

High School Transition: Home Life

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(This episode takes place about a week after the events in "Pointe-d Choices")

(Monday morning...6:26 am)

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I sigh as I force myself out of bed.

"Another school day," I mumble softly, still fighting to wake up.

I stretched and yawned, feeling my ears fold back on my head...then eased my eyes open.

"Okay...clothes," I mumbled, forcing myself up.

I waddle over to my dresser, still half-asleep...then ease open the top drawer.

Gracelessly, I haul out a pair of white briefs...and shimmy out out my old pair, glumly sliding them on...

...and shutting my eyes, wishing I were slipping into some soft blue panties...instead of coarse white briefs.

I sigh...then open my eyes...

...and I see the lone female garments my mom will allow in her home.

I frown...as I pull out the dull grey sports bra...and look down...

...at the two small mounds, sticking out from my chest...

...and again, I sigh.

Someday...

Frowning, I slip the sports bra on, making sure my breasts are as squished as possible...since my mom does not like any breasts showing...

...then I apply some deodorant...and squirm into a soft green t-shirt and blue jeans, threading my tail through the back opening.

I check myself in my mirror...

...then see what I'd really like to be wearing appear over my body: a soft pink t-shirt, a mid-calf length black skirt, matching pink tights and black, low-heeled shoes.

I feel my body perk up as I pose in the mirror, the skirt rustling as I turn from side to side...

...then I sneeze...and the image vanishes, replaced with a slender red and white furred fox, clad in a slightly boxy green t-shirt and snug blue jeans.

Oh well...someday...

I sigh, again...then slip on my dark blue hoodie and pick up my backpack.

...

I fix myself a bowl of oatmeal...and start eating, leaning on the wall between the kitchen and the dining room...

...when I hear the fridge open...and look up.

My mom pulled out the gallon of milk, clad in her usual black skirt suit with a peach shell...then poured herself a small glass.

"Is your homework done?" she asked coldly, taking a sip of milk.

I nodded, popping a spoonful of oatmeal into my muzzle...not really wanting to talk to her today.

"Don't forget to do your chores when you get home," she continued, opening the fridge again to start making her lunch.

"Yes, Mom," I say softly, quickly popping a spoonful of oatmeal into my mouth, biting off a sarcastic "I always do my chores, Mom"...which would've REALLY started my day off nicely.

She glanced up at me...then busied herself with making her lunch.

"And make sure your homework is done before I get home," she went on.

I nodded, scooping out the last of my oatmeal and chewing it.

"I'll be picking you up after school Thursday," she said.

I blinked, puzzled...then scowled.

"You have an appointment with Dr. Hoff," she went on.

I shuddered slightly.

Dr Hoff...the counselor my mom has had me see ever since I came out to her...in an attempt to "cure" me.

I grabbed my backpack and slipped past her.

"I'm gonna be late," I said, slipping out the door of the house...

...and exhaling, relieved to be out of that prison.

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(11:23am...lunch time)

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"Hey, Rob."

I looked up...as Katy slid next to me.

"You okay?" she asked, noticing that I was still quiet.

I sighed. "Got Hoff this week."

"Ugh." Katy sank back in her chair. "She's not giving up, is she?"

I shook my head, eating some of the sandwich I'd made for lunch. "Stubborn as usual."

"Just like her daughter," Katy whispered.

I looked at her...and she winked back at me.

And finally, I chuckled.

"Yeah...like mother, like daughter," I said, smiling.

"So, we still getting together this weekend?" Katy asked, popping a tater-tot into her muzzle.

I chuckled. "Assuming your mom isn't sick of me always

being over."

Katy chuckled. "Nah. Mom loves having her other daughter visit." She leaned against me, causing me to blush a little bit. "I think she likes the idea of me having a sister."

"I...*cough*...I like it too," I said softly...then looked up at her. "And I really appreciate all you and your mom have done for me since..." I trailed off, feeling my whole body darken a bit.

She nodded...and poked me. "Hey! Are those pickles?"

I put a paw over the small plastic bag. "You get ONE."

"Awww...." she whined, pouting very cutely.

I chuckled...then gave her one of the jumbo dill pickles I packed.

She let out a soft squeak, then bit into it with an audible crunch.

I smiled, feeling very happy to have a friend who supported me...

...but still feeling a bit low.

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(2:35 pm)

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I put the mail on the table near our front door.

As usual, it was all for mom.

I walked to my room and plopped my backpack on my bed.

"Chores...trash..." I said, scooting back out.

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(6:38pm)

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I shut the algebra textbook, exhaling.

"Finally done," I muttered...then smiled.

And, since my homework is done...

I booted up my computer...then checked my e-mail

"Reminder from Dr Hoff's office...ugh....spam, spam, spam...e-mail from Katy..."

I opened Katy's e-mail...and smiled.

"Nice idea," I said, smiling...then continued on.

"Spam...spam..."

I stared, surprised...at the e-mail from a lingerie store.

Still in shock, I opened it up...

...and was greeted by the image of a snow leopard, dressed in nothing more than a light blue bra and panties...

...and I felt so jealous of her.

Why did I get this?

I looked back at the sender's address...and saw that it was forwarded from Mrs Nicolette.

"Thought you would like this, hon. We're going there this weekend. Love you.

Aunt Sandra"

I stared, stunned beyond words.

We're going...t-t-there?

I was in shock...but closed the e-mail.

".....wow....." I breathed.

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(Thursday...4:17pm)

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"Hello again, Robert," the elderly beige-furred lion said, gesturing to a seat across from him.

I nodded. "Dr. Hoff," I said calmly. *Okay...just need to get through this...*

Dr Hoff smiled, folding his paws together.

"So, it's been a while since we last saw each other," he stated.

I nodded. *Not long enough...*

"So, what has been going on?" he asked, conversationally.

"How has school been?"

I settled back in the chair, getting comfortable.

"Pretty good," I replied. "Still getting straight A's in my classes."

"Good. That's very good," Dr Hoff said, complimenting me. "No issues with any of your teachers?"

I shook my head, really wanting the small talk to pass.

"Not even with one teacher?" he asked, surprised.

I shook my head again.

"Hmm...most of my high-school patients usually say there's that one teacher that drives them crazy," he went on.

God...just get on with it... I thought.

He scratched a few notes down on his notepad.

"Any of the kids at school giving you problems?" he queried.

I shrugged. "Nothing my friends and I can't handle," I replied, which was true.

He nodded, his mane rustling a bit as he did so.

"Your friends...do they know about your...condition?" Dr Hoff asked.

Here we go...

"My "condition"?" I asked, semi-coyly.

Dr Hoff looked at me, his green eyes glinting a little in the light.

"About your desire to become a vixen," he stated.

And there we go...

I fidgeted just a little bit...then nodded.

"They do," I said simply.

He made some notes on his pad. "And how did they react?"

I crossed my legs, like a vixen would.

"They've all been very supportive," I replied. "Even

encouraging." I picked a stray bit of fluff from my sleeve. "Far more supportive than my mother."

He arched an eyebrow. "Your mother isn't supportive?"

I leaned forward a bit, letting a sly smile cross my muzzle.

"Isn't that why we're all here?" I countered, somewhat smugly.

Dr Hoff sighed, removing his glasses and rubbing his eyes.

"Robert..." he began.

"Look, Doc..."

He paused, looking up at me.

"...we both know that she's paying for these sessions," I went on, "because she sees this...my "condition", as you put it...as a problem. Something that needs fixing."

Dr Hoff put his glasses back on. "And you don't?"

I shook my head. "No. I don't. And I never will." I sat back in the chair. "My mom thinks that I am sick, do you know that?"

Hoff frowned a bit...and made a note on his pad.

"She keeps me under lock and key after school," I went on. "Not allowed to leave the house once I get home...not allowed anything even REMOTELY female..."

I chuckled. "I think that, if I hadn't put a lock on my door, she'd probably have me strapped down in bed each night to make sure I don't go running off or something."

...

Dr Ethan Hoff kept a solid poker face on...though he was surprised by the things the young fox was saying.

"And it all started...after you told your mother about...wanting to be a vixen?" the lion asked, his brow furrowing slightly.

He was not surprised at all when the young fox nodded.

"Almost the very next day," the fox said. "She started setting up all sorts of rules. No female items in her house unless

SHE approved of them...I stay home until she gets home...I check in with her when I am not at school..." The fox sighed. "It's like I'm an inmate in a prison, Dr Hoff."

The lion made some notes on his pad, his eyes darkening a bit.

If this is all true...

Dr Hoff made a note next to the fox's words, stating simply, "Verify"...then looked back up at the young fox.

But...I think there may be a lot more that isn't being told...

"What about your friends?" he asked, diverting the fox away from the topic of its mother for a few moments, hoping that it would defuse things a little.

He watched as the fox sighed.

"My friends are all really supportive," the young fox replied. "They let me express myself however I want...even have taken me out shopping as a vixen..." The fox let out a soft chuckle. "Which was both really cool and really scary at the same time...but my friends have been...they've all been great to me."

Dr Hoff nodded, making notes on his pad.

Has a solid support structure...is getting encouragement...

The lion nodded. "Do you feel comfortable expressing yourself as a vixen, when with your friends?"

He watched as the fox nodded. "Oh yeah. They even tell me when I'm messing up too."

Hoff felt an ear twitch. "Messing up?"

"Well...stuff like heading to the wrong bathroom or being too vixeny...things like that," the fox said.

Hoff let out a soft chuckle. "Too vixeny? Is there even such a thing?"

To his surprise, the young fox laughed.

"Oh geez, you've never seen me shop, have you?" the fox said. "I shop just like a vixen. Laughing, trying on TONS of clothes,

finding stuff for my friends to try on...it's..." The fox sighed. "It's just loads of fun."

The lion made more notes on his pad.

Expresses and identifies more as a vixen than a tod...is happier as a vixen...

"Now...how would your mother react...if she saw you at the mall, acting like a vixen?" Hoff asked...

...then stared, stunned...

...as the fox's previously jovial manner was completely submerged.

The young fox's body language became very defensive and guarded...shoulders hunching, legs drawn up toward its torso, head lowering quite a bit, gaze resting in its lap.

"She'd...well, she wouldn't be happy..." the fox said, softly.

Hoff frowned...and made a note on his notepad that he really did not want to make.

Possible physical abuse...

"What would she do, if she saw you out there, as a vixen?" the lion pressed.

He watched as the fox fidgeted, its tail starting to twitch and spasm.

"I...she'd likely yell...a lot..." the fox replied, meekly.

"Probably cuss me out. My friends too."

Hoff made more notes on his pad.

Possible mental abuse...potentially restrictive home life...

Hoff set aside the note pad...then folded his paws in front of him...and asked the toughest question he could ask.

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"Would she...hit you, Robert?"

I shut my eyes, feeling scared and ashamed.

Memories of what happened when I came out came flooding back...memories of any time when I expressed any female

habits at home...

...and I stayed quiet, feeling tears fall into my fur.

...

Hoff noticed that the fox's cheekfur began to glisten just slightly in the light...and frowned.

Damn...

He took his glasses off...and rubbed his eyes with two fingers.

"Why don't you take a little bit to calm down...then we'll wrap up for today, okay?" the lion said softly.

The young fox nodded...and Hoff heard a faint sniffle come from the fox, who was almost curled into a ball in the chair.

He heard the fox get up and leave the office, heading for the small bathroom in the building...

...and sighed, reaching for his pad.

He looked back over his notes from the session...and would review the recording of the session, which the young fox knew was going on...but he was certain of one thing:

If this fox stayed at home...there would be trouble.

...

"Go to your room," the older red fox said coldly.

She watched...as her son padded silently to his room, the door closing behind him...

...and her ears caught the sound of a lock turning in the door.

Wait...was that...?

She padded to the hallway and looked down the hall, toward her son's room...

...and saw that the doorknob now had a keyhole.

When did he...?

She stared at the keyhole for a while...then let out a small huff and walked away.

No matter...it won't give him any sanctuary...she thought,
sitting down on the couch.

She turned the television on...and smiled grimly.

None at all...

...

I booted up the computer...and logged into my chat service,
muting the sound on my computer.

In an instant, Katy messaged me.

"How'd Hoff-time go?" she asked.

I sighed...and replied, "Rough. As always."

"*hugs* You tell him what's been going on?"

"Some of it," I replied, then added "*hugs back*"

"Tara...if you want him on your side...you have to tell him
everything," Katy replied. "But, do it when you're ready."

I nodded to my screen...then typed "I will, Sis."

"Good. See you at school tomorrow. *tickles*"

I smiled...and chuckled softly, in my darkened room...then
shut down my computer...and sighed.

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The red vixen scowled at the screen...and reread the entire
chat her son had just had with his friend.

Then, she shut down the monitoring program...and glared
coldly at the screen.

"No...he won't help you," she said softly. "He's going to
make you stay my son."

The vixen glared at the screen again...her blood starting to
boil.

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