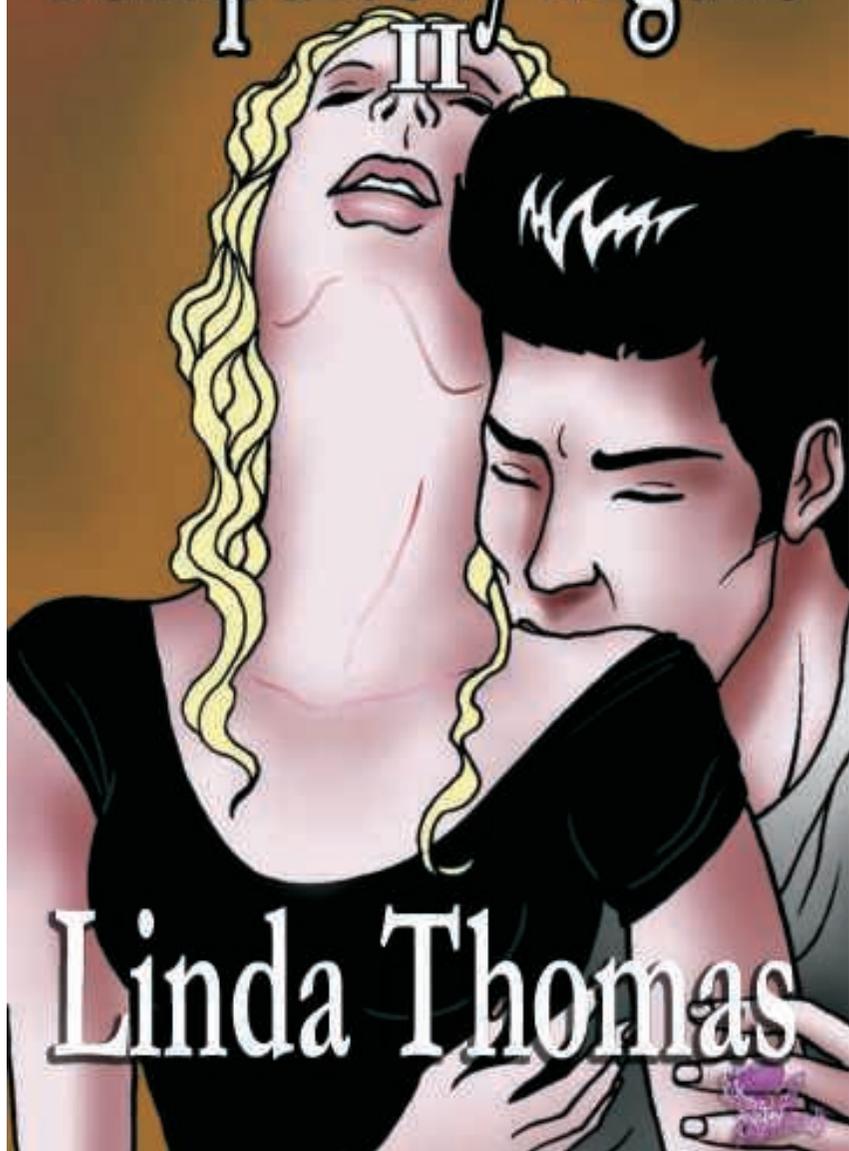


Compulsory Figure



Linda Thomas



Copyright © 2016

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

COMPULSORY

FIGURE

Part Two

by Linda Thomas

VIII. PARTNERS

The evening long program was so much better than the short program that had been so restrictive. We didn't have to do just one lift. We could do three and that didn't include the twist lift. Jeff was determined as well to turn our Star lift into an imitation of the 'no

hands' lift that the famous Canadian pair, Brasseur and Eisler, had made famous.

I'd have only his one hand at my hip for support. Jeff was also going to throw me in the lateral twist above his head and rotate me about three times. With the death spirals and the throws he'd put me through, just the degree of difficulty, in what he planned, should make us known to the skating world even if we didn't exactly pull them off.

I'd hated being lifted by Jeff the first time he'd done it to me. I'd hated it all the time for a week; but then, when Marisa had just had us ad lib to a piece of music, I think it was Scherezade, we'd skated for over ten minutes, a long program is four and a half, and it had been exhilarating. I'd loved doing all the dangerous stuff, spinning with my head an inch off the ice. I had flung my body out wide. Jeff had caught me easily, throwing me above his head with such ease. The lifts came as part of a skating run as I sensed how they fitted together.

Oh, it felt odd to be doing them. But I could also feel why girls must love skating so much. They got to do such good stuff that we men didn't do. Well, I was showing them, sort of. I could do what girls only were allowed to do on an ice rink. It did feel very strange and funny, doing it. If I'd been dressed as a boy, I'd never have done a Star lift or a lateral twist. But as a girl, I could. I could do them as well as any girl could, I thought smugly, even better.

I was so relaxed for the evening program with Jeff. I'd had so many encounters with Marisa, even before we went to the rink. I was in my tight skirt and black stockings. She'd been annoyed with me for bulging, she said, in the pencil-tight skirt; and so she'd had me hitch up my skirt, and expose my panties and erection.



She'd had me lift her wide skirts, put her over the soft cushion of an armchair and take her doggie-style, making me pump myself into her until my erection vanished. Then, she re-tied me up tightly in my gaff and panties.

"We didn't spoil your makeup, darling," Marisa whispered to me as we clattered up the steps to the rink in our high heels. I could still feel her as intensely. It was as if I was still inside her. I thought everyone must see it on me, shivering, as I went tentatively into the girls' change room, hardly crowded, in comparison to the day before.

As I went through the changing routine, however, I was strangely relaxed, eager to get out on the ice and skate. I was a pretty girl with a lot of talent. I smiled. I must have said that two hundred times, the day before, as Marisa wouldn't let me speak to her about anything until I'd chanted it to her, once or twice.

I don't think Jeff and I put a foot wrong as we skated in scintillating style at the invitational figure skating exhibition. We even landed triple toe loops in parallel and almost perfect unison. Any triple had been very tough for Jeff since I'd become his partner. He wasn't a great jumper. We could have done doubles but he wouldn't hear of it, urging me on when we got to that point.

We set the Simpsons an impossible target to beat and they couldn't do it. We had even beaten the Canadians, favored to win it all in the free skate. They were second to us. "Who the heck are you?" the dark-haired little girl asked me from that pair. "Where have you been hiding out?"

"Around," I whispered as she kissed me on each cheek. Naomi Simpson came and did the same.

"Well," said Naomi to the Canadian pair as little girls came forward and gave us huge bouquets of flowers. "I guess we won't see you in Europe after all this year. Only two pairs can go and we'll be third for sure this year."

"Too bad," murmured the Canadian girl with real regret. I felt so bad. I felt like such a cheat. I was cheating this girl, Naomi, and her partner out of a trip to Europe, or I would be, if I carried on pretending I was a girl and stayed as Jeff's partner.

Shirley Hubbard was ecstatic after our performance. She came rushing up to Jeff and me as we headed back to the dressing rooms. "My darlings, you were wonderful," she shrieked at us, hugging Jeff first and then me, as I trembled under such an unfamiliar attack. "You won! Marisa said you would! You looked so beautiful out there, Christine, and Jeff was so handsome beside you. And I do so love your hair."

I had to smile at that. "One of Marisa's braids," I muttered, touching it gently.

"We're going out tonight to celebrate," Shirley Hubbard said vehemently. "Your first victory as a pair. We'll drink to that and to many, many more."

Marisa's eyes narrowed. She looked back at the stairs where security personnel were keeping back a little knot of people. I followed her eyes and recognized Tracey and several of the other girls from Marisa's elite classes. They waved excitedly at her.

"I have novice skaters whom I have to talk to," said Marisa. She smiled at me. "I don't know how she did it but Tracey is in the last flight to perform tomorrow afternoon." She mentioned several others, even a pair, Patrick and Susan, who were going to perform in juniors. I'd only seen them in the distance, in classes.

Shirley would have none of it, however. We were going out to celebrate with or without Marisa. "Put on your very best dress, Christine," she told me with a very friendly smile. "Martin and I must treat you and Jeff. It isn't often you finish in first place in any competition, believe me. We just have to do the town tonight, with or without Marisa."

So, instead of waiting around for Marisa as I normally did, I was crowded into the back seat of the car the Hubbards had hired, with Dr Martin on one side of me, and Jeff on the other, while Dr Shirley rode in front with the driver. I shivered as I looked down at my legs in the nylons that I wore as I sat between two other men. My legs were shaved and bare, I wore a colorful silk dress, and yet I was just as much of a man as the men I sat between in their dark blue suits.

"You skated so beautifully tonight," said Dr Martin Hubbard, patting my knee.

I felt myself freezing up as he did it.

"Dad," said Jeff. Suddenly, I felt his arm around me.

"Oops, sorry," said Dr Martin as he leaned towards me. I think he'd had a drink or two already. He was smiling at my heavily glossed lips. "I forgot I was sitting beside Jeffrey's girl."

"What's that?" asked Shirley, turning, after giving directions to the driver. "Who's Jeffrey's girl?" She stared at me as I shivered again.

"Dad was making a joke," said Jeff, not moving his arm from my shoulders.

I hadn't chosen a dress for myself, before, to wear. It was always Marisa who did that, choosing my earrings, shoes, purse, my necklace and bracelet and whatever other accessories I needed, even my perfume. In our hotel room, I'd had to do it all myself. I had to shower after the performance we'd made and

prepare myself for going out on a date, sort of, with my male skating partner and his parents.

It took forever to get my makeup on, largely because I couldn't get my eyelashes properly in place. I'd washed my hair. It seemed to take forever to dry and set back on my head the way Marisa did it. In the end, I gave up on that and put on the new wig Marisa had bought me. It was ash-blonde, she said, and fitted me perfectly, the bangs across my forehead not revealing at all that I was in a wig.

I was so intent on getting it on, fitting it to myself and getting into my feminine underwear and padding, that it was only when I was putting on my stockings that I noticed my overall look. I realized that I looked like a real girl, dressing herself for a date. I really did, I thought, as I watched myself attach my stockings to the garter belt and then put on the dark blue dress that Marisa had told me to wear. I put on my high heels as there was a loud knocking on the door. I put in my earrings, the knocking getting louder. I had to move from 'admiring' myself as a girl and let Shirley and Jeff into our room.

"What a pretty dress," said Shirley with a smile. "Jeff, do up Christine at the back, will you? He can put your necklace on for you as well, my dear. You'll find as you grow older that men have their uses, you know."

Then, Shirley smothered me in perfume. "Jeff loves Chanel on you," she remarked, smiling at her embarrassed son again. "He tells us all the time how fragrant you are when you're so close. He really likes those parts of performing, you know."

"Mother," said Jeff and he was flushing and trembling as much as I was. I had to powder my nose as

Shirley gently directed me, put on my girl's coat before, off I went, for a night on the town as a girl.

Martin and Shirley walked arm-in-arm. Jeff took my arm and put it under his, just like his parents. Shirley looked back at us and smiled as I minced along on a man's arm, seeing everyone looking at us as if we were a couple. I felt so tense and strange to be going with them and to be treated by the maitre d', as well as the waiter at El Morocco, and Jeff himself, so considerately, as if I was a pretty girl.

Jeff knew I wasn't. Yet, he held my chair for me as I sat as primly as I could in the swanky, crowded restaurant and tried not to drink at all, knowing what it might do to me. I didn't have Marisa with me if I had to go to the bathroom. A real band was playing swing tunes at the end of the room. Jeff looked at them in appreciation, tapping his toe to the rhythm that they were making.

"Jeff loves to dance," said Shirley suddenly. "And I know all girls love to be held on the dance floor, as well. So you two go and do it. Don't think of Martin and me, really. It's your night. Enjoy yourselves. Martin and I insist."

Martin beamed at me. He wasn't about to insist on anything.

"I don't dance," I said uneasily. Shirley snorted.

"What!" she exclaimed. "A girl like you? You have such an exquisite sense of rhythm on the ice when you're moving. Everyone around us was saying so, weren't they, Marty? You don't need to be coy. Jeff isn't that great on the floor. You'll only need to step on him once in those heels of yours, though, and he'll be very good for you."

Jeff suddenly stood, a glimmer in his eye. He moved behind my chair and almost pulled it away

from me. He didn't ask me if I wanted to dance. He just took my hand and pulled me to my feet, the skirt of my dress swaying and sending shivers through me. "We'll be better off on the floor, Christine," Jeff said to me, "than staying here listening to my mother going on."

Shirley smiled at me as I was dragged in fear, out to the dance floor. "I don't know what to do," I whispered, scared out of my mind. Jeff took both my hands and pulled me to him.

I felt my dress push against him as he smiled at me. "Start with your left foot," he murmured. I shifted back as his right came forward. He directed me, deliberately being manly and possessive as I trembled. He put my arm on his shoulder and took me at the waist.

"Smile," he said to me as I danced the female part of a waltz slowly. He grinned at me and told me how well we were doing, as a couple, making me shiver some more. Then he gripped me tightly. We spun, my dress swirling out so girlishly, caressing my thin stockings, my high heels making me cling to Jeff. I was wiggling, about to fall, I felt. Somehow I didn't clunk his feet with mine. I seemed to feel what he was going to do by the way his thighs moved against me. Oh, it was like skating together, I realized, as I reacted to the messages I got.

"I thought you said you couldn't dance as a girl," said Jeff as we completed the dance. More than a little panic-stricken at all the twists and twirls I had been forced into, I applauded the band like everyone else.

Jeff wouldn't let me leave the floor. He held me and pressed me close as we began another slow, intense dance. "Lean on me," he whispered. "Like the other girls are doing."