

Chapter 4

Stephanie woke up giggling.

She had already become painfully aware of how little control she had over her own self, but being put back into her body mid-act, mid-sound, mid-Stephanie brain was a stark reminder that her life was no longer her own. It had been in motion while she had been dormant inside her own mind, and now she had been unceremoniously thrown back into it.

After a moment, she saw what she was giggling at.

She was sitting at a vanity in her bedroom with Leah behind her, hands on her shoulders as she looked over her getup. There was blush on her cheeks and eyeshadow highlighting their color, along with lipgloss, dangly gold earrings...

Oh, and her ribboned set of dirty blonde pigtails that fell down either side of her cute little face, and came to rest on the straps of her flowy pink dress.

"What the fudge?!"

"You were just admiring yourself! I was worried you might be leaning too far into the cutesy aesthetic, but I think you pull it off."

"I'm going to pull the whole dress off!" she exclaimed, trying to stand but finding that her stepsister's hands on her shoulder were more than enough to keep her seated.

"You're welcome to, but you're not wearing panties, and I don't think you'd want to attend your welcome party naked!"

"Welcome party?!"

“Yep! We invited the whole neighborhood to meet my cousin who’s living with us now.”

“You can’t do this to me!”

Leah cackled a deep and satisfied cackle, the type of laugh that few people can make, and which sucks all the air out of the room. Stephanie stilled in her seat when she heard it, her blood running cold as her stepsister kept her hands on the sissy’s shoulders, and walked around front to look in her eyes.

“Oh, Stephanie...you are going to be quite surprised at the things I can do to you. And I am going to personally enjoy discovering each and every one.”

With that she patted Stephanie’s head and walked to the door.

“Now you could come out and meet the neighborhood, or we can spend the night up here, showing you all the things I’ve read about while researching how to torture sissies.”

Stephanie’s fear and skittishness had been amplified by the hypnosis and the size of her new body, but the coldness of Leah’s tone would have chilled even the most stalwart individuals. So she got up, or at least tried to. Her attempt to stand revealed that she was wearing a pair of high heels that matched her all pink look, and she had to reach out to grab the vanity for support.

“Oh, don’t worry. You’ll get used to those. It’s not like you’ll ever wear sneakers again” taunted Leah. Stephanie moved slowly, trying to get used to the fact that her tiny body now had an entirely different weight distribution, an entirely different foot angle and an entirely different *everything*. But she made her way out the door, seeing the neighborhood gathered downstairs.

Now, Simon had never known much about his neighbors. He had grown up in a different town before his father remarried, and had only moved to this one after he passed in the summer between high school and college. Since he was close enough to his old friends to just drive to them, he'd never needed to get acquainted with these people...

But Stephanie needed to get acquainted, by decree of Leah and Candace.

So she trembled her way down the steps, almost wishing she could trip in these heels and break something to get out of this. She tried to scream "Help me, I've been brainwashed and transformed against my will!" but the neural impulse that was supposed to create those words was redirected into a broad smile.

She couldn't ask for help. She just had to suffer.

"Oh, there she is!" grinned Candace, turning from some other parents as Stephanie came down. "Stephanie, say hello to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson!"

It was like someone was holding puppet strings on Stephanie, and she found herself giving a deep curtsy and giggling. "Hiya! It's so nice to meet you!"

She felt the compulsion leaving her body as she retook control, but she still had to sit in the scene it caused. It seemed as though her bubbly voice had alerted everyone to the fact that she was here, and to the fact that she had actually curtsied.

"Nice to meet you" said Mrs. Lawson, a rather prim blonde in her fifties. She looked Stephanie over as if impressed by her cuteness, but was perhaps reserving judgement until she saw just how ridiculous this girl was.

"Mrs Lawson runs the department store. I was saying that you might want to work there, and get a discount on dresses!" offered Candace. Stephanie looked at her, as if

waiting for her body to jerk stiff with another present reply. But none came. It seemed as though she was the one who had control of this answer.

“Um...maybe” she sheepishly replied, looking to the back door. This place was thick with people, and each eye seemed to affirm her new state. It was bad enough to be Stephanie alone, but at least all of her shame, embarrassment, insecurity and anxiety was hers. Now, there were dozens of people cosigning in them. There were eyes reminding her of her breasts by gazing to them as if they were the most interesting thing about them. There were eyes reminding her that she was undeniably, unmistakably feminine as they looked to her dress without a single thought to the fact that it was strange. They told her she belonged in it.

There were eyes reaffirming everything she wanted to deny, and highlighting everything she wanted to ignore. Not one of them looked to her the way they would have looked to Simon, not even the most neutral gaze. He’d never knew how much he could miss the most normal things, but now that he was a she, she would have given anything for just one of these people to look at her with eyes that didn’t say “Girl.”

“Oh, what are we doing?” asked Mrs. Lawson. “We can talk about this later, but little Stephanie clearly wants to talk to people her own age.”

With that she stepped aside, clearing the way to the backyard as Stephanie gave a grateful look.

“Um...thank you” she nodded as she hurried out as fast as her terrible shoes and aching feet would allow. She kept her head down as she moved through the crowd, seeing that it was mostly older people who had congregated inside. She almost

expected the door to stop her, but it seemed as though the backyard was allowed. She was able to leave the house for it, and find a group of guys and girls waiting.

“You must be Stephanie!” said one of them, a tanned Latina who stood at least six inches taller than her. She had practically jumped in her direction, as if she’d been wanting to see the new girl the second she walked through the door. “You are a bit extra, but you’re not that bad” she teased.

Stephanie shrunk slightly from her. Simon used to make himself big and throw his size around as a way to control situations and bully people. Now, she was wilting like a little flower.

“Extra?”

“Yeah, I heard from your neighbor. And sure, your style is a bit cutesy, but I don’t mind that” she smiled. “I’m Tessa.”

“Uh, nice to meet you.” Stephanie wasn’t paying much attention to the girl, though she wasn’t paying much attention to anything at the moment. Her focus was divided into a dozen different directions as she thought of escapes, cries for help or just ways to navigate this insanity.

“If you have any trouble adjusting to the neighborhood, I can help you out. It’s pretty humdrum, but just in case...” Tessa offered, smiling at Stephanie for just a second too long.

“Yeah, right...thank you” she said, before walking off to the side. If she could get out the back door then maybe she could get out of the fence, and off the property altogether. The crowd was less cramped out here, so she was quickly able to get to the gate-

And find that she couldn't wrap her hand around it. The latch was there, and her hand hovered over, but she just couldn't make her fingers close. So she was trapped here, like she was trapped in the rest of the house...

"Looking to dip out your own party?" came a voice from behind her, one that sent a shiver through the core of her. She turned to find a tall guy with short cropped hair, wearing a tight cutoff tee shirt and shorts. You could say that they did a good job of showing off his muscles, but just about any outfit would. Besides his toned arms and muscled calves, she took note of his impressive frame, and the way that the tight shirt seemed to imply trim abs beneath it.

When she saw him, it was like static overtook her brain. Her own thoughts were lost and jumbled like distant broadcasts on the radio, and she pulled her hand away from the gate.

"You must be Stephanie" he said matter of factly, but she nearly giggled as if he'd just said an incredibly clever joke.

"Yeah..." she replied, as if she was letting him in on a big secret. Simon tried to get a grip, but this boy was just too cute! He told himself that boys weren't cute. Girls were cute, and even then, he didn't care about that. He cared about whether they were hot! This guy was a guy, and he didn't like guys!

Only, he wasn't him. Thanks to all the neural reprogramming, he was Stephanie. And Stephanie could just eat this boy up...

"Welcome to the neighborhood."

"Oh, thanks! Um, yeah. I um..."

“You must be glad to live in a house with a pool...” he said, gesturing to the one behind them.

Shoot! Now she was imagining him in swim trunks. And then in a speedo...and then in nothing at all...

She gritted her teeth and dug her nails into her palms in an attempt to retake control.

“Sorry, I’m just not really big on parties” she explained, glancing back to the gate. She couldn’t leave by herself. But maybe someone could take her out? Maybe if she had an escort...

“Well, you could have fooled me. I mean, you dressed up” he gestured, which suddenly sent a wave of self consciousness through her. Was she overdressed? Did he like her outfit? Was it too much? Was this a compliment? Did he like her? If he did like her, should she date him or wait until she got the lay of the land with the other guys in the neighborh-

“Right...” she blushed, trying to reassert some sanity back into things.

“Oh, Stephanie! Making friends?!” asked Leah as she made her way outside, looking at the pair of them with a grin on her face. “You watch out for this one. He’s a heartbreaker!”

Stephanie blushed even harder, but at least this guy was blushing too.

“He’s the quarterback of his college team, if you can believe that?”

“Oh yeah. I mean, he’s super fit!” agreed Stephanie, with an eagerness that had taken her by surprise. She didn’t want to say anything, but she just had to agree. I mean, look at how hunky he was!

“Do you know anything about football?” he asked, which was obviously a bit insulting. He ought to have asked if she was a fan or was into football. But asking her if she knew anything? She wasn’t an idiot. Simon had been a huge sports guy and so she answered with some snark:

~~“Of course I know about football. I’m a State fan and was at the game when they did the shotgun pass at the two minute warning to Damons! I was sitting right by the endzone!”~~

Well, that was what Simon had wanted to say. But several words had been taken out of her vocabulary, in a way which wasn’t limited to cursing. After all, you couldn’t have our cutesy little princess going off at the mouth about something as macho as sports!!!

What she actually said was:

“Of course I know about football. I like our one team and was at the game when they did the what’s it called play as a buzzer beater to the one cute player! I was sitting right by the place where they score the runs!”

Leah burst out laughing, and even the guy seemed a bit amused. Not only that, but people were looking in her direction, guys and girls her age who had been curious about the new girl in the neighborhood. After hearing that, most were snickering.

“It’s cool. I can teach you” offered the guy. “Name’s Travis, by the way.”

All of the sudden, the shame she felt over their judgement washed away, replaced by a glee that made her want to squeal! He gave her his name! Soon she might get his number and...

...no.

Simon told himself to stop, told himself that he was still Simon, and stood in the humiliation of his ignorant little sports rant. But even his determination to stay centered in himself quickly faded as he looked at this guy's short blonde hair, winning smile, cute face, big arms...

"I'm Stephanie..."

"Yeah, you told me that" he winked.

"Well...I don't want you to forget" she pouted.

By now Leah had more or less recovered, and managed to catch her breath. She walked over to her stepsister and took her by the arm. "Come on. We can't let Travis have you all to himself! Let's introduce you to everyone else!"

She guided Stephanie over, trying not to grin like a big idiot over the suffering she was inflicting on Simon.

She introduced Stephanie to Freddy, a black guy with a bodybuilder's frame, who left the sissy so dumbstruck that she didn't say a single word to him until Leah nudged her side. Then she managed to eep out a "Nice to meet you."

She introduced her to Steven and Sam, a pair of lanky twins who immediately brought to mind a spitroast, with Stephanie in the middle. Try as she might, she couldn't push the image from her mind, and it played over and over as they talked and as she pretended to listen. Even as they walked on the next group, she couldn't push that sticky visual out of her mind. It lingered, right alongside her imagined version of Freddy's penis, and her daydream about Travis holding her in his arms...

Luckily there weren't any more guys, but the girls quickly proved to be not much better. They made Stephanie gush about her hair and heels. They giggled and gaggled

like a bunch of prissy princesses, and Stephanie found herself getting caught up in it. Soon enough she was to the last one though, a girl named Vera. She towered over her, as everyone now seemed to. Vera also talked to her as if she was younger than she was, since her stature and pigtails perhaps gave the impression of a woman clinging to girlhood. Maybe she just thought Steph was stupid. Still, it was a good way for Stephanie to get the boys out of her mind.

“I love your dress by the way!”

“Oh, thank you!” said Stephanie, welling up with a pride that was not her own and twirling it slightly. It wasn’t like she was being forced to, not exactly. It was that she was being urged to, and lacked the willpower to resist all of her new urges. Maybe she could have avoided being into guys, or into fashion, or any of it if it came alone. But everyone she interacted with seemed to activate a new thing in her brain, and she was being overrun with Stephanie’s reactions.

“I knew you two would get along” said Leah. “Unlike me, she’s a total girly girl.”

“I can see that” grinned Vera, looking over her dress once again.

“But I think we can all agree that it’s time to get rid of it?” offered Leah.

“Get rid of it?!” asked Stephanie, putting a hand on its hem and gripping tight, as if Leah might try to pull it off her head. It took her a moment to remember that she was in a cage and no panties, and ought to want that to happen. Then everyone here would know she wasn’t actually a girl.

“Yeah...” grinned Leah, looking over to the pool. “Time to get in the water!!!”