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Crossdressed for Christmas

By Courtney Captisa

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CHAPTER ONE

Cutting Something

“You aren’t supposed to start practice with a cadence. It always starts with a few warm-ups like double rolls, paradiddles, and other rudiments!” Brian yells at Nick while his drumsticks get sweaty in his hands.

“Not anymore! We don’t need to do those all the time,” says Nick, who is the new captain of the drumline in marching band.

Although it is halfway into the semester of the school year, Brian is still having a hard time adjusting to having a junior take the position of drumline captain when he thought for sure he would have the position considering he is the only person on the drumline at the medium-sized high school who has played every semester since freshman year. The band director, Mrs. Krammer, made the decision to put Nick as the captain over Brian for several reasons. Nick’s playing ability is more technical than Brian’s. They are both great players, but Nick seems to have a better understanding of classical theory and technique while Brian knows general reading and spends the rest of his time playing drums in a metal band outside of school. Nick also has a better temper than Brian. Several times this year, Brian has displayed his short temper and immaturity. He often speaks his mind with no filter of how it will affect other people’s feelings. Mrs. Krammer considers Nick to be more of a natural leader.

When he first heard of the decision, Brian cussed a lot and even thought about quitting band class, but knew it wouldn’t solve anything. He talked to Mrs. Krammer about it privately, but she stuck to her decision and told him the reasons why. He argued, at first, to try to get her to reconsider, but the best she said is that he had to improve other skills besides playing to be considered captain for Spring semester. Often, the band class was split up into various sections during the year between marching and concert band. Right now, the class has been acting as marching band to prepare for the number of Christmas parades that start soon.

“And we don’t!” says Nick. “Why are you even bringing this up in November?”

“It was better the other way!”

“What? Last year?”

“Yes!”

Nick shrugs, “Dude, the drum line is sounding bad ass... more than ever. Are you denying that?”

Brian knows he is correct, but lists the better incoming freshman and team spirit as the reasons rather than the fact that Nick is captain. “We could be better!”

“Jesus man...” Nick says while trying to regain the attention of the other players. “Let’s get back to work,” he says as he counts off into the second cadence.

Brian starts playing his snare drum, but his mind is elsewhere. Somehow, he needs to get revenge against him. Not only does he not like Nick’s technique of rehearsal, but he also doesn’t like him as a person. He seems like the proper, by-the-book type that is too clean cut and is probably a yes-man. Brian is the complete opposite, a metal-loving, tall guy who dresses in baggy clothes despite being about 160 pounds and does what he wants for the most part.

It seems like something simple, but Brian has thought of something.

“How in the hell did this head get broken in its case!” says Nick after opening the road case to his marching snare drum from under the bus at the school’s first Christmas parade that is in the town of Heart Falls, the first Saturday after Thanksgiving.

There are gasps from other students, especially those who know that the drum heads are extremely difficult to break that model.

Mrs. Krammer comes over. She’s in her mid-30s and has been teaching at the school for the past seven years where she has seen many different things occur during these field trips. “Oh great!” she says sarcastically. “Did anyone pack an extra one?”

Nick states, “No, we never do.”

Brian says, “Exactly why you shouldn’t be captain.”

Mrs. Krammer turns to him, “Brian!”

He shrugs his shoulders.

Mrs. Krammer continues, “Do you have any extra drums?”

Brian replies, “No, we didn’t have any extra room.”

“Is it playable at all?”

“No, it’s split all the way down.”

“As a teacher once told me, the show MUST go on. Just play on it as if it were together.”

Nick has the idea playing on someone else’s but knows it is not fair to even mention that. The

thought probably crossed Mrs. Krammer's mind as well but wouldn't be an acceptable decision.

"We can still practice like this before the parade..." says Brian.

CHAPTER TWO

When is going to the office ever good?

“You wanted to see me?” asks Brian while visiting Mrs. Krammer’s office after school the following Monday after the parade.

“Yes Brian, thanks for coming in. Why don’t you have a seat?” she says waving to an empty seat across from her desk. Brian isn’t in her office too often and is a little nervous about why he was asked to show up after school a few days after the parade. There is noise coming from the Chorus room that is parallel to the office since it is a meeting place between that and the Band room, but he can’t make out what is happening. It doesn’t sound like the choir though.

Brian sits a little fidgety in the chair waiting for Mrs. Krammer speaks up. In his perverted teen mind, he’s hoping she flirts with him. She is considered one of the ‘hot’ teachers of the school due to her youthful appearance, busty chest, and silky brown hair

“Since things were a little hectic as we got off the bus at the parade, I didn’t have a chance to ask you about what happened with the snare drum that broke.”

“... What did you want to asks?”

“I’m just curious, do you have any idea of how that drum head could have broken in the case?”

Brian replies, “It couple be some things. Temperature changes could have done it...”

Mrs. Krammer says, “Okay, I was just curious since a teenage boy could have done it during lunch break on Friday.”

Brian feels his world collapse as Mrs. Krammer knows the truth. He let’s her continue.

“I was really curious about what would have happened, so we looked back at the security footage in the band room and saw you take the snare drum out, cut it with some object and put it back in the box. It was Nick’s since his stickers are on the side of it.” Mrs. Krammer starts to play the footage on her computer and watches Brian sweat.

Everything in the footage is true/. He still hasn’t verbally admitted to it, but the footage is proof that he indeed tried to sabotage Nick out of revenge and jealousy.

“What do you think of this?” asks Mrs. Krammer.

Brian is dumbfounded still and comes up with a bullshit answer, “It was an accident...”

“Brian come on! You did this intentionally. You look angry in this footage!”

He finally breaks down. “Okay fine! I should have been captain, and this has been bothering me!”

“So you destroy school property and try to ruin him at our first Christmas parade?!” she responds.

“Drastic measures need to be taken at times...”

“You are absolutely right... That’s why I’m removing you from the drumline,” says Mrs. Krammer raising her voice slightly.

“WHAT?! I’ve been on the drumline since freshman year, and this is my last year here. You can’t do that!”

“Oh yes, I can. You need to learn there are consequences for your actions.”

“But kicking me out of marching band?!”

Mrs. Krammer pauses, “That’s the thing. I’m going to give you one last chance since we are going into Christmas season and need all the support we can get. There’s a program I want you to join that will hopefully teach you a lesson.”

“And what’s that?”

“Come with me...” she says as she stands up.

Walking to the Chorus room door, Brian doesn’t know what to expect and is sweating, even more, thanks to Mrs. Krammer figuring out his destruction. She stops as she places her hand on the door knob.

“Now before we go in, I just want to tell you that I want to hear them give you positive remarks and a clean attitude should be kept. If you do not do what is asked of you, I will report this footage to the principal which means you may face expulsion and/or criminal charges.”

Brian stands still for a moment before nodding his head. Mrs. Krammer opens the door, and they both walk in the room.

Right as he walks in the room, he sees the nine girls in the majorettes of the marching band practicing in casual clothes. In unison, they all turn towards the door and smile.

Brian still doesn’t know how to respond and lets his teacher do the talking.

“I’m sure you know most of the girls Brian. Do you know Mrs. Wilkins?” she asks, as another woman in her 30s walks over. The lady is tall with long blonde hair and is wearing a pink hoodie.

“I’ve seen her at some full band practices and parades...”

“Nice to meet you Brian!” Mrs. Wilkins says as she smiles and greets him. “This is my first year coaching the majorette squad and want to welcome you. Mrs. Krammer told me a lot about you today.”

“... What do you mean?”

Mrs. Krammer smiles, “Brian, I think it’s for the best. The girls are all very excited to have a boy on the squad. Yes, you are now going to be a majorette!”

With that statement, as a Macklemore song the girls were practicing to plays in the background, Brian feels his penis shrivel up more than ever before.

CHAPTER THREE

Majorette Makeover

“You can’t do this! I’m 18 now, so I can sue you!” Brian yells.

“And we have footage of you destroying property that can get you kicked out of school and maybe some time in jail. Would you rather spend time in a room with these girls or time in prison with a bunch of men?” asks Mrs. Krammer.

“This is going to be very embarrassing and will destroy my reputation!” says Brian in defense.

The girls continue to laugh and point at Brian as they whisper some things to themselves.

“You are already off the drumline as of now Brian. In order to keep you enrolled in class, I need you to participate in something involving the band.”

“Can’t I just clean something?”

“No, that’s the easy way out, and it’s more fun this way,” says Mrs. Krammer with an evil grin.

Mrs. Wilkins smiles as well and puts her hand on his shoulder, “Don’t worry Brian. We are going to take very good care of you and by the time we are done, no one will ever think of you as anything different.”

“What am I going to be doing exactly?”

Brian holds his baton horizontally and moves it from left to right along with the other girls to the recording of the marching band version of Angels We Have Heard On High as Mrs. Krammer comes back into the room to see his progress after a half-an-hour.

The last few minutes have been spent learning the same routine the majorettes do and how to twirl a baton in his fingers properly. He thinks this is the stupidest thing and requires no talent at all, although find it easy to twirl a baton since he is used to twirling drumsticks. It’s just a little heavier and not made of wood. The girls have been friendly, although have been giggling a lot. He feels, even more, embarrassed that Mrs. Krammer is seeing him twirling now.

“That looks very good!” she says.

“He’s a natural,” replies Mrs. Wilkins.

Brian shakes his head but continues the movements with the girls until he hears the music stop.

“You are doing great!” says Emily, the captain of the majorettes. What has made this situation, even more, humiliating is that Emily is one of the hottest girls in school. Brian has had many fantasies about her involving her long curly brown hair, heavy makeup, and plump butt.

“Thanks, I guess,” says Brian.

“You are also going to look REALLY great with us!”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

Mrs. Wilkins smiles and walks over to Brian. “We are going to help you through all of this don’t worry.”

Mrs. Krammer joins them, “Brian, in all the time I’ve been at this school, we’ve never had a male majorette. I’m pretty sure there’s a matching male uniform somewhere out there, but with our next parade this weekend there isn’t time to order another. That means you are going to have to dress just like the other majorettes.”

“I quit!!!”

“That’s fine; I’ll get Principal McMills then.”

Brian stops in his tracks, “I’ll tell him you are trying to get me to dress like a girl!”

“Trust me, he’ll take my side,” says Mrs. Krammer with a smile trying to keep a positive mentality going.

“Why in the hell do you want me to dress like a girl?!”

Emily interrupts, “It’s not that bad actually.”

“But you ARE a girl!”

She responds, “There are plenty of guys who dress up as girls.”

“If they are trans or something. When have you ever heard of a guy being forced to wear girl stuff!” he says defensively.

Another girl on the squad, Olivia, speaks up, “Sometimes!”

Mrs. Wilkins butts in, “Like I said before, we are all here to help you, not embarrass you Brian.”

“Seriously... this is all too much... I’m out!”

“Can you just try it for one parade?” asks Mrs. Krammer.

“What’s the difference between one parade or a hundred? People are going to notice that I’m not on the drumline anymore and that there is mysteriously a new majorette. What about practice during school with the whole band?”

“It could be a good deterrent for other boys who want to destroy property,” says Mrs. Krammer. “But this is also a way for you to express your creativity in another outlet. I’ll have a talk with the class before we begin tomorrow.”

“So I’m actually going to have to wear that outfit they wear!”

“It will make you feel so pretty!” Emily teases. The other girls share a laugh including Mrs. Wilkins.

“Just remember to wear the uniform with the same pride as the other majorettes Brian. A smile is needed as well!”

CHAPTER FOUR

School Sucks

After the laughter dies down, Mrs. Krammer continues her speech to the class.

“Now that you have the giggles out. Please be very courtesy to Brian as he is a team player!”

Brian sits in his chair with his head down and face buried in part of his flannel shirt. This is truly the most embarrassing moment of his life having the entire band class know he will be joining the majorettes.

Nick whispers to another student in the Band room, "Exactly what he deserves! We are going to be so much better without him."

Marching outside, Brian follows the movements of the other girls the best he can remember. Yesterday, he was given his own baton to practice with at home. Explaining the situation to his parents, they took the side of the teacher who had previously called them about the situation and agreed he should do this rather than face charges.

At this point, he has no say in the matter and is forced to be one of the majorettes.

After band class, Brian is told that the majorettes are going to have another after school practice 'just for him.' He is a little confused considering the moves for marching band seemed easy, and he thought he nailed most of the stuff minus messing up in one part. Playing drums has helped his memory although it's a little difficult to do some new girly thing when having people laugh at you is very distracting!

The girls and Brian meet in the Chorus room again with Mrs. Wilkins. All of them are chattering non-stop about things girls talk about, and he feels out of place once again. Olivia and Emily try to involve him in the conversation, but he only gives them one-word answers since he is still embarrassed.

"Can we please just start this? What do we need to work on to make this go by quicker?"

"The way you look is what we need to work on," says Emily.

"What?!"

"You are still moving around like a boy. It was a major thing we noticed today when we were outside marching."

"Well, how am I supposed to change that?"

Mrs. Wilkins smiles, "Your fellow students had a great idea, Brian. Since you are in this for the long haul now, it's probably best to start thinking of yourself AS A GIRL rather than just a boy doing girlish things. The girls brought a few bags from the gym that they had with them today to help you fit more into your new role."

"What are you talking about?"

Olivia holds up an object, "Have you ever worn a bra before?"

"Are you fucking insane?"

"Language young lady!" says Mrs. Wilkins.

"Young lady?!"

"Start thinking of yourself as a girl Brian."

"You are all nuts and need a doctor."

Emily says, "Some girls like this stuff..." trying to make him feel better about the situation.

"If they are sick..."

"It's kind of cute," she responds.

Olivia says, "Take off that flannel shirt and whatever you have on underneath."

"Why?" he asks.

"Because you need to put on you bra silly!"

"Whose is that?"

"It's mine. It's old you can have it."

The others girls continue to laugh as Brian takes off his shirt, knowing he can't get out of this situation right now. The girls think that the black band T-shirt he has on underneath of the flannel isn't something one of them would wear, and he is going to look cuter wearing a

feminine cut T-shirt with Tinkerbell on it.

Emily stands behind him as Olivia goes in front of him with the bra and they tag-team putting it on him while giving him instructions on how to put it on himself for future reference.

"Why all of this hair on your chest?" Emily asks.

"Because I'm a guy?"

"Not for long..." says Emily.

One of the other girls tosses the Tinkerbell shirt and he is forced to wear it. It's obviously too small since it shows a little of his belly button. This is followed by a pair of soft pink gym shorts that he put on over his boxers. They explained the underwear situation would have to happen another day.

Practicing twirling in girl clothes makes Brian feel even more like a little sissy, but since dressing, the girls have seemed a little nicer. After the last part of practice, Emily puts her arms around him.

"You are doing so well I just want to hug you!" Her hair feels very soft against Brian's skin, and he starts to get an erection, although does his best to hide it considering what he's wearing.

"Thanks..." he says.

Mrs. Wilkins comes over, "Yes Brian, everything you did today was great. I feel much more confident that you will do your best at the parade this Saturday."

"I'm not going to have to wear this stuff to school right?" he says, looking for his old clothes to change back into.

"I'm still undecided," she says. "But you will be on the same bus as the other majorettes. Since the next parade is an hour drive away, you can show up in street clothes and change into your uniform on the bus.

The mystery is finally solved for Brian. He always wondered what happened on that little bus the majorettes took all the time. For band uniforms, they would just throw them on over normal clothes so it was no big deal, but the majorettes had to completely change.

Olivia says, "Are you sure you don't want to try on your uniform before the parade just to make sure it fits?"

"I'm positive," he replies.

Emily smiles, "Don't worry, it will be just us girls on the bus."

CHAPTER FIVE

Second Parade

The past few days have been hell for Brian as his humiliation hasn't faded away at all. If anything, because of daily practice he has gotten better at twirling and has all the routines down now. Emily recommended that he also practice dancing with some YouTube videos, but he didn't want to take it that far. Something about having a female dominate him and feminize him makes him feel a little funny.

He now finds himself at the back of the bus with the majorettes and Mrs. Wilkins. They seem to be very excited about the parade in Mulberry tonight. Most of them are on the bus with several bags. It's a short bus and half the seats are taken up by luggage. It's kind of odd thinking the drumline definitely has more to pack but usually are cramped on the bus even with luggage underneath.

Not even after five minutes of being on the bus, his sissy feminization starts.

"Okay, let's get you ready!" says Emily.

"What?! Already? We just pulled out of the school and have an hour drive."

"Exactly! Being a girl isn't easy is it?"

"I don't know."

"Olivia, can you pass me that small leopard bag?" she says.

Brian squirms in his seat, since he has a feeling this bag probably contains makeup products.

Emily opens the bag that has a ton of cosmetics inside. "Oh yeah, did you shave your legs like I told you to?"

"...Yes..."

"Good, cause that ugly hair of yours would show through your silky tights!"

The experience of shaving his legs, armpits, chest, and other regions isn't something Brian wants to remember and is praying the hair will grow back before gym class next semester. Luckily, there is no hair on his face either right now.

"Be sure to hold still, this is even harder to do on a moving bus, but we are used to it by now," Emily says as she sits next to Brian. He notices she is showing a lot of cleavage today in a low-cut shirt since it has been a warm December so far this year.

Emily starts by applying pink lip gloss to his lips which feels very foreign to him. There is a wetness feel to it and it already makes his lips seem plumper. Next is a heavy amount of foundation that she swears with a brush including some contouring to make his face more girlish. It seems like she is taking forever, but is Emily's goal to make him not only look like a girl, but feel like a girl.

Considering the majorettes always wear a lot of eye makeup, Brian is no exception. As Emily applies his eyeshadow she has a friendly conversation with him.

"Did you ever think you would be a majorette if you were born a girl?"

He stops to think about it for a moment, "Probably not, I mean girls have been on drumline before so I would probably just do that."

"One of my friends who used to do it said that shoulder strap thing used on drums hurt her boobs."

Brian replies, "I wouldn't know..." but has a slight laugh out of it.

Emily says, "What do you think your name would be if you were born a girl for real?"

"That's not something I really think about. I guess my parents would have just named me Brianna or something."

"That is your new name then!"

"WHAT?!" **BRIANNA** responds.

"Honestly, you don't want us calling you Brian while you are dressed like this. That would be even more humiliating, right?"

"I guess you are right," says Brianna.

Emily starts to apply a heavy amount of glitter finish under his eyes and on his cheekbones. "You are starting to look very pretty!"

Brianna just sits in his seat trying to hold back embarrassing tears. The conversation with Emily made him a little more relaxed, but it doesn't stop the fact that he is about to be in front of thousands of people dressed like a girl.

"Want to see?" she asks.

"Why not..." he responds.

Emily holds up a mirror where he notices his face does look extremely feminine with heavy makeup on. The girl in the mirror could even be considered cute by his standards, although she looks a little odd with shaggy guy hair and an Adam's Apple.

"What do you think?"

"I look like a sissy..."

"Not for long... Olivia, where did that wig go?"

"You bought a wig?!"

"A friend of mine had one that she found in her closet. Guess someone bought it before and never used it. It actually looks really good and feels like human hair. Hope you'll have fun being blonde! I could never do it."

The blonde hair Olivia is holding looks like something a snotty cheerleader would have as a hairdo. The hair is going to come down to about halfway down his back and is curled at the end. Looks very preppy.

"Just hold still while we get this on you," Emily says as she places a cap on top of his head to secure his real hair.

"Pass me a brush someone," demands Olivia as the other girls who are busy putting on their makeup scramble to find one.

The wig is placed on his head, and Brianna can feel the strands on blonde hair hit his shoulders. He has had long hair before, but never to the point of it coming down this long and being styled in a feminine way.

Emily smiles, "This really makes you look like a girl, oh my God!" She holds the mirror to him again and he shrieks a bit like a little bitch. There is nothing male about his head right now other than the Adam's apple.

Olivia says, "Don't cry... don't want to smear your makeup!"

Mrs. Wilkins hears the screams in the back of the bus and walks back, "Oh my, he looks so pretty!"

"He is Brianna now!" says one of the girls. A few of them start taking photos again with their cellphones.

"Please don't post those anywhere!"

The other girls stand in front while Brianna removes his boxers, hiding behind one of the seats. Most of the girls are laughing as Olivia hands him a pair of her panties since she is the closest in size to him down there. They are a thin pink lace thong style with a little extra room in front. Brianna hasn't touched many girls panties before and it seems even more weird that he will be wearing them now.

"What are these stains in here?"

"I was on my period last week," says Olivia. "Do you want to put a tampon in too?"

"That's disgusting!"

In front of all the girls, Brianna slips on the panties. He is also given a padded 34B size bra that barely fits him. It feels very strange on his shaven chest. The real fun begins when Emily shows him how to properly put on the sparkly tights that go with the uniform. Each leg is rolled in a proper way and he wouldn't lie if the material didn't feel good against his skin. Next is the blue sequined uniform of the majorettes that he steps into and then is zipped up. It has some material around the arms and shoulders as well which as some weird material he hasn't seen on any male clothes.

"Yes! It fits!" says Olivia.

"You are becoming a princess!" says Emily.

Brianna's penis feels very small tucked away in **HER** thong panty. The uniform is a little tight on her, but she should get used to it.

"I'm so ready to take this off right now..." Brianna says.

"This is just the beginning, and we need to hurry. Now for styling your hair!" says Emily.

CHAPTER SIX

What's Happening?

“You did so great Brianna!” says Mrs. Wilkins on the bus after the parade.

“Yes! We are so proud of you,” says Emily as she hugs her sissy creation.

Brianna still feels weird about everything. She smiled most of the parade and only made a few mistakes including dropping her baton a few times when trying to concentrate on keeping her hand on her hips during some of the rotations.

“Thanks, I guess. Can I please get changed back into my clothes now?”

“We still need some photos together, AND I don’t know where your clothes went,” says Olivia.

“What do you mean? They were right in the back!” she says as she scrambles to find her male stuff. “They aren’t here!”

“Looks like you are going home like this...”

Brianna’s parents thought she really did look the part, but she wanted to go back to her room immediately.

In the bathroom, she takes another close look at herself. There’s no doubt she looks almost completely female and is nervous that she has to dress like this again for the other parades this year. She pulls on her wig to remove it.

“Ouch! What the fuck?!”

For some reason, the wig was put on so strong that it pulls at her real hair. She gives it another pull and it hurts just as much. Putting her hands through her hair, she puts it up to see where the line for the cap is and is shocked to see the wig is now her real hair!

Brianna starts freaking out and pulls it a bit more to feel the physical proof that she now is a blonde with long hair. Frantically, she runs into her parents room.

“Mom! Dad! Something is wrong! This wig won’t come off!”

Both are in a sleepy state, and her mom replies, “Just wait until morning honey....”

Since they are no help, Brianna runs to her room and texts Emily since they had exchanged

numbers a few days ago.

This fucking wig won't come off! Help!

Within a few seconds, Emily replies:

Oh wow! Just be careful.

'What the hell?' she thinks to herself. She contemplates grabbing a pair of scissors but is afraid that may cause more pain. She then strips out of her uniform and changes into male clothes.

Remembering the instructions the girls gave her about removing her makeup, she goes back into the bathroom and removes most of it. Her skin looks different. Something about the contouring of her face looks different...

Freaking out, she goes into her room and sits back on the bed with her phone:

I'm scared!

Emily responds:

What is there to be scared about? You did great tonight!

It's not that, something is wrong...

Don't worry so much, just be happy!

Brianna realizes that Emily is no help right now and eventually falls asleep.

The next morning Brianna wakes up and gets ready for school as normal. Showering with long hair and styling it proves to be a little difficult, as she is still confused on what happened. Luckily, she finds a hat to wear to school and doesn't care if anyone asks her to take it off.

When arriving at school, she is greeted immediately by Emily.

"Let me see!"

"No!"

"Come on, this is really weird. I just want to make sure you weren't lying."

"Why would I lie about something like this?" asks Brianna.

“I don’t know!”

Brianna lifts up her hat a little and lets Emily inspect it. “Oh wow! Come with me!”

“What?”

“Just follow me...”

Surprisingly, Brianna finds herself dragged into the girl’s bathroom!

Emily takes Brianna’s hat off, letting her blonde hair run free. “Oh God, this is a mess!” She pulls out a brush and helps Brianna look her best.

“This is fucked up Emily. What just happened?”

“Maybe there was something special about that wig; I don’t know! Like I said, someone just found it at their house.”

“We need to tell Mrs. Krammer or Mrs. Wilkins. This has to end right now!”

“Have you noticed anything else odd?”

“The fact that you look a little taller...”

Emily hesitates, “My clothes fit just fine... I think you are getting a little shorter...”

“How in the hell did that happen?!”

“I have no idea! Do you think I’m a psychic or magician or something?”

“Maybe a witch!”

“I wish!” smiles Emily.

Brianna was forced to take her hat off within her first class. Many of the students laughed at her but were quickly silenced by the teacher. There is something about seeing a boy wearing baggy clothes but with feminine blonde hair that made them laugh a lot.

In band class, Mrs. Krammer complimented Brianna.

“You are doing much better than I expected Miss.”

“Can you please call me Brian?”

“Not until after Christmas season!” she says. “No, now get ready with the other girls.”

“Ugh,” says Brianna as she grabs her baton and walks away with her hand on her hip.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Hometown Parade

The next parade on the schedule is their hometown parade. In the last few days, Brianna has gotten used to shaving her body every day but is still gaining skills of styling her hair. Emily even came over one day to show her a few ways to put her hair up, how to braid it, and other techniques. Her nails were painted along with makeup lessons. Somehow, during this bonding time, Brianna didn't feel sexually attracted to Emily but felt like she was more of a great friend. She was able to get to know her more as a person as enjoyed spending time with her despite that it involved feminization.

Another thing Emily recommended was to start wearing panties and bras every day so she would be more comfortable wearing them while dressed in her majorette uniform. She was able to obtain some for cheap and donating them to her friend. Because she has been wearing bras more, Brianna's breasts have been growing slightly. She is now an A-cup, so there is a little more to be filled. She has also noticed that her hips have grown as well as her butt is becoming more rounded thanks to wearing panties. Emily also gave her a few feminine items to wear around the house like shirts and yoga pants.

"Emily, I'm getting a little worried," Brianna says to her before the hometown parade as they are warming up outside.

"You've been practicing a lot, there is nothing to be worried about!" she says.

"Not about twirling, it's about my body. I think I'm turning into a girl!"

"What makes you say that?"

"I'm growing breasts and my butt feels weird!"

"It could be your diet," she smiles.

Brianna continues twirling her baton with the other girls for warm-up. There is a slight chill in the air.

As the parade starts, this marks a few weeks of dressing as a girl. Many eyes are on Brianna as rumor has spread around town that there is a boy now on the majorette squad, although thanks to the transformations, many people can't spot her.

During the parade, Brianna's body starts to change, even more, her butt fills out her majorette uniform and tights a little more, and her breasts start to expand to fill the cups of her bra more.

She does not notice this as she is busy twirling her body, which has also decreased about three-inches in height a least. The makeup on her face has caused her cheekbones to expand, nose getting narrower, and lips becoming more full. Due to heavy mascara, her eyelashes have expanded. The Adam's Apple that was once a problem is now not even visible.

Once the parade is over, Brianna feels some physical differences but figures it is just because she is tired from marching over two miles. The other girls do notice the changes, but instead of saying anything, just hug their new friend and give her some more positive reinforcement of her growing femininity.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Next Day at School

The next day at school, Brianna shows up wearing one of the shirts that Emily gave her along with leggings since she finds them to be more comfortable than jeans. She obviously noticed her growing breasts because she also wore a bra to school. To everyone at the school, they don't see her as anything other than a girl at this point and think she may have even done this to herself on purpose. Brianna is still completely mentally aware of the changes that have occurred, but figure since no one is helping that he'll just go back to normal once all parades are over. The concert band show is in a few weeks anyways.

Once in band class, Mrs. Krammer makes a big announcement.

"First of all, job WELL DONE at the parade last night. I'm so proud of each and every one of you. That was one of our best parades this year, and I'm so happy that you represented your town so well. We took First Place for marching band this year!"

The entire class erupts in cheers. Emily is sitting next to Brianna and gives her a hug.

"Another big announcement, we also won Best Drumline!"

Nick gives a few high-fives to his crew. Brianna gets a little shock that they happened to win that without her. While they got to do all the fun parts, she was busy twirling a sissy baton.

Mrs. Krammer smiles, "And I'm also happy to announce, for the first time in five years, the school also won Best Auxiliary Squad. Congratulations Majorettes!"

With that announcement, what is left of Brianna's male life comes to an end. Inside of her panties, true Christmas magic begins as her penis starts shrinking in size. Since a penis doesn't belong there now, there is no need for it and her testicles start to transform into the ovaries that will now make up part of her reproductive system. Olivia joked about Brianna wearing tampons before, but that will now become a reality.

The ovaries that were once testicles fly up into her growing system that includes a uterus. The extra skin that was around her ball sack fades away as her penis continues to contract. It becomes much less in girth and recedes into becoming her clit. A vagina starts to form, which is protected by the soft fabric of her panties. Brianna is all-woman now.

Something feels different down there, although Brianna won't have any idea of the transformation that occurs until a little later when she goes to use the bathroom. Ever since Emily dragged her in there, she has been using the girl's bathroom at school and even sitting down to urinate since it would be a little odd to stand up even with her former penis.

The girls share a big hug, not only for the big award accomplishment but also to celebrate Brianna's transition from a punk-ass male drummer to a sweet twirler princess. After class, Mrs. Krammer requests that Brianna sees her after school again.

“You wanted to see me Mrs. Krammer?”

“Have a seat,” she says.

Brianna sits down and crosses her legs in the chair.

“I'm very proud of you! You have done so well, especially considering we took an inexperienced boy who had never touched a baton before and put him on the majorette squad! You have showed great devotion. There is only one parade left. After that, you can go back to playing drums in concert band and can play on the drumline for Spring parades.”

Brianna smiles, “Thanks, Mrs. Krammer. I appreciate that. There's something I need to tell you as well.”

“Yes?”

“This whole thing turned me into a girl... not emotionally, but physically. Mrs. Krammer, I went to the bathroom earlier, and I have a vagina now. I've been transforming into a girl ever since the first night when that wig wouldn't come off. No one has listened to me at all, so I figured now would be a good time to get the truth. I'm going to go back to being a boy after this next parade right?”

Mrs. Krammer smiles, “Some girls told me about what was happening, but to be honest, I didn't know it would go this far. The idea was just to get you to calm down a bit. I'm not exactly sure why you have been turning into a girl, but everything happens for a reason.”

Brianna freaks out, “You mean I'm stuck like this?!”

“It's okay if you are Brianna. Somethings are meant to be. But the choice is yours.”

“What do you mean?! I have a vagina and breasts now. Those aren't going to go away!”

“Living as a woman isn't the end of the world honey. Look at how well you've done already with making new friends, gaining a new hobby, and not causing any trouble.”

Brianna starts sweating, “I don't want to be stuck like this!”

Mrs. Krammer scoots her chair a little closer to the grieving girl, “It's okay honey. I'm sure

there is a good explanation for this.”

“What could that be? Has this happened before? Are there other guys who are being turned into majorettes just because they do one thing wrong in band?!”

“I’m not sure Brianna. However, I did just give you the option of returning to drumline.”

“Of course, I’m going to take that option! After this next parade, I’m going back! Maybe then I’ll transform back into a boy.”

Mrs. Krammer replies, “But we do need some females on the drumline again... Maybe you and Nick will get along better this time around.”

The End... Merry Christmas!

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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