

Cindy



Charlie

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Mags Inc/Reluctant Press
4645 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 101
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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“CINDY”

By Charlie

My eighteenth birthday brought a gift that I really did not want; my father and stepmother got a divorce. Mom had caught my father cheating on her and, after a whole year of lawyers and courtroom appearances, they had finally come to an agreement. There was a good bit of money and property involved and, as usual, the woman got the best of the settlement. This didn't bother me as Dad and I did not get along all that well. He wanted a son who played baseball and football and since I only stood five foot five and weighed about one hundred pounds, he had to settle for a swimmer and tennis player. In his eyes these were both sissy sports and he let me know it every chance he got. It didn't help that I looked about three years younger than I really was.

Mom, or as I called her, Frances, was not the typical wicked stepmother; she was kind and gen-

tle to me and was the only Mother I had ever known as my birth Mother died when I was very young. She was about my size and weight with golden blonde hair that was not out of a bottle and she had a figure that a twenty-year-old would be proud to own, despite being over thirty-five. Many a time she would hold and cuddle me whenever I had been hurt or otherwise damaged. This happened frequently since the boys in school felt like my Father did when it came to my build and sports prowess.

Dad owned a company that had stock in oil property, also several ranches in Montana, which is where Frances and I were going to move since she had received a rather large ranch with a beautiful log home on it as part of the settlement.

Another of my favorite sports was horseback riding. Between riding and swimming at the ranch, I was all set.

Several days before we were to leave for Montana, my step-mother had a meeting with her lawyer at our home to discuss final paperwork and some other details, including the fact that she had full custody of her stepson.

Evidently my father wanted no part of me and I heard Frances say that since he wanted it that way, she would take his son away from him completely. At the time I did not realize what she meant; it wasn't until a few years later that I understood.

The move to the ranch in Montana was exciting and we were only there two days when I picked a

horse for myself out of the ranch's herd. She was a beautiful paint mare, about three years old and very gentle. I had my own stall in the barn for her and it was my job to care for her and clean up after her. This was something that had to be done every morning without fail and taught me that riding was not all fun.

Mom even bought me a pair of boots and a complete cowboy outfit to go with them, including the big hat and fancy shirts and blue jeans.

The summer went by very quickly and before I knew it, it was time to go back to school. Mom told me that I was to go to boarding school in a small town in a nearby state that specialized in children from broken marriages, as she felt that I should have some sort of counseling due to their breakup. I was told not to pack very many clothes as all would be provided by the school, so I packed my best cowboy clothes along with the boots that Mom had bought for me.

Two days later a small single engine airplane landed in the pasture in front of the ranch house to take me off to school, I thought this would be fun.

The flight to the school took about three hours and we had to stop for gas once on the way.

The pilot, who was a very pretty young lady, allowed me to fly the plane for a short while and even showed me how to make turns, and go up and down. She was very pleasant yet she wouldn't say very much about the school except that it was called the Academy and that it could teach anything I wanted to learn from A to Z. I was also told

that there was a sports program, but no full contact games were played at all.

We landed at the Academy on a beautiful rolling lawn in front of a building complex of red brick and granite. I was taken in tow by a rather large lady who towered over me.

The next stop was the headmistress' office where I met Ms. Long who was boss over everyone at the school. She greeted me warmly and hoped that I would enjoy my stay. She continued by explaining that there would be several days of indoctrination before I would be allowed to attend classes. Ms. Long then called in a lady who would be my house mother in the dormitory I was assigned to. Her name was Ms. Jones.

I later found out that all the house mothers and most of the other help were all named Smith, Jones, Brown, Black or some other common name like that.

All the students were called by their last names only; no given names were ever used, therefore I was to be called Ward only, with no first name.

Ms. Jones asked me to follow her to the dormitory that I was assigned to, which was in building number one.

My room was on the second floor and had a heavy oak door with two brass card holders mounted on it, one of which had a card with the name Cindy on it and the other with my name, Ward.

I was told that my last name would be changed to my first after I was in the academy for a year. There were no visitors allowed for at least the first six months and after that, only with the permission of the headmistress.

My room number was 203, and my roommate, Cindy, was on an extended leave of absence due to problems at home.

After leaving my small bag of clothes in my sleeping alcove, Ms. Jones showed me the rest of the room which consisted of two sleeping alcoves at either end, each containing a bed, dresser, and a dressing table with a lighted mirror. The center of the room was taken up with two desks, several easy chairs, and a tremendous walk-in closet that I would share with my roomie. Across from the closet was our bathroom with tub and shower, twin sinks, and a variety of hair dryers. I was told that all rooms were furnished the same, regardless of who lived there, boy or girl.

The dorms were co-ed and there were no locks on the doors. No one would enter a room without first knocking and asking the occupant for permission, including the house mother or even head of the Academy, except in case of emergency.

Ms. Jones then took me back to Ms. Long's office where she would tell me all the rules under which I would be living for the next four years. All of my clothes would be supplied by the school and I would be fitted for uniforms the next day.

Ms. Long had me seated in front of her desk and started to tell me of the Academy. It was a co-ed



school that catered mostly to children of broken homes and there was counseling available for anyone in need of it. The uniforms worn by the students were unisex, that is boys and girls wore all the same clothes, except for undergarments where necessary. The colors of neckwear varied depending on what year you were in; freshmen wore green trim, sophomores had red, juniors wore blue, and the seniors wore orange.

All other clothes from shorts to bathing suits were trimmed in your year's color and each student was required to wear his or her name tag at all times. This even applied on Saturdays and Sundays when uniforms were not required. Weekends, the dress code was that you wore whatever was applicable to the activity that you were engaged in, such as swimming or tennis, etc.

There was almost anything available that you might wish, including horseback riding, even flight training as long as you were over sixteen years old. The school tried to match up students in rooms so that their interests were more or less the same. My roomie had shown an interest in tennis and riding as had I.

We were to attend classes five days a week, eight hours a day, and were required to do at least four hours a week of physical activity. I was signed up for swimming, tennis, and horseback riding on weekends. I should mention that I was a few years older than the other students as I had been sickly a lot when I was younger and had missed a few years of school. Not that you could tell from my juvenile appearance.

There was a booklet of rules we were to memorize, infractions led to time served in the kitchen or laundry. All were responsible for the cleanliness of their rooms and bathrooms. Who did what was to be decided between roomies.

Ms. Long escorted me to the dining hall and showed me through the lines to get my supper. She said that I was to report to her office not later than 9:00 in the morning; breakfast was served at eight.

After dinner I returned to my room as it had been a rather long day and I was ready for a good night's sleep. I was met at the dorm by Ms. Jones who showed me where I could get towels and soap or anything else I needed for my personal use and wished me a good night. She also gave me a name tag that I was to wear at all times when I was outside of my room and cautioned me to never leave the Academy grounds without permission. That would be hard to do as I later found out that there were over a thousand acres inside the fence.

As I got ready for bed I found that I had forgotten to pack anything to sleep in and decided to check in Cindy's dresser to see what I could find. I figured that I could replace anything I used from the clothing store the next day. All that I could find were either nightgowns or baby doll pajamas and I finally settled on the baby doll to wear to bed. They fit me very well and I decided that I liked the feel of the nylon on my body.

I slept like a baby until the chimes at 7:00 A.M. woke me. After jumping into the shower, I was all set for breakfast at eight.

Arriving at the dining hall, I had to pass the rather large lady who had met me at the plane the day before. She checked my name tag against a clipboard she held and told me there were no orders for me as yet. I was to go in and eat what I wished.

Breakfast over, I reported to Ms. Long's office where I got my schedule for the day.

First on my daily schedule was a visit to the doctor's office for a complete physical, followed by a stop at the clothing store. There I would be fitted for uniforms, swim suits, and all of the items necessary to enjoy life as a student at the Academy. I was then to return to the "head's" office, as it was called, for more information as to how life went on here.

At the doctor's office I was given a questionnaire by Nurse White that asked all sorts of questions about my health; what I liked to eat, my interests in physical activities, and all about whether I liked girls or boys. Although I was eighteen I really did not have all that much interest in girls as yet. As for boys, I could take them or leave them alone.

Nurse White had me strip down to my briefs and proceeded to measure me from top to bottom, including head, neck, chest, waist, hips, thighs, calves, and places in between.

After she finished, I was turned over to Dr. Walters, who did the rest of my physical and drew blood for some tests she wanted run as she said that I looked a little anemic since I was rather thin for my age. In the meanwhile I was to get a vitamin

shot once a week and a couple of pills every morning at breakfast.

For the examination I had been told to remove my briefs and climb up on the table in the examination room where the doctor went over my entire body, prodding and feeling for muscle tone. My privates came under close examination, which slightly embarrassed me. Doctor Walters laughed and said that she had seen many more, larger and smaller than mine.

Finished, I dressed and was sent off to the clothing store in the main building.

Arriving at the store ,I met Ms. Zoe who managed the store and was told that the procedure for buying clothes or shoes was simply to come in, pick whatever was wanted, and sign a bill. The articles would be charged to our accounts. As I had started with a thousand dollars in credit, authorized by my stepmother, there should be no problem. Furthermore all of the school uniforms were included in the cost of tuition and we only paid for extras.

The nurse had given me a copy of my list of sizes, so she immediately got one of her clerks to work gathering my wardrobe. All uniforms were unisex; boys and girls wore the same outer garments and even underwear was the same except where the girls were in need of a bra.

The blazer I was given fit well and could be buttoned either way, though it was mostly worn open. I was issued six short sleeve shirts, bikini shorts of nylon tricot, thin shoulder-strapped undershirts,

white knee socks, and two navy blue skirt, to match the blazer. (The skirts did present a problem, but if everybody was to wear skirts, boys and girls together, I guess I could adjust to the idea.) There were also shoes, penny loafers and white tennis shoes, The bathing suits were tank top with a diagonal stripe in the color of your class. There were other items too numerous to list. By the time I tried on a lot of stuff it was lunch time.

All clothing would be delivered to my room that afternoon; in the meantime I reported back to Ms. Long who walked me to lunch where she explained more of the rules as we ate. I was told that each demerit we got would result in one hour in the laundry, or as help in the kitchen. It was easy to tell who had that duty as only white was worn on punishment.

Lunch over, Ms. Long gave me a copy of my school class schedule for the next month. This would change from time to time; any class that was missed could not be made up. However if we passed the exams. the absence would be forgotten. This allowed study in the evenings to make up a good part of school work.

Shortly after lunch I started to feel a little sick to my stomach. My house mother said not to worry as most people got the feeling from the difference in the water here.

My clothes came and I spent a while folding and getting stuff in drawers. As I finished I realized that I had again forgotten to get anything to sleep in. It was too late in the day to go back to the store so I

decided that I would wear Cindy's baby dolls to sleep in that night.

Just as I finished with my clothes, there came a knock on the door and I found my next door neighbor who invited me to join her, or him, for dinner.

I asked whether she was a boy or girl and was told that was a question not to be asked in the Academy. Everyone was to be treated the same and any reference to gender was a great way to get demerits. Almost all of the students wore their hair long. As a matter of fact, my own dark blonde hair was collar length.

After supper we returned to my room where Blackwell (1204) showed me how to operate what I had thought was a telephone by the door to the room. You punched in your room number and name and a small screen lit up showing your next days schedule, how many demerits you had and if it was over eight, where you would have to report the next day to work them off.

I punched in 1203 Ward and found that the next day I was to report to several of my teachers to get my books. We were responsible to check daily.

Blackwell and I goofed around until about 8:30 P.M. when we decided to get ready for bed. Lights out was at nine on school nights and Blackie went to his/her room promising to return in a few minutes. It was odd not being able to call a boy a boy or a girl a girl.

I got undressed and again put on Cindy's baby dolls, over which I wore my new terrycloth robe

with the green trim at collar and cuffs. The robe reached down to my calves and I wore it left over right as boys do, figuring that Blackie would wear his/hers whichever way felt the best.

A knock on the door brought Blackie and Ms. Jones into my room where we talked for a few minutes while Ms. Jones offered to brush my hair.

At the same time she told me some of the dorm rules, such as never leaving your room unless completely covered in a robe or other clothing and that the floors kitchen must be left clean and any leftover food should be properly disposed of. The kitchen was for snacks and was located in the center of the building, just to the left of my room. Lights out came at 9:00 P.M. and was announced by a momentary dimming of the lights about five minutes before. We would be awakened by chimes in our room depending what our next days' schedule was to be. 5:00 A.M. if we were in the kitchen or laundry. Dirty laundry was to be left outside our doors any evening and would be returned the next evening.

Ms. Jones finished brushing my hair and complimented me on its condition. Frances had told me when I started to let it grow long that I must keep it clean and neat or she would run me off to the barber shop in a hurry, therefore I usually washed and conditioned it daily.

When the chimes rang at 7:00 A.M. I jumped out of the bed. No sooner did my feet hit the floor than I got the same queasy feeling I had gotten yesterday. After brushing my teeth and getting dressed in my new uniform, I started to feel much better.

The bikini underpants I wore were much like my normal briefs except for the nylon tricot material and they had no fly in the front. I would have to pull them down to go to the bathroom. The undershirt and shirt were made of much the same material and the skirts felt kind of funny. They were about three inches above the knee and were cut more like a skirt than shorts, having a flair from the waist down. According to the dress code I had been given, they were to be worn with either knee socks or nylon hose, for girls, I guessed.

Around my neck was my green kerchief under the Peter Pan collar of my shirt and on my feet I had the penny loafers. In the mirror I looked more like a girl than a boy. I figured that was what they wanted so everyone looked alike.

In the hall on my way to breakfast I met Blackie. We looked like twins in our look-alike uniforms.

I suspected that Blackie was really a girl but couldn't be sure.

At the door to the dining hall was the large lady with her clipboard. This time she had two pills for me which I washed down with a small glass of juice right in front of her.

Blackie got two pills also but I noticed one of mine was purple while his/hers were both white.

After breakfast I went to my classrooms and received my books as well as being told what was expected of me.

In the afternoon I went to my first class and so started my first week in the Academy. Some of the

classes were a little strange, such as the Hygiene and Grooming class where we all, boys and girls, learned all about taking care of our hair and nails, the use of deodorants and such.

The swimming class was more fun, save for the swim suits which really made us all look girlish. They were black spandex tank suits with a green stripe diagonally across the front, cut with very high leg openings.

The first day I wore it in the water I almost had an embarrassing thing happen. Ms. Smith, the swim coach, blew the whistle and told everyone class was over and to get out of the pool and return to their rooms to get ready for supper. That is everyone but me, I was ordered to do a couple more laps around the pool. Finally she ordered me out and told me to look down at my suit where I found parts of me hanging out of the high-cut leg holes.

Ms. Smith told me to stop at the clothing store on the way back to my room wearing my terry cloth robe and ask Ms. Zoe for a gaffe to hold me in the suit.

She gave me several of them and instructed me in wearing them, saying I should wear one at all times as the discomfort of wearing it would go away after a short while.

The days went by quickly; most of my classes were very interesting, even though some of what I learned was not really meant for a boy.

I continued to have that queasy feeling in the mornings, especially after my weekly vitamin shot

at the doctor's office. I didn't gain any weight despite the shots, though my bottom seemed to be a bit rounder than before. Also, my chest had an itchy feeling.

I had been at the Academy for about three months and was almost used to the unisex clothing when two events happened that made a change in my life.

The first was that I was picked for the swim team. I found I could never beat Blackie in a race, even though I felt I was the stronger of the two. He/she always beat me by tenths of a second. When I asked what made the difference, I was told that Blackie's body was more streamlined than mine, as there was no hair on it to slow him/her down. I knew that most swim team members shaved their bodies, even in all male schools. Blackie told me that there was a cream I could use to take it off easily that kept it from growing back for a couple of months.

That night in the shower I said goodbye to all my body hair including my underarms and the next time we raced I beat Blackie by one whole second. It also made sleeping in the baby dolls feel wonderful. Since I found that the store only had nightgowns and baby dolls I long since had replaced Cindy's and had some of my own.

The second thing that happened was in a tennis match where we were playing doubles and my partner accidentally hit me in the nose with a racket.