

AMULET OF SPRINGAPUR

By Kymberlie Phillips



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM TV' NOVEL

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AMULET OF SRINGAPUR

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 160lbs. 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 that 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 had been 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 ten 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 temibly 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 and 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 same 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. During this time, 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 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 finger prints 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 do 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 faded 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 unique 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 Srngapur". 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 little 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 Srirangapur" 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 eying 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 all 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 out 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 side diaper, 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 it's 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 and 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 cabbie 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 their 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 and 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 very 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 and 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 lbs 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 inch 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 child like 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 seemed to despise 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 eye brows.

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, or 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 as yet 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 then 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 that it could possibly have fit.

Then he shrugged out of his heavy terry cloth 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 perhaps 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 and then the other leg into the panties and then 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 and 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 and later 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. *`Its 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 panties 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. Even as he watched, Jonathan could see the swift change as his skin turned soft and his body hair disappeared. He paused in his dress-

ing 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 and 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 panty hose 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 sky scraper 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 5B 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 lbs!!!! 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 jello.

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 that 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 fitted 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, and 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, or rather **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 taut 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 and 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 girl friends and saying hello to them, she realized that there was absolutely no way, anyone could tell that she was not the real Carolyn.