

The Amulet



Kymerlie Phillips

A "New Woman" Novel



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The Amulet

By Kymberlie Phillips

CHAPTER I

Jonathan had first seen the act in Paris when he was on a business trip. Jonathan was a transvestite and took these opportunities to view the many professional TV acts that played in many of the major cities around the world. He was often critical of the acts or was able to pick up pointers from the better professionals.

But this act was different.

In the first place, the actor was an Indian by the name of Singhab and he managed to do the transformations right on stage right in front of the audience. From past experience, Jonathan knew that even for a VERY effeminate transsexual, the process of pretending to be a girl was long and involved, often requiring makeup sessions of two hours or more.

The first time Jonathan saw Mr. Singhab, he was shocked. Singhab walked out on stage in a suit and tie. He was a dark swarthy little man with dark black hair and a mustache. He was probably 5' 8" tall and weighed 160 lb. Singhab walked out on stage and introduced himself and then explained that he would do his transformations right there on stage. He proceeded to bring out a small dressing room that was placed upon an elevated platform which allowed you to see any approach to the closet-like dressing room from all angles.

Singhab said that his first impersonation would be of Judy Garland as she appeared in the Wizard of Oz. From a rack offstage he produced a blue gingham dress and a pinafore apron that were identical to the costume that Judy wore in the movie. He also carried a pair of ruby red slippers and a pair of anklet socks.

In his sing song Indian accent, Singhab explained that these items were one of the actual costumes that Judy had worn during the filming of the movie. Singhab then disappeared into the little closet-like dressing room. In a matter of minutes, he emerged as Judy Garland and Jonathan's heart went up into his throat.

This was the best impersonation he had ever seen. Jonathan couldn't see how the man had managed it, but Singhab appeared to have lost weight and height.

These single facts alone wouldn't have trembly impressed Jonathan, however. Singhab could very well have been disguised as larger and taller than he really was. What caught Jonathan's attention was the fact that Singhab had lost the dark swarthy complexion so typical of someone from India and there had

been no time for either application or removal of makeup.

Also, the girl standing before him **WAS** the young Judy Garland in every detail. She came out, introduced herself and it was Judy Garland's voice!! When she introduced the song she was about to sing, Jonathan expected her to lip sync like so many other female impersonators. But to his astonishment, she actually sang it herself. Jonathan sat there in stunned silence and could detect no difference between Singhab's singing and the Judy Garland record he had at home.

Jonathan was shocked and excited. Never in his 43 years had he ever seen such a convincing performance. Never had he seen a performer who was able to talk in a woman's voice so convincingly. It was impossible for him not to feel that this was the Judy Garland who had acted in the movie.

Jonathan was mesmerized by the performance and sat there in stunned silence as Singhab went through two more incredible transformations.

One was Barbara Streisand and the other was Janet Jackson, incredibly enough. And both ladies also did their own singing.

Jonathan was stunned and obsessed.

Every night for the next five days, he spent his evenings at the little French night club, trying to fathom how Singhab managed to make such incredible transformations right there on stage in front of the audience. Jonathan tried desperately to gain an interview with the reclusive Singhab and was resolutely refused. What shocked and mystified Jonathan even more was the fact that he didn't always do

the same transformations. There was a wide variety of women that Singhab imitated with a wide range of sizes and voices.

Jonathan became obsessed with Singhab's secret and finally hired a private investigator. The first company he contracted was unable to discover anything other than the fact that Singhab did not use other actors in his act. All the transformations were actually done right there on stage. The second private investigation company did a background search based on some fingerprints they were able to obtain from Singhab.

"Mr. Gilbert," said Mr. Longer, the company chief, as he gave Jonathan their final report on Singhab, "We have absolutely no idea how Singhab does his incredible transformations. All we can assume at this point is that he is an incredible master of disguise. We did find out that he is wanted back in his native country of India for theft of a museum artifact. He was detained in Indian jails at least twice prior to his disappearance and managed to walk right out without notice."

"I see," said Jonathan, letting his disappointment seep through into his voice. "Do you have any information as to what this artifact that he stole was?"

"As a matter of fact, we have a picture of the artifact. It was described as a charm, but it appears to be a simple gold necklace to me." He handed Jonathan a faxed black and white photo of what appeared to be a simple little delicate gold choker necklace, no more than 1/4 inch wide. Its only decoration was a small design carved into a solid gold link in the middle of the necklace. "I think it was called the Amulet of Srirangapur. If you're really interested in it, perhaps

Professor Duvall over at the museum can help. I understand he is one of the world's foremost experts on Indian archeology. "

Jonathan thanked Mr. Longer and left, stuffing the picture of the necklace into his pocket.

That night he returned to the show and watched as Singhab went through another of his incredible transformations. This time it was Shirley Temple as she appeared in one of her many movies she made as a six-year-old girl. The audience was delighted and Jonathan was stunned. Singhab had somehow transformed his adult masculine body into a nubile likeness of a six-year-old Shirley Temple. She came out and danced and sang exactly as Jonathan remembered the little girl doing in the movie. Even her movements had that slightly uncoordinated flavor of a developing little girl. As the audience went crazy and the little girl on stage curtsied prettily, Jonathan caught his breath. As the little girl neared the edge of the stage, Jonathan saw a tiny glint of gold at her throat that he was sure was the necklace from the picture.

Jonathan got little sleep that night.

Early in the morning he dressed and left for the museum, only to find that Professor Duvall wouldn't be in for another two hours. Duvall's secretary offered to let him wait in the Library and Jonathan gratefully accepted.

While he waited, Jonathan began browsing around and looking at the books. It was readily apparent that not only was Dr. Duvall an archeologist but that his area of expertise was indeed India.

Jonathan even found four different books that had been authored by Duvall himself. One book he found actually had a reference to the Amulet of Sringapur as belonging to the Gupta dynasty of north central India. Further research in other books referred to the Amulet as being the secret of power of the dynasty. Finally, in one old volume of magical artifacts, Jonathan found a complete description of the necklace. With growing excitement, he read the mythology behind it and knew what he would do. Jonathan grabbed two of the old books and slipped them into his briefcase and then exited the library.

“Listen, Mdm. Lemieux,” he lied to the professor’s secretary. “I can’t wait for the professor anymore. It wasn’t really important anyway,” he said as he hurriedly left her office.

“But Mr. Gilbert, the professor should be here any minute if you’ll just wait...”

It was too late, however; Jonathan had already left and was hurrying down the hall.

That night, he was waiting in Singhab’s dressing room backstage when the act was over. It had cost Jonathan \$500 to bribe the bouncer to let him in. It was the last night that the show was playing at the night club.

Singhab automatically flipped the light on and closed and locked the door as he entered the dressing room. He was glad that his contract with the night club was at an end. He had earned just enough money that now he would be able to open a club of his own. So absorbed was he with his own thoughts that he didn’t notice the man sitting quietly in the corner of the dressing room until the man spoke. But

as soon as he said something, Singhab had no difficulty noticing the revolver that the man held in his hand.

“Good evening, Mr. Singhab,” the man said in French with a American accent. “You are a very difficult man to get see.”

“Yes, I like it that way,” Singhab replied nervously as he eyed the gun, wondering how he would be able to alert the bouncers to remove this hazard. “You would be amazed at how many fans I have just from this one show and I prefer to lead a solitary life. Listen, Monsieur, I do not have much money. What little I have is in the drawer to the left of my dressing table. Please take it and go.”

Jonathan chuckled softly as Singhab watched him nervously.

“I did not come here to steal your money, Mr. Singhab. Please sit down and let me offer you a drink,” Jonathan told the frightened little man as he indicated a chair next to the dressing table. Jonathan poured some of the expensive amber cognac from the bottle on Singhab’s dressing table and proffered it to Singhab.

“Cheers,” Jonathan toasted as he drank from his own glass. When he saw that Singhab was nervously eyeing him and not drinking, he said, “Relax and drink up. I am merely here to discuss your amazing transformations on stage. I think I have figured out your secret.”

Singhab did relax upon hearing that statement. This was not the first time he had been plagued by a fan desiring to know his secrets. He took a gulp of the cognac and sat back in his seat.

“And just how do I do my ‘amazing transformations’?”

Visibly more exuberant now, the strange man in Singhab’s dressing room launched into a theory used on magical showmanship.

“The way I figure it,” he said, “you don’t do the transformations at all. All you do is perform a magic trick similar to the disappearing assistant trick that magicians perform on stage. You know, the one where the magician steps into a phone booth and disappears, only to reappear in another box.”

Singhab was tired and beginning to show the effects of a long day. He felt virtually no threat any more from this person who thought he had figured out the “trick.” He nodded in agreement to the man as he took another drink of his cognac. All he had to do was to agree with the man and he would leave.

“The difference in this case is that you have various performers and mimics ready to replace you on stage and thus your miraculous transformations and impersonations are fake.”

Singhab started to agree with the intruder but was getting so tired and sleepy by this point that he could barely keep his eyes open. “You are exactly right, Monsieur. I...”

Jonathan watched with satisfaction as the drug he had placed in the cognac took effect on the Indian. As Singhab drifted farther into the drug’s numbing influence, Jonathan took the remainder of the bottle and poured it down the sink.

Then he pulled Singhab's limp form out of the chair and onto the floor where he began undressing him.

As soon as he undid Singhab's shirt and tie, he saw the charmed necklace. The books had called it an "amulet," although it looked more like a simple gold necklace to Jonathan. It was small and delicate and far more beautiful than he would have imagined.

Looking down at Singhab's now nude body, Jonathan felt a thrill of excitement course through him at what he was going to do. For the first time he would be able to actually see how the amulet worked. He removed a newborn-sized Pampers from the basket he had brought with him and spread it out. Then he partially rolled Singhab over on his side and slid the tiny diaper underneath of his denuded body. Allowing the limp form to fall back down on top of the diaper, he reached between the unconscious man's legs and pulled the front portion of the diaper from between his legs. It was a bad fit, but Jonathan knew that it would be. He watched with excited fascination as Singhab began to change.

Slowly, the man began to soften and then his body grew even smaller than it already was. Quickly, he lost all of the hair from his body other than that which was on top of his head. In a matter of five minutes, a newborn baby lay on the diaper in front of Jonathan.

Jonathan fastened the tapes on the diaper's side, noting with excitement that she was indeed a little girl. Jonathan also noted that the necklace still seemed to fit Singhab as if it had the ability to conform to whatever size or transformation its wearer went

through. Jonathan unclasped the delicate little chain and slid it into his pocket.

The little baby was of obvious Indian origin with her fine black hair clinging to her scalp and her dark skin. She was still sleeping from the effects of the drug and never once awakened as Jonathan dressed her in the baby clothes he had purchased that afternoon. Soon he had the little child dressed in a baby girl's little romper and matching bonnet, then wrapped in a baby blanket and placed in the basket.

Jonathan left the club and hailed a cab which took him to the Indian neighborhood of Paris. He paid the cabby and left Baby Singhab on the doorstep of a wealthy Indian resident of Paris complete with a note explaining that her mother was a mere child who could not provide for her anymore and a plea to raise her with love.

Jonathan carefully looked around to make sure that no one had seen him. Then he walked several blocks away before hailing another cab and returning to his hotel. Jonathan then quickly packed and took a third cab to the airport where he caught the late night flight from Paris back home to Washington D.C.

CHAPTER II

On the flight home, Jonathan was too excited to sleep. He thought about what he knew now of the necklace.

The Gupta dynasty of ancient India had managed to maintain their power for nearly four hundred years with some mysterious magical charm. Legends and myths about it indicated that it allowed its user

to somehow become the exact likeness of another person. No one in the Gupta empire ever dared speak out against the government for fear that the person they may be talking to was an agent and not who he was supposed to be. Experts had theorized that the amulet was merely a myth concocted to terrorize the people and hide a well run ancient secret police. Nevertheless, when the Amulet was stolen after 385 years of rule, the government collapsed.

In 1935, an archeologist dug up the necklace. There was a dispute over ownership between the scientist and the Indian government until he suddenly disappeared, apparently with the Amulet of Sringapur.

Professor Duvall had clipped out a small newspaper article from a paper in New Delhi some twenty-five years after the discovery. It was an interview with an Indian woman in her fifties who claimed to be that same professor. The paper, of course, was dismissing the woman's claims as being totally psychotic and was only printing the story for humor.

Jonathan arrived home very late at night in his posh Washington suburban home. He had stayed up all night throughout the flight from Orly and was exhausted. He gave his beautiful wife only the most minimal of greetings before falling into bed.

In the morning, Jonathan and his wife got reacquainted over breakfast after his three-week absence.

"I'm glad your trip was such a success, Darling," Carolyn responded after patiently listening to Jonathan brag about the trip.

“Listen Jonathan, I do have some bad news for you, though. My mother is ill and my sister has some personal business to take care of in New York. I promised to help take care of her for the day until Janis can get back. I’m going to take the shuttle up to Boston this morning. I’m really sorry to be leaving you so soon after you just got home, but I promised. And besides,” she said brightening, “I should be back by tomorrow evening at the latest.”

Jonathan struggled to hide his excitement. He never envisioned that an opportunity to use the Amulet would surface so soon.

“That’s all right, Carolyn. I’ve got major jet lag and I’ll probably just hang around here relaxing all day any way. By the time you get back, I’ll be all rested, recuperated, and ready to party,” he said, kissing her gently on her forehead.

Even as he did so, Jonathan felt that familiar tightening in his loins as he felt her edge closer to him. He bent over and kissed his lovely wife fully on the lips, sliding his tongue deeply into her mouth and feeling his prick stiffen with lust.

It had been far too long since they had made love and Jonathan felt himself respond spontaneously to her body.

Carolyn, too, seemed momentarily lost in the kiss and she stood on her tippy toes to reach her slender arms around his muscular neck. Jonathan could feel the first of the involuntary little bump, and grinds in his petite wife’s hips that always signaled that she was getting hot.

A car horn honked outside in the street and suddenly Carolyn broke away, panting slightly and with a sexual flush to her cheeks.

“Oh God, Jonathan, I just can’t do this. That’s Sylvia outside waiting to give me a ride to the airport.” She turned around and primped in the mirror again momentarily while she gained her composure, then turned back to him. “When I get back from Boston, I promise you that we’ll make up for lost time. Now I’ve got to go or I’ll miss my flight.”

She blew Jonathan a kiss as she picked up her overnight bag and ran out the door.

Jonathan watched his pretty wife go and marveled at his good fortune to have married such a sexy little woman.

And little was exactly what Carolyn Gilbert was. She was 5’ 2" tall and only 102 lb. soaking wet. There was not an ounce of fat on her compact 26-year-old body. True, she was very small boned and petite, but there would never be any mistaking that 32C-22-34 body for anything but a fully grown and developed woman.

Carolyn’s face, on the other hand, made her look young. She had a very youthful appearance with a cute little button nose and full sensuous lips that seemed forever molded into a little girl pout. Her eyes were large and waif-like and of a sky blue color that was so bright and brilliant as to be startling. Complicating her cute little girl like face was a spattering of childlike freckles across the bridge of her nose.

Carolyn was very sensitive about her despised ‘cuteness’ and did everything in her power to keep herself looking mature. She wore the very latest of

designer clothes which emphasized her hourglass figure. Most often they had tight, short skirts and cleavage-revealing tops that left no doubt as to how mature her body was. She also wore very high spike-heeled shoes most of the time to make herself look taller and therefore more mature. Most of her shoes had 4" stiletto heels on them.

Carolyn also wore lots of makeup all of the time. She was petrified of being seen in public without makeup on so people could see how young her face looked. She felt that the makeup took away some of the cuteness that she despised so much and made her more beautiful and Jonathan had to agree with her as he thought about it.

One thing that Carolyn had done recently that Jonathan felt countered her desire to hide her youthful appearance was to cut her hair.

She had worn her light blonde hair down to the middle of her back for years until just recently. Carolyn had gotten it cut into a cute short style similar to the one worn by Kimberly Foster on the TV show "Dallas." It looked to Jonathan like someone had taken a bowl and placed it on Carolyn's head down to the middle of her ears and then cut everything off below the edges. Jonathan had to admit that it was an adorable cut on her but it did just the opposite of what she was trying to avoid: It made her look younger again with its little girl-like straight cut bangs down to below her eyebrows.

Carolyn was Jonathan Gilbert's fantasy woman. She was eight years younger than he and possessed a natural sensuality that no other woman he had ever known could match.

She could set records for pulled neck muscles every time she walk through a mall. She was an expert at feminine manipulation of men and could play them like a fine instrument.

Every once in a while, she managed to get herself in too deep with some creep and Jonathan would have to extricate her. But, generally, she could easily handle most men.

Nor was any of her sensuality an empty promise. Carolyn was the hottest woman Jonathan had ever known and seemed to need and crave sex as much as a man. A few years earlier and Carolyn would have been labeled a slut, a strumpet, or even a nympho.

Jonathan loved Carolyn with an intensity he never could have imagined and he knew that she loved him equally intensely. The only flaw in an otherwise perfect marriage was Jonathan's transvestism.

Carolyn had caught him dressing once just a few years after they had been married.

Jonathan had carefully explained to Carolyn that he was not homosexual and had no desire to have a sex change operation. He merely liked fantasizing about what it would be like to be a pretty girl.

The incident had almost broken their marriage. To her credit, Carolyn managed to live with it and they continued as man and wife. She did not approve but tolerated his `problem' as long as he managed to keep it out of the house and out of her life.

Now Jonathan had the means to find out exactly what it would be like to be a pretty girl and still return to being himself anytime he chose.

From all that he could read about the Amulet of Sringapur, it enabled him to change into any female he chose. All he had to do was dress in her clothes and he would change into an exact duplicate of that woman the last time she had worn those clothes. If he dressed in new clothes that had been unworn, he would change into the girl he would have been had his chromosomes been XX instead of XY and conform to the size of the clothes.

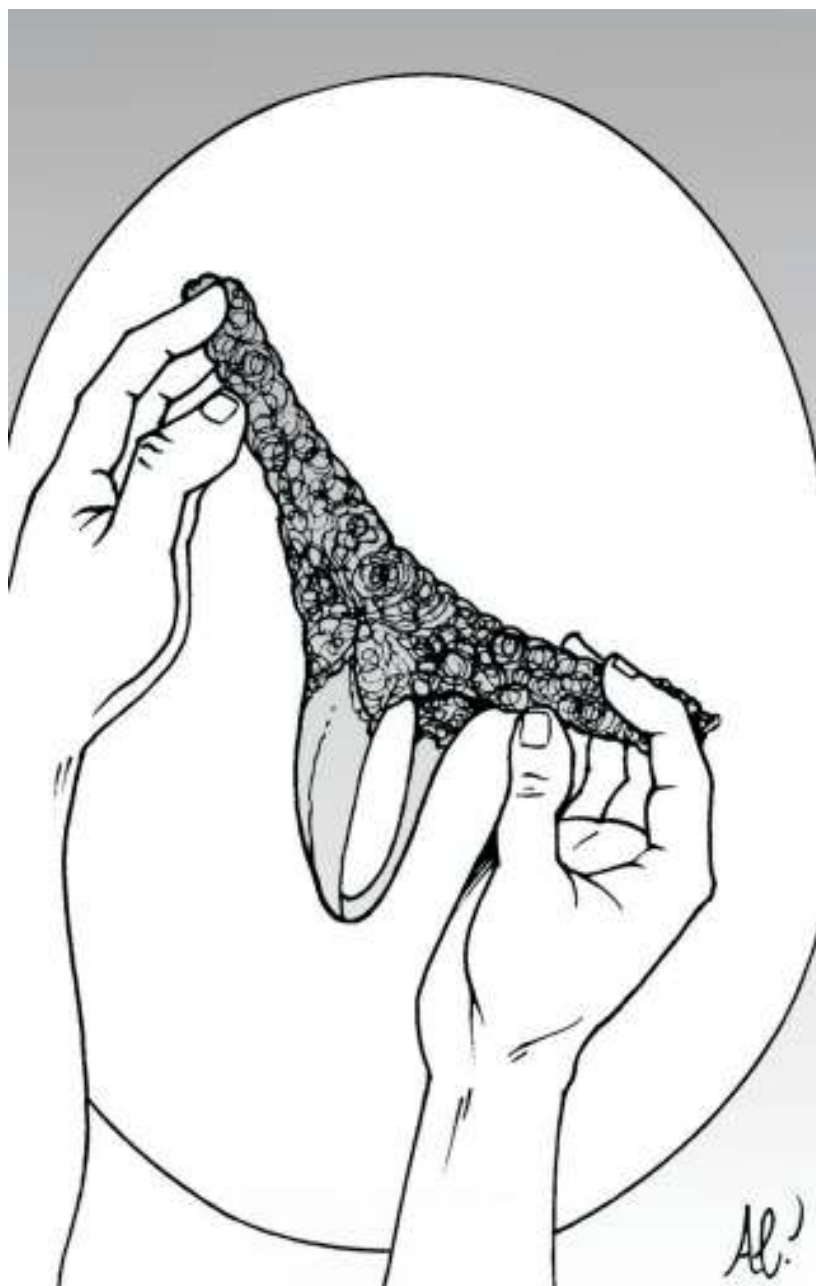
Other parts of the legend indicated that not only would his body be affected, but also his mind. Even though inside he would still be himself with all of his memories intact, he would take on the personality and emotions of his 'host.' If a person was unconscious for the transformation, then even his or her memory would be temporarily lost and he would truly become that person until changed back.

All of the previous thoughts raced through Jonathan's mind in the space of time it took Carolyn to walk down the driveway and get into Sylvia's car and for Jonathan to walk back into the master bedroom.

He located the Amulet of Sringapur and clasped it around his thickly corded neck in wonder if it could possibly fit.

Then he shrugged out of his heavy terrycloth robe and walked over to his wife's dressing bureau and took what was perhaps her fanciest and sexiest pair of bikini panties out of the drawer. He held them out in hesitation for a full thirty seconds in fear of what might (or might NOT) happen.

"I remember this pair of panties," he thought with amazement. "They are part of a matching bra and



panties set that I gave Carolyn for Christmas several years ago.”

He stared at the minuscule bikini panties, thinking that his muscular thighs would not even fit into the leg openings. Cautiously, he slid first one, then the other leg, into the panties and slid them up his hairy legs, over his slender hips, and stuffed his now raging hard-on into them.

Jonathan trembled as he seated the lacy panties into position low down on his hips; his massive hard-on stretched the thin, flimsy material to the point of bursting.

He was so hot that he thought he would cum right there in Carolyn’s panties.

At first, Jonathan felt absolutely nothing other than just sexual excitement. The tiny filmy panties hung ridiculously low on his hips and bulged to overflowing in the front with his genitalia.

Then Jonathan felt a slight tingling begin, first through his hips, then deep within his belly. It was pleasurable and almost tickled, as if things deep within him were being gently rearranged. Then an amazing thing happened even as Jonathan stood there and watched the massive tent of his hard-on protruding from the delicate panties. He felt no less excited nor did his cock feel any less hard, but the protrusion gradually dwindled until nothing was left but the smoothness any girl had in her panties.

In panic Jonathan snatched at the top of the panties and looked inside.

“My God!” he thought to himself. “It’s gone!!! My cock is gone!!!”

Closer examination revealed that his cock was indeed gone. And the vulva that was left between his legs was covered in a fine blond pubic fuzz exactly the shade of Carolyn's.

As he slid his finger deeper into the pantie,s probing for what was there, or rather what wasn't there, his finger suddenly submerged itself within a moist fold in the skin and an electric jolt of sensation shot through his body causing him to yank his hand free suddenly.

"Oh God! Its true!! Its all true!!!" he thought with skyrocketing excitement.

Quickly, Jonathan rummaged back into Carolyn's drawer and found the matching French-cut push-up bra. As he strapped the bra around his waist backwards, he wondered if his hips didn't seem just a little larger and rounder than they had a few minutes before, or was it that his waist was just a little smaller? He turned the bra around to the front and slid it up around his chest, stretching the elastic to the limit before sliding his heavily muscled arms through the delicate feminine shoulder straps.

Almost immediately, Jonathan's chest started tingling and felt constricted as if his chest were being compressed. As he watched, Jonathan could see the swift change as his skin turned soft and his body hair disappeared. He paused in his dressing to watch with mesmerized fascination as his beasts gradually filled out and weighed down the size C cups of the feminine bra.

A thrill shot down his spine as he could see the large dark aureoles swell, then the large stiffly erect nipples which were clearly outlined through the thin

material of the bra. Jonathan knew that his wife was big busted, but he had never really appreciated how heavy and large those big boobs really felt until now.

Next, Jonathan pulled the tight, lacy slip down over his head; his entire body started to tingle and he felt a little dizzy. By now his body was controlling him, rather than vice versa. It was dressing itself and he was just along for the ride.

He watched as his hands and arms reached down and rolled a pair of Carolyn's nylons up his legs. They felt so strange and tight, not even reaching half way up to his crotch. But his arms looked different, too, not as heavy or hairy.

By now his body turned toward the closet and Jonathan caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. His hair was longer and turning blonde! His body walked into Carolyn's closet and selected a pair of her four-inch spike-heeled black leather pumps and brought them back out into the dressing area.

He reached under his lacy slip and pulled up the silky black nylon pantyhose which now fit perfectly. An errant thought pushed itself into his brain at that time.

"Jesus. These panty hose are designed to fit petite-sized women under 5' 3" tall."

As Jonathan slid his shrinking feet into the skyscraper heels, he noticed that not only had they shrunken considerably but that the toenails had a shiny blood red coat of polish on them. His feet slid into Carolyn's size 5 stiletto-heeled shoes as if they were made for them. And, much to Jonathan's considerable amazement, he was as comfortable in them

as he would have been in any pair of his running shoes!!!

At this point Jonathan noticed that his hands were no longer his, but *her* hands. They were small, slender, and delicately boned with long, femininely tapered fingernails which were polished in the same shiny blood red color as his toe nails.

Startled at the unnoticed change, he managed to turn back toward the mirror, only to be confronted by his wife Carolyn!

At first, Jonathan panicked.

Then it dawned on him that HE was his wife Carolyn. Jonathan had never felt so strange in his entire life. Suddenly, he was 5' 2" tall and barely 100 lb.!!!! All of his muscles were gone and he was skinny and weak!! Not only was his cock gone, leaving his crotch empty and vacant, but he had these two damnably sexy and sensitive boobs hanging from his chest constantly getting in the way and reminding him of their presence like two five-pound sacks of Jell-o.

God! Even his face was cute and pixieish, complete with heavy, immaculately-done makeup, just the way Carolyn would have done it. And her hair was the same light sunny blonde cut in that same Kimberly Foster cut he had just seen Carolyn leave the house with.

“God!!” he thought, “I’m Carolyn!!! I’m a girl!!!!”

Five minutes later, Jonathan was dressed in one of Carolyn’s favorite Albert Nippon suits.

It had a very tight-fitting black skirt that came several inches above his feminized knees and a short-fit-

ted jacket in a black and white houndstooth. The suit was wool and fully lined in a polyester taffeta.

He had clasped one of Carolyn's real gold chokers around his slender neck, something that would have been at least three inches too small just a few minutes ago.

Real gold hoop earrings went into the holes he found pierced in his diminutive ears. They were very large and very heavy and constantly tugged and pulled at his lobes as they swung and dangled freely.

As he put first one and then the other of Carolyn's expensive ladies rings on his slender fingers, Jonathan made another exciting discovery. Carolyn had left her diamond engagement ring and wedding ring at home. He knew that periodically she got a minor irritation under the rings and was forced to leave them off for a few days. This must be one of those times. In growing excitement, he slipped the two rings onto his new ring finger and shuddered as they fit perfectly.

"God, now I am a married lady," he thought with a shiver.

At the same time, something else clicked inside and he *became* Carolyn Gilbert! Oh Jonathan still knew who he was, "**had been**" might be a better term. Suddenly Jonathan could no longer think of himself as a he. "She" seemed so much more natural now. And she began thinking of herself as Carolyn now. It seemed so natural that she should be wearing a dress and high heels. What else would a woman as pretty as she wear?

God, she loved the way her stiletto heels clicked against the hardwood floor as she walked across it. She thrilled to that same staccato clicking of her

short quick steps that she used to hear when her “twin sister” walked across the same room. Her steps were made short and feminine by her diminutive size, her stiletto heels, and the extreme tightness of the skirt as it snapped taught across her nyloned thighs with each step.

Watching herself walk in the mirror, she knew that she had the same exaggerated suggestive wiggle that caused so many masculine heads to turn and look at her “twin sister.”

Carolyn decided that today would be a perfect day to spend shopping at the mall. She located a purse that matched her outfit and filled it with some cosmetics and Jonathan’s credit cards. Then she slipped on her black leather gloves, wrapped her matching houndstooth scarf around her neck, and left the house.

In the driveway, it seemed perfectly natural to get into Carolyn’s Mercedes 300SL, although she did feel a thrill of humiliation when she realized that she had to drive with the seat all the way up and still had plenty of room to move around.

Carolyn loved shopping in the mall. After seeing several of Carolyn’s girlfriends and saying hello to them, she realized that there was absolutely no way anyone could tell that she was not the real Carolyn.

She even got so bold as to get a walk-in appointment at Carolyn’s beauty parlor for a wash and blow dry and a manicure.

While she was there she ran into Karen who was the wife of Jonathan’s best friend. They went to Friday’s and had lunch together, giggling and gossiping like any two ordinary women. When Karen began to

tell Carolyn about the new tennis pro that she had had an affair with, Carolyn began to get excited.

Jonathan had never suspected that his best friend's wife played around on him, although Robert had been known to do a little fooling around himself. But when Karen went on and began whispering about how huge the tennis pro's cock was and about the things that he knew how to do, Carolyn began getting hot.

Jonathan would never have believed that women talked like that when they weren't men around .

Karen could sense that Carolyn was getting excited as she talked. The girl had blushed beet red when she began talking about her affair with the tennis pro. When Carolyn asked Karen to stop talking so nasty that it embarrassed her, it only made Karen want to talk even nastier. Karen didn't know what drove her to do it, to torment Carolyn like that, but she did know it excited her talking nasty to Carolyn and watching her get excited.

She told Carolyn all of the sordid details: the huge length and girth of his cock, the way the blood vessels stood out on it, the way he groaned and started calling her nasty names, and the way he had thrown her on her back on the bed when he became so hot he couldn't stand it and ravaged her wet pussy with his huge cock until she went nearly mad with passion, then came and came again as he pumped huge quantities of hot jism into her.

Karen watched with amusement as Carolyn began squirming as she embellished on her affair with the tennis pro. She was almost positive that as she talked about her orgasm under that throbbing cock

that Carolyn orgasmed, doing her absolute best to hide it.

Carolyn was so embarrassed at her inability to control herself. Her panties were completely soaked with her pussy juices. She had never been so excited in her life just listening to Karen talk about how she had been fucked. Carolyn was humiliated and embarrassed and that only served to excite her more for some reason.

She made a weak excuse to leave the restaurant a little early so that she could gain her composure. Finally after half an hour of shock waves rippled through her pussy, she was back to normal.

She hit all of the major department stores and found that she got a tremendous amount of pleasure out of simply trying on clothes. She loved to see how she looked in the various outfits. As Jonathan, she had found shopping in malls utterly detestable and now she was beginning to see what women saw in shopping.

She loved trying on all the latest fashions in the department stores and spent all afternoon doing so.

She even tried on a bathing suit that was so risqué that Carolyn would never have even considered it. It was very low cut through the tight fitting bodice and had extremely high cut leg openings that would require extensive 'muff' shaving on her part. The bright red suit was made of a thin, very stretchy material that outlined her aureoles, nipples, and vulva and labia in minute detail, leaving nothing to the viewer's imagination.

For her part, Carolyn found the suit exposing and utterly humiliating and therefore intensely exciting.

Finally, Carolyn decided that it was time for her to return home, then brightened at the exciting prospect of trying on more of Carolyn's wardrobe.

She departed the mall and walked across the huge parking lot, thrilling to the way her tight skirt and heels limited her to a femininely mincing strut.

She thrilled to all the stares she received from male drivers in other cars as she drove. Then, as she drove through the yellow light of the last stoplight prior to her reaching home, she glanced up to see the flashing blue bubblegum machine of a cop car right on her rear bumper.

Panic raced through Carolyn's blood stream. She had no driver's license!!

The real Carolyn had that in her purse in New York City.

If she got arrested, there would be no one who could come bail her out. Carolyn fought the impulse to run and felt herself on the verge of tears. Putting on her best innocent face and doing her best to smile as the officer approached her car window, she turned slightly and saw the stereotypical state trooper: clean-cut, young, short hair, and mirrored sunglasses.

"What's the matter, Officer?" she exclaimed plaintively with desperation forcing her to ooze all of the charm she could.

"I wasn't speeding, was I?" she asked innocently as she removed her sunglasses so that the trooper could see her batting eyelashes.

“No Ma’am,” he said nonchalantly. Then as he took off his sunglasses to get a better look at Carolyn in the driver’s seat, his pupils dilated noticeably and the interest level in his voice sharpened a notch. “You ran that red light back there just a little too late. May I see your driver’s license and vehicle registration, please?”

“Oh Officer, I know this sounds like a story,” she pleaded, barely able to hold the flood of tears back now as she handed him the registration she had retrieved from the glove box, “But I just had my wallet stolen yesterday, with all of my identification and credit cards in it, including my driver’s license, and I haven’t had time to even get another temporary license yet.”

Carolyn felt different than she ever had before in her life (or Jonathan’s life for that matter). Never had she been so out of control of a situation nor been so helpless.

The young man eyed the registration for the car and said, “Is this your husband, Ma’am?”

“Yes Officer. My husband is Jonathan Gilbert and I am Carolyn Gilbert.”

“What is your address, Ma’am?”

Carolyn told him with the first trace of hope that she might be able to get out of a bad situation with just a warning.

“Please wait here while I check this out on the computer in my cruiser. ” He walked back to the police cruiser, leaving a very shaken Carolyn, who sat with her fingers crossed.

Carolyn almost jumped out of her skin when the young trooper again leaned into her window to talk to her. She hadn't heard him approach.

"Please get out of your car and come with me, Mrs. Gilbert," he said forcefully as he opened the door of her car for her.

As she pivoted to the side, swinging her legs out of the sleek Mercedes, Carolyn was extremely aware of the eyes of the young uniformed man as they fixed on her bare legs and tight short skirt which had ridden well up her thighs as she slid out.

His eyebrows arched in appreciation and she could feel his inspection of her other assets like a heat upon her back as they walked to the black and white cruiser parked behind her car.

Carolyn was hyper aware of the fact that she was taking two mincing little steps to his one and tried to exaggerate her already seductive walk, to encourage the young man's interest in her.

"My God, he's going to lock me up!" she thought as he helped her along the gravel shoulder of the road and opened the back seat of his cruiser for her.

Carolyn demurely slid into the car and he shut the door. Then she realized that she was trapped inside a cage. There were no door handles, no window cranks, and there was a strong wire mesh screen between her and the front seat.

The officer smiled at Carolyn and she shivered under the coldness of that smile which seemed to border on a leer.

She was totally helpless now in this man's power and feeling more vulnerable and helpless than she had ever in in her whole life, which only served to make her feel all that much more feminine. She was embarrassed and humiliated by the entire situation; and, for some strange reason, she found her terrifying predicament exciting — VERY VERY EXCITING!!!

“I'm afraid I'm going to have to take you down to the station, Mrs. Gilbert,” the handsome young trooper said as he turned toward her. “It should be an easy matter quickly cleared up by your husband, but I have to ask you some questions first.”

As he stepped out of the front seat of the patrol car, he said, “Let me come back there and sit with you so that we won't have to talk through the cage.”

The thought that she had been locked up in a cage by a man excited Carolyn more and she had now reached the point of open panting and licking her lips. Her nipples were erect under her tightly-fitting suit jacket and tingling maddeningly. There was a strange wetness down between her thighs as well as a demanding hunger quite unlike anything she had ever experienced. Secretly she began rubbing her silken thighs together in an effort to assuage the maddening hunger but only managed to enrage it further.

She began to fantasize that this muscular man would handcuff her and gag her, then take her as he wished!

Had he not been there, Carolyn would have immediately pulled up her tight skirt and diddled her cunny. She found that the fact that this man was dressed in a uniform excited her even more.

He slid into the back seat next to her and she noted with a flush of pleasure that he had much difficulty in taking his eyes off of her titties. He left the door open so that they would not be locked in and began asking her several questions which she answered automatically while concentrating on not panting. She squirmed on the seat next to him, barely able to control her lustful impulses.

Suddenly Carolyn was in a panic again. This time there was nothing she could do to stem the tide of tears as they freely flowed down her cheeks. And the tears themselves only served to enhance her humiliation: she was crying just like....a girl!!!

“Oh, Officer,” she gasped getting a modicum of control back again.

“Isn’t there something we can do to keep that from happening? If my husband finds out, he’ll kill me!!” she said sobbing as her long-nailed hand slid pleadingly onto his uniformed thigh.

“Well Mrs. Gilbert, I don’t know.... ”

Sensing a moment of weakness, the feminine carnivore went for his jugular and Carolyn unconsciously turned on her charm.

“I can be very nice to men when I want to be, Officer,” she purred as her petite fingers sought the growing hard-on in his lap.

It swelled into fullness almost instantaneously in her fingers and she was shocked and mesmerized by the sheer muscular size of it.

“Officer, you’d like me to be nice to you, wouldn’t you?” she purred as she stoked his raging passion



through his pants. Carolyn was reveling in the power and control she felt over this man now.

“Men are so easy to manipulate,” she thought to herself as she carefully unzipped the front of his uniform pants. She was so hot now that she doubted if she could stop even if he agreed to let her go at that very instant. Her pussy, which had already been wet, was throbbing now and her nipples were tingling and threatening to drive her wild.

“Mrs. Gilbert, I...uh..,” he muttered as she reached into his pants and into his shorts, grabbing his turgid shaft in her petite slender fingers and wrenching it free from the constraining material.

Carolyn couldn't believe how she was acting. Never had she wanted anything more than she wanted this man now and her fear of being taken into the police station had nothing to do with it.

She needed this man. She needed to be dominated by him and needed to please him! Suddenly, to the disbelieving shock of Jonathan's inner mind, her mouth had encompassed the soft purplish knob of his cock and she savored the salty taste of it!

Carolyn was only vaguely aware of his moaning and murmuring as she allowed her mouth to engulf the length of his iron rod. She was too hot to notice. Carolyn's body seemed on fire to her at that moment.

Never in her life had she ever done anything so nasty and it excited her immensely. Her tingling nipples were driving her crazy and her wet pussy was on fire with need. She grasped the base of his thick shaft for better leverage with one of her petite long-nailed hands while she reserved the other for herself.

She kneaded the sensitive nipples of each of her tender titties and then, when she couldn't stand it any more, she slipped her hand underneath her skirt and into her wet panties and began stroking her needy pussy. As her body got hotter and more excited, she noticed that her victim was growing more frantic and that only served to stimulate her further as she pumped up and down on his love shaft.

Occasionally, she would slide her feminine, long-nailed hand lower to massage his tight hairy balls.

Suddenly she was aware of a quivering in the very heart of his cock and she could feel a tidal wave building up inside of her own body. She felt his hard hands on the back of her head forcing her face down into his lap. As his cock slid deeper into her throat, it caught slightly on her gag point, then pushed its way on past as her nose was forcefully buried into the pubic hair at the base of his cock. She came, violently and explosively in wave after delicious wave of orgasm!

She was only vaguely aware of the huge piece of meat that was pumping hot jism directly down her throat as she spasmed again and again!

So consuming was her orgasm that she was only again fully aware of her surroundings while sitting in her car behind the steering wheel again.

She looked in the mirror and realized that the cop was gone and she was alone. Her body again shivered in another after shock as she turned the key and resumed her trip home.

Carolyn was still reeling from the effects of the dopamine released during her orgasm as she pulled into her driveway.

The sexual contact she'd received had been one of the most powerful experiences in Jonathan's entire life. She parked the car in the garage and let herself into the house. She felt shaken to the very roots of her being and felt like she needed a beer.

"No, not a beer," she thought. "Jonathan would want a beer. *I* want a glass of wine."

She poured herself a glass of white Zinfandel and took a sip, savoring the taste and thrilling to the lipstick left on the glass by her thick sensual lips.

Suddenly Carolyn completely fled her body, leaving a bewildered Jonathan dressed in her clothes and body. Then he heard the same sound that had caused Carolyn to flee and now sent a flood of adrenalin shooting up his spine and through his very skull!

"Jonathan, is that you, honey?"

It was his wife Carolyn!

Somehow she had come home early and was even now coming down the stairs.

Jonathan would have liked to run but it was far too late and he was frozen with fear.

Carolyn walked around the corner into the kitchen saying, "Darling, I just couldn't..."

"Who are you??" she demanded in shock.