some hip and glamorous nightclub downtown, but I suppose you can't *always* have everything you fantasize about for your 'first time,' right. . . ?

After a few short minutes of having my smoothly flat and achingly sensitive new womanly being felt up for the first time I finally worked up the nerve to slowly and subtly slip my own small, delicately girlish new left hand over into *Derek's* lap (my cheeks burning a bright, heated shade of pink as I did so, no longer trying so hard to pretend for the sake of everyone else who was seated around us in the Alpha Delta Kappa common room that afternoon that there was nothing whatsoever of an. . . *intimate* nature going

on between the big, 'jacked' and shirtless blond male hunk who was seated beside me on our crappy old little couch, now just endeavoring to keep myself from crying aloud in female sexual ecstasy at the thoroughly delightful things that Derek was up to between my soft new womanly thighs), excitedly curious to find out how the sensation of having a thick, long, hard, and fully-erect male penis straining beneath the palm of and fingers of one of my 'cute' and feminine new girlish hands would *feel* now that I was a chick (and a very enthusiastically male-attracted one at that.) Upon wrapping my fingers around the big man's rock-hard and twitching shaft I quickly discovered that I was *more than* thrilled at the results of my little experiment, giving Derek's quivering-erect phallus an excited little girlish squeeze before proceeding to softly and teasingly *stroke* it through the thin, drab cotton fabric of his exercise shorts, while simultaneously feeling my slick new vaginal passage growing even *wetter* and starting to throb with an even more *insistently* agonizing sense of *needful* emptiness as I began to fantasize about just how *deliciously fucking savory* it would have to feel to have the large, hard-bodied man whom I could now hear beginning to faintly groan beside me at my delicately tender new womanly ministrations to his hard and straining cock thrusting that same massive and meaty man-monster into the juicy wet folds of my aching pussy—even going so far as to hope that it would not be too terribly much longer before Derek finally worked up the nerve to ask me up to his bedroom so that we could finally put the soaking-wet and yieldingly-penetrable new girlish sexual equipment which the magic of the 'Doppelganger Charm' had so recently equipped me to the test! *Ohhh, gawwdd. . . ohhh, fuck. . . I'm so fucking wet. . . I want it soooooo bad. . .*

And yet, when the long-anticipated moment finally arrived that a red-faced and heavily-panting Derek finally leaned over to whisper a thick and husky invitation into my ear, asking me to wait downstairs for about four or five minutes while he slipped up into his bedroom to tidy the place up a bit, and then to follow along after him, to my surprise when I abruptly pulled my slim-yet-curveaceous new female form up and off of the couch only a minute or two after the big, ripplingly-cut and hulking male stud had previously departed, it was not to follow the big, 'hunky' male beefcake up the stairs towards his bedroom on the second level of the frat house as he had asked, but instead to quickly and furtively slip my way back out of the front door of the communal 'Greek' residence, dashing my high-heeled and booted way down along the concrete walk to where my motorcycle remained chained up out on the curb in front of the building (wide, round, broad new womanly hips swinging seductively from side-to-side with every step that I took, while the pair of my big, beautifully buxom new breasts jiggled and quivered within the padded support cups of the lacy 'push-up' bra I had on), then swinging one of my long, sleek and shapely new jeans-clad and girlish legs over the seat of the bike and settling on top of it before powering on the electric motor, pulling the sleek multicolored helmet back on over my pretty new girlish head, and zooming off away down the street just as quickly as the thrumming beast would carry me. . .

End of Part Nine

Author's Note

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