

Fateful Day

by Amika Malone

Blake had been planning this for months. He was more excited for this moment than for anything in his life. Everything was planned perfectly, and hopefully would go just as perfectly in execution. Anissa, Quentin, and Sarah had been helping him get everything just so, as well as making sure Erica didn't expect a thing.

Anissa took Erica shopping to get a new outfit for that night because for some reason Erica didn't own a dress to save her life. Just jeans and t-shirts. Anissa tsk tsked her. "Twinnie, you need to girl it up a little for your date tonight. You can't go to a three star restaurant in jeans and a band shirt. So here, I picked out a few different styles for you to try, and I want you to come out of the dressing room and show me before we make a decision either way. Also, this is all on Mom and Dad so don't worry about price. Now here are the dresses, go try them on. I'll be waiting."

Erica was practically pushed into the dressing room, three dresses in each arm and a tag saying "6 items. Attach tag to doorknob and bring all items and this tag to attendant when finished" in her mouth cause she had nowhere else to put it. She hung the dresses on the hook in the tiny stall and hung the tag on the knob like it told her then shut and locked the door. She looked at the dresses and then herself in the mirror, then back at the dresses again. "No, this isn't me. Maybe I could get a nice suit?" she sighed, knowing that Anissa wasn't going to compromise like that. She'd been wanting to give her a makeover since they were in high school, and she finally managed to talk her into it. It would be shitty of her to back out now. She threw her shirt over her head and then slipped her shoes and jeans off before picking the first dress and pulling it up from her feet and adjusting herself in it. This dress was strapless, with a knee length pencil skirt and a floral pattern on the top. She walked out to show Anissa. "Well?"

Anissa pondered it for a minute or two before making her observations. "I like it, and we should definitely get it, but not for

tonight. You'll also definitely need a new bra because you probably don't own a strapless one."

"Bras come without straps?" Erica cocked her head to the side.

"Okay, definitely will need a new bra. Now go, go, you need to find a dress for *tonight!*" And Anissa pushed her back into the dressing room to change.

Erica took the first dress off, put it back on the hanger, and tried on the second dress. This second one was blue chiffon, with a gem filled brooch right where the top and the skirt met, and it kind of flowed around her when she twirled. She had to admit, she definitely felt girly in this dress. Very girly. She stepped out to show her sister. "I really like this one."

Anissa gasped when she saw it. "Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh oh my gosh!" She twirled Erica herself. "Yes! This one is perfect! But you know what, let's go ahead and get all six of them, we can try the other ones on at my place. If they don't work out we can return them."

Erica nodded and went to change back into her own clothes. She looked at the remaining dresses and sighed. She was worried if this was going to cause her to change her entire personality. Or maybe that's exactly what she needed. She was so shy, maybe she needed a confidence boost by looking more like a girl, more presentable. Maybe Anissa was onto something, as she grabbed the dresses, tossed them into her cart and handed the silly little tag to the fitting room attendant (or, rather, she dropped it on the desk in front of the fitting room attendant as she was busy browsing Facebook on her phone.

Anissa was practically giddy. "Now, we need to buy you shoes, and jewelry, and makeup! And probably some cute bra and panties to wear underneath the dress. Because your plain ass stuff isn't gonna cut it. C'mon, we have a whole mall to explore, starting with the rest of this store!" She dragged Erica to the lingerie section. "Now, I'm thinking blue undies since the dress is blue. I know anything would work because the dress is opaque enough, but I think it would be adorable."

By the time Anissa was done taking Erica shopping, she was too tired to even think straight, let alone get ready for her date with Blake. She figured she had enough time for a small nap before having to get in the shower, right? She yawned but decided not to risk it. She dragged herself off the couch and got in the shower, letting the water wake her up. Anissa was going to be there in an hour and a half to do her hair and makeup, and she was going to need at least a half hour to use the shower to wake herself up and relax her muscles from all the shopping.

She heard her phone as she was drying her hair. It was a text from Blake. "Can't wait to see you tonight. xoxo"

That little text from Blake was more than enough for her to be more willing to make this happen. She wanted to wow Blake with her new look. Her improved look. (Not that Blake would love her any less if she hadn't gone through a total makeover. He wasn't that type of guy. He never had been. Obviously not, since he was with her.) She pulled the dress out of the garment bag the cashier had put it in, then put it aside while she put on her new bra and panties and pantyhose. She hadn't worn pantyhose in years, she forgot what a pain they were to put on. She then put the dress on and looked at herself in the mirror. She almost didn't recognize herself, all girly.

She heard the door and knew it was her sister. She ran to get it, nearly falling by sliding on the wood paneling in her hose and opened the door. "Hey Nissa."

"Hey Rica. Are you ready to be completely made over?"

"As I'll ever be," she laughed nervously. "Let's get this over with."

Erica knew Blake was up to something. He had to be. He had that look in his eye, and had had the entire time they were out together. She tried to get a word from him about what he was doing but he wouldn't tell. He said it was super secret and she would know when the time was right. Well, when was the time gonna be right? It was right for Erica, so definitely it needed to be right for Blake, right? She had been hounding him all night and he still wouldn't budge, just tell her when the time was right. Okay, asshole. Be that way. Erica was about to stop caring about what the fuck it was. Now she

just wanted to go home, get out of this God forsaken dress, take a relaxing bath, and fall asleep. They were walking through a park and Erica's feet were killing her in these shoes, she was freezing in just the pantyhose, and she had nearly fallen asleep three times during dinner. She was done. So very done. She found a bench and sat down on it, taking off her heels to rub her feet. She didn't realize that Blake was still a bit behind her, and she didn't care. She was thankful for the peace, the quiet, the seat, and the lack of shoes. She curled up on it and didn't even notice Blake had finally caught up with her. She looked up. "What?" she then sighed, "Sorry. I'm just tired, and my feet hurt, and I'm uncomfortable in this dress, and everything just really sucks and I'm sorry cause you put so much effort into tonight and I'm ruining it, aren't I?"

Blake smiled, bending down onto the ground, in what looked like he was picking up her shoes for her. Instead he reached into his pocket. "You're so silly sometimes honey, it's almost frustrating. You didn't ruin tonight, you never could have. I know your probably miserable, cause this is out of your comfort zone, but I appreciate what you did tonight. It's one of the things I love about you, you'll go out of your way to make me happy. I also love the way you tell me you love me, or the way your hair can fall into your face and the way you get it out of there and tucked back behind your ear. I love your smile, and your laugh. And the way you kiss me on the cheek before we fall asleep at night. I love the way your brow furrows when you're frustrated or concentrating, I love the way your eyes light up when something excites you. I love the way you are with your nieces and nephews, and I would love to see that someday with your own children. With our children. Erica Alise Martin, you are my whole world and I would be nothing without you. Will you do me the honor of being my wife?" and with that he took a ring box out of his pocket and opened it to reveal Erica's dream ring.

Erica gasped. "Oh my God, Blakey! Of course of course!" she excitedly took the ring out of the box and put it on her finger. "Oh my God, it's everything I've ever wanted! This was what tonight was all about? Oh honey, I'm sorry I ever doubted you!"

