Immersed

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

People used to laugh when I said that I played competitive underwater hockey. They thought I was joking, like there was no such thing. But there are hundreds of clubs in North America and regional competitions as well. There are regional teams that play off for a state title and even international teams that compete against other nations.

I got into it because I could hold my breath, and that is a skill that comes in handy because that is a key part of the sport. If you are in control of the puck on the bottom of the swimming pool, you have to pass it off to another before you go to the surface and take a breath. That is how underwater hockey is played – on a court at the bottom of a swimming pool. You only have your swimming trunks, a bathing cap for people with long hair like me, a snorkel and a mask and your short underwater hockey stick, and a padded glove holding the stick because it will get bashed by other sticks.

I had the added advantage that I was ambidextrous so under the rules I could use one stick, but I could change hands, but I needed two gloves. The best gloves are made out of silicone. I needed a new pair so as the season was winding up, I decided I could order them on line and have them ready for next season.

I ordered “a pair of silicone gloves size S not orange” – orange gloves are reserved for the referee. It sounds like a simple order to me. How it could result in me receiving what I did is still very hard to work out. “Not orange” is a thing, as I now understand it, for people worried that the flesh tone being all wrong, but gloves are not breasts.

That is what arrived – a pair of silicone breasts. They were not even small size, although perhaps they were a little smaller than average, but they were definitely not gloves.

To be honest, I just laughed. Like I said, the season was over, so I had time to send these back and get what I needed. It was just a fuckup. It happens all the time. You can complain as loudly as you like but I ordered one thing and got something else – I would get what I ordered eventually. I just put the box in the corner and decided to get back to it later.

I was shaved down at the time. People in water sports will understand – you shave your entire body for less resistance in the water. And in the case of underwater hockey it makes you slippery too should anybody try to hold you – which is illegal but common.

The truth is that I was watching some porn on my PC and I just thought about touching the breasts I had in the box. And once they were in my hands they were soon on my smooth chest, and I was looking at them in the mirror.

There a sticky side with film covering it and instructions on how they should be positioned. There was a warning too, but I had no intention of taking off the film and sticking them on. To this day I don’t understand how it happened – a rush of blood I suppose. Before I knew it the breasts were on, and they were stuck fast. I could barely even find the edges, but when I did, I saw that it was too thin and fragile to pull. I wanted to return these things so I could not risk damaging them.

Only then did I look for the instructions. Okay, so I had read the notes about how to position the breasts using a little of the sticky surface and then roll off the backing to get it right, but I had not read about the warning. And then I read that the solvent needed to remove the breasts was not included and was another mail order away! It seemed like I was totally fucked.

It seemed crazy that I should even think about what I did next, but I suppose I figured that I should take the opportunity to imagine that I had a well-breasted woman in my room. My sister was at college so it seemed to me that I could cross the hall and borrow a few things of hers.

I just took her blonde party wig and some sexy underwear. An old boyfriend had bought the underwear for her and I don’t think she had ever worn it, but the bra was a perfect fit. The panties would have fit me too except that I was swelling bigtime. With the wig on and locks hanging over my face, I could easily be my dream woman in the mirror, doing a seductive little dance for her guy, in his bedroom.

After having spilled my jizz into a Kleenex it should have ended there, but it didn’t. My parents were headed out that night and I was just supposed to be ordering pizza, but I had a sudden thought that I might go out and “walk on the wild side” … just once.

The wig was wrong. It was too fake looking. It was not the thing that would be worn to go out and buy pizza. But it seemed to me that I might be able to wash my own hair and maybe apply a little makeup. The way I figured it was that I had the body of a woman, or I could do now that my cock was limp and tiny again. It was the kind of body that needed to be shown off.

You must be thinking that I was responding to some inner desire, and perhaps I was, but at the time it just seemed as if I had created somebody new out of thin air, like Pinocchio brought to life. It just seemed to me that she should have her moment in the open air, and while she did that I would be watching her in the reflection of mirrors or unlit shop windows.

I used my sisters shampoo and her styling brush. I had seen her do her hair and would have said that I gave it no attention, but how could that be true when my hands moved so easily to the task, working the brush with one hand and the hair-dryer with the other? It seemed as if a feminine force had taken over my limbs, making not only my hands and arms but my hips and legs move in very different ways. It was like being in a warm spa pool, where you can feel so much in touch with the water that your limbs almost don’t belong, as if they could be controlled by something else

The same new found skills suddenly appeared when it came to makeup. What boy has not watched his mother at her dressing table, and marvelled at the artistry? But I was always led to believe that skill and practice and even artistry were needed. So from where did those perfect eyebrows and eyelashes suddenly emerge?

It almost seemed that the rubbery breasts were magical, or the glue that held them on me full of some powerful chemical turning me into somebody or something else. And throughout it all I not a single moment of resistance. It was all new and exciting, like the wooden puppet now made real.

So too, the selection of a dress from my sister’s closet. A dress seemed right, and it seemed that she had left most of them behind in favor of more casual and shapeless clothes for college. This new body that I possessed needed to wear a dress - one that could show off my swimmer’s legs and my buxom breasts. I found something perfect and slipped it on.

The thrill of seeing myself in the mirror as a woman was indescribable. Yet it was strangely not sexual. My limp penis was firmly tucked away into “figure holding” high waisted panties, and barely flickered with the sight of the beautiful woman reflected by the mirror. No, the feeling was one of joy by extreme satisfaction, like standing back to examine a masterpiece, perhaps the masterpiece of a lifetime. It seemed better than an orgasm – somehow noble and without the sticky discharge.

It was a given that I would need to step outside and reveal this new person to the world. Somehow seeing her meant that my inhibitions were not lost, but it was as if they had never existed. This woman had not got dressed for nothing. Something this wonderful needs to be seen and bring some beauty into the world. It was that simple.

I put some things into one of my sister’s bags. Her shoes were a little tight, but I found something that would fit, even if they were wrong for the outfit. There was only one solution – I would need to go to the mall and buy the right shoes.

My sister had left her car behind too. It was a crappy. The best thing was that the key had a pretty tassel tied to it. It sat in my hand and drew attention to the fact that my nails looked like shit. It is just that for my sport nails need to be kept short. But season was over, and it was if that marked a turning point, or was it the breasts.

I put a slid in my hair, slipped out the back door, and jumped into my sister’s car. It would start right away and I had an odd moment of panic that it would not start at all, but it did. And I drove off and down to the mall.

It was not a place that I had enjoyed going to until that day. My mother would force me there if I needed clothes that could not be bought of size only. Clothes and shoes, but this time I would be heading to the ladies shoe section, and taking time. The variety was startling but exciting, but I had an idea of what I wanted.

“Oh, you have chosen something to match what you are wearing,” the shop assistant said. “You have such a good eye.”

“Thank you.” A voice came out of my mouth. It was a girl’s voice. “I’ll take them.”

They were expensive and not practical, but I didn’t care. They were right, and that seemed like all that mattered. Why come all the way to the mall and not buy the right thing? Practicality and frugality are male traits, and not nice ones at that.

I wore them out of the shop. I put the others in a bag to take home, even though they now seemed like total trash – not just not pretty, but not useful. I walked to the nail salon.

“Oh dear,” The technician said. “Your hands could do with intense moisture treatment, and tell me what length of nails you want and what color.”

“I have just finished a season of underwater hockey,” I explained. “You have to cut your nails and pool water can be hard on hands.”

“Yes, it can,” she sympathized, preparing to soak them. “What kind of hockey did you say?”

I suppose nail technicians do not much else but listen and talk and paint and file. We must have spent over a half an hour just talking as women do. Don’t ask me what about, but it was entertaining for both of us and perhaps informative for her … or maybe not. Anyway, yet again it was barely me, or if it was it was the female me.

It was only when I happily paid my bill and walked away with my pink nails and soft hands that I paused to wonder if she or anybody else at the salon, might have guessed that there was a penis hiding in my groin. I have not given it a thought until then.

It was as if I was fully immersed in being female.

I often think that at the heart of being a good underwater hockey player is feeling that the water is your home. Air breathing mammals that live in the sea are some of the most successful adaptations for survival. You just need to have access to the surface, just like you do in my sport.

Whales and dolphins are truly wonderful creatures, and in total command of their environment. Who or what are their enemies? They once crawled up the land, in the mud and exposed to attack from all manner of predators. They chose to return to the sea from where all life began, and the adapt over millions of years. Legs become a powerful abdomen and flukes, arms became fins, and in the case of male dolphins, their genital slip into a slit to streamline their bodies. It seemed like my miracle was that I had adapted so quickly. All that it took was a pair of silicone breasts.

The glue did not last, of course. But by time it failed, I had already decided that silicone was not me. I needed the real thing – real breasts and a body to match.

There is a women’s underwater hockey league – did I mention that? It is just that I have got rather attached to my nails, and the chlorine is very bad for my hair.

The End

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Erin’s seed: A guy mistakenly orders silicone breasts and because he doesnt want to pay the shipping to send them back, just for a gag, he glues them on and is stuck wearing them for a couple of days. He finds that he loves them! They look terrific. He has to go out and get seen, its a compulsion