

Chapter 6

The adults had the good sense to look respectful as she walked past them, either by keeping their eyes on her face in an almost forced manner, or by looking off to the side. But as Stephanie struggled on her heels towards the backyard, she knew her peers wouldn't be the same way. They were more energetic, more fun, more flirty...

Not to mention that they were in their swimsuits too.

Stephanie had hoped that her own shame and embarrassment would detract from her focus on the boys, but she had no such luck. She was struck with a heat burning inside her, with a squirmy feeling as if she was suddenly feeling wrong in her own skin, and with a heartbeat that seemed to thump right out of her chest. She had felt this before once, back when she was a boy going through puberty, and dealing with the hormonal first attractions which were so awkward and powerful. But this was even more powerful than that. Ten times more powerful...

And it was all centered around shirtless hunks.

She tried to look down but even when her head lowered, her eyes stayed up. She looked at their abs and arms, their pecs and shoulders. She looked at their veins and their builds, at their smiles and their lips, at their sparkling eyes and...

Was she biting her lip?!

Just talking to one of her neighbors had been too much for her. Now she was beset by four of them. Four cute and age appropriate guys, all trying to dissuade her from her strongly held belief that she was a guy who didn't like boys...

“Oh my gosh! I love your suit! Flirty top with modest bottom. Interesting combination” said Tessa, who had somehow managed to sidle up without Stephanie noticing. A jet engine probably could have managed that with how distracted the boys had her.

“Uh, thanks” she said, turning towards her in futile hope that this girl could take up all her attention, even with the steamy studs swimming so close to her...

“No problem. You have an interesting style. I wouldn’t mind shopping with you sometime?”

“Sure. Sure that’d be fun...” agreed Stephanie, before the sound of a splash made her turn her head. Travis had jumped into the water, and now floated towards her at the edge of the pool.

“You getting in?”

“I...I really don’t think-”

“Now you don’t even want to use your own pool?” he joked. “Come on.”

Stephanie looked back to Tessa, who seemed a bit embarrassed for some reason, but she should have been looking out for the boys. The twin came up on either side of her and-

“EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

She flew up into the air like she weighed less than nothing, and then slashed in the water before she had time to hold her nose. It had happened before she knew what was going on, and she gasped for air as she finally came above the surface.

“Having fun without me?” asked Leah as she came out in her own suit, and looked to her stepsis in the water. Stephanie looked up to her with annoyance, which

shouldn't have been surprising. But what did surprise her was that she wasn't annoyed at her situation. Her first thought wasn't annoyance towards the gloating or her current state.

She was annoyed her stepsister had showed up in a bikini and taken some attention off her. And with so many boys here!

"You okay?" asked Travis as he swam over to her. Stephanie wasn't sure how you could swoon in the water, but somehow she managed.

"I'm fine. Sorry..." she pouted as Leah walked into the shallow end, and gestured for Freddy to come over to her. Though Stephanie's sissy coding much favored Travis, she was still sour to see someone else getting a boy's attention. She knew she felt that way, and knew that she shouldn't, holding both Simon and Stephanie in her brain as she tried to rectify it all.

"What do you think about a chicken fight?" asked Freddy, no doubt at Leah's behest. But she herself balked at it, as if she hadn't suggested it herself.

"With Stephanie? No offense but I don't think she's tough enough for that" she protested.

"Oh, come on, she's not that bad" said Travis. Not that bad...

If that was his best defense of her, then he must have really thought she was a pipsqueak.

"Seriously? I've seen feathers that are stronger than her" shrugged Leah as she looked to Steph. "What do you think?"

Stephanie wanted to say no. She wanted to resist. But then she realized something. If Travis felt her cage on his neck, he'd know the truth. And so Simon and Stephanie agreed, if for totally different reasons, and said in unison:

“Sure!”

Leah smirked as Freddy lowered himself underwater and quickly got them both into position. Travis gave Stephanie a look before doing the same, and swimming right before her legs...

It was at that moment, with the smallest of brushes of skin against skin, that Stephanie realized something else had changed. She'd been made more sensitive to fear, more sensitive to desire, more sensitive to everything...but when it came to boys touching her, she was just flat out sensitive! Each touch was like a lightning bolt making her shudder, and when he grabbed her legs, her whole body felt like jello. She was warm in places she didn't know she could feel warmth, and had a tingle going all through her body as if she had goosebumps from the inside out.

He stood up with her butt on his back and his hands wrapped around her calves, and it took her a second to realize she wasn't breathing. This was wrong! She was Simon! She liked sports and girls, and railed coeds and bullied his stepsis and didn't let anyone so much as tease him without making them regret it...

But he also had butterflies in his stomach.

She didn't think about anything as Travis walked them towards Leah and Freddy. She had forgotten the word 'chicken fight' even existed. She was transported to another time and place, with dreams of white knights and princesses and fairy tales-

“Earth to Stephanie!”

Leah leaned into her with enough force to make her lose all control. But her stepsis didn't push it. She didn't want to win too quickly. She just wanted Stephanie to know how weak she was, and how little control she had. And so Stephanie snapped out of it and looked to Leah with a renewed hatred. She was the one who was making her feel all this! She was the one who had messed with her head!

Travis was taller than Freddy, but not enough to make up the difference between Leah and Stephanie. Her stepsister was practically bullying her, toying and testing until she finally revealed the true game. A grapple on Stephanie's shoulder found the string of her pink bikini top, and wrapped around it to tug.

Stephanie nearly fell off as she recoiled. Her top hadn't come off but her strap was off her shoulder now. She realized that Leah hadn't tied this thing as tight as she should have, and probably had the chicken fight in mind from the very beginning. She wanted Stephanie to flash the whole party. Stephanie might not be able to stop her, but she could out herself before that happened. She tried to push her cage into Travis, but her body didn't want to, and the move wasn't very natural with their balance. Not only that, but the skirt bottoms were taut, and any effort she made to put her hips forward just meant that they prevented it. She gritted her teeth and tried harder, but by now Leah was back with a vengeance. She put both hands on Stephanie's shoulders and pulled-

As her whole top slid off.

Her bare breasts were exposed to the hot summer sun, and she squealed as Leah did her best to gasp and act as though it had been an accident. She was topless. Topless, in front of the whole party. All the girls, all the boys, all the adults in the

neighborhood. She was topless, her hard pink nipples bare for all to see. She was too mortified to even breathe, and went stiff with terror until-

She was underwater.

Travis had taken them both down, and as he held them both beneath the surface, he grabbed her fallen top and put it back on for her. They came back up a second later to reveal that most people weren't even looking her way. They had been enjoying their own little corner of the party, and hadn't seen the two second long ordeal that, for Stephanie, felt like an eternity.

But she's seen it. She'd felt it. And she stormed out of the pool as fast as she could manage.

She rushed past Tessa and Vera, past all those who seemed confused, and past those who were trying to pretend they hadn't seen. She stormed inside and locked herself in the bathroom and sat there as she tried her best to think. It had all fallen on her too fast to comprehend, too fast to think, and truth be told, she didn't think a million years would help her adjust to this. She was a sissy. Her brain had been altered. Her life was a nightmare. And now...now....now...

KNOCK KNOCK

"Go away!" she whimpered.

"Okay" said Travis. "Just thought you might want your heels. You kicked them off in the pool."

She sniffled and before she knew it, opened the door for him. "Sorry. I thought you were Leah."

"It's cool. I'm sure she didn't mean to do that."

“Right...” she muttered.

“I don’t think anyone saw, so you shouldn’t let it ruin your welcome party. But either way, I was wondering if I could have your number.”

She probably would have said yes anyway, since she was so lovestruck and boy crazy, but upon hearing a boy request her number, an automatic response took hold of her, and she listed it out without missing a beat.

“Nice. I’ll text you.”

“Cool and um...thanks for helping me back there.”

“No problem. And don’t worry, I didn’t look. I like to wait for a girl’s permission before I do” he winked before walking out. She stood there, wistful, lovestruck, romantic, until all the thoughts that ought to be hers slowly retook her mind. She had to escape. She had to undo this. She had to make sure this never happened to anyone ever again, and make sure that her stepfamily faced justice.

It was late before she walked out of the bathroom to find that most had left the party, heading off to other engagements, summer jobs or family events. Only Leah remained, floating on an inflatable as Stephanie walked back out to the pool.

“You’re not getting away with this. One way or another, I’m going to be Simon again.”

Leah just took a sip of her drink and gave a nonchalant shrug. “Give it your best shot. It’ll be more fun for me if you fight back.”

“By all means...” agreed Candace as she walked behind Stephanie and put a hand on her back. The sissy looked up to see a wolfish smile on the woman’s face, one

that told her that the sentiment was terrifyingly genuine. “I look forward to the struggle.

But for now...let’s focus on your training.”