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Cynosure

ILLUSTRATED FICTION

FORCED INTO PANTIES!



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

FALLEN ANGEL

Kristy Leigh 2003

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Aunt Julene woke me up at 6:31 on the dot, 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 colour 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.

"Please Aunt Julie, 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 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 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, Aunt Julie refused to tolerate any masculine behaviour on my part.

Julene Mayfield had taken me in because I possessed so many androgynous characteristics. While my parents *"didn't want no nancies swanning round the house,"* Aunt Julie didn't want any anything *else.* She'd accepted 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 turned fifteen, I was passing 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 finished, I was taken, naked and dripping from the bathroom, to prepare for our appointment at the photographic studio.

Holding me by the hand, Julene led me back to my bedroom. I followed with a downcast expression, my hair still moist from the bath. I was terribly conscious of my nudity, the chill morning air caressing my bare flesh.

"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 weren't as uncomfortable, but I couldn't stand them all the same. At fifteen, 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 honour 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 favourite 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 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 slavering 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.

"You know I *do."* 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.*