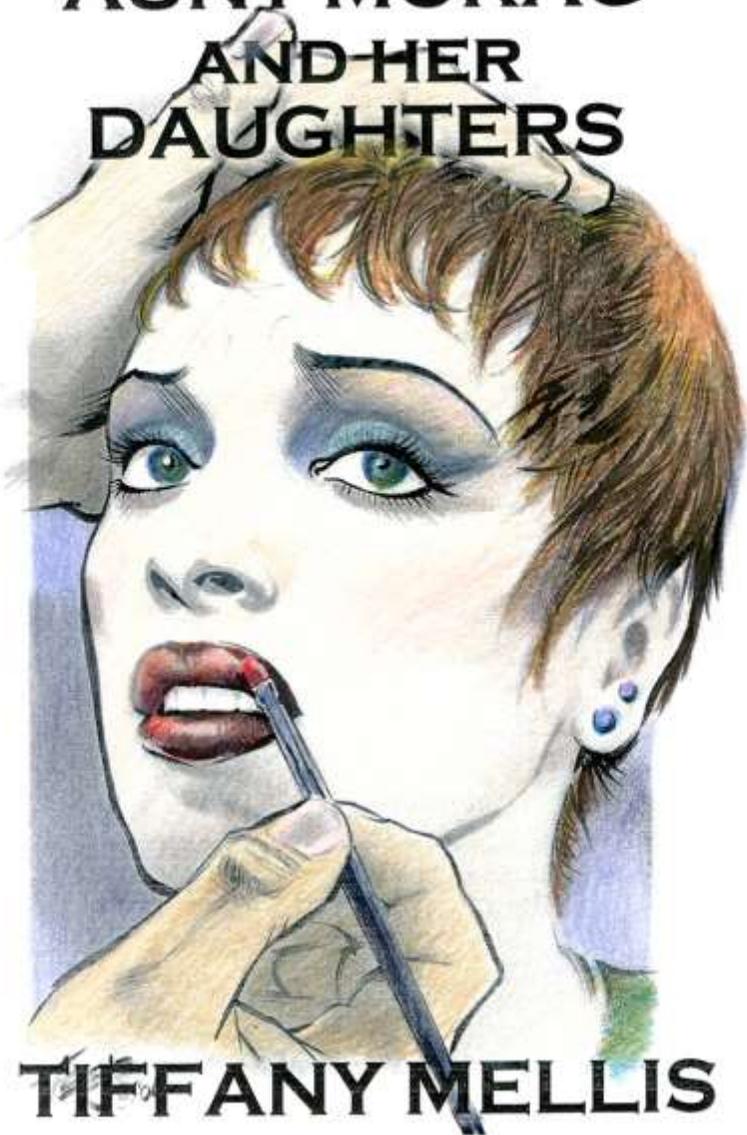


THE DRESS

**AUNT MORAG
AND HER
DAUGHTERS**



TIFFANY MELLIS

THE DRESS
AUNT MORAG and her DAUGHTERS
by **TIFFANY MELLIS**



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THE DRESS

"God-you looked HOT tonight Eve!" I said, "Couldn't wait to tell you! That's got to be the sexiest dress you ever wore!"

She grinned. Put a hand on her hip coquettishly and did a slow pirouette. "You like?"

I exhaled with a rush. "I think bed is called for!"

"I'm all for that," she giggled. "Help me out of this thing. It's kinda hard to get off for some reason or another."

"Do you have to take it off? It's so *fantastic*]" I complained, but disavowed the words by reaching out for her and started to unzip the back of the dress to reveal her gorgeous body.

"You really like it?" she asked as I undid a few tiny hooks at the back of her neck, rubbing her ass against my groin as she did so. I slipped my hands around her then cupped her breasts. Nuzzled her neck. "It's gorgeous on you - and you know it, don't you?" "Damn right!" she hissed as she reached her hands behind her and took a hold of my erection. "Now sweetie?" she continued, "You finish unzipping me - and I'll return the favor."

As I ran the zipper down her back, the material peeled away from her like a second skin while she arched her back like a cat - but didn't forget to unzip my pants. Then the dress slid off her body, all the way down onto the floor, like an iridescent puddle. Looked strangely alive - almost as if it were moving on its own. Had a shimmering quality that I'd never seen before.

Eve is *always* hot to trot, but this time she surprised me by carefully picking it up and putting the dress on one of her forms that are scattered around our apartment, then zipping it into place. Didn't miss

any chance to keep me horny though - she knows that the sight of her in a slip always turns me on - wiggling her satin clad ass in my direction and giving me those sultry, dark-eyed, glances that she knows just raise my expectations, amongst other things.. Sashayed over towards me once it was on the form. "Hi sweetie! Let's get ready to RUMBLE!" she croaked - and flung herself at me! Seconds later, we were screwing avidly on top of our bed.

We've only been together for five years or so, but our sex life has always been nothing short of fantastic. Bluntly speaking? We screw like bunnies - at every opportunity and location be damned. Kitchen tables, elevators, auto back seats - once in a row boat for Chrissake - in the middle of a lake no less!

After we finished I cleaned myself off and got us a glass of white wine each - a little treat we often enjoy after lovemaking. We both sat up with pillows propping our back against the headboard. She sipped on her drink and smiled at me. "Really liked it, huh?"

"The sex? What's *not* to like?"

"No. Answer my question."

"Really liked what, then?"

"Don't obfuscate dear. You know perfectly well what I'm talking about."

I had to grin. "Oh, the dress? Lovely."

"Like to try it on?"

She asked this with such sincerity that she knocked me for a loop.

"Eh. What? Hey Eve! Knock it off! Okay!"

"Oh stop with the act sweetie." She reached over and gave my face a gentle pat. "Think I don't know that you like to put my clothes and undies on now and then? Think I don't see that my stuff has been

disturbed once in a while?"

"I don't know what you're *talking* about! You implying that I'm some sort of deviate?" I said indignantly.

"Oh, come off it Adam!" she giggled, although her voice had lost a lot of its certainty. "I don't MIND! Matter of fact I bet you'd look nice in my clothes - though they might be a little big for you. What's all the fuss about?"

"What fuss?" I replied grumpily. "I'm just upset that you're impugning my masculinity! Throwing charges around willy nilly! Getting mad at me when I try to defend myself- that's all!"

I could feel her body tense. "Impugning your *masculinity!* What masculinity! Okay - so maybe I don't KNOW that you've been wearing my clothes - it's nothing much more than my feminine intuition - but let's face it, you're not exactly macho man! And where did you come up with this nonsense that I'm mad at you? If I was? You'd know it - that's for sure!" She gritted her teeth. "Matter of fact you're starting to get to me right now!"

I thought it wise to change the subject. "YOU seem to enjoy the sex I give you!" I retorted. "And often enough too!"

"You *give* me sex? Let's face it Toots - you don't give me sex. I *take* it!" She was almost sneering now.

I stared at her. "Take it? HAH!"

"Think I *can* Watch!" With that, she grabbed me.

A little while later, I was lying under her on the bed. She was straddling me and pinning my arms to the bed as she grinned down at me. "That was kinda fun, pussy. I like it when you struggle. Makes me feel SO strong and dominant."

She must have seen the tears of humiliation in my eyes. "What're

the tears for - huh? You haven't noticed that it's usually me that starts the sex - and then regardless of who starts it? It's *always* me on top when we finish?"

"But I thought that was the way that you like it," I mumbled defensively.

"It *is*, silly. But can't you admit that you're the one that *wants* to be underneath. Wants to be the girl in bed -just like I want to be the man?"

She sat upright on me and straightened her back. Looked at me sternly as I shook my head and responded. Then she paused for a second before continuing. "Matter of fact sweetie, I'm glad we're having this discussion. I've been thinking along the lines that I'd like you to be the woman of the house for some time now, so..."

"Hey! C'mon. What are you saying?" I interrupted. She smiled down on me. Patted my cheek.

"Be the *woman* of the house. I do wish you'd *listen* when I talk to you! Wear nice clothes, get your hair done. Make yourself pretty. Look after the house. Look after ME." She cocked her head to one side. "Is there anything I'm saying you don't understand?"

Then she wriggled her ass on top of me a little and opened her mouth into a circle of mock surprise. "Is that your little man coming to attention inside me I feel? Like my idea, do you, huh?"

"This is getting ridiculous!" I complained. "You come up with some half-assed accusations that I'm into wearing your clothes, then the next thing is that you support your hypothesis by stating what role YOU want me to play in our marriage. Screw any objections I may have - isn't that right?"

Her eyes grew flinty. "Look! You're starting to piss me off again!"

For goodness sake! Can't you admit - for one second - that you have feminine tendencies? Holy cow! Look at how well you get on with women. Look at how few male friends you have? Look at last week. For instance. That time we were..."

"If I was gay like you're implying, wouldn't I have a LOT of male friends, huh?" I interjected hastily.

"Who said you were gay? Wasn't me!" she said angrily. "You're just a soft little male who likes the company of women! Just loves to touch luxurious fabrics. Likes to struggle weakly in bed, and just slides into the feminine role SO naturally. I offer you the chance to be completely what I *think* you want to be - and you get all offended and act like I'm insulting you!"

Eve owns a successful boutique. When we first got together, she'd worked in another shop, but when she won about thirty thousand dollars in the State lottery a few months later, she decided to open up her own place. It wasn't enough money of course but with it, she'd managed to secure some hefty bank loans. Once she opened, she never looked back. She had a great eye for fabrics and how they could be molded to the feminine physique in very flattering ways. Did a lot of her own designs - and worked closely with graphic designers and fabric manufacturers. In the few short years she'd been in business she'd built up a solid customer base for her custom dress designs - and was on the point of opening up her own line of manufactured accessories.

I'm a bookkeeper. Had worked full time for a lady called Judy Marks who owned a business set up originally by her father - Marks Bookkeeping. Once Eve started her business though, I started working on her records and it wasn't long before I was spending a fair amount of time on that. Judy was still my boss of course, but allowed me to use the computer and software at her office to do Eve's books. Recently though, I'd bought a computer for our house and so had been doing Eve's books from home. Accordingly, I'd been spending more and more time there

and gradually fallen into the habit of doing more of the cooking, laundry, and housecleaning, so could see where Eve was getting her ideas from.

It was obvious that I'd got used to doing what women told me -Judy on one side and Eve on the other. I knew that I secretly admired their assurance and power over me.

And? Yes. I had been wearing Eve's clothes-but there was nothing to it -just an experimental sort of thing. She had commented that

I like fabrics and she was correct - but as they don't make satin or velvet stuff for men - what am I supposed to do if I want to just touch those fabrics a little bit? Who is to blame me for putting on the odd piece of soft lingerie or a nice skirt, huh? I've often wondered if I actually put these clothes on to put on the "Robes of Authority" so to speak- I've heard of situations where subordinates get a fantastic amount of gratification from dressing in the clothes of their superiors, though don't know if that was applicable in my case.

Truthfully? When Eve had made her suggestion that I become the woman of the house, I had got this peculiar little thrill that ran through me but I guess that too many years of being brainwashed into a masculine mindset made me react the way I had. Not that I regretted this of course!

Eve interrupted my ruminations by getting off of me. "Adam? Get out of bed for a minute, would you?" As she said this, she slid her legs out of bed, re-adjusted her nightdress then picked up her robe from the bed side chair and put it on.

"What for? I'm just getting comfortable," I complained.

She let out an audible sigh. "Look, I'm asking you *nicely*, am I not?"

Grumbling, I got out of bed and started putting my own robe on. "Don't do that," she said. "Here, hold this for me please." With that she handed me a notebook and a pencil. Then, from god knows where, she produced a tape measure and proceeded to measure me, then record the measurements in the book. She spent about ten minutes all in all, but I didn't object. Then, to my utter shame she had me put the book and pencil down, led me back to the bed - then mounted me again. I didn't try to struggle this time. Just laid there, very conscious of her mocking gaze as she rode up and down on top of me. "Sorry dear - you DO turn me on, you know!" she said.

The following evening she struggled in through the front door with a dress form under one arm and a few of the large shopping bags with her Boutique name on them. She laid the bags down by the door and carried the dress form into the living room, where she set it up. I didn't think too much of this as she has quite a few scattered about - for herself and a few of her friends. "Another one?" I laughed as I poured her evening cocktail. "Yeah," she said. "I battled all day with whether to make it for a B cup or a C cup. My own predilection was to make it a C but had to admit that it'd probably make you a little top heavy. You're not wide enough across the back for a C cup."

She said this in such a matter of fact tone that it took a few seconds for what she HAD said to sink into my mind. But while the words were percolating, I saw she'd gone and got one of the bags, opened it up and brought out the dress from the night before and was now fitting it on to the dress form. This intrigued me a little and distracted me from asking what she'd meant by her earlier comment. "Yeah Eve. I saw your dress was gone this morning. Did you take it in for alterations? Can't see why - it looked perfect on you."

She finished fastening the dress on to the form, then beamed a smile at me. "It's not MY dress any more darling-it's yours. See how nice it fits this dress form? Well the dress form is also yours. I made it from the measurements I made last night. Now, doesn't *your* dress look

great?" She stepped back, bowed, and made a sweeping movement with her arm.

"Come ON Eve! What's this all in aid of?" I asked, still nonplussed by her words and her attitude, but with odd little ripples of fright eddying through my system.

She didn't answer, just opened up the other bag and pulled out some silky, pale, butter colored, froth. Started laying item by item over her forearm for me to see. "Panties, bra, half-slip, full slip, garter belt. Like I said last night dear? I don't *know* for a fact that you've been wearing my lingerie. I really didn't mind that much -kinda liked the idea as a matter of fact. But I got to thinking that you'd probably appreciate custom made lingerie of your own a lot more - so made you a few sets. Gonna put it in your drawers in the chest. That way? You can wear it all you want - and I'll never look. Only thing? If I ever get the feeling that you've been wearing *my* clothes again? I'll put you over my knees and spank you until your ass blisters."

"Doesn't sound very fair to me," I said, relatively calmly, managing to hide the quaver in my voice quite well. "What happens if your *feeling* is wrong?"

She grinned confidently at me. "I guess that your innocent tears will be justified in the eyes of heaven, but you'll *still* have to be careful when you sit down for a while." She paused. "Not going to argue with me about my being able to spank you?"

"No." I said.

"Fine. Here's your lingerie. Why don't you go and put it in your drawers dear. This set as well." With that she pulled out another matched set in a pale coral.

"This is silly," I said, but mildly, taking the soft articles from her.

"Maybe. But put them away neatly."

She followed me to the bedroom and nodded approvingly as I folded everything neatly and put it away in one of my drawers. Then I found her standing beside me and felt her arm around my shoulders.

"You got me all horny again, you sexy little thing!" she giggled and started leading me to the bed.

"But I've got dinner on the stove." I started then halted, aware of how wife like I sounded.

"Of *course* you do, sweetie, " she laughed and forced me down onto the bed. "But I don't think you'll ever get a bun in the oven!"

When she had finished with me, I found myself again lying helpless on my back, Eve straddling me and looking down. She knew her power now and didn't even use her arms to hold me there. "Okay. Now listen up sweetie, because I'm only going to say this once. Ready? If you are, look up at me." It was hard for me to do this as, by this time, I was so intimidated by her that I couldn't meet her eyes for any length of time, so after a few attempts on my part she suddenly understood. Tweaked my cheek gently. "I guess that's all right dear. I can't expect you to be brave one minute, then a sissy the next, can I?" I didn't answer.

"Well, I want you to understand what's going down. If you wear the undies I make you, I won't pry. You can wear them, wash and iron them, and I won't spy on you or anything. But that dress I've altered? The one you admired so much? Put that on-just once -and I'll know. Trust me, I won't be guessing. Once I see that you've worn it, the first thing I'll do is give you a major spanking." "But I thought you *wanted mo* to wear dresses!" I yelped, outraged. "Yeah -but I'll have to spank you for two entirely different reasons. The first is that you've made me undergo all this nonsense instead of doing what I wanted in the first place. The second is simple. Once I've put you over my knees properly, I guarantee that you'll think twice before you disagree with me once I start you on the program."

"Program? What program?"

"Well you'll be in dresses from the minute you get up off my knees. Maybe skirts and blouses. But women's wear, except NO pants. You'll undergo a bikini wax job, get your ears pierced, your hair dyed and get a proper hairdo. I'll probably get you silicone breast implants - maybe hip enhancements. You'll learn how to put makeup on properly. Learn to walk and talk - and *behave* properly. You'll no longer be working for Judy Marks - though I may let you help her out now and then. Your job will be to look after ME. And maybe help out at the boutique now and then."

I listened to her litany and started to pant. "But until I wear that dress, none of that will happen. Right?"

She smiled down on me, mockingly. "Think you can stay away from it, eh?"

"Damn right!"

"Okay then sweetheart. Let's see, shall we?"

That evening finished up okay. I made dinner, she helped me clear up the dishes, and then we watched TV. No sex in bed that night.

The following morning, after she took off for work, I did a little housework then drove to Judy's. She wasn't in the office but had left enough work to keep me busy through lunch. I ate a late lunch at a fast food place then made it home okay. Found myself almost irresistibly drawn to the dress on the form. Stood in front of it and stared.

Let's put it this way, there have probably been *millions* of dresses made with similar characteristics, but this seemed truly unique to me. Very plain. Scooped at the neckline and at the back. Long sleeves. Long, fairly straight skirt, almost to the ankles. Obviously would be close fitting to the waist and hips.

But it was the material that held the most mystery to me. Describing it as an iridescent silky fabric comes nowhere close to doing

it justice. Lustrous, deep tones of green, blue, red, - you name it - seemed to shimmer in depths that would make the richest velvet look like tissue paper, while all one had to do was move one's eyes an inch or two in any direction and the color would gradually be transformed into something totally different - though just as lovely.

Couldn't resist it. Touched it gently with a fingertip, then nearly squealed as the whole dress seemed to shimmer - as if ripples were running through it, as in a liquid. Then I went and got a powerful magnifying glass that Eve used sometimes and came back and scrutinized the material closely.

It was incredible! Seemed to be made from vertical threads with microscopic beads strung on them - each bead a different color in its' own right - and each changing color depending on the angle it was viewed from. Awesome!

Something was distracting me as I looked. At first I couldn't tell what it was, then I identified it as a very low hissing noise, which seemed to be coming from the material. This was patently ridiculous but, after I'd checked around the room, I came to the conclusion that the noise HAD to be coming from it - there was no other interpretation. I put my ear up close to it to see if I could identify exactly where the sound was coming from, or what it was - but there seemed to be no specific area of the dress that produced more noise than anywhere else. Close up though, I sensed that I was hearing a sort of whisper. Shook my head to clear my brain. I was turning into some sort of loony I chided myself. Had to stop tear my attention away from this dress. It was just eating my time. Let out a shocked gasp as I saw the time. *Hours* had passed and I needed to get dinner on - Eve would be home soon!

I was in the middle of making dinner when she came in - lugging another two of her boutique bags. "Ah!" she cried. "I got here just in

time! Look what I've got for you."

She rummaged in one of the bags for a moment, then produced an airy, bouffant, piece of material and came towards me with it in her hands spreading it as she came towards me.

"What's that?" I gasped, backing away from her.

"An apron silly! What do you think! Here let's get it on you."

"But you said... you said &" whispered once my back was against the wall and she was putting the flimsy, feminine, thing over my head.

"Oh *shush* for goodness sake. It's an apron. *Just* an apron. Lots of *men* wear aprons. Here let me tie the bow."

She was so quietly persistent that I had no way to stop her or refute her statements. Just stood there, helplessly, until she had finished arranging the diaphanous garment around me, then found myself being pulled to stand in front of a full-length mirror. Went where she took me without a struggle.

"There!" She beamed happily into the mirror, her arm around the effeminate creature beside her. "Aren't you *nice!* All ready to work in the kitchen! Now why don't you go and get Eve her drink, then you can go and make dinner! Off you go now!" And she patted my backside lovingly.

I poured us both drinks. Put them on a tray and returned to the living room. Stopped when I saw the clothes she'd laid out on the couch. "What's the matter darling?" she cooed. "Cat got your tongue?"

"What're you doing Eve?" I asked helplessly. "Please stop." "Stop? What's to stop? Okay, I made you these two more aprons to wear around the house while you're doing your housework. Okay - so maybe I made them a wee bit on the feminine side - but admit it darling - I design clothes for *ladies*. My designs tend towards the womanish."

She grinned in a feral manner. "Now I'm NOT saying that you're womanish - far from it. Not right now anyway. I'll leave that until you voluntarily wear that dress." She jerked her thumb towards the dress form. "This other stuff on the couch, other than the aprons? Strictly for you when you make your decision to become my wife. I don't want to force you in any way. I'm just being prepared, that's all. Another couple of sets of lingerie - and this outfit is what I want you to wear to our company picnic when you decide to come out. Isn't it just drop-dead gorgeous? Christine helped me to make it today!"

The outfit she was referring to was a skirt and blouse set. White peasant blouse with small scarlet hearts printed in a staggered pattern, with the puffed sleeves that were laced with Scarlet satin ribbon - then a Scarlet skirt to match with white hearts and lacy underskirts to match.

"Ha ha!" If I was trying to laugh nervously, I did an excellent job of it. "You want me to wear that - to your picnic? NO way!" She just shook her head regretfully.

"I just wish you wouldn't be so close-minded. It'll look SO cute on you. I'll bet the other girls will be just green with envy. But if you don't want to try it on just now? Well just take it and hang it up in your closet. Put your lingerie away while you're at it."

I mean, what was I to do - refuse? Leave the skirt, blouse, and delicate lingerie sets sitting on the couch? Suppose some friends dropped by? How would these articles of clothing be explained? Carefully, I picked everything up and started for the bedroom. "Where are you taking the aprons sweetie?" she asked, looking at me over the rim of her glass.