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Go Figure

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Go Figure

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Chapter 1: Argue

Britney Marino and her mom Lisa could hear Mark yelling from the living room, but focused their attention back on their conversation. They knew his banter was part of his usual antics—yelling at the television during football Sundays.

Lisa took a sip of her pumpkin spice latte which Britney had ordered as well during their stop to Sunbucks on the way back from an afternoon out in town. It was on the car ride back when Britney announced the big news. Since senior year had just started a few weeks prior, she felt this year needed to bring some changes to her lifestyle. Although she did not know it herself, it was all part of growing up.

“I’m sure he’ll understand,” said Lisa with a smile.

She was always a well-dressed woman, wearing a white cashmere sweater that accented her olive-toned, Italian ancestry skin very well and keeping her warm during the chilly Fall air of Minnesota. Her dark red hair was one of her signature features, while her husband had dark brown hair and Britney was on the darker side of blonde.

“God damn it, Walsh! Don’t fuck this one up! Can’t lose against the Packers!” screamed Mark. Somehow watching football made him excited but angry at the same time. He tried playing the sport himself back in high school, but his short stature made for a lot of bench time. Due to genetics or bad luck, he never made it past 5’4” tall. Part of him considered himself lucky when he found Lisa, who is several inches taller than him. Although football didn’t work out, he did play some other sports as well although the days of active sports are somewhat over due to a busy schedule working as a mortgage lender and holding down the household.

Mark took a sip of his beer as he watched the failed play and Lisa entered the room with Britney.

Keeping his eyes glued to the television they both sat down on the opposite couch; Lisa attempted to get his attention with a wave of her hand. The bangles she was wearing, however, made enough noise causing him to glance over.

“Yes? What is it?” he answered with a tone of underline annoyance.

“Britney and I had a chat on the way back from the mall, about some changes she wants to make...” Lisa decided to ease into it, hoping that the game would be enough to keep him from being too upset.

Mark raised an eyebrow before turning his attention back to the game, yelling at the referee for a foul.

“Britney wants to quit figure skating,” she said bluntly, hoping it was like a band-aid that just needed to be ripped off, “to make more time for her friends and to pursue other interests a young woman wants to do.”

Their plan to keep him distracted backfired when Mark simply paused the game before looking over with a stunned, yet angry look. “Quit?! You can’t be serious, we’ve spent thousands of dollars on her outfits and lessons for the upcoming season! Not to mention she has commitments! Those things are non-refundable!”

Britney took this moment to defend her actions, “You can’t make me do something I don’t want to Dad! I’m older now!”

Mark just scoffs, “Older, but not old enough to make clear decisions! I can’t believe you’d back her on this Lisa.”

The feeling of Lisa’s hand on Britney’s back gave both of them comfort. Over the years, Lisa had become increasingly unhappy in their marriage. It was a topic she had avoided for many reasons. The combination of Mark’s job and her position as a nurse practitioner provided a stable income for the family, but divorce was something she would only consider in the worst circumstances. Mark’s temper was the number one culprit, and it only got

worse the more he drank. It wasn't to the point of alcoholism but was more than it should be for a man in his late-30s.

"We've had a long talk about this today," said Lisa. "Britney is growing up and wants a fresh start this year at school."

"But she's been in ice skating since she was 10!" complained Mark.

Britney shook her head a little, "That's the point!"

Lisa turned from her daughter to her husband, "We have to do with what makes her happy."

"Can you at least finish this season, so I don't feel like I just wasted a ton of money?" replied Mark.

His answer was typical in Britney's mind. Although deep down, Mark loved her, he always expressed dominance more than it seemed natural that a dad would display. He was supportive in some areas but ruled with an iron fist in others. The penny-pinching was standard as well as having clear, set schedules and goals rather than dreaming. Britney, on the other hand, was more becoming of a free-spirit who wanted to experiment and go with the flow.

"Dad, the season goes all the way until January and includes the Christmas play! That means extra practices and stuff this season, and I'm not going to do that! Abby and Paige have stopped, and it's going to be all new people there except for maybe Becky. Would suck without all my friends!" said Britney.

Mark shook his head, "And WHY didn't you tell us this a month ago before we signed you up again and bought all the required items?"

"I don't know... Just was thinking about it but really wanted to quit now," Britney said placing her hand to her the edge of the right side of her hair.

"She's set on this decision," Lisa said sternly.

Chapter 2: I'm Drunk

The argument boiled over a few times in the following nights. Lisa and Britney stood their ground against an increasingly angry husband and father. Spending the night with his co-workers at a bar to escape it a little, he eventually retired home more than a little inebriated after taking a Ryde through the app.

Stumbling with his key in the lock, he looked around noticing everyone had gone to bed already. With a quick glance at the clock, he saw it was 1 a.m. Almost tripping his way to the kitchen, he poured himself a glass of water to sober up a tad before going to the bedroom. Taking his first sip, he started wandering around the house.

His mood turned sour by the collection of all Britney's figure skating gear collected in a corner, ready to be given away to a family friend. "Such a damn waste, I was never so ungrateful as a kid," he thought to himself, thinking back to when he was happy to get one gift at Christmas; not an iPhone, clothes, makeup, designer handbags, and other things Britney would always receive.

"Hell if our positions were swapped I'd happily do figure skating if my father had spent so much money to help me. Ungrateful little brat just expects me to waste money on her..." he muttered to himself, getting more and more worked up.

Although hostile, deep down he loved Britney and didn't want to call her a brat. Raising a teenager was proving to be more complicated than he thought. He continued to stare at the collection of outfits and saw that one of the ones on top of a box still had a price tag on it. Proving that it was one of the new ones that Britney had never worn.

Mark stumbled closer, having trouble holding his balance and leaned down to get a better look at it. The price tag indicated that the outfit had run

\$599. The number plus what Mark figured he had also spent sent his mind racing. Was Lisa just going to give this away? Could they try selling some of it online? The fee for lessons was in the thousands and was not refundable, but surely they could make some money back by reselling. While still holding the price tag, he shook a little causing his hand to grace the fabric of the skating outfit. In all of the years, Britney had skated, he had only touched her outfits when they were in bags or if they took a photo together. This sensation was very different. Something about the tulle fabric of the skirt of the pink dress struck a nerve. His hand left the price tag and continued up the skimpy dress, feeling some of the rhinestones and silky fabric included in the design. Never before had Mark thought about crossdressing, but something in his mind made him think about the possibility of being able to fit in the dress. Britney was only one inch shorter than him, and although he had broader shoulders and more of a tummy, he wasn't overly big for a man.

He picked up the dress and stood up. The dress came down just where it would on his body as it would if Britney were wearing it. Seeing her at various recitals before, he knew skaters usually had on tights as well. Putting his hand up the dress, he discovered it included a section that acted as panties. All of this crazy talk about trying on the outfit eventually got the best of him. Why not? It was late, and no one was up. He was drunk and didn't care as much. And it would just be this one time to see what it's like to be in Britney's shoes... even if she didn't plan on figure skating again.

Rummaging a little clumsily through the collection, he stumbled upon a pair of nude, thick tights with rhinestones built in down the side. Figuring it was another item of clothing she had never worn, he shook his head. Putting down the glass of water, he looked over the outfit he would pick up.

Giving it a few more seconds of thought, his intoxicated brain got the best of him. "If she won't wear it someone might as well do it. I bought it after all." Finally convinced, he started fumbling with his belt before lowering his jeans and boxers in one swift movement.

Stepping out of them slowly, he got caught taking off his shirt before finally getting it over his shoulders, forgetting to undo the top button to make it easier. A slight chill ran up his spine causing goosebumps as he took the

tights, fighting with them as he tried to put them on just like pants.

Eventually, his brain remembering how he'd seen Lisa do it in the past, sitting on the edge of the sofa's arm as he rolled them up and slid them up each leg. A sigh escaped his lips from the new and tingling sensation they brought, wiggling his hips as he got them into position, pushing his equipment back between his legs.

Admiring his legs a little, he finally picked up the dress that had caused all these mixed emotions, unzipping the back before tentatively stepping into each leg hole that's hidden by the skirt. Pulling it up sent more electric sensations through his body till it was finally in position.

The tightness was unfamiliar as he struggled with the zip at the back eventually bending his arm uncomfortably to get it done all the way to the top. The pink figure skating dress was snug but otherwise a perfect fit, something that made him a little uncomfortable since it was supposed to fit his teenage daughter.

The rhinestones decorating the front and his tights reflected the light of a nearby lamp causing him to blink a few times in a drunken stupor. *I can't see why she wanted to quit, this isn't so bad...* he thought to himself, doing a few half-assed spins to see himself from different angles, accidentally knocking over the glass he'd left on the table.

The glass breaking made a loud sound, but it didn't affect Mark in his spiritual nirvana. Mark did a small twirl causing the skirt to fly a little in the air and quickly caught his balance. He imagined himself on the ice doing moves. Surely his previous experience with ice hockey would translate well to figure skating even though it was limited, but it was all a dream. He knew a grown man shouldn't be wearing his daughter's figure skating outfits. Though he knew it was wrong and that he should get out of it soon, he slowly walked to the kitchen to get another drink. He opened the fridge and felt the cold breeze hit his nylon-clad legs. The sensation made him feel like he was on ice but also caused his dick to shrivel as he heard the faint sounds of a Macklemore song coming from Britney's room.

SHIT!!! SHE'S AWAKE! Mark thought to himself as he quickly stripped out of the outfit, being careful not to rip it. He ran back into the other room to place the dress and tights just how he found them and threw back his clothes, returning to boy mode. After getting back into his jeans and shirt, he looked for things to clean up the glass that could injure someone or mess up the floor.

Chapter 3: Shopping

The weekend came by again, and Mark needed it after a long week at work. Memories of trying on the dance outfits had faded slightly, and they were long out of sight. Lisa had taken them somewhere, but he never thought to bring it up in conversation. He sat on the back porch that had been treated all ready for the upcoming cold weather even though it was in the early 70s in temperature that day. The porch still provided an amazing view of the lake, but Mark's attention was currently on the iPad in front of him looking up random things on the Internet.

Britney opened the door smiling very wide. Her hair was in a side ponytail, and she was wearing a tight black shirt that showed her firm developing C-cup breasts and a flannel shirt over top of it. "Hey Dad! What are you up to today?"

"Oh hey, you must have slept in."

Britney continued to smile, a trait she didn't display too often in front of her father. "Oh yeah, but I'm excited now!"

"Why is that?" asked Mark, putting his elbow on the table and turning towards his offspring.

"CAUSE!!!" Britney said excitedly. "My friends and I are talking about getting a band started! We already have a name: Wasted Pretty."

Her statement caused a slight laugh. Mark replied, "That sounds interesting... Similar to Pretty Wasted?"

"You could say that.. yah!" said Britney smiling.

Mark heard Britney singing over top of her music constantly and knew she had a good voice. Being a singer would be great fit for her.

“And what style of music are you thinking?” asked Mark.

“You know... Indie Pop Folk kinda. But you know... with this, I’m going to need some new outfits and things.. SOOOOOO,” she said.

Mark saw where this was going. Britney was going to ask him for money. Since it was the end of the month and most financial decisions had been made, he was getting tighter on budget concerns. “Britney, no. Especially after what happened last week.”

“But Dad! It’s Saturday, and I thought you could just give me some money and drop me off at the mall or something.”

“No Britney. You should be working yourself and start saving some money like I’ve been suggesting for months.”

“It’s really hard to get a job at 17!” she complained. “Every place wants you to be 18 to apply for a job.”

“There are other things you can do,” replied Mark.

Britney stood still, her smiling face long gone and reached into her back pocket. “You know... you are right... there ARE other things I can do,” she said as she looked at her phone and sent a text.

Mark saw the notification on his cell phone that he had received a video message from Britney. Curious, he pressed play to see a dark, grainy video. Then, the camera zoomed in, and he could see the light from the kitchen. After the camera had moved again, he saw himself in the pink figure skating dress, moving around like a little princess. The video quality was well enough that you could make out his face.

Never in his life had he felt this much humiliation. Feelings of his penis shriveling and his palms getting sweaty took over his body. It was even hard to look Britney in the face, but he then glanced at her.

“I’m sure Mom and a bunch of people would LOVE to see this. That is if you still don’t want to give me some money to go to the mall!”

“H... How... much?” Mark eventually managed to stammer out, still in shock as the video of him twirling in a pink dress continued.

“A few thousand...” she replied with a mischievous grin.

“A few thousand!? You must be...” Stopping himself with just the thought of his friends and Lisa seeing the video, regaining his composure he continued, “I don’t have that much in cash, but I can go with you and pay for things?”

She thinks for a while tapping her chin, the silence deafening for Mark, “Fine, having my lame dad follow me around the mall isn’t cool, but if you’re buying then I can deal with it.”

Mark sighed a breath of relief, “And once that’s done you’ll delete the video?”

“We’ll see...”

Mark’s nerves never truly calmed down as he followed his teenage daughter through the doors and into the mall, this had never been his favorite place to be always complaining to Lisa whenever she dragged him along. Now it was even worse since he was being blackmailed by his daughter.

She seemed to be on a mission, however, heading straight to a store he’d never seen her in before, usually aimed towards the more goth/grunge/rock kids. “Ah here’s the place for my new look!” she announced taking him by the arm and pulling him inside.

Mark looked around Cool Issue. There were several walls filled with band t-shirts, mostly black with graphic designs on them including skulls, lightning bolts, and blood. Jewelry cases lined the cashier booth in the center of the store, and there was also a section of collectible toys that had action figures,

bags, and even creepy looking porcelain dolls wearing southern belle dresses. Britney skipped her way to the girl's section which had band t-shirts but cut to reveal more of the shoulders. She flipped through the racks while Mark turned his attention to looking around the store, noticing a few band t-shirts from back in his era such as Knives & Thorns, Aciddica, and Heidi in Ropes. Most of the other customers in the store appeared to be around Britney's age, if not a little younger, and some had their parents with them.

Within twenty minutes, Britney had selected about thirty shirts and a few dresses such as a polka skater dress and a black goth dress with lacy material at the bottom. Most of the time when she was shopping for clothes, she would go with her mom or friends with Mark nowhere in sight. He didn't plan on spending his day at the mall with his teen daughter, but perhaps this was an excellent time to get to know her a little better and maybe heal their relationship. Especially after the incident.

"Are you ready for a dressing room?" asked one of the employees.

"Yeah!" replied Britney. "Oh, and can you open up another room?"

"Why?" asked the employee.

"Because my dad said he wants to try on this dress!"

The salesgirl's gasp was loud enough for the entire store to hear as Britney just smiled casually. "Did he lose a bet or something haha?" she asked with nervous laughter.

"Oh no, he always borrows my clothes so I figured we'd get him his own!" Britney lied looking over at her clueless dad as he walked over to see what the commotion was about.

"Really!? That's crazy, but a sale is a sale I'll be sure to get two rooms ready," she said with a smirk, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Yeah, you should have seen him the other night mincing about in my figure skating outfit haha! He's practically a sister." Mark's eyes widen as

realize just what the two of them were talking about as he looks to exit to leg it. Unfortunately, though he finds himself being dragged to the changing rooms by his surprisingly strong daughter.

With another threat about the video being released to his co-workers, Mark was pushed into the changing rooms with an ensemble of fabric in his hands, blushing and sweating profusely as he held out the dress in front of himself. If he thought the humiliation of being seen by his daughter in a leotard was bad, this was a thousand times worse.

Half the store overheard Britney say he borrowed her clothes and worse yet he had to change into a teen girl's dress. A pair of black patterned tights fell out of the dress, and he saw no way out but to continue.

Even after putting tights on for the first time the other night, he still had a bit of issue getting them on even after taking his boxers off. The feeling of the fabric against his hairy legs made him feel like a sissy and was wondering why this was even necessary. This entire thing was getting out of control. He followed by slipping the dress over his head. It featured a very frilly black tulle skirt and a white lace top with suspenders holding up the skirt for some reason. It didn't appear to be a conventional dress and looked like something some rock chick would wear. Getting a glimpse of himself in the mirror, Mark noticed he looked like a guy wearing a dress and that it was ridiculous for him to be crossdressing for the second time, this time around—forced.

“How is it coming in there?” Britney yelled from the other booth while looking at herself in the mirror, happy with how the tight t-shirt made her breasts look.

“Just come in and check...” said Mark.

“Nope! You are coming out!” said Britney.

“Oh no, that's not happening young lady,” Mark said with a stern voice.

Britney said, “Come on dad! You shouldn't be nervous. It's just clothing!”

“There are many emotional, cultural, and logistical things wrong with this,” complained Mark.

There was silence on the other side for a few seconds.

“Britney?” called Mark.

Suddenly, the door swung open by the key turn of the employee with Britney smiling there with her.

“Oh my god!” said the employee with a laugh.

“How does it feel?” asked Britney with an evil smile.

“Close the fucking door!” said Mark, not caring if there were fragile ears around.

The employee continued to laugh, “Is it too tight? Want me to find the next size up?”

Mark wasn’t thinking about the size at all, even though it was a miracle he could even fit in it to begin with.

Britney said, “Dad, why don’t you walk around the store for a bit and pick out some other girly dresses you want to wear! Oh, and don’t forget to pick out some nail polish because I’m totally painting your nails later tonight.”

“What is all this commotion happening here?” said one of the mall security guards wearing a white shirt who suddenly appeared. He was accompanied by another security guard who seemed to be in his 20s.

“Umm... Nothing?” said Britney.

“Someone called us in who was in here... They said their daughter felt uncomfortable when she overheard that some older guy was going to try on some teen girl clothing.”

The humiliation continued as Mark's face turned red. The employee was speechless, and it was up to Britney to speak up. "Oh yeah, this is my dad. We just do this stuff... Nothing wrong with it right?"

Both of the security guards looked surprised. One of them turned to the other, "I guess it's not against store rules?"

Britney spoke up again, "Who was the nosey bitch who said something?"

Both security guards ignored her statement. One said, "So there is nothing wrong here? We were afraid some pervert was in here or something."

"No! Not at all... this is really my dad. He just likes to wear girl clothes. Plus you can see we are about the same size, so it's like having two models at once for me to get new clothes!"

The shorter security guard smirked, "I guess it's not against the law to be a sissy..."

"I can't believe what just happened. Why would you put me through so much humiliation?!" Mark spat out angrily as he drove the car, not even glancing at his smiling daughter, the back seats filled with bags upon bags of clothes.

"More embarrassing than finding out the reason your dad doesn't want you to quit figure skating is cause he wants to be a sissy ice skater?" she retorted, gaining back control of the situation with one swift sentence.

He thought about continuing the argument but saw she was on her phone so thought better of it while she was once clicking away, he'd have to steal it at some point to delete the video himself he thought. With her directions they made it to the music store as they headed inside, Mark scoffing at some of the prices already.

Britney mostly ignored him however as she looked around, the store was

clearly geared more towards teenagers with several band posters scattered over the walls, the instruments at the front being the more expensive electric guitars, drum sets, and keyboards while the most classical instruments sat in the back picking up dust.

“How about this Daddy?” Britney called out after a few minutes, tapping her black painted nails on a DW 5-piece drum set.

“Drums? I thought you were going to be the singer? I could get you a microphone or something?” He asked, looking over towards the cheaper section of the store.

“No way! The drums are so much cooler. We’re getting these!” she said with an air of authority that would have made the Queen of England proud.

Once again reaching into his wallet to pull out the credit card Mark almost shed a tear at a price on the counter’s machine, Britney smiling the entire time, “I’m sorry sir, but the card doesn’t work, have another one?”

“I guess I maxed it out for this month... sorry hun,” Mark tried to console her as his face went from teen princess to possessed demon child in seconds. The drive home was spent in silence as she propped her feet up on the dashboard, furiously typing away on her phone.

Chapter 4: Caught/Makeover

The rest of the car ride was mostly silent since Mark did not want to talk to his daughter who was apparently just as annoyed with him. The more he thought about it, the more he became angry with himself for letting Britney manipulate him. Where would it end? Would she ask to go to a car dealership and get a brand new car? Who knows with this girl?

Calming down a little, Mark parked the SUV in the driveway and exited the vehicle, not forgetting how many bags of clothes Britney had purchased that day. Pretending to be a good father he opened the back driver's side door and helped take out some items.

Entering in the house, Mark walked in with Britney and were immediately greeted by Lisa.

She had tear marks on her eyes, obviously from crying. "Is there something you have been meaning to tell me?" she asked.

"Honey, what's wrong?!" asked Mark.

"This has to be a joke... What are all of these bags?!"

Britney smiled for the first time in hours, "We had the best shopping spree ever!"

Lisa turned her attention from Britney to Mark, "So it is true..."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mark in a confused nature.

"I've held enough of these emotions in... Britney, why don't you take some of these things upstairs... Your father and I need to have a talk," said Lisa still holding back tears.

Rather than looking concerned herself, Britney said, “Okay!” in a cheerful manner and made her way upstairs. Lisa continued to blank stare her husband.

“Lisa, what is the matter?” asked Mark after hearing Britney’s bedroom door shut closed.

She continued to stare at him for a few seconds before taking a breath and saying, “I have held this in long enough and never thought it would come to this. I didn’t want to believe it and thought it was a joke at first and ignored it. But what you just did confirmed it.... I want a divorce...”

Mark felt his heart sink. What had caused this to escalate so quickly? Undoubtedly this wasn’t realistic, and it would turn out to be a fictional part of his imagination. “Honey... please tell me...”

“Britney sent me that video... Please tell me what kind of SICK MAN puts on his daughter’s figure skating outfits!!!” screamed Lisa.

Betrayed by his daughter—after all, he had done for her—after the amount of humiliation and financial ruin he had occurred—Britney had sent the video after all. Looking for an explanation, Mark said, “Lisa... when did she send that? It seriously only happened once!”

“That’s a lie, and you know it... Britney told me everything... How you have been wearing her outfits for the last year, and the real reason you were upset that she was quitting was that you wouldn’t be able to wear her stuff anymore! That video proved it since it looked like you enjoyed it! Then she tells me you wanted to start shopping with her and pretending to be her sister so you could dress up as a girl at home when I’m not here?!” Lisa said continuing to scream.

Mark was stunned, “All of that is complete bullshit! You know me better than that. Are you going to believe Britney? She is out of control and is a liar. She tried blackmailing me!”

“How do you explain all these bags?” said Lisa.

“I just told you!” screamed Mark. “She tried blackmailing me by saying she wouldn’t tell you if I bought her all of these clothes and music gear.”

“And you did that? Why couldn’t you be a real father and put your foot down?” replied Lisa.

Mark snarled, “You just told me the other day to be more accepting of her... Now you are saying I should have been more assertive?!”

“I can’t deal with this anymore,” said Lisa. “I wanted this to work out, but I haven’t felt happy in years and wanted to stay together because of the family. But now all of that is falling apart. Interests are too divided here... How do you explain trying on clothes in a store for teens?!”

“She told you that?!” said Mark surprised.

“So it is true... Be sure to get a great attorney... Oh and a good physicist while you are at it.”

Several hours later, Mark found himself back in his usual dark spot. On the sofa with half a bottle of Jack Daniels missing. His wife and daughter had been busy with something upstairs and drank in sorrow seemed to be the logical escape rather than leaving for the night. Not like he had anywhere he could go in the first place other than maybe his sister’s, but she lived about three hours away. Maybe it would be worth it. Contacting some friends about the matter didn’t help much as they admitted that she was being a bitch as well. With an indecisive wife and manipulating daughter, he had to find his escape somehow. As Mark watched the last match of the wrestling program, there was slight hope as he caught Lisa and Britney come downstairs together and sit next to him.

Lisa was disgusted at the amount of liquor Mark had just drunk. Being a smaller guy at 5’4” and 140lbs, it didn’t take much to knock him out. He seemed to be coherent when drinking most of the time though.

“Mark... have you thought about what I said earlier?”

He paused, “Yes...”

“How do you want to proceed?” she asked.

“I’m not sure exactly... just need some time.”

Britney checked her cell phone, not interested at all in the conversation at the moment.

Lisa continued, “Britney and I talked. I may have overreacted a little, but my feelings are true. I have not been happy in this marriage for a long time, you are at odds with Britney all of the time, and your lifestyle choices are not typical of what a real man should provide for his family. I think it’s best that you move out tomorrow.”

He hesitated on an immediate reaction, even though he was pissed off inside. “If you would just listen...” he was immediately interrupted by Lisa.

“Unless you accept our offer.”

“Offer? What is this?”

Britney finally spoke up, “It’s such a great idea!”

Lisa turned her attention to Britney and then back to her husband. “The idea is a bit unorthodox, but we were Googling some different things that other people have been involved in with this situation, and one method has seemed to help build a stronger family bond and make it, so spouses have a revised relationship.”

“I’m completely fine with therapy,” Mark stuttered.

“That will be part of it, but there will be some other changes too,” Lisa stated.

Mark didn't like being held to ransom like this but what other choice did he have, he'd do anything to keep from moving out and divorce as he hesitantly asked, "What else does it involve?"

Lisa smiled for a brief second giving him some hope as she seemed to relax, patting his knee, "Well after Britney told me everything and showed me the video she'd recorded." The familiar look of disgust on her face as she continues, "We did a little searching online and found a few things."

Mark didn't like being held to ransom like this but what other choice did he have, he'd do anything to keep from moving out and divorce as he hesitantly asked, "What else does it involve?"

Lisa smiled for a brief second giving him some hope as she seemed to relax, patting his knee, "Well after Britney told me everything and showed me the video she'd recorded." The familiar look of disgust on her face as she continued, "We did a little searching online and found a few things."

Mark's stomach started to ache, whether from the alcohol or his impending doom he wasn't to sure, "W... What sort of things?"

"We found so much stuff for sissies; it was crazy!" Britney again blurted out, interrupting as Mark winced, letting Lisa continue once more."

"As well as some other things, now as far as I'm concerned this is a problem we have to get rid of, though it might not be something you want to stop."

"It was a one off! I goof, a mistake I'll never do it again." He promised, sure in himself that his curiosity that night had be very well sated.

His pleas fell on deaf ears however as she merely waves them away, looking stern, "Regardless of promises a few websites had the same idea to either get rid of these urges and curiosities or we will find out that what you want to be deep down."

Mark heard every word spoken but was still confused, worried that it was going to be some severe action, maybe even shock therapy as his mind created horrible tortures he'd have to endure. For the first time in a good while, he was happy for Britney to speak up now though, breaking the tension.

“Oh relax! We're just gonna give you a makeover!”

“A... makeover?” Mark asked, not quite the form of torture he was expecting.

“Yes, hopefully, if we feed the desires they should dissipate, this is my ultimatum. Do this and we can still live together or refuse and pack your bags.” Lisa said bluntly, the usual smile gone as her hand grips down on his knee painfully.

“An entire month?!” yelled Mark's boss over the phone the next day as him and his soon to be ex-wife drove in the car.

“Yes, I know it's a long time especially with the hectic season ahead of us, but it's a deeply personal issue,” said Mark as he glanced at Lisa who was driving. He still could not believe he had agreed to the terms. One month of living as a girl. If he could get through it, then everything could get back to normal, and Lisa would not leave him. If he gave up during that month, the girls were kicking him out and telling every one of his adventures of sissiness.

For most men his age, passing as a girl would be an issue, but thanks to his short height, lack of body hair, and non-overly manly face his wife and daughter assured him that it wouldn't be too much of an issue. His main concerns other than having to leave his job for a month included how family and friends would react and how he was going to have to stay around the house wearing panties every day. Then again, his entire life as a man was falling apart.

Lisa's sister Jen owned a salon about 20 minutes from their house. Mark had only been there a handful of times but had never actually been a client which made it all more nerve wrecking. Of course, Lisa had to tell her sister everything... he hoped that didn't include the fact that he was caught wearing his daughter's skating outfit and it was more of a social experiment. Mark looked in the side mirror of the car, knowing this was probably going to be his last glimpse of male life for a while.

With a sudden jolt, Mark is brought out of his thoughts and into the moment at hand as he looks over at Lisa who is taking the keys out of the ignition, "Now I trust you'll be on your best behavior right?" She asks like a stern Mother as Mark just nods and accepts his role.

Stepping out of the car it's a brief walk to the little pink salon, thankfully it's a weekday and early in the morning so there were no customers, though that would mean he'd be the center of attention of the whole staff.

"Lisa!" Shouted out an excited woman of a similar age, her younger sister as they hugged and greeted each other. Having a short conversation while Mark stood nearby with his hands in his pockets looking around the foreign environment.

"And Mark... All set for you transformation sweetie?" She said with a mocking tone; they'd never really gotten along since he first met Lisa. Always insisting her sister could do better and get a REAL man, something that proved a little too correct at the moment.

"As ready as I'll ever be..."

A grimace from Lisa, makes Mark shrivel up a little, knowing he'd already done something wrong. "Well that's not the best attitude, want to try that one again?" Jen asked, clearly enjoying his predicament.

"I'll try," said Mark.

Lisa laughed, "You walked in here as a man and aren't leaving as one..."

Jen chuckled as well. This wasn't the first male-to-female makeover she had done at the salon. Business had gone up thanks to some changes in the social scene and increased media coverage, but she never thought she would be doing it to her brother-in-law.

"What is this going to entail?" he asked.

Jen walked them both to a private back room where a young African-American assistant was wearing plastic gloves and prepping some things on a table. There was a giant table that looked like something someone would sit on while having a massage.

"Have a seat!" Jen instructed as she too started putting on blue plastic gloves. "This is Latasha."

"Hi, so nice to meet you!" she smiled.

"You as well," Mark lied. He sat down on the bench and observed the room. This seemed more like a medical office than a salon. "What are you running here Jen?"

"We service all factors of beauty. Nails, hair, skin, you name it. I must say I was astonished when Lisa told me that you were going to go through with this."

Not sure of how much Lisa told her, Mark tried to brush off the situation. "It's just an experiment."

"You'll like it," she said.

"How do you know that?"

"You can wear prettier clothes and spend time doing stuff other than watching sports!"

The girls laughed, but Mark stayed quiet.

“We need you to take off all of your clothes,” said Jen.

“Right in front of you all? Wait, why do I have to strip naked at a salon?”

“Mark... please just follow directions for once in your life today. This will be best for everyone involved,” said his wife.

“This is very uncomfortable and unsettling,” he complained. “Can you at least give me some privacy? What am I putting on? This is ridiculous.”

“At least he is starting to act like a woman,” said Jen. The girls laughed again causing him further embarrassment.

Latasha moved a curtain on wheels and put it in front of him. “Don’t worry; you’ll have some privacy.”

He started to take off his jeans and T-shirt as Latasha put a pink plastic gown over the top of the curtain. “Just put that on,” she said.

Mark thought about how this feminization method was going to get out of hand very fast at this rate. The malodorous scent in the air thanks to Jen’s mixture made him curious. Meanwhile, Lisa observed and anxiously awaiting the demise of her husband.

“Rather than shaving your legs, arms, chest, face, and wherever else there may be some nasty unwanted hair we have this which will make your skin baby butt smooth!” said Jen excitedly. “You’ll have to start shaving your legs within a few days though, but this mixture will take care of that other unwanted hair for a decent amount of time.

He continued putting on the pink gown which was obviously made for a female figure as shown by the way the sleeves were cut and how it hugged more towards his waist while being baggier in other areas. It came down to about four inches above his kneecap.

“Are you finished back there?” asked Latasha.

“Yeah, it’s on...,” Mark said lightly.

Latasha moved the curtain where the girls got a glimpse of the little man in the pink gown. The first step in his feminization was already off to a great start.

All three ladies got a good giggle at the awkward man in the feminine gown before Latasha patted the massage table, ushering him to lay down. Within a few minutes and with her talking him through just what’s happening the hot wax was applied before each strip by strip was removed leaving him smooth from toes to eyebrows.

His skin red and raw, painfully stinging until she rubbed in a lotion of some kind that soothed it will making his skin brighter and smoother, rubbing his now bare arms hoping that after a month it would all be back.

“Now the fun part, you’re my first male to female makeover but I’ve been trying to get into that business too since it would double our customers, this here is a bit like collagen injections. We make a few of them over your body, and it should help feminize your appearance, all temporary of course!” Jen explains as Latasha moves away.

Looking at the needle more then a little worried then back to his sister in law he shook his head while she giggled. “No pain no gain Missy, now it’s going to sting a little then be a bit sore for an hour or two, but after that it should have worked its magic!”

Two injections were made into the flabby area of his chest, while another two in his hips and butt before she pointed it down at his groin making his eyes go wide. “No way you’re injecting down there!?”

“I could always just tell Lisa you’re giving up on the marriage? Besides, I’ll put a numbing lotion on you so you won’t feel a thing!”

Mark should have been in heaven getting his intimate area massaged in a special lotion though he felt like it was a nightmare, the cream was freezing, and soon he couldn’t feel much as she went between his legs and the gown

before shortly popping her head back up smiling.

“The numbness should be gone by the time you leave, now ready for the real fun?”

“What’s that supposed to mean? There’s more?” Mark complained, shutting his legs together, knees tight.

“Now it’s hair, makeup, and nails! Lucky you’re getting the whole treatment, I’m sure Britney will love your new look!”

The ladies lead him back into the central salon area where he was instructed to take a seat. There was already an eerie feeling as he walked feeling numb in some areas of his body, especially the now hairless ones. Jen threw a cap on him despite the fact that there would be hardly any use of scissors, at least on his short male hair. Latasha made her way to the back to get some supplies.

“Have you ever thought about what type of girl you would like to be?” asked Jen as she placed her hands on his shoulders.

“No, why would I ever think that?”

“You mean you never once thought about what life would be like as a woman?” asked Lisa.

“Not at all!”

“Then why did you put on your daughter’s outfit....”

“Lisa! Please stop!”

Lisa looked at her sister. “Do you think now is the time to tell him? You know.. About the other thing of this transformation?”

“Tell me what?”

“Wait, you mean the big thing?”

“What is bigger than this?!” Mark said starting to freak out.

Lisa came closer to him. “I forgot to mention one thing about the agreement. You know how you agreed to live as a woman for a month right?”

“I wouldn’t even call it agreeing. More like being forced with no realistic options!”

Jen laughed, “Don’t worry, some of your other options may be limited here.”

Lisa continued, “Yeah... I was thinking about it. Not only are you going to be transformed into a female, but we all thought it would be best if you become younger in the process... You are going to be transformed to look like a girl about Britney’s age.”

“Oh fuck no! I’m not going to pretend to be a teenage girl.” Mark immediately got up and threw the cape to the floor, making his way to the door despite the fact that he was only wearing a gown.

Mark felt his cheeks burn bright red as Lisa just roll’s her eyes while Jen giggles in his ear, looking at him in the mirror in front of them both. “No need to be such an embarrassed princess, we know all about your little dress up games, it’s just us girls here!” she said with a wink before getting started on his make up.

It was all just a blur to him as she set about her work masterfully while he sat there like a dimwitted child, Latasha had returned as well starting on his nails. Painting each one a light, glittery blue after he refused pink. The transformation was chilling as right before his eyes he noticed each masculine feature slowly disintegrate.

Once his make up was done, something very similar to what Britney would have, the cap was taken off his head as put some horrible dye into his hair before holding up blonde extensions, cycling through a few until she was

happy. Another half an hour later and Mark couldn't stop blinking at the girl staring back at him in the mirror.

“T... This can't be real... I look...”

“Like a total cutie! I knew you weren't much of a man the moment I met you; I'm just glad Lisa can see that now too!” Jen chastised him, letting his reflection sink in.

Chapter 5: Practice

Waking up in his vomit... Getting rejected by farting in front of cheerleaders... Nothing could hold a candle to how embarrassed Mark felt on the drive home from the salon. Four hours of torture had taken its toll on his emotional state. He looked out the window of the passenger side just thinking about how he could escape. His life seemed like it was basically ruined anyway. Perhaps being without these evil women in his life would be better after all. But what about his job? He just couldn't just walk back like this now that the effects of the injections were starting to take its course. The clothing he had on was the same he walked in with, but his growing hips and butt were about to burst out of those jeans. The itching on his chest just kept getting worse, and he was afraid to touch them because of the apparent breast growth that was occurring. Instead, he sipped on the hot tea he had been giving in a to-go cup.

His now long hair bothered him tremendously. That time in high school where it was down to his shoulders held the record for the longest it had been until now as his blonde hair with some dark highlights came down a few inches past his shoulders and was styled in a way that he had seen some of Britney's friends wear. Speaking of which, he knew the fate ahead of him. While he voluntarily wore girl's clothes the first time it was inevitable that he was going to have to wear them again... especially a bra.

As soon as they arrived Mark could barely wait to get inside of fear a neighbor or someone else would recognize him, hoping from side to side Lisa took her time opening the door, laughing cruelly, "What's wrong have to use the bathroom?"

"Yes, now that you mention it, that tea went right through me, though keep it down I don't want anyone seeing me."

"It will be a boring month if you're cooped up for all of it but fine..." she said eventually turning the key and letting them both inside. Mark rushed off

to the bathroom as shut the door behind him, breathing a sigh of relief to finally be alone and away from all the conniving women in his life.

Walking over to the toilet he struggled a little getting his jeans off, eventually hauling them down and around his ankles as his shorts soon follow, his hand now shaking though as he looks down between his legs. He'd never been a well-equipped man, to begin with but now, thanks to the injections from certain angles you couldn't even see anything!

His penis had shriveled down to barely a protrusion while his testicles were up inside him, leaving no trace. Cursing Jen's name as he sat down to pee knowing that in his current state sitting down would be the only way he could relieve himself from now on.

"I don't feel at all like a man anymore..." Mark muttered to himself as he used a piece of toilet paper to wipe down there. He immediately grabbed his throat as something felt weird. Pulling up his pants, he went to the sink and looked to see no trace of an Adam's apple. He spoke again and noticed that his voice was starting to sound more like his daughter's than anything else.

"What the fuck is happening?!" he stretched. Throwing open the door, he found Lisa.

"Can you tell me why in the fuck my voice sounds like this and my penis is so small!"

"You agreed to become a girl... You know what that means."

"This extreme?!"

"Yes, it's needed if you want to fully understand us."

"How about you understand that there is something called torture!"

"Calm down honey!"

Honey? That was the first time she had called him that in a while. He

immediately thought of their prior and existing relationship and how things had gone in the dumps lately. However, Lisa was acting surprisingly nice today given the circumstances.

Her change in tone from severe and strict to more gentle and loving caught Mark off guard a little, he had planned on giving her a piece of his mind and although he was still fuming he stopped himself knowing he needs to tread carefully this month to get their marriage back on track.

“You could have warned me is all...” He eventually stammered out in his new girly voice, unable to sound any different to his daughter.

“Yes you’re right, though I figured it best you do not know, in case you chickened out, and then you’d have to move out which neither of us wants sweetie,” Lisa replied kindly, rubbing his shoulder as he looks down, unable to meet her gaze or complain further.

The both of them went downstairs with her not mentioning getting changed, which Mark certainly wasn’t going to bring up, having a little bit to eat before Britney arrives the door loudly closing behind her as she rushes into the living room.

“Mom!?! Are you in here, where is she?”

“SHE is right here Britney, unchanged like I promised,” Lisa replies turning to the doorway while Mark grimaces finally realizing that he was to be Britney’s dress up doll for the evening.

“Hey Brit...” he croaked out trying his best to regain his usual voice but sounding like a teen girl doing an impression her father much too Britney’s giggles.

“Oh my gosh!” Britney said very enthusiastically as she placed her hands on her mouth and bent down a bit. “I can’t believe it!”

Lisa smiled very widely happy about her daughter’s dream coming true.

Britney went to hug her feminized dad, something that had not happened in what seemed like years back when he was in man-mode. “I love it! You look so real!”

That statement made Mark’s heart sink as he knew his daughter now considered him to be a girl.

“And look, you are growing boobies!” Britney said pointing at his now A-cup chest.

“Britney! That’s enough. I hate this. I suggest treating me with respect for the next month as I’m not going to have any of this teasing.”

“I’m not teasing you!” she said in defense. “I do love the way you look. This is going to be so much fun. I can’t wait to tell all my friends what happened,” she said as she reached for her cell phone.

Mark shook his head and waved his hands, trying his best to be stern and fatherly though his long dirty blonde hair and pretty blue nails got in the way, “No way! You can’t tell anyone about this; it’s just for a month then everything’s back to normal!”

Britney relented and put her phone back in her purse before pouting and looking up at Lisa as if her word overruled Mark’s, “Fine, for now anyway. So, can I go get him dressed Mom?” she asked, her smile and giddy attitude returning as Lisa nodded happily sealing his fate.

Before he could argue or protest his hand was gripped tightly by Britney’s as she easily dragged him upstairs and into her room, slamming the door behind them as he soon realized with his new, unfamiliar body proportions and her larger height she could easily overpower him.

“Calm down will you Britney! I almost broke my neck up those stairs!” His girly voice betrayed him as he just sounds like a whiny bitch.

“Hehe sorry, I’ve just been looking forward to this all day! Now strip out of those ugly guy clothes, you won’t be needing those for a LONG time!”

Glancing at the door, unable to reach it with Britney between him and it, he next eyes up the window but thinks better of jumping out of it. Instead of relenting and shyly taking off his shirt for the first time seeing just how much his chest has changed in the few hours.

“Crap! I have boobs!”

“You are a girl, duh.”

“Britney, this feels very uncomfortable,” he said putting his hands on his boobs making a hand bra.

She walked over to her dresser. “I’m trying to find one of my old bras that will fit you,” she said getting a thrill out of showing her former dad how to put on a bra.

“I think I can get away without wearing a bra,” he protested.

“Mom told me about what Aunt Jen had there. They are going to get bigger!”

“What?!”

“Yeah, probably like B-cup. Maybe you’ll get lucky and hit 32C like me!” she said admitting her bra size to him.

“This is too much,” he said starting to catch his breath.

Britney walked up to him with the teal Aerie demi-cup bra. “Here, put out those arms.”

Seeing no other option but to comply he slowly and shyly lets go of his sensitive breasts and let her slip the bra straps over his arms before stepping behind him and clasping it tightly, “It may be a bit loose, but hopefully you’ll grow into it hehe.”

“Yeah... Hopefully...” Mark said with that familiar pain in his stomach returning.

“Perfect your first bra and panty set should be matching after all!” Britney announced turning back around with the matching teal lace thong on her finger holding it up, “Cute right?”

“You can’t be serious Brit... A thong? Can’t I wear anything else, my underwear?” He pleaded, knowing deep down it’s futile though.

“If you’re good we can go shopping again and get you your pretty undies, for now, though strip down and slip this on!” she said in a tone she apparently learned from her mother.

Mark’s body betrayed him as he took the soft material in his hands before turning away from her struggling to get the jeans down again, this time taking them off along with his boxers accidentally. Stepping out of them before hesitating looking at the thong and knowing it’s a step not easily returned from.

Britney’s foot tapping behind him made his decision for him though as he gently tugged the lace up his smooth legs and onto his large womanly hips, the thong fitting into place like it was made for him with not even a hint of a bulge at the front thanks to his almost nonexistent penis.

“You mean I’m going to have to wear your clothes for a month! How is this even possible? You are two inches taller than me.”

“Exactly, you are growing in the right places now. It’s not that you have to wear my clothes for just a month. Just for tonight anyway. You can keep the underwear; I’m not going to wear it again.”

“Where are your jeans?” he asked.

“You are funny,” she said giving him some leggings. He knew these very well as they were identified easily with the sheer polka dot overlay and colorful flowers patterns throughout that looked like they were painted on. In

his hands, he felt how soft they were, being mostly polyester and spandex. “Don’t put them on yet. I have to find a leotard for you to put on first.”

The sleeves came to just under the elbow with a floral pattern that matched the leggings in his hands while the body was black. Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath before stepping into the slightly familiar thing he pulled it up and shivered a little at the smooth materials over his feminine body, something a little too enjoyable.

Slipping each arm through he had to admit that with his new bodily additions it did fit much better, hugging tightly around his wide hips and slim waist as he looked down at the flat crotch blushing a little before hurriedly grabbing the leggings and slipping them on to hide.

“Someone’s eager hehe, you must love my dance stuff huh?” Britney teased him with a wink.

Mark couldn’t quite bring himself to reply, as some small part of himself had to admit he did as he stood awkwardly, wanting to caress the materials but not daring to move.

“Wait, why am I going to wear a leotard around the house?”

“Here’s a cardigan for you! Now.. Just some simple jewelry like maybe a small watch, bracelet. Earrings later but not tonight. They pierced your ears at the salon right?”

“Yes...” Mark admitted.

“Perfect. Gosh, we are going to have so much fun together Samantha!”

“What did you just call me?”

“I can’t call you Dad anymore,” she said.

“Yes, you can!”

“No... I really can't.”

“How are things going in here?” Lisa said as she walked in the door without knocking.

“Great! Look how pretty Samantha is,” Britney announced.

“Oh, don't you look just adorable Samantha!” said Lisa.

“Stop! I'm Mark, your husband. Britney, I'm your father.”

“Wait... Mom, you didn't tell him?”

“Tell me what?”

Lisa shrugged, “I wanted to leave the surprise to you.”

“Oh, okay!” Britney said clapping her hands together in excitement.

“Since you couldn't cut it like a man... I thought it would be a great idea for you to take a break from mom and experience a life closer to me. Welcome to the household my **LITTLE SISTER SAMANTHA!**”

SAMANTHA stormed out of the room.

Lisa smirked, “Yeah, **HER** days of alcohol abuse and profanity are over!”

Samantha stayed hidden in the garage closet being as quiet as she could on the cellphone.

“Ashley, thank god you picked up. I need you to come get me immediately.”

“Who in the hell is this? Why are you calling from my brother's number?”

“It’s me! Mark! This isn’t a prank! Lisa and Britney have gone complete batshit crazy. Long story...”

“It doesn’t sound like Mark...”

“They are turning me into a girl.... Or . .they already turned me into a girl.... Just... COME HERE!” I can’t leave the house like this and Lisa apparently hid my car somewhere! I need you right now.”

“Whatever... try this game on someone else!”

Click

Samantha sat in the back of the car with her arms folded, scowling towards the back of Lisa’s head. Her attempted look of defiance however just emphasized her new breasts while she pouted. “I can’t believe you’re making me do this, this is not what we agreed!” she whined.

“Oh hush now Sammy it makes perfect sense, we paid for the ice skating lessons, but Britney doesn’t want to do them, that leaves you in the perfect place to fill in!” she replied just how she would go to one of her daughter’s temper tantrums.

She couldn’t fault Lisa’s logic, especially after she was the one that made such a fuss in the first place about wasting money on the lessons and outfits, though she never expected in a million years she’d be in one of the girly outfits on her way to practice.

“What are we even going to say? Oh, my daughter quit so I’ll fill in as her dad!”

“Ha, you could try that, but honestly no one would believe you in a million years. No, it’s simple, you’re Samantha, Britney’s younger cousin who is staying with us for a month.” Lisa explained her backstory.

“So not only am I dressed like this I have to act the part to keep my cover....great!” Samantha said sarcastically.

“Well, who knows maybe you’ll make some new friends, then you can hang out with them for the month instead of staying indoors!”

“Oh yeah...just what I want....”

Samantha knew the facility very well. She had dropped off Britney there many times before. King’s Sports Center contained many different areas including a football field, basketball court, and skating rink. The only times she was in the rink was for recital performances or to quickly speak with a coach. She wondered if anyone would recognize her as she walked in with her Mom.... Or was it aunt now? This was all so confusing to her. Unlikely she would spot her though. She could barely recognize herself after the massive transformation and estrogen injections that occurred that day.

She decided to have one last argument with her before going in the door. “I’m still getting used to having boobs and a butt with hips... and you expect me to skate on ice?!”

Lisa opened the door for her, “That’s why you are here to learn!”

Soon, they were introduced to Coach Testaburger, a 6’2” balding man in his early-40s wearing a blue tracksuit. Samantha had only met him as a man three or four times. He always seemed like an asshole, so she never bothered to have any more conversation with him than necessary.

“Hello Lisa,” he said sternly.

“Hey! We have a new one.”

“Ah, you must be Samantha,” said Testaburger.

“...Hi,” she said shyly.

Lisa went over the convincing backstory once again with Testaburger who

then introduced Samantha to his assistant, Coach Megan who never went by her last name. She was an attractive dirty blonde, curvy girl who appeared to be in her mid-20s.

“You are going to love it here so much!” said Coach Megan very enthusiastically.

“Try to smile more!” said Lisa.

“Yeah, all smiles here!” Coach Megan said as she turned to cue their movement.

“I’ll pick you up in three hours,” said Lisa.

Samantha followed Coach Megan who continued her speech, “Do you need to get changed? I’m assuming you have skates already?”

Samantha held up the pink sports bag that belonged to Britney with her best attempt at a smile before she was pointed towards the women’s changing room, even with her current appearance stepping in there took a little building up of confidence though it was just the same as the men’s only with pink lockers.

Stripping out of her outerwear to the leotard and tights beneath she grabbed the white skates and slipped them on, letting out a sigh as she realizes she’s the same size as Britney, making a mental note not to tell her that as she carefully walked out the side door and onto the rink.

Having only done a little bit of ice hockey in her high school years she was more than a little rusty as she held onto the edge and carefully made her way towards Megan and the other waiting teen girls. Samantha cursed Lisa and Britney as she looked at all the other girls just wearing tracksuits and sporty clothing while she was ready for a performance.

Just as she got close enough for Coach Megan to begin though her hand slipped and she tumbled straight down onto her butt hard. Her legs spiraled out to the sides with her utterly smooth groin on full view to everyone,

getting a few giggles and making her blush and wish for death just that little bit more.

After picking herself up and getting over the humiliation, the lesson began with each girl getting put into groups based on their skill levels, Samantha, of course, going into a beginner. The lesson itself wasn't so bad; she wasn't pushed to make any outlandish moves just trying to master skating in a straight line and turning for now.

Much to her surprise, she found Lisa was right again about making a new friend as a friendly, peppy girl went out of her way to make her feel welcome.

“Keep your arms out! It will help... watch your knees!” said Becky happily with her curly auburn hair bouncing to the side.

Samantha knew her advice was helping as she looked down at her skates. Her balance skills were improving despite having B-cup breasts now and a plump middle section of her body. Not to mention not being on the ice at all since ice hockey days decades ago.

“AHHHH!” Samantha said as she fell once again.

“Practice getting up! Ice is slippery...”

“No shit...” said Samantha.

The girls laughed. Samantha was having a hard time believing that interacting with a teenage girl wasn't so bad after all. Maybe it was because this one was much nicer than her bitch of a daughter.

“Are you going to school while you are visiting your family?” asked Becky.

Samantha had never thought about that portion. Here she was playing the part of a girl who appeared to be 15 or 16, but the subject of going to school never came up with Lisa or Britney. She was hoping that would never happen

since if word got out they all would be in some serious shit. Instead, she lied to her new friend for the sake of sanity.

“No, I’m doing homeschooling with a private tutor.”

“Oh, that’s so cool! I’ve always wondered what that would be like, but then again I think I would miss all of the social aspects of attending school you know?”

“Yeah, it’s just for a month though.”

“What made you take up skating?”

“You remember how I told you I came in from the Mid-West? We don’t have ice skating where I live so I thought it would be fun to try while up here.”

“It’s too bad your cousin just quit! I was so surprised.”

“Yeah... me too.”

“We have a problem,” said Samantha to Lisa after practice on the drive back home.

“Yes?” said Lisa.

“You first said I was going to be Britney’s younger sister... now I’m your niece... Which one is it? We need a consistent story.”

“You are to call me Mom. That’s common with some nieces who think of their aunt as a second mom.”

“And my last name is still Marino?”

“Yes, it’s fine if the last name is the same. We can still be proud to be

Italian!”

“And this girl Becky... she asked for my SnapPic, and I said I don’t have one and she was like what girl doesn’t have SnapPic? That’s a valid point. It was embarrassing.”

“It’s only the first-day baby. I’m sure by the end of a month you’ll be thinking and acting just like any girl your age.”

“Funny...”

“Britney will fill you in on all details once we are back at the house.”

Upon return, Britney was waiting anxiously, for someone that wanted to quit ice skating she sure seemed interested in what had happened. Samantha filled her in on practically everything, surprised that almost all of it was positive and that the three hours had passed relatively quickly.

Britney was more than pleased her little sister had a great time and figured now was the best time to break some more news while she was in a good mood, “So I was busy while you were gone, want to see what I did?”

That familiar and now nearly permanent pit in Samantha’s stomach ached again as she was too tired to fight it, instead just reluctantly nodding her head as she followed Britney up and past her bedroom to the guest room, flinging the door open and shouting “Ta-da!”

Samantha was shocked to see that Britney had indeed been busy, gone was the rather drab and neutral guest room, replaced now with something that looked straight out of a teen movie or magazine.

The carpet was still white, but it was adorned with several small rugs all in pink and pastels while the curtains matched. The bed sheets had been changed into one of Britney’s zebra pink designs while even an old vanity had been placed in the corner with a stool as well as a few bits of makeup.

“Great right!?” she beamed.

“Well I can’t say it’s my style, but I have to admit I’m impressed,” Samantha replied honestly.

“I’m sure you’ll get used to it sis, besides that’s not the best part. Open one of the drawers!” she said with a mischievous grin.

Samantha followed her instructions going to the white dresser that had a jewelry stand and figure of an ice skater on it. The first drawer contained a few different styles of bras and panties along with some socks that were different from the standard white tube socks she wore all the time as a man. Plenty of leggings, yoga pants, jeans, tights, and other bottom garments were in the other drawers while the closet was full of blouses, shirts, dresses, and other things she would need to live the life as a girl.

“How in the hell did you get all this stuff in three hours?”

“Consignment shops work miracles!” said Britney.

“With what money?”

“Oh yeah about that... Mom sold some of your sports memorabilia.”

“WHAT??!?!?”

“Hey, you were the one getting all upset about money the other day!”

“So you sell all my personal stuff just to fund this sick feminization project for a month?!”

“I’m sure we can sell some of this stuff once you outgrow them.”

Samantha was mad but also torn emotionally since this was sadly the most helpful thing Britney had done for her in awhile. She glanced at the bed to see two teddy bears obviously gently used. Britney seemed to have a checklist for everything that Samantha’s persona should have, but why the overly feminine nature? Inevitably some girl’s rooms were trashed and not

nearly as feminine.

“Thanks, Britney.... Lisa..... I mean Mom said you might be able to help me with some things?” asked Samantha kindly.

“Sure! Like what?”

“I think I have a friend at skating practice.”

“Who?”

“Becky Larson.”

“Oh she’s so sweet!” said Britney laying down on the bed on her stomach, her ass being promptly displayed thanks to the yoga pants she was wearing.

“She asked about my SnapPic and everything. As much as I hate this, I do not want ANYONE to find out the truth. I think we need to go over every detail.”

“Trust me; I’m happy to help make you the best girl you can be!” Britney smiled.

Chapter 6: Christmas is coming

The following week had mostly the same day to day going's on, Lisa would leave for work and Britney to school while Samantha was left specific tasks to complete, mainly just housework but a few things to help her adapt to being a girl.

Doing her hair and makeup as well as watching Youtube tutorials on it was what took the most time, and her skills were judged relatively by Britney once she got back. Pilates and yoga were added to help flexibility and feminine grace, things needed for ice skating too.

Certain friends had tried contacting “Mark, ” but Samantha kept using the excuse that “he” needed personal time and would be unavailable for about a month.

The most significant changes to Samantha’s lifestyle were how she was adapting to having the body of a teenage girl. The injections had caused her to grow realistic breasts and wearing a bra was an everyday need now even if just being around the house.

As much as she did not want to admit it, home life had significantly improved. She found that Britney and Lisa were acting much better towards her now that they thought of her as another female around the house. References to Mark’s life were seemingly banned from the household like he never existed with various family photos being removed from the walls and put in storage along with massively redecorating some of the items had had previously. There was more bonding in the fact that Samantha was now invited to watch chick flicks with the girls. She still didn’t enjoy them, but at least Lisa and Britney now wanted to have her as part of their lives. It made her wonder how life would be once she made the transition back to Mark. She was mostly worried about the lack of income for a month and how she would explain her disappearance. Family and friends were a concern, and there was only so much putting off she could do especially with the holidays

coming up. The month rule was set to end just a few days before Thanksgiving.

There was a bit of cabin fever starting to occur, so she looked forward to the skating rink still in fear of going to some other public places. The skaters meet three times a week. On this night, Britney had her hair in a braided bun that she did herself. Proud of her feminine accomplishment, she managed to pick her outfit which consisted of black leggings, a tight fighting shirt that went over her black bra, a PINK hoodie, and white gloves that matched her skates. Wearing female deodorant and smelling like a girl thanks to feminine shower products was something she was accustomed to by now. Yes, parts of this were enjoyable, but other things were annoying... like having to spend a ton more time getting ready and not having any freedom to do what she wanted... other than in the spectrum of femininity.

Since she had a lot of time on her hands, she not only spent time learning how to become a lady, but also how to become a decent skater by watching a bunch of YouTube videos, chatting with Britney, and texting Becky. She learned of the different movements she could do such as a crossover, using her feet crossing over each other and essential spirals. These moves just took a few hours of practice for her to master on the ice.

On this particular day, the group gathered around for a special announcement from Coach Testaburger and Coach Megan.

“As you all know, this is the time of the year where we start on our Christmas recital,” said Testaburger.

“Already?” Samantha whispered to Becky.

“This year’s production will be The Snowy Ice Queen!”

“Yes!” “Alright!” “I can’t wait!” Multiple girls in the class announced. The only two boys there seemed like they didn’t care.

“I’m supposed to be in a production? I just started!” yelled Samantha.

Coach Megan smiled, "All students are. It will be good for you! Don't worry; you are set for a background part to make things easy!"

"What part is that?"

"A fairy!"

As Samantha trudged off to change back into her borrowed UGG boots, Becky caught up with her, linking her arm in hers as they walked in unison. Out of it all, she had to admit meeting Becky was great, at practice the two were regular BFF's never too far apart, while away they'd text each other each night.

"Hey so are you up to anything tonight?" she asked curiously.

"Same as usual, nothing going on," Samantha said, a mix of boredom and relief that she hasn't been pushed into going out yet.

"Great then you've got to come over tonight! I can't believe we've never even met outside of practice."

Samantha had known this moment was going to come; she even had a plan to ask Lisa then say she couldn't and pretend to be disappointed but looking at Becky's smiling face she couldn't bring herself to do it. What was the harm in one night at a friend's. "Ummm yeah, sure I'll ask my Mom!"

"Awesome, this will be so much fun!" She said as they both got changed and headed out to the parking lot, hugging each other before going to separate cars.

"So how was practice sweetie?" Lisa asked with her window rolled down.

"It was okay, though I just got invited to Becky's for the night. Though I think maybe it's not such a good idea?" Samantha said, having second thoughts.

"Oh, nonsense! It's cute you've made a friend, Just text me where she lives,

and I'll pick you up later Princess!" And with that she was gone, taking away his only option of getting out.

Becky was, of course, pleased with the outcome and Samantha had to admit to herself it was a welcome change to a night in with just Britney and Lisa. Even if she now had to keep up the act of a teen girl perfectly.

Becky's room was similar to Britney's, feminine but not as girly as hers, something that made her a little angry even if she has gotten accustomed to it. Thankfully his worst nightmares of a girly night in weren't realized as instead, they had a bit of pizza while playing video games. No makeovers or outfit swapping as Britney made every night.

Becky's older brother, Thomas even played a few games with them which was a little awkward at first, but Samantha got used to it, also boasting and doing a little dance in front of him when she won a game, wiggling her butt. Something she instantly regretted as she noticed him instead of saddened in defeat, pleased with the show, ogling her butt.

Her cheeks were blushing crimson as she quickly sat back down, a few casual glances up at him revealed him smiling as she lost her self-confidence a bit and got shyer.

Later once he was gone, and it was just her and Becky the mater was brought up, "That was so cute when you did that little dance hehe, I think my brother has a crush on you!"

"Oh god, you noticed that? It was soooo embarrassing; I don't know what came over me."

"Awww it's okay hehe, besides don't you like him even a little back?" She asked, apparently trying to play Cupid.

"Ummm well yeah, sure he's okay looking..." Samantha said unenthusiastically, not wanting to insult Becky's brother but not wanting to imply she liked him.

"If you want I can give him your number, then he can text you sometime?"

"Y... Yeah sure." Samantha agreed, just wanting the conversation done with.

Chapter 7: Dating

Britney finished doing her scorpion move as she went across the ice and came to a stop. It was a major accomplishment for her mastering the technique and flexibility over the course of the week, but of course, the yoga practice and frequent time on the ice had helped. The injections had worked miracles allowing her penis to remain about the size of a clit to perfect her femininity. This rehearsal called for costumes and makeup in order to feel more comfortable with the show. The makeup was fine as it just involved fake eyelashes and a heavy amount of sparkle glitter on her face. It was the costume that was the issue. Sure, she had worn something like this before on the original night that caused this mess, but feeling and living as a girl right now, the costume seemed to confirm her place in society. The light tan swirly crystal tights had some embroidering on the sides that looked like something Tinkerbell would come up with. Although she couldn't lie, they felt great against her legs.

However, the sleepless bright pink ice skating dress with fake crystals and beads all around the bust, neck, and waistlines did it for her. Sure, she kind of felt flirty when her skirt moved, but this outfit was colder on the ice than her usual practice gear. What made her feel more like a feminized princess was the part of the routine where one of the guys had to lift her up. She had noticed over the last two weeks that she had lost about 10 pounds thanks to her increased workout routine.

The feeling of the guy dancers hands on her hips was confusing, on the one hand, she hated being in contact with any guy in case they tried anything, but on the other, she had to admit it was oddly reassuring. Their strong, large hands guiding her and holding her on the ice meant she was almost permanently blushing and feeling very much the part of a fairy.

Once practiced had ended she spotted Thomas up in the stands watching as he waved she waved back, the two had been texting a fair amount, and he again enjoyed his company being able to talk a bit more about guy stuff in

secret from Lisa and Britney. Walking up to him awkwardly still in the skates, she said: “Hey, you.”

“Hey Sammy, I have to say you look great in your outfit!” he complimented her, closing the size gap between them with a step forwards.

“Aww thanks, I think it’s a little too much, but I have to admit it’s designed almost a work of art,” she admitted holding the hem of the skirted part.

“Well, I think pink is your color, very much a princess haha,” he playfully teases putting his hand on her arm as she doesn’t push it away, thankfully for stabilizing her balance.

“Here to see Becky then?”

“Yeah thought you too of course! You keep saying no to my date ideas so I’d figure I’d ambush you haha,” he said light-heartedly. Clearly flirting and yet Samantha had to admit being on the receiving end was fun.

“You’ll have to come up with a better idea than just the movies then hehe.” Giggling and playing with a long strand of hair, what the hell was happening she screamed in her mind yet continued. Looking back on the ice to see Becky still practicing a few moves. Samantha loses balance a little in the skates before falling forwards onto Thomas, her hands on his chest as she looks up to apologize but is instead met with a kiss.

Britney immediately pushed back.

Thomas reacted, “Sorry... I thought you wanted it.”

“No... just not now,” she replied.

“How? We’ve been texting all week, and I thought you were flirting with me at home yesterday.”

“I have to go....”

“Sammy!”

Samantha moved her hands in the air and going as fast as she could to the dressing room with her skates in her hands.

“Please come back,” she saw on her cellphone as she started getting out of her girly outfit. As much shit that went down over the past few weeks, this was the first moment that made her physically cry. Maybe it was because it was starting to affect too many different people. She had just kissed a teenage boy. There were no romantic feelings or attraction. Sure, he was fun to talk to, but she felt it was more like playing the game.

“Will talk later,” she responded before starting to strip out of her costume and get back into her yoga pants.

Because Lisa had plans that night that Britney didn’t know about, Britney picked her up in the car since she had just gotten her license recently.

“You look a mess! Practice intense?” she asked as they drove home.

“I just had a very awkward moment,” said Samantha fiddling with her backpack in the backseat.

“What happened?”

“You know that guy I told you about? The one I’ve been texting.”

“Yeah, although why won’t you tell me who it is?!”

“It’s complicated. He just showed up to watch me at practice and then kissed me.”

Britney smiled, knowing the deep down underneath the breasts, long hair, heavy make, feminized voice, and faux vagina, the girl next to her was her age regressed sissy father showing that her plan was working all along. “And you didn’t like it?”

“Britney! This is very overwhelming. I’m not attracted to boys, and in reality, I’m over 20 years older than him!”

“The NEW reality is that you’ve been living as a 16-year-old girl for the past few weeks and that means attracting guys.”

“This isn’t what I wanted!”

“It’s not always about what you want!” she insisted. “If you weren’t into him then why did you keep talking to him?”

“I wanted to keep up the game!”

“Yeah, you just got played!”

Pulling into the driveway, Samantha noticed that Lisa’s car was gone.

“Mom isn’t home yet?”

Britney replied, “She said she might be another hour or two.”

“Wow, I haven’t heard of her staying out this late for a while now. Where did she go?” asks Samantha.

“Just hanging out with a friend I think,” Britney replied as she turned the ignition off.

Samantha spent most of the rest of the night eating, watching things on NetMovies, and curled up on her bed just thinking about Thomas and her new friends as shown by the number of text messages and selfies she was sending.

Meanwhile, across town in a luxury apartment complex....

Lisa placed her glass of wine down on the end table as she enjoyed the post-sex neck kisses from Rick, a 32-year-old attorney for a top law firm in the county. She was slightly apprehensive about dating a younger man but was strongly physically attracted to him since he had the tall, dark, handsome, and no baggage thing down to a T.

“That was amazing.”

“Yes,” smiled Rick as he came up to kiss her forehead. “It feels great to be with you.”

“Some of the best sex I have had in years,” she replied truthfully. “Would you like to come to my house this weekend?”

“That would be amazing to finally see your place.”

“We are decorating for the holiday now. I’m excited for you to meet my daughters.”

“I can’t wait!” he smiled as he held her tightly to his hot body.

“Oh, did you happen to get that paperwork ready for me?”

Chapter 8: Tis the Season

Samantha readjusted the red glitter scrunchie keeping her long blonde hair out of her eyes as she set the timer on the oven, grabbing the icing and coloring they'd need to for the finishing touches. It had been a week since her heated argument and subsequent admittance of sissyhood.

It was a little patchy at first between her and her Britney, but eventually, they decided sisters were more important than silly boys, though Samantha, of course, was still texting Thomas. Lisa had wasted no time in eradicating any last semblance there was ever a man living in the home and in fact any remnants of Samantha's previous life. Job, family, and friends were all told to varying degrees of acceptance and confusion.

"They should be done pretty soon; this was a cute idea Britney though I don't see why I had to get all dressed up just to bake?" Samantha wondered as she looked down at herself. Under the red Christmas themed apron was a pink casual dress along with black opaque tights and adorable little peep toe kitten heels that showed just a hint of her pedicure.

"I saw the instructions online and knew they'd be perfect treats! And why wouldn't you get all dressed up, you look so cute!" Britney replied cheerfully, the malice between them in the past.

While the two teenagers giggled and gossiped in the kitchen, Lisa returned home in tow with her new boyfriend, Rick. His first time coming over he was nervous but excited to meet her family he'd heard so much about. Taking off his winter coat and holding it over one arm as Lisa called the girls out of the kitchen.

Britney seemed extra cheerful today as his face lit up like the Christmas tree in the other room, clutching Samantha's hand as she skipped into the living room waving shyly at Rick as he introduced himself.

“Hey girls, you must be Britney. And the youngest Samantha right?” He asked, the lower masculine tone of his voice something that had not been present in the house for over a month.

Samantha slammed a knife down on Santa’s face, destroying one of the decorated cookies they had been working on. No wonder Britney and Lisa had been gossiping so much this week. She never overheard them, and they were very discrete. But this was the fucking surprise? Lisa now had a boyfriend? And what was with this guy? He was trying to pull off the whole J. Crew grey sweater with a white button down and tie underneath. She could tell she was at least five or six years younger than her former male self, in much better shape, and better looking. Why had she kept this from him? Was she over him already? What the fuck was going to happen once Christmas season was over and she was able to return to her male self? This was too much to take in. Before Samantha could reply to Rick, she also debated in her mind if Lisa blabbed her mouth and told Rick the truth about the feminization. Regardless, she felt pretty. Her makeup and hair skills had drastically improved thanks to having to live as a girl, as shown by her curled blonde hair coming out of the scrunchie.

“I guess you could call me that,” Samantha replied extending her French-manicured hand.

“It’s so nice to meet you,” smiled Rick. “Your mother told me many nice things about you.”

“Oh really? Like what?” Samantha said giving a fake smile.

“How you have been looking forward to your skating recital. Your mother was nice enough to invite me as her guest.”

“Oh great...I can’t wait to see you there...” Samantha side biting her tongue as she stared daggers towards first Britney then Lisa before adding, “Hey Mom can I talk to you alone for a minute?”

Lisa rolled her eyes before giving Rick a peck on the cheek and following Samantha out of the room till they were out of earshot, though still keeping it

quiet. “What the fuck is happening here!?” Samantha questioned.

“Language young lady! And don’t you dare embarrass me in front of Rick!” Lisa retorted with zero hints of guilt.

Samantha passed up and down the tiled floor, her heels clicking loudly as she finally stops and spins on the spot, arms folded. “This is ridiculous, you’re introducing me as your daughter to your new boyfriend, and you expect me to be rational!?”

“I expect you to behave like what you are Samantha; you ARE my daughter now. And what I do in my private love life is no longer any business of yours, we’re divorced...” She said the last part in an unusually hushed tone, just in case.

“One week!?! It only took you one week to move on, that’s if you haven’t been cheating on me for years!” Samantha suggested, the thought only just coming to her as she imagined every worst possibility.

“I would never! Now will you stop your little temper tantrum or it’s no phone or laptop for a week missy. I expect you to march back in there and act every bit the little princess you now are!”

Samantha just chewed on her honey ham as she watched Rick, Lisa, and Britney laugh around the dinner table. She had been more cordial to him but wasn’t going out of her way to make a good impression. Rick thought she was just the shy type.

She watched as Britney seemed to be crushing on her mom’s new boyfriend as well. The look in her eyes was nothing like the type that she ever had for Lisa and Mark.

Rick looked down. “Samantha, you’ve been to the Lutsen’s right?”

She paused for a moment before seeing Lisa seated behind Rick slightly

nod her head.

“Yeah,” she replied as she whiskered her fork in her mash potatoes.

“I believe your mother said you went there with some friends last year on a ski trip?”

“Yeah, some girls from the skating rink.”

“My family has a few properties up that way. It’s amazing up there. I plan on taking your mother there shortly after Christmas.”

What the hell is this shit? Samantha thought to herself. This guy is way too good looking to be with Lisa’s bitch ass. Is apparently wealthy AND is treating her like a princess. What did he see in her? More importantly, why was Britney in a rush to go back to being a male when there would obviously be some major competition now.

“Why do you hate him?! It sounded like he was so nice!” said Becky during a phone call to Samantha later that night.

“I just don’t know,” said Samantha. “It’s just way confusing.”

“What is? Britney said your mom hasn’t dated since your dad died.”

Samantha put her hand over her mouth. How much precisely had Britney told her? What kind of false lies were being spread around?

“I’m just not sure about things,” said Samantha.

“Oh, I saw what Thomas got you for Christmas!” Becky said completely changing the topic.

“What is it?”

“I’m not going to tell you silly! It’s very cute though. You are going to

love it so much! Did you get his gift?”

Samantha curdled up with a white teddy bear between her legs sitting on her bed as she continued the conversation. “Yeah, some game called *Total Fallout 9* that he asked for.”

“Oh and remember, right after opening night recital my parents are hosting a party for all of us.”

Samantha continued chatting with her friend. Part of her playing the role of a teenage girl and the other part wondering how much more lies would be put out not only by her family but also by herself. This was getting altogether out of hand and based on the current situation, she thought about how many more lies would be given when she transitioned back into a man, and Mark reappeared in everyone’s lives. Not wanting to get any more of a headache, she continued her act, despite the fact that living as a teenage girl wasn’t as bad as she expected. She just needed to get through Christmas.

Chapter 9: Happy Ending

Only a week later and Samantha was out on the rink in her fairy leotard, looking up at the bright lights shining down on her as well as the large crowd of family and friends. It had been a long and tough journey to get through to the dance performance but thankfully with Becky and Britney's help, along with a minor role she was confident enough of at least not embarrassing herself.

Not that spinning around with fairy wings and glitter all over her body wasn't already embarrassing, not to mention having to do it in front of your ex-wife, now Mom, and her new boyfriend. Samantha tried to keep her head clear of such thoughts and focus on her moves and timing.

Her slim tight clad legs were aching as her, and the other girls soaked up the applause, curtsying and bowing in unison towards the crowd as she smiled up Britney and Thomas next to her. The only people she was genuinely happy to watch her dance.

Skating to the side of the rink as she took a drink and relaxed a little with the performance over the coach gave a little speech applauding their hard work before they were all allowed to meet back up with family. Choosing to stay in her costume since it would take a while to change, and the small niggling voice in her head telling her it was a super pretty costume.

Bright pink with lace on the sleeves, glittering from the little faux diamonds scattered on it. The fairy wings were annoying and got in the way but were crucial to showing what character she was. Her long blonde hair tied back in a bun with a braid going along one side. Glitter was the theme of her outfit as her white tights, and makeup sparkled making anyone that looked at her in light blink, which she sort of enjoyed. The benefits of living the life of a young girl now meant that she wanted to feel pretty and doing so gave her more confidence.

Her perfume had scents of strawberry and lavender in it. Over the past few weeks, she had grown to appreciate how using different types of soaps, perfumes, powders, and other products could make her feel amazing both on and off of the ice.

Feeling like a true star, she waved over at Britney and gave her a big hug as she was congratulated.

“Yeah! We did so awesome. Gawd that was so much fun,” said Samantha, not trying to act like a teenage girl but rather expressing her natural reaction.

Thomas came beside her and leaned in for a kiss. Naturally speaking, she accepted it with no issues this time. He wasn’t going to admit that watching her skate on the ice gave him an erection but she had a feeling that was the case anyway.

“You both did great!” said Thomas.

“Thanks,” they both said in unison.

Becky spoke up, “Wow, I think that’s the first time you’ve ever said that to me.”

Thomas knew he only said it to impress his soon to be girlfriend, but yeah his sister wasn’t bad either.

“My mom just sent me this!” Becky said as she checked her cell phone to see a group photo of the cast bowing at the end. She went on Instapic and tagged Samantha, who had her profile up to about 2,000 followers already.

Meanwhile, Coach Megan was chatting with Lisa across the lobby of the skating rink area.

“She did so amazing with only a few weeks of practice.”

Lisa placed her hand on her heart, “Thank god; I was so nervous at first.”

“Truly A-MA-ZING!” said Coach Megan looking into the air and smiling. “Now we know to use this model in the future if needed for others.”

“Please again... keep this discreet.”

“Yes... yes, I remember the contract I signed,” said Coach Megan. “What’s the plan now with her?”

Lisa smiled, “Let’s just say I think you’ll be seeing her again next skating season.”

Samantha woke up to the sound of her phone's alarm, alerting it that was not only 6 a.m., but Christmas morning. Pushing snooze on her pink phone she groggily got up and stretched out. Her B-cup breast held tightly in place by the Frozen Princess cami while the matching shorts showed off her slim, smooth legs.

Slipping each foot into her bunny slippers, she made her way to the bathroom she shared with Britney, stripping down and having a warm shower to prepare herself for the day. A whole hour and a half later she was finally ready, with her hair make and outfit all carefully planned out the night before.

This Christmas was indeed different to the last Samantha thought as she checked her self out in the mirror, the cute red cap sleeve lace dress stopping about mid-thigh with her long blonde hair softly curled. Blowing a kiss in the mirror with her bright red lips she couldn't help but giggle, at first getting all dressed up had been an annoyance and a chore, but now it was how she could have fun and relax. Expressing herself through her outfit.

Her red and white Christmas themed nails shone as she held up her phone and took a few selfies, posting them on all her social media accounts wishing everyone a merry Christmas before rushing into Britney's room, who was still getting in the process of getting ready.

"C'mon hurry up, I want to open some presents!" screamed Samantha, feeling joyish that she was in better holiday spirit this year now that she had something to look forward to.

“Almost ready!” said Britney who was putting on some makeup. She was wearing black leggings which gripped her ass tightly and a gray shirt that said “Resting Grinch Face” on it.

Without waiting for her sister, Samantha ran down the stairs to the smell of bacon and eggs. Arriving in the kitchen, she saw Lisa cooking while Rick was drinking coffee at the table.

Yes, he had spent the night last night. Yes, Samantha heard them fucking. Yes, she tried zoning out the sounds. No, she wasn't going to say anything.

“Merry Christmas honey,” Lisa said to her daughter.

“Merry Christmas!” said Rick to her as well.

“Yay Christmas! I'm so excited,” Samantha said extending her arms in a girly way and then hugging her Mom.

Maybe it was the spirit of the holidays that had gotten to her, but for that day, she promised she wasn't going to cause any drama or question anything. Especially after the fact that a few days ago, when she asked Lisa why her breasts hadn't gone down after the initial injections were given, she found out the truth. The process was irreversible.

Samantha barely managed to control herself from tearing into her large pile of presents, just about holding out till Britney came down before she jumped in. The massive pile of pink ones were hers as she started eagerly opening one after the other. Her childlike enthusiasm for Christmas well and truly returned even though her presents were a little different from her childhood.

This time she was opening make up kits, clothes, a few pairs of shoes as well as a few smaller gifts. Thanking her Mom for each one till she picked up one from her Aunt, previously her sister. Opening it up she held up the tiny little red dress, something that a little girl would wear as she looks at it confused.

"Ummm I'm not sure she quite knows what age I am...." Samantha complained as she put the little dress back in the box after being reassured she can replace it at the store for something else.

After the presents she got two calls one after the other from her bestie and boyfriend, spending near an hour talking to them both as she asked about their presents and told them about hers. Thomas's present was a framed photo of the two of them kissing which Samantha tried to hide embarrassed, but of course, Britney had to make her show her and Lisa.

Sitting down at the table, Samantha doing her best to tolerate Rick whenever he spoke. Choosing to browse her phone whenever he went on to something or other.

She had become content with the fact that her masculinity had been taken away from her. The injections were permanent meaning her breasts were real, and her penis was still microscopic. Then again, sitting down to do her business and wearing panties wasn't anything out of the ordinary now. She had found out that the papers she signed released all assets to Lisa and her former Mark-self was legally declared dead. Yes, there was some depression in knowing she could never return to her former life, but that is why she wanted to keep her spirits high this Christmas. Although she had become content with the lifestyle of a feminine teenage figure skater, she still had trouble accepting the fact that his wife had been cheating on him and was now with a much better looking and younger man who had ten times as much going for him in life. But deep down, Samantha knew that's what Lisa needed. She was happy now. And Samantha needed to be happy.

Rick smiled after they finished dinner and were having drinks. He had settled for a brandy alexander while Lisa was on some laced eggnog and the two sisters were on hot cocoa. "May I propose a toast?" he smiled.

The ladies lifted up their drinks.

"To an amazing holiday."

“Yeah,” Britney interrupted holding up her new cell phone in the other hand. “Best Christmas ever!”

Rick continued, “It has been amazing getting to know you girls over the past few weeks. You are a welcomed addition to life. To many more Christmases to come.”

Gosh, this guy is so corny... Samantha thought to herself as she took a swig.

“That being said... I have one more present for your mother.

Chapter 10: Epilogue

Life changes. Sometimes for the worse, sometimes for the better. In Samantha's mind, there were some negative effects of what had occurred but knew based on everyone's lives currently that the right decision was made whether she wanted it or not.

Nine months after the Christmas engagement, Samantha found herself standing next to her sister and a few other women holding flowers in her hand. She was officially part of the family, as Rick legally adopted them. He never knew the truth and always thought Samantha was Lisa's biological teenage daughter. Somehow, they kept discreet that Samantha did enter the hospital to surgically remove what was left of her little penis and testicles down there shortly after Christmas and had some other work done to ensure all traces of manhood were completely destroyed leaving only a natural looking vagina.

She stood there wearing a short pink party dress with a giant bow in front. It was made of satin and since it was strapless, required her to wear a strapless bra for her now C-cup breasts. Standing in heels was something she was used to by now. Her once blonde hair was now slightly dirtier as it looked before, always wanting to experiment with different hair looks being the girly girl she had become. The hair was curled a lot for the wedding on the sides and held in place with braids on the back of her head in a style that was very popular for summer and fall weddings. The fake eyelashes didn't bother her at all. Brows had been perfectly groomed with eyeshadow and blush applied by the professional makeup artist her mom had hired for the bridal party. As a reminder of Christmas, all bridesmaids wore little Christmas ornament earrings to the September wedding. Her body language had changed to be more natural thanks to having to live as a girl for so long now and of course the figure skating practice. Once the season was over, she found herself trying out for cheerleading at the high school she was now attending thanks to a recommendation to the coach by her sister.

Britney later graduated and enrolled at the local community college, still living at home until she could move to the state university in the next two years. Her relationship with her sister had improved greatly and there fighting was reduced to just arguing over simple things around the house and borrowing clothing without asking.

The last time she had seen Lisa in a wedding dress was at their wedding, but that was ages ago and long forgotten. This time, she was walking down the aisle to give her heart to a real man. She did cry a little during the ceremony, partially of how she got in this place and part because she knew that Lisa was much happier now and that's what she wanted for her. Although she did think Rick was a bit of a goof, he did treat her like a queen.

At the reception table, Samantha sat with her sister chatting about plans now that Rick was moving in with them.

“I’m surprised he didn’t do this months ago!”

“Yeah me too,” said Samantha. “But he’s over enough!”

“It would be so cool if we could talk him into keeping that skyline apartment downtown and we could stay there. How fun would that be!”

“It would! But Mom would never let us, especially with me having another year of high school left! Gosh, I wish they would just let me test out. Would save me so much more time and plus skating season is starting again soon.

“Oh Samantha,” Britney said placing her hand on her sister’s “I forgot to tell you... I’m taking up figure skating again too!”

Samantha bit her lip, but then muttered, “... Go figure!”

THE END!

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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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

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