

Lakehurst Publications

Kristy



Leigh

# Cynsure

ILLUSTRATED FICTION

FORCED INTO PANTIES!



**WHAT HAPPENS**

when pretty young men are  
CAUGHT in *girls'* LINGERIE?

# CYNOSURE ILLUSTRATED FICTION SELECTED BRIEFS

Edited by Kristy Leigh

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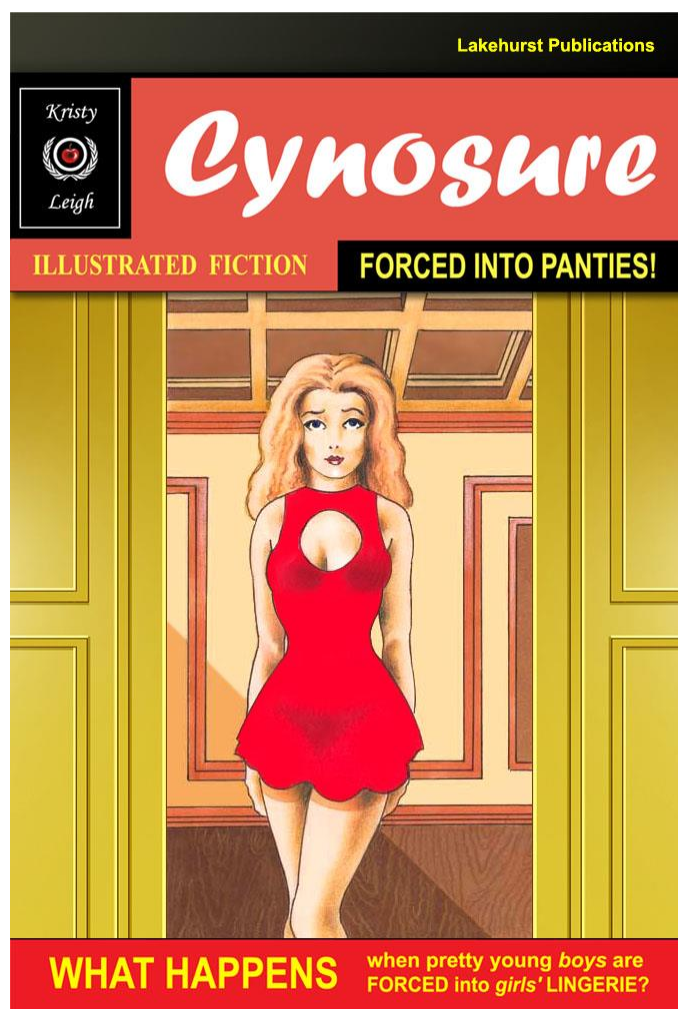
## *Cynosure Collected Fiction*



## *Selected Briefs*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. [Fallen Angel](#)
2. [Conscripted!](#)
3. [Intersections](#)
4. [The Thrift Shop](#)
5. [Tickled Pink!](#)
6. [The Playhouse](#)
7. [A Hard Act To Follow](#)
8. [Bunny Hop Belle](#)
9. [Illustrations](#)



*Original Cover*

# FALLEN ANGEL

Tracy Lane

Aunt Julene woke me up at 6:30 in the morning, sweeping lightly into the bedroom with a breakfast tray between her hands. This was nothing unusual in itself, I'd been subjected to these dawnlight raids for the past couple of couple of years. Her voice sliced through the air like a keen-edged blade.

"Rise and shine, sleepy-head," she chimed in bright, tinkling tones that raked my ear-drums like fingernails on a blackboard, "your appointment's at nine, and we can't lie around all day."

*My appointment.*

The one I'd been dreading all week.

"Do I *have* to, Aunt Julie?" I asked, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. I didn't want to go through with any of this. The way she treated me was embarrassing beyond words.

"We went over this yesterday, sweetheart," she replied, setting my breakfast down on the corner stand, "now, come on, out of bed. We have a long day ahead of us."

I swung my legs out of bed, planting my feet in hazy square of sunlight. My thick blonde hair hung lankly around my shoulders while I lapped at my breakfast. As always, the coffee was wincingly sweet, practically swamped with milk and honey. Something of an eccentric, my aunt held some extremely unorthodox views on diet and nutrition...amongst *other things*.

Meantime, Julene went through my wardrobe, sorting out my costume for the day. Almost inevitably, she chose the shortest outfit in the closet, a translucent red sunfrock with a full-circle drop-waist; the kind of thing worn by little girls with giggly smiles and long yellow ribbons in their hair.

"Yes, I think *that* will do nicely," Julene nodded to herself, then raised a skeptical eyebrow in my direction, "now – take off those *horrid* underpants. You know I can't stand to see you wearing them."

Those 'horrid underpants' were white cotton knickers, the type sold at any Unisex outlet. Most days, Aunt Julie turned a blind eye to them, as they could be worn by either boys *or* girls, but today was different. Today, we had the *appointment*.

Turning my back to her, I peeled my underwear down to my ankles, feeling my color deepen. No matter how many times she saw me naked, I always blushed a torrid pink, knowing that literally everything I had was on exhibition. Julie scrutinized me with a critical eye.

"All right, good," she concluded, ushering me towards the doorway, "come along, Honeybee; it's time we ran a *bath* for you."

Yes, that's right.

She *made* me take a bath.

Right in front of her. Not a scrub, not a shower, not a wash. A bath. *Right in front of her!* I felt roughly six years old as she hovered over me, a soft, blue beach-towel folded over her arms.

"I can do this myself," I protested quietly.

"I *know* you can, darling. I just want to make sure you do *it right*." It's impossible to

convey how humiliating it was, being forced to submit to her will that way. The words simply don't exist in my vocabulary. It wasn't enough to treat me like a *girl*. She had to reduce me to the level of a hapless *infant*.

## 2.

I moved in with Julene Mayfield just over two years ago. I used to be a *boy* back then. Well...a boy, more or less. It was hard to tell at times. With my girlish features and slender build, I might've been one or the other. That was the main reason my folks sent me away. They didn't want any *nancies* swanning around the house: brought the family name into disrepute, they said.

For a short time, I started over-compensating for my effeminate mannerisms – I cut my hair short, swaggered around doing bad Marlon Brando impersonations, the kind of thing most adolescent boys do in their early teens. It was all doomed to failure; I was just too feminine by nature and appearance. More than that, my new 'aunt' refused to tolerate *any* masculine behavior on my part. She'd taken me in because I possessed so many androgynous characteristics, accepting custody on the sole understanding that I would be raised as a girl – the daughter she'd never had.

Almost from our first week together, Julene had started the long and sometimes arduous process of *gender reconditioning* – gradually recasting me into a female role. Needless to say, I was somewhat less than enthusiastic about the procedure – which involved corseting, deportment and hormonal therapy – but Aunt Julie was utterly inflexible on these points.

First, there were the sailor suits, followed by the unisexual clothing. Within two months I was slipping on pink nylon panties with barely a word of complaint. That was the hold she had on me. I hated being treated like a little girl, but I felt as though I had no other choice.

By the time I hit my mid-teens, I could pass for female under even the closest observation. The deception was so effective that I'd been working as a fashion model under my Aunt's ever-vigilant tutelage. She'd started me off with Chamberlain Studios over a year before, posing mainly for catalogues and brochures before working gradually up to mannequin parades at local malls and plazas. Within a few months, I'd established a successful reputation and was making over three hundred pounds per shoot.

There was, however, little consolation in my overnight success, as I saw very little of the money I earned. In point of fact, my life had become something of a nightmare.

Julene now controlled virtually every aspect of my existence, being both my legal guardian and business representative. I was subservient to her will and dependent on her charity, rarely questioning her decisions and *never* defying her instructions.

Unable to resist my Aunt's authority, I was reduced to a helpless, vulnerable child; denied the most basic rights enjoyed by young men my age. Julene literally oversaw my every action, refusing me even the privacy of bathing alone.

## 3.

My morning ablutions finally concluded, Julene led me back to the boudoir, chatting nonchalantly about the day ahead. I followed with a downcast expression, my hair still moist from the bath. I was terribly conscious of the chill morning air caressing my bare,

naked flesh. A thick scent of Scarlet Blossom filled the hallway, sharp and sweet and cloyingly aromatic.

"Aunt Julie, I'm not feeling well," I murmured, still seeking an excuse to avoid my forthcoming humiliation, "can't I stay home today?"

"Oh, nonsense," Julene replied dismissively, "you've just got the butterflies, dear. Now – let's get you dressed." Despite her offhand tone, I knew there would be no arguing the point. She'd made up her mind, and I was going to follow her instructions. No questions, no negotiations, no debate.

Entering the bedroom, she sent me off to the dressing table with a brisk slap on the bottom. I bit my lip, holding back a tiny gasp of surprise. I knew it was a gesture of affection, but being treated like a child always filled me with embarrassment.

"All right; let's see what we have here," Julene said, rifling systematically through my underwear drawer. "Pretty though you are, you still can't go to work stark naked," she added with a laugh that raised gooseflesh on my tummy. After close on a minute rummaging around, she found what she was looking for.

"Here, put these on, baby. You'll need your prettiest undies for the shoot this afternoon."

*Oh No!!* I thought, looking across at the sheer black panties dangling from her fingertips, *Not AGAIN!!* She was going to make me wear the black satin bra and knicker set she'd bought me last month – probably with matching garters and stockings! Julene had had them specially made, based on my projected measurements. I'd tried the brassiere on earlier in the week; designed something like a corset, it squeezed my flesh into a more girlish shape. The panties were more comfortable, but I couldn't stand them all the same. At eighteen, I could conceive nothing more humiliating than being forced into sleek, black lingerie.

*Well, at least they'd be covered by the sundress,* I thought. It was one of several expensive pieces chosen for the summer catalogue. The frock was excruciatingly short, barely concealing the tops of my thighs. I hated the cutesy, girlish appearance of the thing, but bit down on my complaints, knowing from long experience that my protests would be ignored.

Little did I know that dress-length would not be an issue on this occasion. While Julene helped me into my underwear, I began to suspect that she'd arranged something *very* special for today's fashion shoot. Judging by her comments, it appeared that I would be graduating to an entirely new level in the modeling business. Potential economic benefits notwithstanding, I was less than enthusiastic over my Aunt's managerial strategies.

Julene clipped me into the custom designed bra, modified to give the appearance of a slight cleavage. I scrutinized my reflection in the mirror, apprehensively searching for the slightest defect or imperfection.

"Aunt Julie, I'm *really* worried about this. What if someone realizes I'm not really a girl?"

"Don't be silly," she replied, diligently adjusting my bra-straps, "once we get you into a maidenform, nobody will be able to tell the difference. Not even when you're walking around in your bra and panties."

*What?! I thought, barely concealing an involuntary flinch, She expects me to - to parade around in - ?*

"Can't I at least wear my jeans?" I suggested, feeling a faint, rosen blush stealing across

my features.

"Of course you *can't*, dear," Julene answered brightly, "we don't want anyone mistaking you for a *boy*, now, do we?"

*No chance of that*, I admitted to myself. The illusion was flawless; all the months of training and oestrogen had lent me a frail, waif-like appearance. Worse still – I'd be wearing NOTHING but my bra and knickers for the photoshoot this afternoon. The thought of modeling these skimpy little things before the camera made my head swim with panic. Once the catalogue was published, literally *thousands* of people would see me in my underwear.

No amount of pleading on my part could change her mind; Julene was adamant that I would honor my contract (which *she* had previously arranged), regardless of how embarrassing I found the experience.

Having laced me into my sleek, black undergarments, she handed me the frock, instructing me to put it on, *post haste*. Gnawing my lip in rising consternation, I slid it carefully over my head, shivering as the cool material whispered down my bare torso. Once it fell into position, she smoothed out all of the folds and wrinkles, tutting to herself in mock disapproval.

"Doesn't that look *delightful*?" she asked, still fussing with the shoulders and waistline, "I really can't imagine anything prettier." I glanced into my bedroom mirror, taking in Aunt Julie's idea of a 'pretty little sundress.'

So *short*, it barely covered my panties.

So *sheer*, you could actually *see* my panties.

Might as well go out in nothing *but* my panties.

It probably wouldn't have bothered me so much if I hadn't been born a *boy*.

"All right, Honeybee." Julene said, taking my wrist in her iron grip, "we'd better get going. Come along." We were already running a little late.

"OK," I replied, pausing to find my shoulder bag, "I'll just get my –"

"*Now*, Angela," she ordered, dragging me towards the door.

"Owww! Not so hard," I cried, stumbling along behind, "I'm coming."

#### 4.

Julene hustled me out to the main corridor, where the ancient art deco elevator took us down to the main foyer. Tottering about on my high heels, I always drew a great deal of attention from the lobby staff, who exchanged knowing glances with one another. I lowered my face until we were out on the street, where a gleaming black limousine awaited our arrival.

"Thank you, Marsden," Julene remarked as the chauffeur opened the door for her. Marsden was a tall, steely-faced man in a vintage uniform, black driver's cap riding low on his brow. The proverbial *Man's Man*, was Marsden Everett, Esq. Soft spoken, mild-mannered and as hard as polished granite. Precisely the kind of man I could *never* be.

"Ma'am," he greeted in the same toneless voice he used every morning, face never changing expression. Sparing me a single grim nod, he closed the door carefully behind us, then strode around to the driver's side of the vehicle. I slid across the creamy leather upholstery, hemline riding up to expose my lean, limber thighs. I tried to pull it down to the

edge of my panties, knowing it would cover nothing whatsoever.

"Redlace Productions," Julene ordered as Marsden fired up the engine, "and don't spare the horses." This was one of her favorite expressions; *don't spare the horses*. It was the kind of old-world vernacular that appealed to my Aunt's upper-class pretensions. She was a huge fan of old British dramas like *Upstairs Downstairs* and *The Duchess of Duke Street*, patterning her life after them in many respects.

"Ma'am," Marsden replied with an implacable shifting of gears. The jag rumbled out into the slowly drifting traffic, heading west along Coronation Drive.

"You'll be taking a step up in the world today," Julene told me, reaching for the wine chiller, "five hundred pounds just to traipse around in your bra and knickers." True to form, she poured herself a glass of *Beaujolais*, oblivious of my swiftly rising anxiety.

I'd never modeled lingerie before, but I had a good idea what to expect. Redlace Productions was probably the lowest rung on the ladder, employing the absolute dregs of the industry. It was common knowledge that the company was staffed entirely by perverts and deviants; borderline criminals who should be locked away from the rest of humanity.

With my session starting at 11.00 am, most of the morning would be spent in the dressing room, where a hair-stylist and beautician would spend at least two hours polishing the chrome. My cheeks would be rouged, my nails painted and my hair flounced into a mass of golden curls. Around 10.45, I'd be taken out to the main venue, where a fat, sweaty cameraman would drool all over me while the lighting crew set up the stage.

The remainder of the afternoon would be taken up with a series of gratuitous stripteases, as I was compelled to pose in a variety of bras, pants, bustiers, corsets, suspenders and stockings before a roomful of camera-wielding strangers. Adding to this abject humiliation would be my ever-present fear of discovery – nobody apart from Julene knew that I was actually a boy, and every moment before the lens would increase the risk of detection.

Worse still, I suspected that my troubles had barely begun. Aunt Julie had already booked my next appearance; a live catwalk parade at Ceres Department Store, scheduled for next Friday afternoon. What if *that* turned out to be another panty-show as well? I could already see myself, strutting my undies before hundreds of slaving degenerates.

Julene's voice suddenly cut across my reveries, jarring me back to the present.

"Don't look so down in the mouth," she told me with an amused smile, "do you know how many girls would sell their *souls* to trade places with you? How many envy your fine bone structure, your perfect skin, your natural beauty?"

"I'm not a girl," I objected under my breath.

"Not *yet*," she said, still beaming that amused smile.

My eyes widened slightly at this seemingly innocuous comment. The words seemed harmless enough, but this was something she'd been hinting at for months now – usually in connection the vacation we'd be taking next summer. After all our hard work, we both deserved a holiday, preferably in an exotic tropical paradise, surrounded by the most opulent of luxuries. Most probably Brazil, where Julene would lie on the beach sipping *pina coladas*...and I would be taken to a small, dilapidated room full of sharp, glittering instruments. There, I would undergo a complicated medical procedure ensuring my biological gender could *never* be revealed.

"You don't mean that," I whispered.



"Of *course* I don't," she replied teasingly. Her eyes were twin slits of ice: cold, mocking and utterly remorseless. I'd wondered for a long time if she were simply oblivious to my misery, but I saw now that she took pleasure – great pleasure – in my shame and fear. She was a viper, contemplating her next meal; I was a sparrow, locked in the crosshairs of her venomous gaze.

I stared out the window for the rest of the journey, unable to conceal my emotions from her. I had neither the strength nor courage to resist: the past two years had devastated my ego, leaving me a hollow vessel into which she could pour her desires. In every sense of the word, I have become her *slave*, her *possession*, her *thing*. And very soon – I will be her *girl*.

[Contents](#)

# CONSCRIPTED!

Kristy Leigh

My very first experience with girls' lingerie occurred during the summer of my twelfth year. I was assisting my mother around her department store, dressing mannequins and attaching price tags in the women's section. This was common practice back in those days, female staff often brought their children to work during the school holidays. I wasn't the only child on hand either; at least two of my classmates were rambling around the stock room, frequently emerging from the depths to see what I was up to. We were all pretty excited, the store was a veritable wonderland, and I'd been waiting all year to accompany my mother in her duties, feeling very important and self-assured. I had no idea how much embarrassment I would suffer by the end of the day!

My ordeal began when the floor manager approached Mommy and told her there was a problem with the latest shipment of girls'wear. Evidently, the manufacturer had misplaced one of our orders: everything they sent was the wrong size. Nothing seemed to fit the mannequins we had for the window display, and nobody was sure which models to requisition from the warehouse. This was a disaster in the making, as the July Sale was meant to start the next day. Time was of the essence, and we had to sort the matter out immediately.

"Which order are we talking about?" Mommy asked, looking over the inventory sheet.

"Girls' cotton sun frocks, size 7," replied Mrs Hannigan, thoughtfully adjusting her glasses, "also nylon panties, small to medium six." Mommy mused over the report for a few seconds, then appeared to come to a decision.

"I think I may have a solution," she remarked, looking over in my direction. "Jayden? Could you come over here, please?" Having surreptitiously eavesdropped on the conversation, I had some inkling where this was leading, and already felt considerable trepidation.

"My son's small for his age," Mommy explained in her matter-of-fact tone, "roughly a six, give or take. If the order fits him, we'll know which mannequins we'll need."

"Mommy!" I giggled in mock horror, "I can't wear girls' panties!! I'm a *boy!*!"

My complaints were naturally swept aside as I was led away to the changing booth.

"Nonsense," Mommy replied, guiding me firmly by the wrist "who'll know the difference? Once we get you into a dress, you'll be the prettiest girl in Everdale."

*Who'll know the difference?* I wailed internally. She'd just dragged me past five of my grinning classmates and half the Friday morning crowd. Everyone could see what was going on: by this time next week the news would be all over town.

Mrs H joined us with a brace of knickers folded over one arm. A rush of adrenaline hit my bloodstream as I understood there would no escape, no last minute reprieves. I'd been conscripted as a living mannequin. No matter how much I begged and protested, I'd soon be modeling those shiny satin briefs in public. Mommy flung open the changing booth's curtain, tightening her grip on my forearm as I tried to pull away.

"Mommy, no!" I trilled in a high, quavering voice, "*I'm not a little girl!*"

"You are today," she answered implacably. A small crowd was starting to gather in our vicinity, mostly women with small children, their faces etched with growing amusement. I

tried digging my feet into the carpet, and was rewarded with a sharp, stinging smack to the rear.

"OOOOWWWW!" I yelped, jumping involuntarily forward, "that *hurt!!*"

"It'll hurt a lot *worse* if you don't hold still," Mommy warned, reaching down to peel my t-shirt over my head. A ripple of laughter circulated amidst the onlookers, I heard my name bandied about by several of my erstwhile schoolchums. A moment later, I felt Mommy unbuckling the belt of my jeans.

"No, Mommy, *don't!*" I cried, but put up no resistance, unwilling to risk another spank. She didn't even draw the curtain back across the booth. A few seconds later, I was standing on open exhibition with my jeans lapping around my ankles. My gratuitous striptease had attracted a small but enthusiastic following, onlookers seemed to be appearing from every direction.

"Look how Jayden's *blushing!!*"

This was followed by a high-pitched, girlish cackle. I didn't look around to see who was laughing at me, I wouldn't give them the satisfaction. Turning my back with a childish pout, I presented my smooth, round bottom-cheeks to the milling horde, certain there must have been a bright, red handprint burning through the sheer fabric. Looking me carefully over from stem to stern, Mommy closed the curtains and ordered me out of my underpants. A moment later I was standing naked in the mirror watching a faint crimson tinge spread over my features. My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer, I could still hear the 'audience' murmuring impatiently outside. Word was spreading throughout the entire mall; Jayden Vance was going to model girls' lingerie.

I waited in gilt-edged silence as Mommy sorted through the mass of frilly little remnants she'd laid over the chair. There were *so* many different colors, shapes and styles; which one would she choose?

"OK, now – step into *these*," she instructed, holding out a pair of high-wasted nylon panties. They were a brilliant, glistening white, catching the glare of the overhead fluorescents. I hesitated less than two heartbeats, noting the expression on my mother's face. She was *not* inviting discussion on the matter.

I trembled slightly as the sheer, wispy material touched my bare flesh. Mommy carefully tugged them into position, stretching the elastic leg-bands with an audible *pop*. There were dainty lace trims on each hip and a tiny pink flower sewn into the front. They were an almost perfect match for the frilly pink girl-socks she slipped onto my feet.

"Come out here, so that Mrs Hannigan can take a closer look at you," Mommy said, ushering me out of the booth with a sweeping gesture. My entrance was welcomed with giggles and applause. Giggles because I was so obviously embarrassed, applause because...well, I looked so gosh-darned *pretty*. Most of the women (including some of the floor-staff) were cheering in approval, a slew of wolf whistles issued from the young male quarter.

"Well, what do you think?" Mommy asked, "would you say he passes muster?"

"With *that* petite figure, he's the perfect choice for the job," Mrs H observed, readjusting her glasses further up her nose. Looking back on the incident, I can see she wasn't far off: right up until I hit puberty, I was virtually indistinguishable from a real girl at the best of times.

"All right then, it's settled," Mommy agreed, taking me by the right arm, "let's put you

into one of these dresses."

"Mommy..." I complained, wavering from foot to foot. She took no notice, simply told me to hold my arms straight up over my head. The dress she chose was a drop-waisted yellow sun-frock; slipping easily over my shoulders, it reached to about six inches above the knee. I could feel its cool material swishing quietly against my thighs as I moved.

Mrs H looked me over, exchanging a satisfied nod with my mother.

"You were right," she quipped in an offhand manner, "I guess we can go ahead and requisition some size sevens from the warehouse," I sighed with relief at this, thinking my ordeal was finally over.

"Can I take off these *girlie* things?" I twittered hopefully.

"Not yet," Mommy answered, curling her fingers around my wrist once more. She led me out to the centre of the floor space, affording everyone a better view. More whistles and catcalls erupted from the crowd.

"We're still going to need a display model until the new mannequins arrive," Mommy explained, pushing me reluctantly forward, "that'll be *your* job for the rest of the afternoon."

Just when I thought the day couldn't get any worse, the unthinkable happened. One of my former playmates pushed through to the front, holding up a cheap disposable camera, the kind you can buy from any Quicksnap outlet. Her name was Janet Kessler, she was one grade above me at school.

"Would you like me to take some *pics* of Jayden, Mrs Taylor?" she offered, a mischievous grin plastered across her face. She'd never struck me as being particularly cruel, but right now I'd have sworn she was the most malevolent being on the planet.

Mommy paused to consider this for a few seconds, then appeared to arrive at a decision.

"Yes, good idea," she agreed, leading me toward the lens, "this will look good for the company year book."

"Mommy –"

"Come along."

I tottered along with the dress flailing about my flanks while Janet adjusted the zoom. Mommy tied my hair back with a ribbon, then fussed about with the frock, instructing me to lift the skirt for the camera.

"Hold your dress up to your belly button," she said, "we need a shot of *everything* you're wearing." I gnawed my lower lip in rising consternation.

"But Mommy – *everyone* will see my *panties!*" I stared wildly around the store, blushing to the eyebrows at the ensuing laughter. I cast a final, imploring glance toward my Mother, crimson roses burning on my cheeks. She flutter one hand in a vaguely dismissive gesture.

"That's right, sweet-heart," she nodded, impaling me with her wild blue eyes, "take your dress up over your waist so we can see your underwear." I knew this was not a request, and that any further delay would result in the most *severe* repercussions.

Moaning with embarrassment, I hiked the frock all the way up to my chest. Cries of delight circled round the room as I displayed my shiny white knickers. The camera *whicked* as shot after shot was taken, documenting my silken girlie-pants from every possible direction. I flinched with each blaze of the flash bulb, imagining how the photos would look, pinned to the school notice board when the new semester began.

"Higher. And *smile* for the camera, Jayden!"

I raised the hemline all the way to my chin, feeling my pulse slam into overdrive. What was I doing?! This morning I'd been a *boy*, as bright and boisterous as any other. Now I was a *lassie*, a *girlie*, a...*lingerie model*! How had this happened, what had gone wrong? Never in a million years had I imagined I'd find myself modeling *Girls' Knickers* in public!

[Contents](#)

## INTERSECTIONS

Erica Lakehurst

My name is Erica Lakehurst. This is my story. I doubt anyone will believe it, but I need to tell someone. Here is as good a place as any to start. It is a difficult story to tell and even harder to accept, but I hope it will strike a note with at least a few readers.

I was born with a condition called pseudo-hermaphroditism. Exceedingly rare in Western society, it is *supposedly* caused by mutation of the 5-alpha reductase gene. Basically, I am biologically male, but have appeared female since birth.

I was raised as a girl for six years before my condition was diagnosed. Our family physician noticed something anomalous about my genitalia and referred my parents to a specialist. After they ran some tests, they confirmed that I was genetically male.

This was difficult for both my parents to accept, especially my father. I recall him asking my mother if there were any other freaks in her family. Over the next few years he became increasingly remote, barely acknowledging my existence at all.

My mother did her best to deal with the situation, although she wasn't sure whether to treat me as a boy or a girl. Our doctor explained to her that I would develop male sexual characteristics during puberty, but until that time, they should continue raising me as a female.

Mom asked him if the psychological adjustment would be difficult for me. He said replied that puberty was problematic for any child, but I'd make a successful transition once my testosterone levels began to increase.

During all of these consultations, no one ever asked me whether I wanted to be male or female. I suspect my feelings were considered irrelevant. The endocrinologists regarded me as an interesting case study, usually discussing me in the third person. My Mom treated me very well, but she was under tremendous stress from my father. He'd begun drinking heavily and often denied I was his child, accusing Mom of having extramarital affairs.

Word eventually got round my school that I was "different." Almost overnight, I was targeted by schoolyard bullies while my teachers turned a blind eye. Various parental groups demanded I be removed from the school, believing I was somehow a threat to the other children. I was denied access to both male and female bathrooms. Instead, I was instructed to use an adult disabled toilet down the hall from the staff room.

I remained friends with several of my female classmates, but as time went by, I became increasingly isolated. The bullying and name-calling gradually gave way to more vicious forms of harassment. I was afraid to get on the school bus in the mornings, as there were a number of boys who sexually assaulted me on a regular basis.

Two of them would hold me down on the seat, while the other three raised my skirt,

pulled off my panties and spread my legs to expose me to the other children. This went on for several months until a new bus driver took over our route. She intervened on her first day, threw the boys off the bus and reported them to the Principal. It was perhaps the first time I'd experienced the kindness of a stranger, and it left a lasting impression.

By the time I was nine, my mother was addicted to tranquilizers and my father was a full-blown alcoholic. A drink-driving accident left him crippled on the left side of his body and requiring constant supervision. A former serviceman, he was placed in a repatriation hospital, where he went into rapid decline. My mother suffered a severe nervous breakdown shortly after and released me to child services while she underwent treatment. I never saw either of them again, though I believe my mother is still alive.

I was placed in a foster home for 16 months. It was run by two of the most sadistic individuals I've ever encountered. While they abused every child in their care, I was singled out for special attention due to my "abnormal physiology." I won't discuss what they did to me here, as the memories are too disturbing.

Shortly after my tenth birthday, child services located a female relative who was willing to take me on. She was introduced as my Aunt Julie, although she was only distantly related to my mother through marriage. As she was a total stranger, I felt some trepidation at the prospect of living with her, but reasoned that it would have to be better than the foster home.

At this point, my life became even more bizarre than ever. Aunt Julie was a successful but highly eccentric clothing designer. Her business catered to high profile clientele, many of whom were attracted as much to her unconventional life-style as to her private labels. She invested a great deal of time and energy into various unusual projects. It turned out that I was one of them.

As she later admitted, she only adopted me because of my medical condition. She was utterly fascinated by the concept of a male born with female attributes, and wanted to witness my anatomical transformation first hand. She also had the idea of marketing an "intersexual" clothing line, based on my crossgendered appearance. It was during this period that I discovered she was more or less stark raving mad.

Despite this observation, I noticed she had her lucid moments, and we got on very well from the start. She was the only person who ever asked me if I'd rather be a boy or a girl. When I inquired whether boys were allowed to dress *au femme* in public, she simply replied "I've got a *Rolls*. You can dress any way you want."

I entered puberty the following year, and began developing secondary male characteristics. Aunt Julie was quite intrigued by the process, and often had me strip completely naked so she could examine my hybrid genitalia at close range. I had no real objection to this, as she had been using my body as a dress-maker's mannequin for over a year by that point. She had also introduced me to a variety of games involving nudity and sexual humiliation, the kind which only a truly disturbed mind could conceive.

You might be wondering why I'm so flippant about this. The answer is simple. After the traumas of my early childhood – especially my time in state care – I had built up an immunity to physical and emotional abuse. Aunt Julie was certainly crazy, but compared to my foster parents, she was never cruel or vicious. In addition, like most children my age, I was sexually precocious, and my Aunt allowed me to satisfy my curiosity in a safe and non-threatening manner.

My transition from female to male occurred in fits and starts. As mentioned above, most pseudo-hermaphrodites turn male during puberty, but I was an unusual case. Due to my malfunctioning 5AR gene, my system never produced enough testosterone to complete the transformation. By the age of twelve, I was stuck in a kind of twilight zone between genders. I had a slender figure and nascent breasts, but I also had an enlarged clitoris protruding from my labia. It was only visible when I was aroused; at all other times, it receded back into my body.

My specialist recommended hormone treatment, as he believed I should at least resemble a biological male, even if I'd never be able to function as one. For my part, I was extremely reluctant to undergo endocrinal therapy by this stage. It wasn't simply that I'd grown up as a girl and was completely socialized to the role. More importantly, Aunt Julie had introduced me to the joys of femininity – make up, lipstick, high heels, lingerie; all the things that make a girl's life worth living.

Fortunately, my Aunt had no desire to give up her living sex doll either, so she simply took me to another specialist – one who was more sympathetic to my situation (it is amazing how much sympathy can be bought with just a few thousand dollars). In the end, I underwent extensive hormone therapy – only with estrogen rather than testosterone. Over the next four years, I blossomed in a lush, ripe intersexual, though very few people even suspected I wasn't exactly female. After I graduated high school, I went on to study art – inspired to some degree by Julia's example – while by night I began patronizing various fetish clubs and nightspots, seeking to widen my sexual horizons.

What does the future hold? Who can say? If experience had taught me only one thing so far, it's that literally nothing is ever set in stone...

[Contents](#)

## **THE THRIFT SHOP**

Erica Lakehurst

One of the very few benefits to my medical condition is that I can easily pass as an anatomical female. As previously mentioned, by the time I reached my mid-teens, I was physically indistinguishable from any other teenaged girl, even – in some cases – under the most intimate of circumstances.

Consequently, I've always been free to go lingerie shopping as a woman, as quite literally, nobody can tell the difference. This has often stood to my advantage, especially during my student years.

Back in art school, I often worked Friday afternoons at a second hand place called The Good Samaritan. This was a mutually beneficial arrangement: they received much-needed volunteer assistance, while I got first choice of any new items that came in.

Sometimes, it was like winning the lottery – I'd occasionally come across a brand new set of underwear for a fraction of the normal retail price. I can't emphasize how much of a god-send this was for a cash-strapped art student barely making ends meet from one week to the next.

At the time, bras and panties were easy enough to come by, but good-quality stockings

and garterbelts seemed to be very few and far between. I was always on the lookout for the genuine article, the kind with metal connectors at the end of the suspenders (modern-day garter-belts are designed more for decoration than practical use – they might look pretty, they tend to fall apart after a few weeks).

One lazy Friday afternoon during the mid-year lull, I asked my boss – Sonia by name – if heavy-duty English-style suspender belts ever came into stock. She told me that classic waist-cinchers were fairly rare these days, but something always came in every now and then. By that time I'd become friends with all of the regular staff, and they agreed to keep an eye out for me.

About a month later, I dropped in to help sort out the recent donations, and Sonia told me that a matching set of lingerie had turned up a few days before. They'd put it aside for me, knowing I'd be in that afternoon. When she took me into the back room to show me, I was pleasantly surprised (delighted, actually) by what they'd found.

It was a brand-new Signature selection from Whispers in Lace, complete with matching garter belt and several pairs of French heels. The underwear was alabaster white and the hosiery was black, dark brown and tan. It was unbelievably beautiful and had obviously never been worn – I estimated I was looking at over \$200 worth of lingerie.

When I asked Sonia how much they wanted for it, she said I could have the entire set for free – it was her way of showing appreciation for the hours I put in every week. She had one condition though: everyone was dying to see how I'd look in suspender stockings, so I had to model them for the entire staff. Sonia had even picked out a pair of black stilettos to go with the set (again, totally free of charge).

After we closed the store for lunch, I disappeared into the change room while everyone settled down to enjoy the show. There were a number of older men working in the store that day, but I didn't mind; we were all friends and they were old enough to be my grandfather (although I'm not sure they would have enjoyed the parade quite so much if they'd known anything about my medical history).

When I emerged from the change room, everybody started whistling like an old-fashioned burlesque show. It was a fun, light-hearted affair with a lot of faux lechery from the male staff. I strutted around with my hands on my hips for a while, posing in my knickers and blowing kisses at the "audience."

The panties and garter belt were an almost perfect fit, though the bra was slightly undersized. Sonia said they could probably adjust it with the sewing machine, so she stepped up and measured me right there on the main floor of the show room. I think that was the best part of the performance; I heard the "crowd" trading chuckles and whispers as Sonia slipped the measuring tape around my breasts (needless to say, the bra stayed on throughout the entire episode).

I repeated this performance several times during my three years at Good Samaritan. Eventually, Sonia asked me if I would model my underwear at a local fund-raiser – a request I was perfectly willing to grant, considering how generous they'd been with me. I appeared with several other young volunteers, including Sonia's grand-daughter, modeling outfits contributed by nearby businesses. The event was a runaway success, earning more than \$5000 in donations (not bad for a downtown opportunity shop).

To this day, *none* of them are aware that their star attraction wasn't one hundred percent female.



[Contents](#)

# TICKLED PINK!

Trina Van Leehten

## 1.

Let me say this from the outset:

Coming from a large, extended family with dozens of relatives, my childhood was an epic of non-stop *tickling*. Most of our people emigrated from Eastern Europe, eventually settling into the same neighborhood, which meant there were always plenty of kids around on weekends and holidays.

Our folks took turns taking care of us after school, sometimes sending an older cousin over to keep an eye on us. This was a favored tradition from the old country, where everybody in seemed to be related by blood or marriage. The majority of our babysitters were relatives, but our all-time favorite minder at the time was our "long lost" cousin Karla.

Karla Jeygensen was three years my senior, making her around fifteen when she started babysitting my sisters and I. We quickly discovered she was a world-class tickler, and while we all fell victim to her torturous fingertips at one time or another, I soon became her prime target – mainly because I did *everything* in my power to provoke her most of the time. Why? Well, let's just say I had my reasons. My folks always said I was just starved for attention, but we *all* knew my need for acceptance ran much deeper than that.

I guess I need to explain a little about myself.

I wasn't simply a middle child. Like many kids born in the Courtland Valley, I entered this world slightly ... incomplete. There are various words used to describe my condition – hermaphrodite, androgyne or intersexual being amongst the most common – though none of them are completely accurate. To put it in the simplest possible terms, I'm a boy who looks like a girl. While I was *born* genetically male, I appeared *anatomically* female in virtually every respect. Only the specialists could tell the difference, and *then* only after extensive examinations and testing. The medical literature connects it to an industrial accident back in the fifties, which released several thousand tons of insecticide into the local environment – much of which consisted of conjugated estrogens. The result was an ecological disaster and several generations of transsexual children – *tranzies* in the regional parlance – of which *I* happen to be a prime example.

The condition effects something like one in seven males in the Courtland district, meaning that I really wasn't seen as anything out of the ordinary at the time (religious fanatics and right-wing nutjobs notwithstanding). Tranzies had become a fixture in my hometown decades before, and my parents were willing to raise me as a girl during early childhood. So did everyone else.

Which is where cousin Karla comes in.

As the proverbial black swan of our family – an archetype gothic art student with a 'take no prisoners' attitude – Karla had my number from day one, and never failed to remind me who was in charge. It made absolutely no difference what my preferred pronoun was: she utterly refused to put up with even the slightest hint of rebellion on my part. If I started something, I could be darned sure she'd finish it.

And believe it or not, that suited me just *fine*.

Being the middle child in the family, I was slightly starved for attention, and usually acted out in chronic misbehavior. I was also a budding tomboy (a lethal combination back in those days), so I was always getting into some kind of trouble. Karla was somewhat on the rough-and-tumble side as well, making her the perfect foil for my frequent escapades. In common with most little 'girls,' I enjoyed a good tickling every now and then, but more importantly, I loved Karla's undivided attention whenever she dropped round for the afternoon.

I think she picked up on it early on, because she started "punishing" my high jinx with *extremely* long tickling sessions, sometimes lasting more than fifteen minutes with intermittent breathers. My sisters, Tanya and Lydia, usually joined in the festivities, making sure I never got off too lightly. Much as I dreaded these protracted marathons, I still looked forward to Karla's weekly visits and often *dared* her to chase me down for a tickling. I simply could not help myself; I always believed that I'd get away with it *this* time.

From the very start, I urged her on with incessant mischief. At first, she would jokingly warn me off, threatening me with the most diabolical torments imaginable. Naturally, this would only make me more determined to push the limits as far as possible. Within a few seconds, I'd be playing the nuisance while she tried to read a book on the sofa (or whatever). I never knew when the warnings were going to run out (that was a crucial part of the excitement), so I always screamed like a banshee when my ordeal began.

*No no no don't tickle me!!!*

Once Karla had me secured firmly on her lap, she'd roam her hands all over my body while I shrieked in helpless laughter. My dress would scrunch up around my chest, revealing my plump little torso. Her fingers would dive in immediately, dancing around my ribs and tummy button. Curling up in her arms, I'd try to pull my dress down to conceal my knickers, but by that time there was no escaping those probing digits.

After a minute or so she'd allow me to catch my breath. I'd lay panting against her shoulder, face flushed with embarrassed pleasure, bursting into spontaneous giggles every few seconds. She'd ask me if I was going behave, to which I'd nod in breathless agreement, begging her to let me go. Of course, her arms were still wrapped tight around me, holding me firmly in place. This was little more than a brief respite, and I was well aware that the *real* tickling had yet to begin.

Having concluded the warm-up, Karla would proceed to the Never-Ending Foot-Tickle. This was accomplished by laying me on the floor with my feet propped up on her lap. Holding my ankles together with one hand, she would draw her finger-tips down my soles in long, teasing strokes. Shill peals of laughter would explode from my throat as I bucked about in a wild attempt to get away. Needless to say, it was a completely wasted effort; once Karla had my feet in her iron grip, there was no evading my just deserts. Once again, my dress would slip all the way down to my shoulders, allowing everyone in the room a generous view of my floral print panties. The sheer embarrassment of having my thighs, knickers and belly on display was *almost* as bad as the tickling itself.

The commotion usually brought my sisters to the living room, where they enjoyed a front row seat to the evening's entertainment. Both would spur Karla on with the greatest of enthusiasm, giggling at my hopeless predicament. Sometimes they would actually come over and hold my arms down on the carpet so I couldn't pull my frock down over my panties (they always found that part hysterically funny). As the name implied, the Never-

Ending Foot Tickle seemed to continue throughout eternity, though it probably lasted no more than five minutes at the most.

That is, at least until I reached my early teens. That was when things took a turn for the ... *interesting*, so to speak.

## 2.

By the time I entered high school, I'd developed an overpowering crush on my older cousin. Dark, brooding and immensely talented, she was everything I aspired to be. Viewed by our family as a rebel and an outcast, she'd nonetheless won a Fulbright scholarship to Chamberlain University, taking up a major in Fine Art. By the end of her second year, she had secured three additional grants, making her one of the best-funded students in the state.

As Karla's prestige grew in the local media, I struggled up the academic ladder at Ridgewick High School, determined to score the highest grades possible and win a few awards of my own. My childhood had been spent in competition with my sisters, but now I was determined follow in my *cousin's* footsteps.

The thought of studying art at Chamberlain University horrified my folks in ways that no human language could possibly describe (OMG, why can't she study something with a *future* – like typing or shorthand? She can study art once she's established her own career – forty years isn't *that* long to wait), but I'd set my heart on the idea and utterly *refused* be deterred.

At much the same time, their attitudes towards Karla had begun to soften, particularly since she'd been offered candidacy in the Master's Program, along with a part time lecturing position at The Chamberlain Center For The Arts. In the space of five short years, she'd gone from an unspeakable family secret to a recognized and respected figure within the local art scene.

Following a sell-out solo exhibition at The Pretentious Gallery, she was able to set herself up in a second-story apartment over her own private studio, proving once and for all that she was the creative prodigy we'd been claiming all along (as opposed to a shiftless, deadbeat parasite leaching off her own family, can you say *Hallelujah?*).

I guess that was why my parents finally allowed me to visit Karla up in Chamberlain. They still had some reservations about letting me spend an entire week with her – old reputations die hard, or so I'm told – but I was now in my senior year and needed to spend some time in the big city. I was almost eighteen and would be attending university the following March.

After all, what was the worst thing that could happen? We were cousins; life long friends, thick as thieves. Yeah, we'd be fine, she'll take me out to the university, introduce me to all the staff, show me around the city. Then I'd have a head start for the New Year.

Speaking for myself, I was far more interested in the raves and nightclubs of the Westside, to say nothing of the malls and plazas I'd heard so much about. I'd spent virtually all of my life in Ridgewick, and while it wasn't exactly Hicksville, I was desperate to cast off the shackles of parental supervision. I viewed the upcoming excursion as an adventure of Homeric proportions, and as things turned out, I was completely right – though not *quite* in the way I expected.

What was the worst thing that could happen?

I would discover *that* very soon indeed.

### 3.

The first day went extremely well. Karla picked me up at Grand Central and took me out for lunch at The Esplanade, remarking on how much I'd changed since our last reunion. We caught up on all the family gossip and exchanged the most outrageous lies about our various siblings.

We then took a leisurely stroll around the inner city with its arcades and cathedrals and vast, towering skyscrapers. Chamberlain came as a revelation to me, a shimmering vision of glass and steel and concrete, its streets clamoring with trams and buses and roaring subway lines. Hidden music wavered from every storefront and widow display, vying with curbside musicians and bandstand performers. Even the traffic lights blared their warnings in coded electronic voices, cycling above the din and chaos of the early afternoon.

And the people! There seemed to be *millions* of them, sprinting from crosswalk to lamplight, subway to stairwell, pillar to post in a gushing stream of grappling knees and elbows. It was a meandering tide of humanity, streams of faces and rivers of flesh, crammed into asphalt causeways that could barely contain them. I stared in heartfelt wonder at this kaleidoscope of on-rushing bodies, astonished that so many could exist in so confined a space.

The most amazing part – for me at least – was that nobody in Chamberlain knew I was a *tranzie* – nobody apart from Karla, and she wasn't about to go crowing it from the rooftops. She understood how I felt: back in Ridgewick, I was embraced and accepted, even *loved* on my own terms in many respects...but I would never be viewed as normal. That was the nature of small-town society. Deep down in the ragged shreds of the human soul, beneath all the tolerance and civility, I would always be marked as *One of Them*. An outsider, an intruder, a stranger. A Not Quite Right.

Here in this sprawling metropolis, I could finally be the girl I'd always wanted to be. Not a spook, not a quiff, not a freak of nature. A *girl*.

I spent the night nestled between cool cotton sheets in the spare room, drifting off to sleep with the ambient noise of the city lulling through the bedroom window. I thought fleetingly of my parents, my sisters, my friends. My sweet provincial existence at the edge of civilization. It was a good life, a *wonderful* life as Jimmy Stewart once said, but I was growing up, and there was so much more to experience in this world.

The following morning, Karla agreed to take me out to Chamberlain Mall – ostensibly to stock up on food and groceries, though she knew I was eager to go cruising the fashion salons out along Centennial Drive. There'd be literally nothing within my price range, but that made no difference whatsoever. Even a hicktown girl like me I knew that window shopping didn't cost a cent.

While we were getting ready, Karla entered the room, shrugging on her black leather Brando jacket, then glanced around the floor as if something had evaded her attention. After a few moments, she picked up my tote-bag and started sorting through it.

"May I *help* you?" I asked, knitting my brows in mock disapproval.

"Put on the girliest things you have in your suitcase," she replied, apropos of nothing, "something pink with puffy sleeves and lots of frills."

"You kidding?" I demanded indignantly.

"Nope. Half the stores out here offer discounts to kids under fifteen."

"I'm *seventeen!*" I protested crossly, assuming The Defiant Stance with my fists planted firmly on my hips. What did she think I was, an infant?

"Suit yourself," she shrugged indifferently, and turned towards the door, zipping up her jacket as if my needs were of no consequence. And like any other girl my age, I took *great* offense at such cavalier treatment –

And immediately reconsidered.

Quite suddenly, I found myself estimating how much extra I could pack into my carry-all when I went home at the end of the week. Girls' clothes could look extremely mature depending on the label, and with my slight frame I could pass for a young teen on a good day (which this was clearly shaping up to be). Perhaps I *had* been a little too hasty...on this occasion, at least.

"Well," I sulked with all the feigned reluctance of a prom queen on her first date, "what do you think I should wear?"

Nodding to herself in wry satisfaction, Karla picked up the bag and started scrabbling through it again. After a few moments, she pulled out a sheer, cotton sunfrock; one I'd squirreled away in the event of unseasonably warm weather. No ruffles, no flounces, no frills, but it was the perfect shade of pink for what we had in mind.

"This," she said, and handed it to me.

#### 4.

I must've tried on at least two dozen dresses as we made our way through the fashion district, and Karla had been completely right – there were plenty of sales and mid-season knock-downs in the specialty stores.

Karla played her part perfectly, assuming the role of the bored but indulgent elder sibling, sitting patiently through all of my impromptu catwalk parades. Some of the younger sales assistants were impressed by her casual charm and raffish good looks (causing me more than a few pangs of jealousy), though she did very little to actually encourage them.

After the first twenty minutes or so, I realized I had no reason to complain. As Karla had predicted, most of them took me for a twelve year-old and treated me with the kind of deference accorded to a Disney Princess. I was practically inundated with miniskirts, tanktops, stretch-jeans and stiletto heels (as I said, kids' fashions these day could be alarmingly mature), none of which I was capable of resisting.

By the end of the day, I must have maxed out at least three of my parents' credit cards. There would be a great deal of explaining to do when I got home, but I'd already decided to cross that particular bridge when I eventually came to it.

The last thing I bought was a pair of frilly pink girl-socks; the kind with a sheer, nylon instep and a delicate lace trim around the ankle. They were about the cutest little things I'd ever seen outside of *Cosmo* magazine, and they were a perfect match for my breezy cotton sundress.

"Let *me* pay for those," Karla remarked with an admiring glance, then beckoned the attendant over with a discrete wave of her hand. The vaguest hint of a smile crossed her

lips, though I didn't notice it at the time. I was too busy liberating the socks from their garish plastic coverings. I wanted to try them on, right there in the store, and wear them all the way home.

I never inquired as to how much they cost, and Karla never offered to tell me. I had, however, incurred a somewhat exorbitant debt for that morning's adventures – one which I would be *extremely* reluctant to pay. All the same, this was one loan I would be forced to compensate at triple the interest...probably more. Karla would see to that.

"Ready to go?" she asked, lips still curved in that faintly pernicious smile.

I wasn't ready to go anywhere, not by a country mile, but I couldn't afford to press my luck or my dwindling finances any further.

"Okay," I nodded, gathering up my rag-tag collection of designer labels, high-heel pumps and patented leather accessories. Karla leaned down to scoop up two armloads of gaudy, gift-wrapped trinket boxes, and we headed out towards the car park. The sales attendant saw us off as we left the building, though for some unknown reason, I suspected that her brilliant farewell smile wasn't really intended for me.

## 5.

The moment we arrived home, Karla told me to leave the merchandise in the living room; we had the rest of the day before us and I could check it all out later on. At the time, I mused on how she had no understanding of how the teenaged psyche worked, but with the benefit of hindsight, I realize now how wrong I was.

To this day, I have no idea why I followed her into the bedroom like a deer into a hunting blind. She made no motion, gave no sign that my presence was required. She simply sauntered through the open doorway, slumping off her jacket and hanging it on the cedar wall rack, the way she'd done a zillion times before.

Maybe I was curious. I maybe I wanted to talk. Maybe I just wanted her attention. But when she turned around, I was already climbing onto her queen-sized double bed, stretching myself comfortably out on the quilted satin. I wondered absently how I must have looked, a slender young girl in a flimsy pink dress, wide of eye and sleek of limb; a teen who could pass as a child with her thick blonde hair tied back in bright yellow ribbons. The sales attendant had thought I was twelve. How old did I look to –?

Before I had time to pursue this chain of thought, Karla had seated herself beside me, carelessly rolling her sleeves back to the elbow.

"Lie back for a moment," she said, inclining her head in my direction, "stretch your feet out this way."

"Why?" I asked, following her instructions with barely a second thought.

"Because it's time for your *tickling*," she replied, as if the answer were blindingly obvious.

I blinked my eyes in a classic double take.

*What?*

## 6.

At this point in my life, I thought that tickling was a thing of the distant past. I was seventeen, a woman in my own right; I couldn't be tickled like an errant six year old. The thought never even crossed my mind until Karla sat down next to me, effortlessly seizing my feet in preparation for the evening's festivities.

Then my eyes bulged in sudden comprehension.

"Wh – what? *No!* Karla, don't!" The last word disintegrated into an hysterical giggle, a long quavering note of a hopeless laughter. I drew my legs back in rising panic, but it was already too late: the decision had been made and my destiny was sealed. As previously mentioned, Karla was a virtuoso who could play my body like a violin. Once she had me in her grasp, no amount of squirming or struggling would avert my fate.

*I'm going to be tickled!*

The thought raced through my head like a clarion, flashing on and off in huge neon letters while Karla made herself comfortable on the bed. She moved with an insulting lack of haste, clapping my ankles together in one hand and grazing the soles of my feet with the barest touch of her fingertips.

And then it began.

Karla's touch was light, teasing, almost non-existent, but the effect was instantaneous. A bolt of electric fire seemed to shoot through my legs and thighs and belly, galvanizing my entire nervous system. I screamed in helpless outrage, whipping my head from side to side in a frenzy. There were few things I hated more than having my feet tickled against my will; it made me feel like a small, defenseless child.

"No! Karla, *stop* it! *Don't!*"

I started writhing in her adamant grip, my tangled blonde hair flailing wildly about my face. I tried curling myself into a tight, impregnable ball, dragging myself to the top of the bed, *anything* to avoid this forthcoming humiliation. It was all a pointless charade, Karla was light years ahead of me. She'd had years to perfect her technique and was well-acquainted with my delaying tactics.

She started out tracing tiny little circles on my stockinged insteps, prompting ripples of laughter from my tightly strung diaphragm. There was a subtle art to tickling, a set of protocols to be followed without flaw or deviation. She'd been looking forward to this moment for months – possibly years – and *nothing* could be left to chance. This would be an epic for the ages, an ordeal beyond human endurance.

Karla began dialing the tension by slow degrees, allowing her fingers to play over my curling arches like a classical soloist. She was tuning me up like a Stradivarius, straining my pitch to the breaking point. Time appeared to dilate in ways unknown to modern physics: seconds passed like minutes, minutes like hours, trickling away to the infinite as the afternoon wore on. I lay trapped on the bed while Karla ravished my unprotected soles...

and there was absolutely no escape!

"*Don't! Don't!*" I cried, "*No more!!*" My face blazed with reluctant pleasure, I could barely draw a breath between each keening wail. How long had I been lying here, weaving and sobbing and pleading for mercy? It seemed like forever, though I knew we'd only just begun.

*"Stop it! Please Karla, I've had enough, please, no more –"*



"Just another five minutes," Karla replied in the magnanimous tones of a feudal queen. Holding my feet in one firm hand, she slipped her fingers down the exact center of both soles. I wailed in delicious agony, knowing this was going to last *far* longer than five minutes. She'd never let me off so lightly in the past and had no reason to begin now.

The torment spiraled on through the late afternoon, minute after torturous minute, as the shadows stretched across the floorboards and the sun dipped towards the horizon. The late autumn calm was shattered by my ear-splitting yells; I could well imagine pedestrians in the street outside craning their necks towards our upstairs window.

"Stop it! Don't! It tickles, it *tickllleeees* –"

My cheeks were glistening with tears. I screamed at the top of my voice, shrieking in protest at this abject degradation. She'd been tickling me for nearly half an hour now, stroking my feet with the ease of long practice. I pitched and yawed in that relentless grip, giggling and pleading for mercy as the endless torment continued.

"No! No! Karla, don't! I can't *stand* it –"

"Oh, I think you can stand a *little* more," Karla replied amiably enough, running her fingertips along my slender insteps. I kicked and bucked on the bedspread, twisting from the hips in my frenzy to escape. All to no avail; Karla was utterly intractable, as she'd proven on numerous occasions in the past. I lapsed into another spasm of hopeless laughter.

Why was she doing this? I hadn't teased her, hadn't provoked her, hadn't misbehaved in any way! I didn't deserve this! I wasn't a little girl any more, I shouldn't be treated like one. This was worse, a *thousand* times worse than when I'd been a child.

Yet at the same time... it was also a thousand times *better*.

Tickling has always been a bit of a paradox for me. There's just something about that overwhelming sense of helplessness – of *vulnerability* – that sets my heart racing whenever I think about it. I suspect most young women feel the same way, even *tranzies* like myself. I'd fight and struggle and kick with all my strength, but no matter what I did, I simply couldn't escape. And eventually I'd just surrender myself to the inevitable and let her fingers have their way with me. Because that's what I wanted all along. I loved being helpless, loved being held down and tickled into complete submission.

And most of all, I loved *her*.

## 7.

Karla abruptly transferred her zone of interest, applying her fingers to my underarms. Gaping with shock, I squirmed and bucked from stem to stern, desperate to evade those flickering digits. Karla nodded in open satisfaction, enjoying the texture of my soft, ivory flesh. Having concluded with the *entrée*, it was time to move on to the *plat principal*. A three-course banquet in which my body would be served up as the main dish.

"No, please, no more Karla, it's too much –"

Tacitly ignoring my pleas, Karla shifted me carefully into place, spreading me out on the bedspread with my hands by my sides. Before I realized what was happening, she had mounted my supine form like a rodeo rider, straddling my waist and pinning both my arms between her thighs. I started shrieking at the top of my lungs, knowing I was utterly helpless. My dress gradually rode up over my waist, showing off a smooth expanse of

sleek, white belly. Never one to miss an opportunity, Karla seized the advantage, tickling my ribs and tummy and belly.

"Nooooo!!" I screamed as those long, probing fingers slipped over my smooth, virgin flesh: *Karla no don't STOP IT I don't want to be tickled!* It was all so unjust! Karla was in her mid-twenties, tall and athletic (and drop-dead beautiful, let's not forget that). I was barely seventeen; slim, petite and temptingly fragile. There was no contest whatsoever. I was her pet, her toy, her little blonde plaything. She could torture me until I wept in hapless shame...

Which was *precisely* what she did.

An expert in her chosen field, Karla was exceptionally thorough, visiting each of my most sensitive areas over and over until I couldn't stand another second – at which point, she subjected me to *another* twenty minutes of ruthless, irresistible tickling.

I'll never understand how I managed to survive that treadmill of horrors!

## 8.

After close on a billion eternities, Karla finally allowed me to take a breather. I lay gasping and panting on the satin bed cover, knowing that the reprieve was only temporary, that the Never Ending Tummy Tickle was merely the warm up for the main event. It always *had* been.

"All right," Karla remarked in casually offhand tones, "I'll let you decide for yourself this time. Where do you want to be tickled next?"

"I don't want to be tickled *anywhere!*"

Karla's fingers immediately found my ribcage, subjecting me to five endless minutes of wailing delight. I writhed and thrashed in her merciless grasp, pleading for mercy until my eyes overflowed with liquid mirth.

"Are we going to behave?" Karla asked in a husky whisper, looking down at me with that wide, crimson grin etched on her features. I gasped in the affirmative, barely managing to catch my breath. I would have agreed to anything by that point. My heart was racing with anticipation. I knew there was more to come, there *had* to be, but what did she have in mind?

"OK, then," she said, helping me sit up on the bedcover, "undo the back of your dress and take it off."

*Nooooooo*, I moaned to myself, but I was already reaching back to unclasp the first button. Despite my overwhelming trepidation, I was tingling from crown to heel, knowing precisely what came next.

Karla was going tickle me in my *underwear*, just like I was a little girl.

The memories came flooding back: the nibbled earlobes, the gobbled tummy-buttons and the delicious torture inflicted on my half-naked body, night after night. Stripped all the way down to my panties like a mischievous six year-old, weeping wailing and begging for it to stop while my sisters cackled with raucous laughter. Promising, swearing on my grandma's soul that I was sorry: yes, really, TRULY sorry; I'll never do it again, I'll never do *anything* ever again, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to die. Screaming over and over that I'd had enough, that I couldn't take another second, that I was about to explode, all the while

knowing that the tickling was going to wheel on and on throughout the evening and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it!

Once I'd loosened the back of my dress, Karla leaned forward, taking the hem in both hands, and slipped it up over my head in a single fluid movement. It peeled off like a glove turning inside-out, leaving me in nothing but my bra and panties. I crossed my hands over my cleavage, wild roses blazing on my cheeks. I didn't feel seventeen. I didn't even feel twelve. I felt like a tiny, little girl facing the longest tickling of her life.

And for all the dread, all the apprehension, all the lip-biting *anxiety* I felt at that moment...

I couldn't wait for it to begin.

## 9.

Tossing the dress over her shoulder, Karla settled me back into the bed, making me lie full length with my arms by my side. I was literally quivering with suspense, knowing what I was in for. My feet were sensitive in the extreme, but my ribs were a hundred times worse. It's almost impossible to explain what I was feeling at that moment. My head was whirling with unwilling pleasure, the pulse was racing in my ears. Karla shifted me into position, ignoring my high-pitched, panting giggles: *No, don't, please no, I'm terribly ticklish there, please don't -*

Karla wasn't listening. She was having far too much fun preparing for the afternoon's girl-tickling festivities. Smiling expectantly, she straddled my hips again, locking my arms into place but leaving my smooth, naked tummy completely exposed. I began to flail about on the bed, howling like a banshee: in a few seconds, those lean, playful fingers would begin stroking my belly.

*"NO!! STOP IT, DON'T TICKLE MEEEEEE!!"*

"What are you screaming about?" Karla laughed, "I haven't even touched you yet." Her hands were poised directly over my torso, ready to descend. She was teasing me, stretching out the moment to unbearable lengths. I pounded my heels on the bedcover, whipped my head from side to side. It was so unfair! Karla was so much stronger than me, she could hold me down and tickle my tummy 'til I was blue in the face. Effortlessly. Worst of all, I would have to put up with it, no matter how long it took.

"All right, let's get started," Karla said. Her hands darted towards my stomach, and my torture began anew.

*"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"* I squealed, writhing convulsively in his grasp. I twisted back and forth between her thighs, frantically trying to evade her ruthless fingers. Resistance was futile, needless to say. Those implacable digits were everywhere at once, swarming over my ribs and waist and belly button. I clawed at the blanket, trying to free my arms, but Karla never gave me the chance. She clamped her knees into my sides with an almost casual ease, cutting off all avenue of escape.

*"STOP IT!! KARLA, DON'T, PLEASE, DOOOOOOON'T!!!"*

And on it went, seconds blurring into minutes; minutes blurring into infinity. I lost all track of time, conscious of nothing save the ripple of fingers over supple, ivory flesh. I was in purgatory. A sweet, delicious purgatory I secretly hoped would never end. I shrieked in wordless hysteria, my cheeks wet and streaming. One moment I felt her fingertips circling

the soft bulge of my belly, the next caressing the tiny cup of my navel. Her hands skittered over my ribcage like wicked little spiders, drawing wild screams from my diaphragm.

Have you ever been tickled so hard you'd sell your soul for even one second's relief? It was a humiliation beyond description. Some time later (I think maybe an hour, but I can't be certain), Karla allowed me to catch my breath, pausing long enough to tell me she was going to tickle my feet again. By this time I was too exhausted to object, other than to whisper hopeless entreaties under my breath: *Oh no, not again, I can't stand it any more, you can't tickle my feet now, I've had enough ...*

After a minute or so to get my strength back, she took hold of my small right foot. I immediately began to squirm in his grip, still gasping out pleas for clemency. I didn't *want* to be tickled, didn't *want* to submit myself to Karla's devilish attentions, but I had no choice in the matter. She was going to tickle my innocent young feet whether they liked it or not - frilly little girl-socks and all. Clenching my toes against the next onslaught, I closed my eyes and waited for the inevitable.

Karla gathered both my feet into her left hand and attacked the soles with renewed vigor. She focused on the tender curl of skin at the top of the arch (I call it my T-spot), driving me into a storm of ecstatic laughter. I was her prisoner, her captive, her obedient little tickle-slave. I contorted like a human question-mark, rolling from one side of the bed to the other.

Unfortunately, there was no where to run, nowhere to hide. No retreat from my just deserts. Karla held my ankles in a grip of steel as her fingertips violated my defenseless feet.

*"NO!! NO!! DON'T!! KARLA!! PLEASE!! DOOOOOOONT!!!"*

She tickled me for another hour. No breaks, no rests, no breathers. She tickled my arches, she tickled my soles. She tickled my toes. The spaces between my toes (OMG, how I screamed). My left foot, my right foot, the backs of my knees. I suffered indignity after indignity, sobbing in rapture and begging her to stop over and over again. Sixty minutes of agonized delight, sixty minutes of wailing bliss. I melted in her hands, dissolved into a mass of pure, liquid joy.

Then suddenly, shockingly, it was over.

Karla snuggled me up in her arms, stroking my head and back and bottom. She rocked me back and forth on her shoulder, kissing my cheeks and nibbling on my earlobes to calm me down. We lay together, hugging and kissing like a pair of girls at a slumber party. It was wonderful, the perfect ending to maybe the best afternoon of my life. I'd never realized that tickling could be so exciting, so thrilling, so literally breathtaking. Looking back, I suppose I had come to a cross-roads, a turning point. I never looked at my cousin in quite the same way again, but at the same time, I loved her more than ever.

A few hours later, we were camped out on the sofa, gobbling microwaved popcorn and watching a video (*Sleepless in Philedelphia*, or some other tear-jerking romance). I was curled up in Karla's lap in my pink satin babydoll, she was stroking my cheek and running her fingers through my hair. I felt happy, protected, completely and totally loved.

I asked her why she'd done it, why she'd decided to strip me to my underwear and tickle me for like a million years. Karla glanced down at me and smiled.

"I think it was the socks," she replied, slipping a finger into my belly-button to make me chuckle. And there it was: the socks had been the trigger. Lacy pink girlsocks with a frilly

trim around the ankle. Those pretty little foot-laces had been too darned cute. The temptation had been overpowering, Karla simply had no other choice. She just HAD to tickle me. I had no reason to complain; I had reveled in the outcome.

After all, I suddenly had *everything* I'd ever wanted.

[Contents](#)

# THE PLAYHOUSE

Tracy Lane

Verity Sherman walked down the central colonnade of the Facility, a pretty young woman in a pastel yellow sundress, her full lips pursed with trepidation. It was Monday morning; the Committee was meeting at ten thirty-five to discuss her latest progress report. Verity noted the time with an anxious turn of her wrist. Attendance was mandatory, she couldn't afford to be late by even a few seconds. She quickened her pace to match the pounding in her chest.

The colonnade was a vast expanse of iridescent columns sweeping off into an alabaster limbo. Opalescent pillars loomed on either side, their crystal surfaces glimmering in the muted light. Verity could hear her heels clicking along the vast corridor, remote echoes in the brooding, marble stillness. A fresh summer breeze seemed to flicker along the Italian floor tiles, raising the hem of her dress.

It was a trick, of course. Like everything else in the Facility, the breeze was an illusion, a simple mirage redolent with the scent of grape and honey-suckle. Deception was the only truth in this house of vacant fantasies. Everything here was either a lie, a dream or a nightmare - although the boundaries between the three were somewhat obscure, Verity had come to realize.

In the three months since she'd entered the Program, Verity had been exposed to indignities without number: probes and penetrations; medical procedures which invariably left her shaken and tearful. The invasions never seemed to end. They'd explored her most intimate recesses with a barrage of wicked-looking instruments, delving and touching and pricking and poking until she'd begged them to stop, wailing like a child as each new device was inserted.

Still, there was something worse than all the violations she'd suffered over the past ninety days.

There were the Interviews.

Reaching the end of the colonnade, Verity entered an equally extravagant hallway decorated with Baroque oils - Rembrandts, Van Dykes, Rubens and hundreds of others she'd never heard of. The walls were covered with thick indigo velvet, lending the hall the appearance of some lavish private gallery. Verity wasted no time examining the artwork; she could think about improving her cultural literacy if she survived her probation. As it was, she'd be lucky to make it through the next twenty-four hours with her sanity intact.

Verity wasn't alone in her never-ending pilgrimage through the Hall of Wonders. Like every other candidate in the Reorientation Program, she had a bodyguard assigned to accompany her whenever she moved about the Facility. A combination security guard, escort and prison warder, he rarely spoke, other than to inform her which door to enter or what direction to take.

Verity looked shyly up at the man striding beside her. He was a big, heavy-set veteran in a black business suit, aged perhaps in his mid-thirties. He walked with the precise, measured step of a military serviceman. His dark, impassive face was masked by a pair of reflector sunglasses, enhancing his hard, disciplined bearing. The tag on his lapel read TYLER, F. Verity had often wondered what the 'F' stood for, but had never summoned up

the courage to ask. She was under strict instructions never to engage the bodyguards in private conversation.

They walked past a chain of sumptuous Rococo sculptures depicting the *Rape of Persephone* ('rape' being the operative word in this case), arriving before an enormous oaken door, half as tall as a Los Angeles apartment block. Verity's gaze wandered up to the coat of arms mounting the portal. Painstakingly embossed on the sepia woodgrain was a silver serpent coiled around a cross. The letters 'TVC' were inscribed in gold leaf directly below the shield. Verity had never understood the significance of the crucified snake, but she thought she knew what the initials stood for.

The bodyguard stepped in front of her, his large frame blocking her view of the logo. He must have been at least four feet across the shoulders. Touching a finger to the side of his sunglasses, Tyler F spoke quietly into his comset.

"Miss Sherman's here."

Endless grey silence for several seconds, followed by an equally ominous click: hidden locks turning in varnished oak panel. Verity's knees weakened as she contemplated the reception awaiting her on the other side of that monstrous door. She was dizzy, light headed; almost feverish with fear and expectation. It was a consistent paradox: despite her misgivings, Verity always felt a thrill of excitement as she prepared to face the Committee.

The door opened, evidently of its own volition.

"Go in," Tyler told her dispassionately.

Stealing a final, calming breath, Verity stepped across the threshold.

The Committee Room was roughly the size of a European Nation. The titanic proportions never ceased to amaze her. Walls lined with cedar bookshelves rushed upwards like errant skyscrapers, their lines broken by a series of gigantic frescoes filled with battle scenes, tiger hunts and similar masculine subjects (the paintings were actually state of the art holograms, reproducing the originals right down to the crumbling plaster. As Verity had noted previously, everything in the Facility was an illusion). The thick red carpet was littered with antique furniture of virtually every period; Victorian chaise-longes vied with art nouveau sofas and coffee tables. The place had the feel of an Edwardian gentlemen's club, complete with the disapproving English butler (although such allusions would have been lost on Verity; history had never been her strong point, considering her background).

Picking her way through a forest of Chippendale easy chairs and stalwart black Grandfather clocks, Verity made her way to the far end of the room, where a long mahogany table lay before a row of tall French windows. Thirteen men were seated at the Committee Board, their forms silhouetted by the Autumn sunshine hazing in through the windows. The table was covered with lap-tops, legal files and drinking utensils.

There were a dozen new faces on the Interview Panel. Verity recognized Scott Freeman – the Executive Officer of the Committee – but the remaining twelve were unfamiliar to her. They were all cut from the same cloth, however; affluent young executives with leather jackets, five o'clock shadows and the coolest moves in the space-time continuum. Looks, money and attitude: a devastating combination.

Freeman himself was a supernaturally handsome man with Alpine features and the gaze of a white pointer. Seated at the central position, he dominated the entire room with his Herculean presence, an upstart god resplendent in all his glory. He wore a black leather shirt open to the chest, cuffs and pockets studded with gold. His hands were as smooth and

hard as veined marble, giving the simultaneous impression of superhuman strength and breathtaking sensitivity. A silver-grey Macintosh iBook sat before him, jacked into a terminal in the middle of the desk.

Scott barely glanced up as Verity approached the Table, although she knew from prior experience that he was aware of everything that occurred in the Committee room. A silver-plated comset twined unobtrusively around his temple, his fingers toyed with a tiny grey palm consol, feeding data into the iBook. Leaning forward on his left elbow, he read from the laptop's LCD. His words were brief and clipped, matching the quasi-Edwardian decor of the room.

*"Interview convened at 10.35 AM/ September 15/AST. Subject: Sherman, Verity, JN162054/19C. Category: 19C; Inductee (probationary). Program: Reorientation, level G7A. Authorization: Freeman S/2051A16."*

Scott paused to enter the information into the iBook's data base, then settled back into the ebony depths of his armchair, greeting the 'subject' with a vaguely wolfish smile. Verity felt her spine tense. His manner was taunting, self-assured, almost dismissive.

"Morning, Verity." he began, idly fingering his palmset, "you're looking considerably better than the last time we saw you." He made no move to offer her a seat. His eyes strayed from her face to her belly then up to her breasts. Verity shifted uncomfortably. The sundress was a wisp of fine yellow cotton, her figure must have been visible through the translucent fabric.

"Yes, thank you," she replied to his comment, "I've had a good week; Doctor Wanderly gave me something for the morning sickness." Nausea was one of the more common side effects of Tetragynozine. Most of the 'girls' in her dormitory had suffered some degree of physical discomfort during their transition. At the end of the day, genetic reconfiguration was simply another form of advanced chemotherapy. She'd been lucky to get off so lightly.

"Good," Scott said, absently clicking away on his palmset, "How have you been feeling – emotionally, I mean? Doc Wanderly noted some minor bouts of depression in your last psych report."

"I'm *fine*, thanks," she answered, a little more shortly than she'd intended. She'd been walking the razor's edge most of the week, knowing this meeting was just round the corner. She found these weekly interviews even more invasive than the Psych Unit's daily evaluations.

"Care to talk about it?" Scott enquired mildly, already knowing what her answer would be.

"No," she retorted with just a hint of petulance, then added in a more reasonable tone, "I've already discussed it with Doctor Wanderly." Which was true enough, Wanderly's mindprobes were as exhausting as her daily physicals. Scott nodded, as if he'd expected nothing better from her.

"Well, in that case, we'll get this over with as quickly and painlessly as possible," he remarked off-hand, still wearing that canine grin. Verity braced herself, knowing what to expect now that the formalities had been completed.

"If you'll take off that dress, we can get started."

Verity inhaled sharply, dropping her gaze to the floor. Her previous encounters with the



Committee did nothing to lessen the impact. This was the part of the interview she loathed more than anything else, the thing she'd been dreading all week. Worse still, refusal was out of the question; these impromptu stripteases were obligatory, stipulated in the probationary clauses of her contract.

*God, I hate this*, she thought, feeling the blood rush to her cheeks.

Blushing all the way to her eyebrows, Verity unclipped the back of her dress and started to disrobe. A surge of frustration overwhelmed her system as she removed the frock. It wasn't fair – what right did they have to force her to strip down to her bra and panties this way? No matter how many times she performed this degrading ceremony, she could never adjust to the basic injustice of the situation.

Dropping the dress to the floor, Verity turned to face the Committee, her tummy fluttering with unwilling pleasure. Practically everything she had was on display - she could feel their eyes wandering over her nubile figure. Worse still, she was wearing a lacy white garter-belt with black suspender stockings. Her choice had been an impulse, a thoughtless whim as she'd dressed for breakfast that morning.

Or so she'd told herself.

Pulse racing in her throat, Verity crossed her hands over her cleavage, aware that her high-cut panties were on open exhibition. A perfect match for the garter-belt, they had floral patterns along the sides and a delicate lace trim encircling the waistline. Biting her lower lip in suppressed fury, she raised her face to meet the Committee's steady, probing stare. She stood trembling with expectation, her crystal blue eyes glittering like sapphires. Would they make her take off her brassiere again? They seemed to enjoy watching her squirm with anger.

"Lower your arms to your sides, Verity," Scott said, amiably reading her expression, "and come a little closer. Let's take a look at you."

*Nooooo!* Verity thought, but complied with his command, despising herself for giving in so easily. She stepped forward in her gleaming white underwear, high heels clocking on the varnished wooden floorboards. Her garters stretched along her thighs, tugging gently on the flimsy black stocking-tops. Her bra-strap felt uncomfortably tight across against her pale flesh, her breath came in shallow spurts. Scott nodded in satisfaction. The rest of the Panel scrutinized her with a kind of casual interest. They were enjoying this, she could see it in their mocking smiles.

She halted about six feet from the interview table, electric fire tingling in every nerve in her body. Here she was, posing before them in nothing but her bra, panties and nylons, a curvaceous young woman with wavy blond hair cascading down to her hips. At twenty-one, she looked perhaps five years younger. Her large eyes and small, pouting mouth lent her a soft, childlike appearance. Her cheeks glowed with a delicate rose flush: these weekly inspections were humiliating beyond words. Her mind swirled with conflicting emotions; shame, arousal, fear and outrage.

Scott looked her up and down, waving a hand in her general direction.

"Could you remove your bra please, Verity?"

And there it was.

*I knew it*, she thought, lips curving down into a sulking, little-girl frown. She paused for several seconds, eyes simmering with feminine wrath, then reached back to unclip her brassiere with both hands. Slipping the straps off her shoulders, she removed the sheer lace

cups from her body, indulging the 'Guys' with an utterly heart-stopping view. Her breasts were high and firm and deliciously round. Their large, pink tips were throbbing in time to her racing heartbeat.

She stood with her arms by her sides, the bra swaying gently from her right hand. She felt totally defenseless before their ravenous, masculine gaze. Her nipples were swelling with arousal, she had to fight down the urge to cover them with her red-glossed finger-tips.

"Well," Scott began, leaning back in his chair, "you seem to be making exceptional progress, Verity." He spoke in an infuriatingly superior tone of voice, a rich young god used to getting anything he wanted. He raised his eyebrows disarmingly, as if seeing her stripped to her pants and stockings was the most natural thing in the world.

"Thank you," Verity replied, her face perfectly composed despite the bright spots standing out on her cheeks. She knew Scott was listening for the slightest hint of rebellion in her answer. All of them were. That was point of the interview; to decide how well she was adjusting to her new gender. Anatomically speaking, the 'gynozine therapy had eliminated all traces of masculinity from her physique: indeed, she appeared considerably more 'feminine' than any biological female her age.

Needless to say, the psychological aspects of the process were considerably more complicated. A woman was an extremely complex and enigmatic being; at once passive and rebellious, docile but wayward, innocent yet sensual. Three months of Tetragynozine could alter human DNA, irreversibly transforming a twenty one year-old male into a nubile, adolescent girl, but it couldn't reverse two decades of social conditioning. At the end of the Program, Verity was still exhibiting chronic symptoms of gender rejection, secretly resenting the submissive role she was being forced to play.

Scott was consulting his iBook, scanning through her personal files.

"Your medical reports look rather promising. Chromosomatic structure stabilized, reproductive and endocrinal systems approaching normal parameters. Neural implants functioning." He paused, reading down the screen a few lines, nodding to himself. "Latest test results suggest that you'll start ovulating within the year. Not bad, considering the time frame we were working with. Should be able to take you off the 'gynozine within the next month."

"Does ... does that mean that I'll be released from the Program soon?" Verity ventured, hoping against all logic that this ordeal was finished and she'd have her life back. She realized immediately that her voice had sounded too eager, too ... reproachful. On reflection, she shouldn't have broached the subject at all, it would only raise doubts as to her suitability. As she later discovered, no one was ever truly released from the Program. Even after reconditioning.

"You don't like it here, Verity?" Scott asked, eyes wandering over her breasts. The rest of the Committee were staring at her, their expressions ranging from wry amusement to open suspicion. Several were making notes on their palmsets, others exchanged comments through cupped palms. Verity wilted, feeling small and naked and vulnerable.

"No – I mean yes," she stammered frantically, losing track of her thoughts as the words tumbled over each other, "I've never been happier than I am now – honestly. I ... was just wondering what happens next." She looked down at her gleaming red shoes, hating the hesitant tremor in her voice.

"We've decided that you need a little more time to adapt to your changing

circumstances," Scott commented, returning his attention to the screen, "your psych evaluations have us a little concerned, Verity. According to Doctor Wanderly, you've having trouble accepting your new designation."

"My ... *designation*?" Verity asked uncertainly. She didn't like the direction the conversation was heading. She seemed to be getting in deeper over her head everytime she opened her mouth.

"Your new gender," Scott explained, "your most recent tests confirm that you're resisting your feminine status. 'In denial', as they used to say back in the nineties. That's not unusual at this stage of the treatment. Most of our candidates experience some form of transitional dysphoria following their re configuration."

He spoke down to her like a school master addressing a slow and none-too-promising student. Verity felt a fresh wave of anger strike her head on. He was trying to confuse her with a lot of psychological jargon and hyperbole. As if being required to strip to her underpants wasn't enough, now she was being patronized; treated like an idiot, an imbecile. *A Nute.*

"In short," he concluded, "you don't like being a girl."

Verity opened her mouth to protest her innocence, refute his allegations, but Scott cut her off with a wave of his hand.

"Don't bother denying it, Verity. We all saw the look you gave me when I asked you to take off your bra. You *hate* these interviews, *hate* being made to undress in front of a bunch of strange men, *hate* exposing your body every time you step into this room. You *hate* my smug, contemptuous attitude, and most of all – you *hate* being treated like a woman."

Verity said nothing for several moments, unable to dispute this bald-faced pack of truths. Everything he'd said had been correct. Standing here with nothing but a pair of panties and a garter belt to hide her shame, Verity's anger dissolved into moist, humiliated defeat. She began to nod her head slowly.

"I don't like being a girl," she murmured, mostly to herself. She struggled to control her emotions, knowing that they had been expecting some display of weakness. She'd broken down six times over the past month (each incident no doubt recorded in Wanderly's daily report). Part of it had been the nausea, the constant stress of her treatment. But it was more than that. She used to be so much stronger: she'd never cried before her reassignment, not even when her mother had died, nine years ago. Now she seemed to burst into tears at the drop of a hat. She forced herself to look up at them, despising her vulnerability, her submissive, feminine nature.

Scott beamed with mock sympathy, the very paragon of understanding.

"Sudden mood swings," he said in a conciliatory tone, "very common at this point of the therapy. Increased oestrogen levels, emotional instability, sensitive nipples. You can expect to feel this way at least once a month."

Verity acknowledged his comments with another hesitant nod, her lower lip trembling with dismay. How had she come to this: quivering and half naked before a group of ogling, self-satisfied males? She was proving them right, confirming everything they had thought about her. Frail, insipid, powerless. A typical woman.

"That's a lot to deal with," Scott continued, spreading his hands magnanimously, "that's why we're willing to give you all the time you need to adjust." He was literally glowing with generosity, his expression that of an absolute monarch conferring a supreme favor on a

pauper.

"What do you mean?" Verity asked apprehensively. She stifled her emotions by an immense act of will. Something was coming, something she hadn't been expecting. What did they have in mind? More tests; an extension of her probation? Another month of nausea, depression and anxiety? She had to calm down, compose herself. Prepare for whatever tribulations they had planned for her.

"We're transferring you to the *Playhouse*," Scott told her. His canine smile broadened, his eyes gleamed with malicious joy.

Verity's lips parted in a sudden alarm, a frigid charge ran the length of her spine. He couldn't be serious! They couldn't send her to the Playhouse so soon, she'd only been in the Program three months. She'd barely completed her metamorphosis. She had no experience as a female, physically or emotionally. She simply wasn't ready for reconditioning. Couldn't they see that?

"The Playhouse?!" she cried, recovering her voice at last, "Scott, I've only been a woman for a couple of weeks, I haven't even finished with the 'gynozine! You said I wouldn't start ovulating for another year!!"

"Our specialists say you're a prime candidate for *reconditioning*, Verity. Based on their reports, the Psych Unit has recommended you for intensive psychosexual reprogramming. Doc Wanderly approved your transfer himself."

Verity gaped in open shock, poised – literally – at the brink of terror. She knew precisely what '*psychosexual reprogramming*' meant. Hot flushes rushed through her smooth, trim belly. How could this be happening? How could they have made this decision without even consulting with her? It was her life, her future, her body.

"Don't I have *any* choice in this?" She wailed, making no attempt to hold back her tears.

"Yes," Scott answered, thoughtfully rubbing his chin, "you can go back to living on the street and scrounging for food through garbage cans."

"That's no choice at all!!" Verity wept in near-hysteria, "I can't go back to the Red Zone now! I'll die out there!!" She looked from face to face in a state of rising panic. Scott cleared his throat.

"There's no need to be so apprehensive about the transfer," Freeman told her patiently, "it may be difficult to believe at this point, but the decision was made in your best interests. At the end of the day, we're only trying to help you."

"*Help* me?! You're denying me my most basic human rights."

"We're denying you nothing," Scott answered evenly, "you've always been free to come and go as you please. There are no prisoners here." Not in any physical sense. The Facility had no need for cell-blocks or razor wire to contain its inmates.

"You can't *make* me do this," Verity sobbed, wiping her face with a small right hand, "it's just not right."

Scott felt the moment approaching, that point of absolute surrender he'd been watching for since the interview commenced. He changed tack seamlessly, playing her fears and anxieties like a violin.

"This is what you wanted, Verity," he said, folding his arms across his chest, "you signed on for the Program of your own free will. We have your name in triplicate." Scott confirmed this remark by turning the laptop around to face her. Verity's vision blurred momentarily as she looked toward the monitor. The screen displayed an image of her

admission form. The picture magnified itself automatically, revealing her signature at the bottom of the page.

In triplicate.

The contract was suddenly replaced by a photograph of a young man in his late teens; a thin, emaciated youth with tangled brown hair and hollow, beaten eyes. His face was angular and bruised, his lips split from a recent fight. A large, suppurating wound disfigured his jaw line. Verity looked away, unable to meet that broken, hopeless gaze. Her other self: the boy she'd been before her induction at the Facility. Another lonely, aimless refugee from the gangs and poverty of the Red Zone.

"Is that what you *want*, Verity?" Scott asked quietly, "do you want to return to the ghettos?"

"No," she replied, her final shred of self-esteem torn away. She was trapped, snared, beaten. There was no escape, no way out. Her memories of the streets were as vicious as the edge of a shattered mirror. There were far worse things than reconditioning: she'd suffered most of them out in the Zone. Descending into that nightmare once more was unthinkable. Clothed in a woman's body, she'd be dead inside a week. Verity crumpled like a crystal ornament, reduced to a hopeless, pleading child.

"*Please*, Scott," she wept, covering her face with both hands, "*please* don't send me back, Scott. I'll do *anything* to stay here. *Anything!*" And at that second, she would have been willing to endure any indignity, any insult, any disgrace, to stay on at the Facility. She wavered from foot to foot, shoulders heaving with desperate tears. Her eyeliner ran down her flushed cheeks, heavily smudged by her fingers.

Freeman regarded the girl with growing interest. Breakdowns of this kind were nothing new for him. Verity was exhibiting all the behavioral characteristics he'd come to associate with gender transition: frustration, anxiety, trepidation; a belief that she was being unfairly victimized. In that respect, she was no different to five hundred other candidates he'd screened over the last two years.

However, there was something different about her, some quality so insubstantial, so ethereal that even the Psych Unit had failed to pick it up. Whatever it was, he'd been sensing it at some instinctive level for weeks. Couldn't pin a name to it, but his curiosity (along with his libido) had been pricked. This one would bear watching.

"Verity," Freeman said as gently as possible, "you have nothing to fear. The Playhouse isn't a bordello, you won't be treated like a sex slave." Not exactly, he thought, savoring the smooth contours of her breasts, the straining peaks of her nipples. *Sexual slavery* was an understatement where the Playhouse was concerned. Let's face it, even the word 'rape' was too mild a term to describe what she was facing.

The psyche evaluations had been right about one thing, at least. Verity Sherman was the perfect candidate. Passive, self-deprecating and completely open to exploitation. Scott regarded her with a growing sense of anticipation. This was a special case indeed; he could almost smell the fear emanating from her pores like an exquisite French perfume.

Meantime, the Perfect Candidate was standing before him virtually naked, her face glistening with rouge, mascara and sweet, liquid shame. Scott's words had done little to reassure her. Rumors were rife throughout the Facility. If the stories she'd heard from the other candidates were true, psychosexual reprogramming was a treadmill of agony; worse - in some respects - than the back allies of the Red Zone.

"I'm so *frightened* ..." she whispered.

Freeman grinned widened, revealing long, white, lupine teeth. It was time to play his hand, home in like a barracuda on a death dive. He had to strike now, seize the prey while she was frightened, confused and alone. Before she had an opportunity to reconsider her options – slim though they were.

"Verity," he said, spreading his palms wide, "just for a second ... think of what we're offering you. You'll probably live longer than anyone sitting at this table. You'll sleep between satin sheets, surrounded by luxury beyond anything you can imagine. You'll never go cold, or hungry, or thirsty – ever again. You'll be pampered, indulged and spoilt like an only child. You'll never need to worry about money or food or anything else, because we'll take care of your every physical need.

"For the rest of your life."

[Contents](#)

# A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW

Cynosure Collective



Since the very first day she tried on a skirt, Beatrice Gloria Benton has been the *naughtiest* little tranzie in recorded history. An honors student at Everdale Senior High, Glory Bea as young, beautiful, and completely uninhibited; a wide-eyed innocent whose sweet, bubbling personality endears her to virtually everyone she met. On occasion, however, her innate *naïveté* led to the most bizarre (and even scurrilous) of circumstances.

When Everdale High announced its annual Christmas Fundraiser, Glory signed up for the dance contest, promising the Committee a night they'll never forget. Strangely enough, nobody inquired as to what *kind* of dance she'll be performing, assuming that she'll slip on a pink tutu and whirl her way through a rendition of *Swan Lake*. Word of mouth travels at roughly the speed of light in any hicksville campus, and by the end of the day, the entire school knew that Glory Bea will be tripping the *light fantastique* at the talent quest.

And so matters stood for the next three weeks, as the School Board got the ball rolling. Tickets were sold, invitations were sent, checks cashed and bookings received. The PR division had somehow convinced the world-famous comedian [Rodney Dangerfield](#) to make a charity cameo, doing one of his notorious "Take My Wife" routines. Subsequently, the local media predicted that the festival will be an unprecedented success; a few pundits even estimated that the show could earn over ten thousand dollars during its first week. At some point the Committee decided that Everdale's most talented student should feature as the opening act.

After all, what could *possibly* go wrong?





### Opening Night:

Glory Bea drew a spirited round of applause as she stepped into the spotlight. The auditorium was packed to capacity; half the town seems to have turned out, milling restlessly in their seats while a thousand iphones track Glory across the gleaming floorboards. At a sign from the MC, the house lights went down as the performance began. Louisiana Blues poured out over the loud speakers, a thousand flash bulbs went off at once. The audience leaned forward in keen expectation...

and Glory started taking off all of her clothes.





For a moment, the audience lapsed into stunned disbelief. Not a word was spoken; no voice raised in baffled protest. They literally could not accept the evidence of their own senses: *a pretty young teenager was stripping down to her underwear right before their eyes.* Completely thunderstruck by the impromptu striptease, nobody moved to stop her.





And thus, the performance continued:





Five heart-stopping minutes later, Glory had stripped all the way down to her bare essentials...and was just beginning to unclip her *bra* when the MC hurriedly brought the curtain down on this once-in-a lifetime spectacle.

This had truly been a night to remember!



Out in the wings, a goggle-eyed Rodney Dangerfield stared in mute fascination as Glory walked past in her bra and panties, entirely oblivious of his presence. Watching her vanish into the changing room, he rubbed the back of his neck and looked out towards the stage, raising a quizzical eyebrow.

"Now *that's* what I call a hard act to follow."

## BUNNY HOP BELLE

Kristy Leigh

The Everdale Junior Bunny-Hop had been scheduled for April the first, and everybody was looking forward to the festivities – even some of the *boys*. Possessing a long history of pinafore discipline, the school had more than its fair share of petticoated students; young Stacy Williams being one of its best-known offenders. Barely a week went by when he wasn't *skirted* over some cheeky misdemeanor.

His recent behavior had been so incorrigible that his Mommy had been called in to talk to the headmistress. After some discussion, they agreed that Tracy should attend the bunny hop in full petticoats to deter further misconduct. Naturally, Stacy was *slightly* reluctant to accept this well-deserved penalty, but the threat of a good, hard spanking soon quelled his objections.

Once the fateful night arrived, the school auditorium glittered with colored lights and fluorescent posters. Dozens of giggling children flocked around the jukebox, overseen by chattering adults. Everybody teased Stacy over his high-waisted party dress and bright scarlet hair-bows, making him blush redder than a summer tomato. Worse still, his Mommy forced him onto the dance floor, reminding him to prance and whirl with the rest of the girls.

Soon after the dancing began, a discussion broke out amongst the mothers as to which little girl was wearing the frilliest dress. There was certainly a huge range to choose from; every last bunny was decked out in her prettiest party dress, literally covered with ribbons and bows.

When the girls picked up on the conversation, they all started vying for their Mommies' attention, spinning and twirling about the dance floor like their skirts were going to fly away. It was no easy decision to make, as they all looked so cute and funny!

But then Tracy decided to settle the matter once and for all. Sporting an impish little smile, he spun around and flipped his skirt high up over his back. Displaying his plump, pantied bottom to the entire room, he proved that *some* boys have more frills underneath than the girls do!

Wrapped in a cloud of alabaster petticoats, Tracy shimmied his tail back and forth, much to the delight of everybody present – although some of the girls were understandably annoyed at being upstaged.

"What a little show off," the mothers all agreed, and promptly crowned Tracy the Frilliest Bunny at the Hop. He was rewarded with a bag of sweets and some huge, delicious cuddles from his Mommy, who swept him up in a haze of gleaming nylon.

"I think those pants need a good *smack*," Mommy said, patting him fondly on the bottom. She was joking of course; there was the barest hint of a twinkle in her eye, and Tracy knew he wasn't in any real trouble. Returning to the dance floor, he quickly joined in the fun with the rest of his friends, many of whom were busy revealing their crinolines in emulation of Tracy's cheeky antics.

All things considered, it turned out to be a perfect evening. Best of all, young Tracy Williams started a something of a tradition that year. He may have been the first boy to be crowned Frilliest Bunny at the Hop, but he *certainly* wasn't the last!

## MIDNIGHT TALLS

Hannah Delvaux

I'm just old enough to remember when girls wore suspender stockings as a matter of course. We didn't call it "lingerie" back then (that was for the *soph-isti-cated* ladies, thank you very much), just plain old *bras* and knickers, the kind you picked up in M&S for well under a pound. On the other hand, garter belts and nylons were virtually mandatory at the time – and we all know how *they* affect the average male.

I think it was a black day for all humanity when tights came into fashion. Yeah, I know what everyone says – panty hose are more comfortable, more convenient and much cheaper than stockings – but they're *nowhere* near as sexy! I recall a time when the barest glimpse of garter would raise a storm of interest; men would practically fall over each other at the sight of a girl adjusting her nylons in a store window (my friends and I used to hitch our skirts up on the railway station to see how many stares we could catch).

Tights seemed like a godsend when they first caught on, but within a couple of years, a few of us realized how much fun we were missing. I recall one afternoon when my friends and I went downtown looking for some old-fashioned sussies, but by then it was too late; stockings had more or less disappeared from the market. Kind of disappointing; garter belts had become a (rather expensive) fashion accessory, way beyond our price range.

Still, all was not lost. We eventually started checking out all the second-hand shops in town with a surprising level of success. Some places even had unopened stock in the back room – donations from hosiery stores with outdated inventory. That was always a rare treat, we used to squeal with delight and run off to try them on (anyone remember stripping down to bra and pants with your friends in the changing booths? Sometimes we'd be so excited we'd leave the curtain half open, the old ladies at the counter would laugh at the show we were putting on).

I suppose stockings are a little more common nowadays than they were a few years ago, but they've never really become the everyday item they were back in the swinging sixties. It's a pity those days are long gone now. As an entire generation of *transgirls* can tell you, there really is nothing *cheekier* than a flash of stocking-top on a breezy day.

[Contents](#)

# ILLUSTRATIONS

Lakehurst Publications

Kristy



Leigh

# Cynosure

ILLUSTRATED FICTION

FORCED INTO PANTIES!



**WHAT HAPPENS**

when pretty young *boys* are  
FORCED into *girls'* LINGERIE?



*"I forced a smile onto my face as I raised the frock up to my chin. Never in a million years had I imagined I'd find myself modling Girls' Knickers in public!"*

## FIVE MINUTE FICTION



### CONSCRIPTED INTO PANTIES

Art and Story by Kristy Leigh

**M**y very first experience with *girls' lingerie* occurred during the summer of my ninth year. I was assisting my mother around the department store, helping her dress mannequins and attach price tags in the women's section. This was common practice back in those days, female staff often brought their children to work during the school holidays. I wasn't the only child on hand either, at least two of my classmates were rambling around the stock room, frequently emerging from the depths to see what I was up to. We were all pretty excited, the store was a veritable wonderland, and I'd been waiting all year to accompany my mother in her duties, feeling very important and self-assured. I had no idea how much embarrassment I would suffer by the end of the day!

My ordeal began when the floor manager approached Mommy and told her there was a problem with the latest shipment of girls-wear. Evidentially, the manufacturer had misplaced one of our orders: everything they sent was the wrong size. Nothing seemed to fit the mannequins we had for the window display, and nobody was sure which models to requisition from the warehouse. This was a disaster in the making, as the July Sale was meant to start the next day. Time was of the essence, and we had to sort the matter out immediately.

"Which order are we talking about?" Mommy asked, looking over the inventory sheet.

"Girls' cotton **sun frocks**, size 7," replied Mrs Hannigan, thoughtfully adjusting her glasses, "also **nylon panties**, small to medium six." Mommy mused over the report for a few seconds, then appeared to come to a decision.

"I think I have a solution," she remarked, looking over in my direction. "Jayden? Could you come over here, please?" Having surreptitiously evesdropped on the conversation, I had some inkling where this was leading, and already felt considerable trepidation.

"My son's small for his age," Mommy explained in her matter-of-fact tone, "roughly a six, give or take. If the order fits him, we'll know which mannequins we'll need."

"Mommy!" I cried in open horror, "I can't wear **girls' panties!!** I'm a **boy!!**"

## FIVE MINUTE FICTION



### BUNNY HOP BELLE

Art and story by Kristina Leigh

*Little Stacy Williams proved that some BOYS have more frills underneath than the GIRLS do!*

The Annadale Junior Bunny-Hop had been scheduled for April the first, and everybody was looking forward to the festivities - even some of the boys. Possessing a long history of pinafore discipline, the school had more than its fair share of petticoated students; young **Stacy Williams** being one of its best-known offenders. Barely a week went by when he wasn't spanked and skirted over some cheeky misdemeanour.

His recent behaviour had been so incorrigible that his Mommy had been called in to talk to the headmistress. After some discussion, they agreed that Tracy should attend the bunny hop in full petticoats to deter further misconduct. Naturally, Stacy was somewhat reluctant to accept this well-deserved penalty, but the threat of a good, hard spanking soon quelled his objections.

Once the fateful night arrived, the school auditorium glittered with coloured lights and fluorescent posters. Dozens of giggling children flocked around the jukebox, overseen by chattering adults. Everybody teased Stacy over his high-waisted party dress and bright scarlet hair-bows, making him blush redder than a summer tomato. Worse still, his Mommy forced him onto the dance floor, reminding him to prance and whirl with the rest of the girls.

Soon after the dancing began, a discussion broke out amongst the mothers as to which little girl was wearing the frilliest dress. There was certainly a huge range to choose from; every last bunny was decked out in her prettiest party dress, literally covered with ribbons and bows.

When the girls picked up on the conversation, they all started vying for their Mommies' attention, spinning and twirling about the dance floor like their skirts were going to fly away. It was no easy decision to make, as they all looked so cute and funny!

But then Tracy decided to settle the matter once and for all. Sporting an impish little smile, he spun around and flipped his skirt high up over hisback. Displaying his plump, pantied bottom to the entire room, he proved that some boys have more frills underneath than the girls do!



Wrapped in a cloud of alabaster petticoats, Tracy shimmied his tail back and forth, much to the delight of everybody present (though some of the girls were annoyed at being upstaged).

"What a little show off," the mothers all agreed, and promptly crowned Tracy the **Frilliest Bunny at the Hop**. He was rewarded with a bag of sweets and some huge, delicious cuddles from his Mommy, who swept him up in a haze of gleaming nylon.

"I think those panties need a good spanking," Mommy said, patting him fondly on the bottom. She was joking of course; there was a twinkle in Mommy's eye, so Tracy knew she wasn't in any real trouble. Returning to the dance floor, he quickly joined in the fun with the rest of his friends, many of whom were busy revealing their crinolines in emulation of Tracy's cheeky antics.

All things considered, it turned out to be a perfect evening. Best of all, Little Tracy Williams started a something of tradition that year. Although he may have been the first boy to be crowned Frilliest Bunny at the Hop, he certainly wasn't the last!





*As I emerged from the change room, everybody started whistling like an old-fashioned burlesque show. It was a fun, light-hearted affair with a lot of faux lechery from the male staff. I strutted around with my hands on my hips for a while, posing in my knickers and blowing kisses at the "audience."*

## FALLEN ANGEL



The first illustration, 'The Fallen Angel', depicts the character of the same name, a young woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black and red floral dress, standing in a bathroom. She is looking at her reflection in a mirror, and her expression is one of concern. The background shows a tiled wall and a window with a view of the outdoors.

Aunt Julene woke me up at 6:31 on the dot, swaying lightly into the bedroom with a breakfast tray between her hands. This was nothing unusual in itself, I'd been subjected to those overnight raids for a few years, but the way she carried the tray was a little different. She had a look of concern on her face.

"Get up, dear, sleepy head," she chimed in brightly, smiling down at me. I rubbed my eyes, looking up at her. She was wearing a black and red floral dress, and she was looking at me with a concerned expression.

"The one I'd been drinking all week. That's how it is, Aunt Julene." I yawned, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. I didn't want to get through with any of this. The way she treated me was embarrassing beyond words.

"No more over this, you're a grown-up now," she replied, setting my breakfast down on the corner table. "Now, come on, out of bed. We have a long day ahead of us."

I swung my legs out of bed, planting my feet in heavy squares of sunlight. My thick black hair hung lazily around my shoulders while I stepped at my bedside. As she sat, the coffee was wafting in my face, practically wafting with milk and honey. Something of an eccentric, my aunt held some extremely unorthodox views on diet and nutrition, amongst other things.

Morning, Julene went through my wardrobe, sorting out my clothes for the day. Almost inevitably, she chose the shortest outfit in the closet, a minidress and stockings, with a full-circle drop-waist. The kind of thing worn by little girls with pigtails and long yellow ribbons in their hair.

"No, I think also we do nicely," Julene nodded to herself, then turned a skeptical eyebrow in my direction. "You - like off these formal undergarments. You know I can't stand to see you wearing them."

These formal undergarments were white cotton knickers, the type sold at a department store. Most days, Aunt Julene turned a blind eye to them, as they could be worn by other boys or



Taking me by the hand, Julene led me back to my bedroom. I followed with reluctant footsteps, my hair still from the bath. I was mostly conscious of my stockings, the still morning air carrying my hair back.

"Aunt Julene, I'm not feeling well," I murmured, still working an excuse to avoid my formal undergarments. "I can't go to school today."

"Oh, nonsense!" Aunt Julene replied dismissively. "You've just got the flu, that's all. Now - let's get you dressed!" Despite her dismissive tone, I knew there would be no arguing the point. She'd made up her mind, and I was going to have to wear them.

No questions, no negotiations, no debate. Entering the bathroom, she set me off to the dressing table with a black slip on the bottom. Her grip, holding back a strong gust of surprise. I knew it was a gesture of affection, but being treated like a little girl always filled me with embarrassment.

"Alright, let's see what we have here," Julene said, rifling systematically through my underwear drawer. "Pretty as you are, you still can't go to work that school," she added with a sigh that reared grandeur in my memory. After closing on a rumpled morning account, she found what she was looking for.

"Now, get those on, baby. You'll need your garments under for the school this afternoon. Oh, no!" I thought, looking across at the drawer black garments. "I'm not wearing those. Not those!"

"Oh, no! I thought, looking across at the drawer black garments. I'm not wearing those. Not those!"

Julene tried to make me wear the black satin bra and knickers, but she'd brought me the wrong thing. I was wearing a pair of black knickers with a pair of black stockings. The thought of wearing those always made me feel like a little girl, but I felt as though I had no other choice.

I moved in with my Aunt Julene just over two years ago. I used to be a boy back then. Well, a boy, more or less. It was hard to tell at times. With my thick black hair and slender build, I might've been one or the other. That's one of the reasons why my folks sent me away. They didn't want any more screaming around the house. Brought the family name into disrepute, they said.

For a while I started over-compensating for my effeminate mannerisms - cut my hair short, swaggered around doing bad Marlon Brando impersonations. It was doomed to failure. I was just too feminine by nature and appearance. More than that, Aunt Julene refused to tolerate any masculine behaviour on my part.

Aunt Julene had taken me in as a foster child. I possessed no many androgenic characteristics. While my parents didn't want any more screaming, Aunt Julene didn't want any anything else. She'd accepted readily on the sole understanding that I would be raised as a girl - the daughter she'd never had.

Almost from our first week together, Julene had started the long and sometimes arduous process of gender reconditioning - gradually retraining me into a female role. Needless to say, I was somewhat less than enthusiastic about the procedure - which involved exercising, department and hormonal therapy - but Aunt Julene was utterly inflexible on these points.

And now, here I was, slipping on a pair of frilly black knickers with barely a word of compliance. That was the hold she had on me. I hated being treated like a little girl, but I felt as though I had no other choice.



Julene clipped me into a custom designed push-up bra, modified to give the appearance of a slight cleavage. I scrutinized my reflection in the mirror, apprehensively searching for the slightest defect or imperfection.

"Aunt Julene, I'm really worried about this. What if someone realizes I'm not really a girl?"

"Don't be silly," she replied, diligently adjusting my bra-strings. "Once we get you into a minidress, all the nobody will be able to tell the difference. Not even when you're walking around in your bra and panties."

rock disapproval.

"That's what I look like right?" she asked, still fussing with the shoulders and waistline. "I really can't imagine anything prettier." I glanced into my bedroom mirror, taking in Aunt Julene's like of a puppy little number.

So when it finally covered my panties.

Might as well go out in nothing but my panties.

I probably wouldn't have noticed me so much if I hadn't been born a boy.

"Alright, Honeybee," Julene said, taking my wrist in her own grip. "We better get going. Come along." We were already running a little late.

"OK," I replied, passing to find my shoulder bag. "I'll just get my -"

"Now, August," she ordered, dragging me towards the door.

"Oh, well, not so hard," I said, stumbling along behind. "I'm coming."



Julene hurried me out to the main corridor, where the ancient door-closeter lock in down to the main foyer. Tearing about on my high heels, I always drew a great deal of attention from the lobby staff, who exchanged knowing glances with one another. I lowered my face until we were out on the street, where a gleaming black limousine awaited our arrival.

"Thank you, Marlene," Julene remarked as the chauffeur opened the door for her. Marlene was a tall, nicely-dressed woman in a vintage uniform, black driver's cap riding low on her brow. The professional Marlene was Marlene Pearson, Eng. Both spoken, mild-mannered and as hard as polished granite. Precisely the kind of maid I could never be.

"Marlene," he greeted in the same respectful voice he used every morning, face ever-changing expression. Springing me a single grimace, he closed the door carefully behind us, then strode around to the driver's side of the vehicle. I slid across the creamy leather upholstery, hemlock rearing up to expose my bare, limber thighs. I tried to pull it down to the edge of my panties.

"Kodak Productions," Julene ordered as Marlene fired up the engine, "and don't open the hoodies." This was one of her favorite expressions, don't open the hoodies. It was the kind of old-world reminder that appealed to my Aunt's upper-class pretensions. She was a huge fan of old British dramas like 'Queen Beatrix' and 'The Bitch of Black Stone', parking her life after them in many respects.

"Marlene," Marlene replied with an impeccable shifting of gears. The jag rumbled out

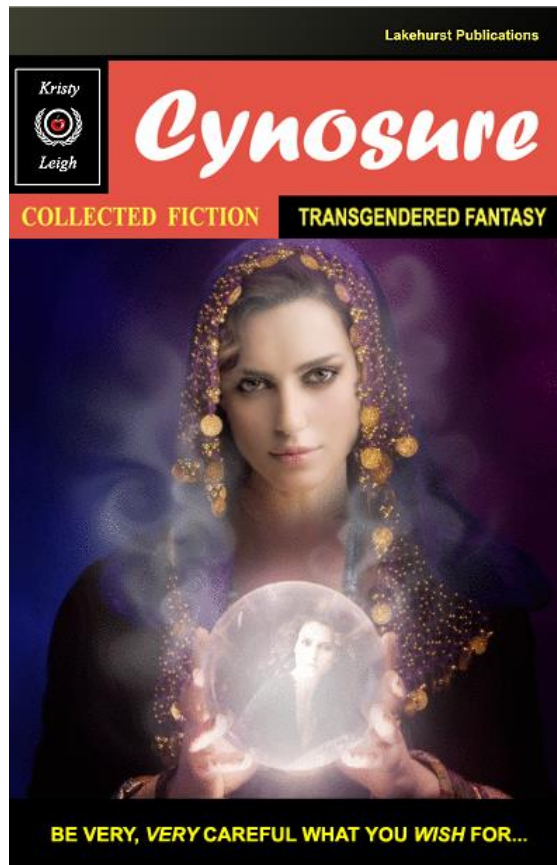


"Can't at least wear my jeans today?" I begged, desperate to avoid going out in a dress. Aunt Julene laughed to my naivety. "Of course you can't dear. We don't want anyone mistaking you for a boy, now do we?"

## POSTSCRIPT

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*Also available:*



### Tales of Light and Darkness

*... "I thought you liked me," Robbie whispered, feeling his heart sink with lonely, child-like hurt.*

*"I do," Felicity told him, her fingers flickering over the tarot cards, "that's why we're having this conversation. I like you quite a lot, Robbie. Very few of my customers have shown such dedication over the years. Unfortunately, I can't simply give you the answer to all your prayers. There are rules about these things. I'm not a genie, I don't grant wishes. Get that part absolutely clear in your mind. This is a place of business, Robbie, which means we have*

*to strike a bargain."*

*"A ... bargain?" The boy replied uneasily. The conversation was taking on rather a macabre tone, as if he was bartering for his soul. Reading his expression, Felicity flashed him another wolfish, predatory smile, freezing the blood in his veins...*

**TALES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS:** this paranormal anthology features three dark fantasies set in the late 1960s, dealing with supernatural themes from a transgendered perspective. Drawing inspiration from the lyrical prose of the *Weird* genre, this melancholy triad seamlessly weaves innocence, horror and youth into a haunting tapestry of half-remembered dreams and memories. Contributing authors: Angie Holbrook, Tracy Lane and Kristy Leigh.

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### **Cynosure: A Day of Revelations**

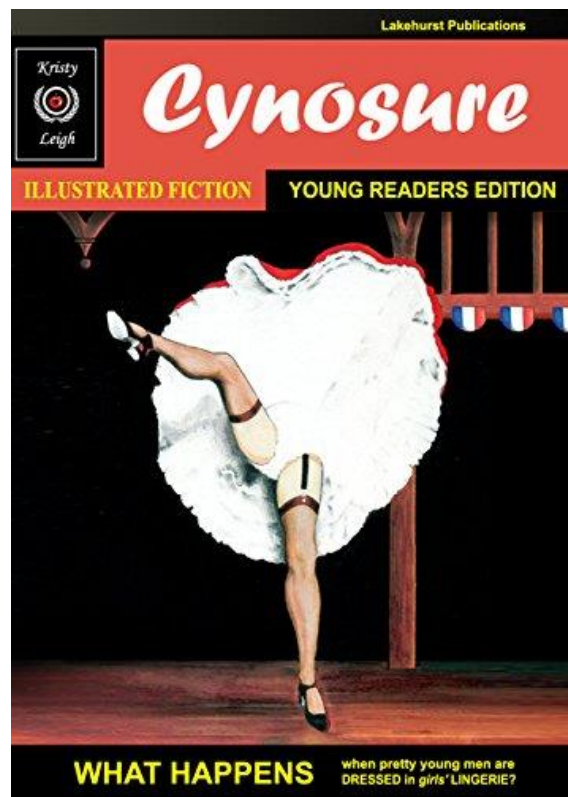
*"The girl looking back from the mirror was utterly breathtaking. Her long, shapely legs bent slightly inward at the knees, their supple length exaggerated by the tense black suspenders. The red lace trimming the garter belt was garishly bright, as were the frills on her flimsy little panties. And strangely, in the dim lamplight of the Alcove, she seemed to have large, ripening breasts filling out the low-cut bra she wore. It was an illusion of course, a trick of*

*the light and a feverish imagination. I was looking at a pretty teenaged girl in her underwear. One with my face and form..."*

In this classic piece from the *Cynosure* collection, a beautiful young *tranzie* discovers a secret doorway to another world – and it *isn't* Narnia! Finding herself on the wrong side of the mirror, Bianca Woodrow discovers that the brightest of dreams can give way to the darkest of nightmares – one in which she might be trapped until the end of her days...

Clocking in at just under 10,000 words, *A Day of Revelations* is available on Archive.org for the earth-shatteringly low price of just \$0.00 (hey, whaddaya expect for that kind of money – eternal life?). Click on over to take a look; as always, we'll be interested in hearing whatever feedback you might have to offer!

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### Cynosure: Lace & Garters

*"A cold thrill seemed to run the length of Casey's spine as he surveyed the garish spray of satin petticoats. In a few minutes, he'd be zipped up into this – this party dress – and sent out on stage to make a public spectacle of himself. It wasn't fair! Why was she doing this to him?! Why was she making him dress up like some Disney Princess when there were at least a dozen girls downstairs who could have taken his place?! Hovering at the brink of hysteria, Casey looked up at his teacher, his eyes huge and moist and imploring: "Miss Deane, I can't do it,*

*I just CAN'T!! I - I'm NOT a girl!!!"*

– From "Shownight."

**CYNOSURE: LACE and GARTERS!** This special *dance-themed* edition features four classic tales of pretty young men sampling the delights of women's lingerie. Written in the racy, fast-paced style of the classic pulp era, *Cynosure* is a must-read for devotees of transgendered literature. Contributing authors: Kristy Leigh, Tracy Lane, Erica Lakehurst and Hannah Delvaux.

## COMING SOON: THE CYNOSURE OMNIBUS



**GREETINGS, TRUE BELIEVERS,** and welcome to *Cynosure*, the home of contemporary TG fantasy! We're four transgendered writers with a passion for the classic pulps of yesteryear. Drawing our influences from a wide variety of sources, we've been churning out fast-paced stories of love, lace and lingerie since the early Nineties, frequently updating our material for the modern reader. While our work may be described as *risque* rather than pornographic, our main focus has always been on emotion and characterization, the basis of high-quality storytelling. Like all fans of the genre, we're fully dedicated to the subject matter, and strive to put *YOU* into bras, panties and stockings from the moment you read the first page. Are you ready to experience a life of lush, feminine bondage?