

# Compulsory Figure III

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# COMPULSORY

## FIGURE 3

**by Linda Thomas**

### **XIII. SECTIONALS**

Walking through the lobby, my dress held together with pins, my body felt flushed as if the weight and touch of a man were still upon me. I felt that all eyes were on me. I knew everyone must be looking at me, knowing exactly what I'd been doing with Jeff. My bra beneath the black sweater moved femininely, denoting me as 'female' to everyone. I could see some men were looking at me there. It felt so weird to see that,

men smiling at me as they looked up to my newly madeup face.

Jeff, however, was very relaxed. He had his arm about me. He looked about almost as if he was bored. I knew it was a front but it was much more effective than my skittishness. I took even smaller steps than usual in my high heels, not wanting to stress the pins holding my skirt together. So, it was quite a sashay I made as we, a couple, man and woman, floated through the lobby.

We left the cab and started through the hotel just as Marisa, gowned in a long dress, swept out of the hotel elevator on the arm of a distinguished, grey-haired man in a tuxedo and gleaming, black shoes. Marisa stopped and looked me up and down. I could see that she saw right through me. I was sure she already knew how it was that Jeff's uncontrollable passion for me as a girl had ruined my lovely, straight skirt.

"Did you have a good time at the movies?" Marisa asked us, reaching out to touch me softly, frowning at what had been done to the tight skirt I'd worn.

I nodded, and squeaked out a little girlie, "Yes," not trusting myself to saying anything else, sure that any lie I told her, anyway, would be found out, very soon.

"That's good," said Marisa calmly, clearly choosing to say nothing because of the man she was with. "Don't stay too long with her, saying goodnight, Jeff. Christine, I put your nightdress in your room on the bed." She always did that. Why give me a special message about it now? "Don't wait up for me."

Marisa glanced at the well-dressed man beside her, eyeing me speculatively, before turning back to me. "Get a lot of sleep, Christine," she said, forcing a smile. "You have practise from ten to twelve tomorrow, Pairs, and Singles practice in the afternoon. Short pro-

gram Pairs will be in the evening. Oh, and don't worry about Shirley, Jeff. I made excuses for you and Christine. She went out to pick up Marty at O'Hare. See you later!"

"Darn," said Jeff lightly as he took my quivering, feminine hands in his, leading me into the elevator to take me up to my room. "I didn't have to waste my money on another room. We could have made out here."

Jeff insisted on coming in. He wanted to drink, knowing that Marisa always kept bottles of liquor around the place. I needed to shower and change. My panties were torn, as well as my skirt. My stockings were ruined. Marisa must have noticed them.

I got Jeff his drink, turned on the television for him and left him. He wanted to follow me into the bedroom. He kissed me hard, rousing feminine feelings again in me; and so I weakened. He was back to kissing me romantically again which was very pleasant. It was nice to be in his arms, acting as femininely as I could, his body pressing on mine. It was nice for me to have my hands around his neck, our bodies pressed so close together, my breasts rising as was another part of my body I wanted to ignore.

Just let me be a girl for a while, I told myself, knowing I'd have sex again with my boy friend if he wanted me to. Oh, it was so nice with his hands sliding over my hips and onto my stockings, the pins threatening to break away at any moment. I lifted my mouth for a kiss but he was frowning and looking past me.

"Jeff! There you are!" said Shirley Hubbard's voice behind us, a note of anger in it, I was sure, directed at me for kissing her precious son so enthusiastically. Jeff broke free of me right away, seemingly embarrassed

that his mother should catch him with me in his arms, he so eagerly kissing me back as he'd begun to.

"Mother!" Jeff said, flushing. "What are you doing in here?"

"Well, why shouldn't I be here?" Shirley asked snappishly. "Who's paying for all these rooms after all?"

"Good night," I said quickly, not daring to try to explain to Jeff's mother that I had every right to be kissing my boy friend in my hotel room. After all, he'd fucked me more times than I could remember, hadn't he? I went quickly into Marisa's and my bedroom, closing the door behind me, leaning against it as I heard the argument breaking out between the mother and the son about his right to privacy.

"Privacy!" I heard Shirley saying as they moved away but her voice came through clearly. "You mean so that you can, can, fornicate with that, that Christine thing in there!" she yelled at her son. I shook as I heard a door close. I was grateful Jeff had taken his mother out of the suite.

Marisa had left me a nightdress and panties of black silk and lace. There was nail polish and a note to remind me to do my toenails as well as my fingernails. There was a lady Sunbeam plugged in, in the bathroom, and another note there telling me to do my legs, even if I thought they didn't need it. I'd be wearing super-thin hose with my new skating costumes.

Only when I stepped out of my dress and looked at my girlish figure did I remember what Jeff had said, the insulting words he'd called me, thinking them a term of endearment, I had no doubt. With trembling fingers, I anxiously removed my slip and my bra and examined my chest. With a growing sense of nausea, I realized it was true. I was a silly, little bitch. I fluffed

my blonde, curly hair and looked at my body. I definitely had breasts. I cupped them as I could do that. I'd seen developing girls in the dressing room doing what I was doing. I felt a strange agitation at my groin as I did it, the developing, swishy girl in the mirror.

I had such a slim, girlish waist, so well defined. My hips went out in female fashion, my panties hiding my genitals, but not how my thighs were more rounded, not so thin any more, more shapely, female-shaped that is, than they'd ever been. I'd thought that was because I was working out so much more, with Jeff, as well as by myself.

I shuddered, knowing I could never face Jeff's mother again. Surely, she knew about me. She couldn't have done this to me, all by accident, as Jeff had suggested. And Marisa must have monitored the changes in me. She must know. Was it her, I thought suddenly, doing something to me I didn't know about?

I thought of the reasons why Marisa would want me to wear stockings and garter belts all the time, why she encouraged me to be so feminine all the time around Jeff, and in more than the frilly dresses I wore. I recalled the remarks she'd made about getting gaffs and pads from female impersonators to make me a more convincing girl.

Marisa wasn't angry with me, either, when I'd got home late with Jeff the previous night or nights before. She must have seen how my lips were marked and bruised by him, though now there were other marks on my soft skin which Jeff had left when he pulled on my clothes. Look at my torn skirt that Marisa had barely seemed to notice.

I slumped to the floor. I only got up as I saw how much cleavage I had when I held my arms so tightly

about me. Yes, my budding breasts pushed together. My head pounded as I tried to think it all out. I was being turned into a woman. That was very clear.

I found tears welling up in my eyes as I thought of all the love and sex I had shared with Marisa. It had become such a pleasure to wear one of the beautiful nighties Marisa put out for me. But it had all been done to ensnare me, I knew now, into a web of sex so that I wouldn't know at all what I was.

I wept, hot with shame and disgust. I remembered what I'd been on the farm at home. I'd been a boy, I thought, looking down at my shapely thighs, my panties and my breasts, my hair falling in front of my eyes. Now what was I? Jeff's girl, that was it. That's what they'd turned me into.

I was a pervert who just wanted to find pleasure in another man having her, me, as he'd have had his real woman. My mind revolted as I thought of all the things I'd already done with Jeff, and the 'lesbian games' I'd played and laughed about with Marisa. I thought of all the things she'd done to me and made me do for her. I was certain that, soon, Jeff would be telling me to do similar arousing things for him.

I shuddered and frantically undressed, taking off my panties and stockings and garter belt, even my gaff. I wanted none of the female things that had seduced me from my manhood. I'd forgotten my earrings. I only found those as I slipped nakedly between the sheets.

I cried as I knew that I'd have to wear all the girlish things again, anyway. I'd have to. There was no male clothing in the suite, at all. I'd have to do what I had to do, I realized, to get home. But I swore to myself I'd be off then, as soon as I could get home, even if I had to walk back to Mrs Mortimer's in my highest heels. I

was not ever, ever, going to be Christine Bell again, once I set foot out of Chicago.

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“A stupendous performance,” said the tall, smiling, dark-haired man enthusiastically as Christine stood, quaking still from the three triple-combinations she’d just landed in the Singles’ competition. Marisa was scowling a little at her. Christine shivered as the man studied her in so short a dress. He seemed to be admiring her shapely legs. She shouldn’t have skated so well, being such an ice ballerina, shaping her arms and fingers so prettily.

Oh, but the crowd encouraged her to be ‘her’! And Christine had been as girlish as she sometimes was now in practice. She recalled Marisa’s instructions to tone it right down or she, Christine Bell, might still be in Ladies’ Singles, later in the year. It was time to concentrate just on Pairs, and Jeff, her boy friend, Marisa had said.

The crowd, however, had applauded the graceful, female Christine, all by herself, and such a dainty ballerina, much more than they had the night before. Then, she and an athletic Jeff had won the Pairs by a wide margin, thus ensuring a place in the Nationals in New York.

Her turn over, Christine was supposed to be sitting over in the competitors’ area with her coach, as the other girls had done, but Marisa hadn’t come there. Christine had gone across to the practice area, to be with Marisa, shaking and wondering what she’d done that was so wrong. She couldn’t not skate the best that

she could, could she? Marisa seemed to think that she should have.

The marks were announced. The crowd roared its approval as Christine Bell was temporarily in the lead.

"You'll be second," said Marisa, glancing up angrily at the totals. "You idiot," she said to Christine while the man beside her raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Now you'll have to skate twice in New York."

"Oh no," gasped Christine, the dismay evident on her well made-up face. She shuddered. The red, silk ribbons that cascaded down her bare back flickered brightly under the heavy stadium lights, augmented for television.

Marisa's tall companion laughed. "My dears, don't be so down-hearted," he said, his baritone voice filled with amusement. "Christine could easily win in New York. She's the best female skater here by far!" He thought that would make the girl and her coach feel a lot better about themselves but it didn't.

They looked positively glum and were getting glummer as he went on. "You'll certainly win when the judges have seen more of you, Christine," said this strange man with Marisa again. "When you win the Olympics next year, I hope you'll allow me to make you a very rich, young lady."

Even that, the tall man noted, did not make either of them perk up.

"This is Theodore MacMillan," said Marisa grimly. "He's really not allowed to be here where we're standing. He's not supposed to be recruiting, either, for his 'Greatest Show on Ice', either."

Christine flushed at Marisa's rudeness as the coach stepped between Theodore MacMillan and the girl who was now Marisa's star pupil. She'd seen

MacMillan's picture many times before, but he'd seemed older in them. There were posters in glass cases along the promenade behind the seats from years of shows that said – 'Theodore MacMillan presents – The Greatest Show on Ice – Ice Champions.'

Always some world or Olympic champion was pictured, often smiling and in mid-jump, the headliner for one of MacMillan's shows. But there were always so many well-known names on his posters, a who's who of American, Canadian and now Russian champions, of the decade before the poster's current show.

"We'll make a deal, Christine," said MacMillan with a smile, moving into Christine's line of sight. She was still breathing heavily, her breasts rising and falling, clearly visible though she'd worn little padding for her performance. He blocked Marisa as he reached over and took Christine's shaking hand, kissing her freshly, painted, gleaming fingernails. The girl stepped back, visibly shaken, refusing to even look up into his eyes, Theodore 'Ted' MacMillan noted in surprise. She let Marisa hustle her away from him.

Ted MacMillan was surprised to meet someone so shy in the figure skating business. She was a pretty, little thing, he thought, then adjusted his thinking. He tended to see all the girls as little, given his height. She was quite average in that regard, Christine Bell, about the only thing that she was average in. She was head and shoulders above the girls in this Sectional. He'd meant it when he'd said she'd win the Olympics. He'd seen the height she was getting on her triples and didn't doubt she did quadruples in practise. He'd said it to Marisa who'd glared at him frostily.

Ted had been trying, since he'd seen the girl in the short program, to talk to her about Ice Champions, the show he'd inherited from his father. It was a consistent

moneymaker wherever it went because, his father had explained to him, they always got the best male and female skater in the generation represented by the show.

You didn't have to be a genius, thought Ted MacMillan, to see that Christine was going to be the finest girl skater in America for the next ten years. And she could skate Pairs as well. It was awesome to see her with Jeff Hubbard, the way he threw her about, the risks they took on their lifts and in the death spiral. He had to talk to Christine at some time to find out if she preferred skating with a partner.

In Ted's mind, Christine outclassed Jeff Hubbard but maybe she was loyal to him. He'd heard that the Hubbards were paying her way through the Sectionals and beyond. But wasn't Karen Watkins going to come back with Jeff next year for the Olympics? Having Christine do both was high risk in so many ways, for Jeff Hubbard as well as Christine Bell. She'd have to choose what she wanted to be the following year, thought Ted. He hoped she'd choose to be a single 'lady' skater.

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"I know what you're doing to me," I said at last to Marisa as we sat alone, isolated from the other girls in the dressing room. Marisa had taken off my ribbons and hair piece and was combing and curling my hair for me as I sat, shivering, as I looked down on my stockinged legs, in my so short skating dress.

"What am I doing to you?" asked Marisa crossly, as a huge group of girls stood up and went out noisily together, leaving us alone for a rare moment.

"I know you're changing me into a woman," I said. I didn't know why but tears welled up in my eyes. I felt so foolish as I uncrossed my legs, my skirt gently caressing my upper thighs. I was even beginning to like being dressed in such short, sequinned, revealing costumes. Yes, I had plenty to reveal, my shapely legs and tush, as well as my growing breasts, my female figure and face, brightly, femininely painted.

"What are you talking about?" Marisa asked me, stopping what she was doing and opening my purse to lay out my natural, daytime, girl's makeup.

"After all the drugs you've fed me," I told her resentfully, "I don't need much padding any more. I didn't wear anything in front to give me the shape you see. This cleavage is all me, just as you intended."

Marisa swore vehemently and undid my dress at the back. I felt her hands enter my dress and palp my little breasts. Almost instantly, I felt a pain in my groin. It had been a long time since I'd been with her. Ooo, I didn't want her to stop.

"How in heck did I not notice this?" asked Marisa. I wanted to tell her it was because she wasn't sleeping with me any more. "This isn't me," she went on grimly. "But you're right. Something is happening to you. I wonder why I didn't notice before?"

"You're too busy putting me off on Jeff," I pouted, my body still quivering under Marisa's light, feminine touch, almost a caress, of my budding breasts. "We haven't slept together in weeks."

"Oh my dear," said Marisa, clearly surprised. "You're right but that's easily rectified. Let's see. That black, silk nightie with the lace panties looks so delightful on you. Wear them tonight. I promise not to keep my hands off you."

"Marisa!" I said as I pressed her hands to my breasts.

"Let me attend to this problem," said Marisa grimly. "After all, whom do we know who's a doctor and could have access to drugs to do this to you? Leave this to me. I'll take care of her and her dratted medicines."

Marisa then leaned over me, still touching my breast, and kissed me. Her lips, warm and gentle, pressed down on mine. For a few moments it was like it was in the beginning when I'd been Peter Vernon. It was the same until she stroked my breasts. Ooo, I felt so many conflicting emotions in me.

Marisa hardly seemed to notice, encouraging me to hurry up and get back into my stockings and regular 'street' clothes. The dark blue dress was filled by my real figure, the soft linings gentle and familiar about me. I was constantly aware, though, of the soft, white bra, hugging a part of me, so real and so sensitive, when I was touched or when I brushed my arm against myself.

"Does, does Shirley know about me?" I asked Marisa, who stopped putting away my skirt and panties in her costume bag. She froze for a moment and didn't answer me right away.

"I'll find out," Marisa said, giving me a long look that seemed genuinely concerned for me.

There was a lot to do, particularly after the exhilarating performance I'd given in Ladies' Singles, following the way Jeff and I had skated together in Pairs. We'd bested the Simpsons in every department and would probably be going to New York as one of the favorites to win a National Championship.

I was almost sick, thinking about it. I'd dreamed of winning Nationals and ascending the podium to receive flowers and a medal. I'd never dreamt I'd be in a dress and made up like a girl, having a figure like a girl, when I did it.

It went through my mind that I could fix the result of our skate easily. I could fall, both in the short and the long programs. I shook as I thought about doing that. I shuddered as I looked at Marisa. She looked back at me as if she knew what I was thinking.

"Let's get through this one step at a time," Marisa said slowly.

So, I went out and smiled at people waiting for me. There were girls, girls whom I'd have loved to date, who wanted my autograph. They screamed at me, their eyes widening with delight when I took their papers and hastily scrawled 'Christine Bell' on them. So many seemed to be in awe of me as I worked my way down the line of eager girls, many of them so little. The adults scared me as they demanded my signature but they were the ones to compliment me on my 'beautiful' performance. They were the ones who said that I was as lovely off the ice as I was on it.

There were pictures to be posed for, this way and that, while my dress trembled about me. I tried not to show too much of my stockinged legs as I turned to sign and sign. I couldn't believe the scrutiny I got from so many young girls. I seemed to feel my breasts swelling as so many stared at me. I was certain that one, at least, at any moment, would yell out that I was a boy in a dress. I was glad that Marisa had insisted I rouge my cheeks and gloss my lips. I felt my hoop earrings all the time, making me to feel very girlish. No, no-one screamed at me.

After an hour, Marisa finally escorted me away from the crowd. A couple of uniformed security guards helped us to the car waiting for us.

"It will be worse in New York," Marisa said as the cab sped us back to the hotel. "There'll be reporters there as well."

My composure was beginning to sag. "No," I gasped, shaking my wavy, golden hair. I shivered as my stockings rasped as I crossed my legs. "I, I can't, Marisa. I can't keep it up."

"Pity," murmured Marisa. There was a twinkle in her eye that told me that she wasn't thinking of my performance as a girl skater at all.

I was still shaking at that remark when we got out of the cab at our hotel. There were the Doctor Hubbards on their way out. They seemed more that a little put out that I was going to the Nationals in the Ladies' Singles as well as in Pairs.

"Unheard of," complained Shirley. "She'll have to choose. They'll make her."

Shirley didn't say who 'they' were. Marisa easily went past that issue. "It builds up the partnership," she said with a bright smile I was sure was phoney. I could scarcely look at Shirley with what Marisa had just suggested about her. "Jeff is a known quantity but, now, Christine's reputation is building as well. You watch, it will help them get a fair judging when they get to Worlds; and they will get to the Worlds, this year."

That mollified the Hubbards perhaps as much as it terrified me. I was going to going on forever as a girl! Jeff came from the elevators, smiling broadly as he saw me. "Ready for a little, slow dancing, partying, and

celebrating in New York," he said to me, smiling as he put his arms about Marisa's shoulder and mine.

Marisa removed his arm quite pointedly. "Christine is very tired," she said firmly, "as anyone would be if they'd skated and got the reception she received from the crowd afterwards. That's why we're so late getting back."

I watched Jeff's face and saw the surprise there. He obviously hadn't been watching me perform in Singles even though it had been on television, on a local station. I felt very disappointed in him that he hadn't taken the time to do that, to watch me, his girl friend, ice dancing at times and thinking of him.

"I'm very tired," I told him, keeping hold of Marisa's hand as she led me off to our room. Besides, I thought bitterly, he'd had his celebration with me in his private room the day before after we won the Pairs. We'd gone off from the others, supposedly to a new dance club, which his parents had rejected immediately when they heard the hip-hop music coming out of the front door.

Jeff had taken me into the club one way; we'd left by another, his arms about me. We'd hurried back to his room where he'd celebrated by having me repeatedly as a woman for several hours until I'd been worn out. I'd loved every minute of it, the kissing and making love. He encouraged every female move I made, and asked me to do things, yes, that I'd only done with Marisa.

I don't know how I'd summoned up the energy to skate the next night but I had. Once the music was going and I was moving, it didn't seem to matter that I was dressed as a girl, and hundreds of people were admiring my slim, girlish body and long, flowing hair. I

just skated and forgot all about the deceptions filling my life.

Marisa was anything but tired once we reached our room. She had me strip out of my dress, stockings and bra, running her hands over my soft, trembling skin. She stroked the sensitive mounds on my chest as I removed my panties and gaff, my body reacting to the agitated emotions I felt. Marisa smiled and led me over to the bed and my nightie.

"It's not terrible," Marisa said, stroking my thick, shoulder-length hair as she lay beside me. "Half the people in the world have well-developed breasts, you know."

That only made me feel worse, knowing she was telling me that I was going to grow even more. "Girls have breasts, not men," I argued with her as Marisa's hands stroked my body. This time, however, unlike the other times we'd made love, she paid great attention to my breasts, cupping my thrusting nipples; and then, when she slipped off her bra and blouse, caressing them with her own much larger breasts.

"So, Jeff has noticed your breasts are growing?" Marisa asked me as I started to gyrate beneath her. She aroused all kinds of passion inside me. Our legs were so similar! She entangled me with hers so easily as I clung to her as she kissed me so lightly, compared to Jeff's hard, arousing kisses. She pressed me back and began to arouse me with her lower body as I eagerly tried to draw her to me, to make love to her.

"You didn't answer my question," said Marisa between kisses. "You've been sneaking off to make love to him, haven't you? You think you're a girl now? Is that it? So tell me what you did, the pair of you, two boys together."