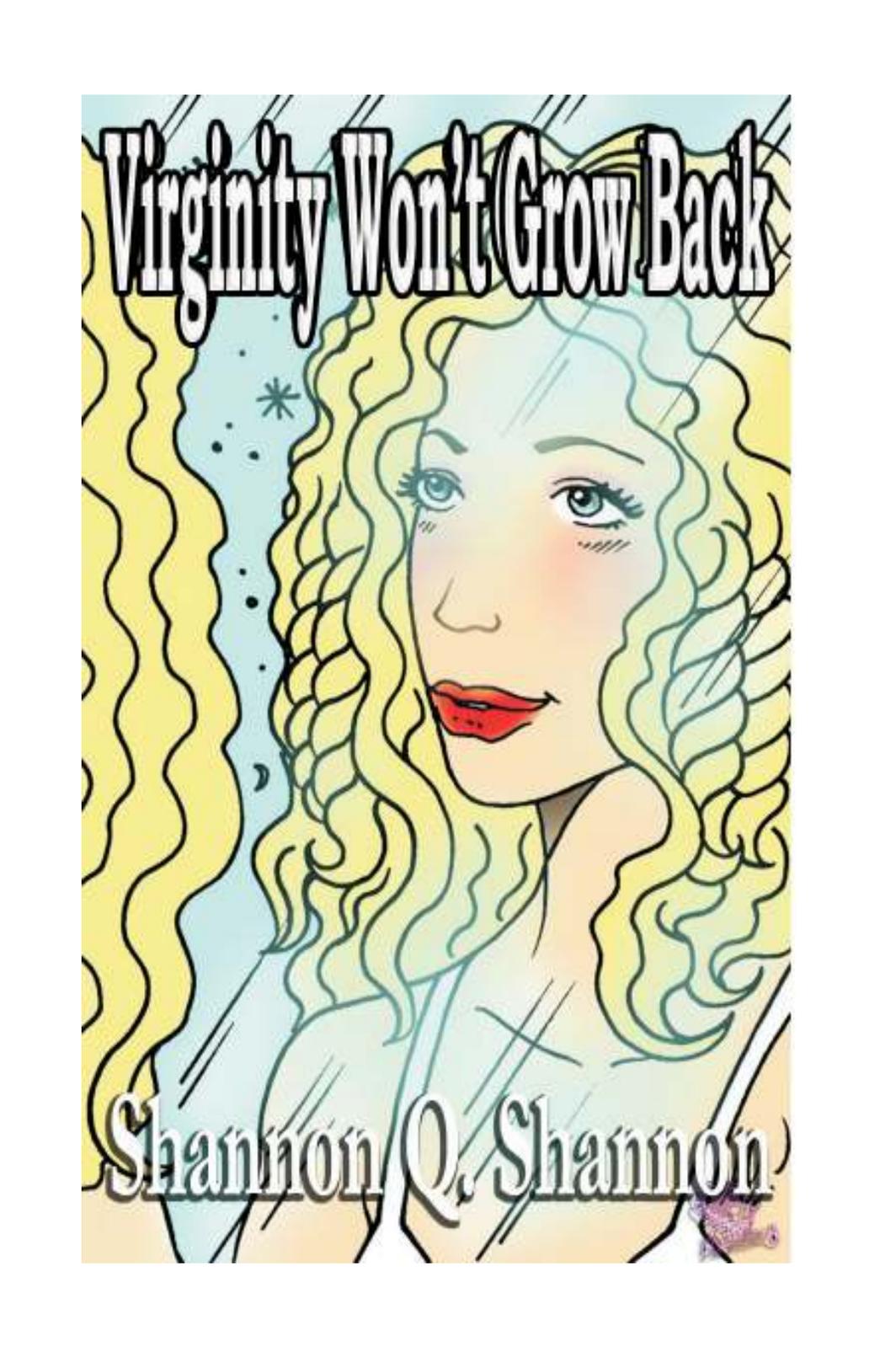


# Virginity Won't Grow Back



Shannon Q. Shannon



Copyright © 2021

Published by Mags, Inc  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# **New Authors Wanted!**

**Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.**

**Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.**

**If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.**

**WRITE FOR A FREE NEWSLETTER, TOO!**

## **Contact**

**magsinc@pacbell.net,  
reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call  
800-359-2116 to get started.**

# VIRGINITY WON'T GROW BACK

By Shannon Q. Shannon

At sixteen years of age, girls and sex were foremost on Vic Stuart's mind. His hormones were raging, and he felt as though he was long overdue to have sex with a girl and end his virginity. As the summer before his senior year of high school was nearing, he wanted nothing more than to *bust his cherry* and the sooner the better! He had come close a few times but fumbling around with inexperience kept him from achieving his goal. Once, he exploded in his briefs before he could lower the girl's panties, not coming close to penetration. Determined that his luck had to change, he resolved to step up his efforts.

As their junior year of high school was about to end, Chuck Tyler, Vic's best friend, had similar views on girls, sex, and ways to end his virginity. Their predominant thought was, 'Once, I've had sex, I'll be a virgin no more, and virginity won't grow back.' With that in mind, they looked forward to a memorable summer with a purpose and a return to school as studs for their senior year.

In this relationship, Vic had a slight problem. He was highly infatuated with, that is, extremely horny for Katy, Chuck's sister who was younger than him by a year. Katy, intrigued to have this older boy flirt with her, jovially returned his banter that was filled with sexual innuendo. Chuck, being three inches taller and twenty pounds heavier than Vic, was quick to warn him that his sister was strictly off limits where sex was concerned ... or *else!* Even so, Vic couldn't get Katy's sexy body out of his mind.

One evening, about a month before school was out, Vic received a phone call from Marc, his cousin in San Francisco, wanting him to visit for the summer ... the entire summer! "You have to come," Marc insisted in a voice with a higher pitch than Vic remembered. "This is California where the girls are *unreal*. Believe me, I know!"

Vic believed him in spades because when he spent two weeks with Marc and his Aunt Rose two years earlier, his cousin was kind of wild and popular with the girls. He often thought if he had stayed longer, he could have made it with some of Marc's cast offs. Thinking, 'Marc could fix me up with some of those hot California babes, and I could return to school as a super stud in the fall!'

That put Vic in a quandary. For one thing, he wanted to stay home and carouse with Chuck and, despite his friend's stern warnings, explore a *close* rela-

tionship with Katy, who seemed quite interested. On the other hand, he was enthralled with Marc's invitation. 'If I could have stayed out there all summer two years ago, I wouldn't be a virgin now,' he mused. 'I'll bet when Marc says the girls are unreal, they are totally *un-real!*' With that in mind, he informed his mother of his decision to spend the summer in San Francisco.

"Good riddance!" Megan, his younger sister asserted. "With you out of the way, Katy and I will have lots more time together."

"You're just jealous because she's hot for my body," Vic taunted, knowing his statement had at least a hint of truth. "If you weren't such a beanpole pain in the ass, you could get a boyfriend instead of being jealous of Katy. As it is, you're so butt ugly, no self-respecting guy will look at you, not even the geeks, nerds, and dorks who couldn't get laid in a women's prison if they walked in with a fistful of pardons."

"You...you..." Megan burst into tears and ran from the room.

"That's right, run away from the truth!" Vic taunted with a boisterous laugh. "Go hide in a cocoon, and maybe you'll turn into a butterfly. More likely, you'll turn into a horsefly in a stable."

"I hate you ... I hate you ... I *hate* you!" Megan wailed through her tears. "I hope your plane crashes, and you die a painful bleeding death!" The siblings hadn't gotten along since the accidental death of their father, and now that Vic was leaving, things only got worse between them. One insult followed another, and Megan fervently wished for a way to get even with her smug brother.

As Vic prepared for his trip to San Francisco, he exchanged e-mails with Marc several times daily. When

the subject of what clothes to bring arose, he was advised to bring very few things as they could go shopping and get whatever he needed. Vic complained that he didn't like shopping and didn't need anything to wear, but Marc insisted, "You have to wear the latest styles out here if you want to be in with the hot babes. Besides, with the right attitude and purpose, shopping and trying on chic clothes can be fun." That explanation changed Vic's mind about shopping for clothes if they would attract girls and made him anticipate his pending trip even more.

Marc also advised, "Let your hair grow as much as possible so we can get you a California beach bum style that drives the opposite sex crazy ... and I do mean *crazy!* Also, since you are a natural dirty blonde, we can lighten the color, add a few highlights, and give you a natural *sun-bleached* windblown look." Vic wasn't keen about having his hair styled and colored, but if Marc said it would get him noticed by the hot babes, he was game. With those things heavy on his mind, he eagerly anticipated a summer of sun and sex. The only thing that distracted him was taunting his younger sister, making her just as eager for his departure.

With a feeling of excitement and expectation along with his toothbrush, comb, razor, several pairs of jockey briefs, and very few outer clothes, Vic eagerly boarded the plane for San Francisco. Upon landing, he was disappointed when he learned that Marc hadn't accompanied his aunt who greeted him. "Why didn't Marc come with you?" he asked.

"He had some chores to finish so he could spend more time with you upon your arrival," Rose, his aunt, explained.

"On the way to your house, I hoped he and I could make plans to go out and meet some babes tonight," Vic admitted in a sad voice.

"I really doubt if he's all that interested in chasing girls just now," Rose replied with a knowing smile. "He's busy with other things."

"Maybe so, but Marc is the great at picking up girls," Vic declared. "How can he not be interested in hitting all the hot spots and hangouts? What kind of chores could be more important than planning an excursion like that?"

"Oh, he's undertaken some domestic duties and grooming rituals that he takes quite seriously," Rose explained. "He's changed considerably since you last saw him. You'll see when we get home."

"He didn't seem all that different in our exchange of e-mails," Vic sighed while wondering, 'What kind of domestic duties and grooming rituals could be more important than meeting me and planning hot antics with the opposite sex like we discussed? *Sex* being the key word!'

Upon arriving at Rose's large home, Vic carried his meager luggage inside and looked about for Marc. Not seeing him, he detected the odor of a pleasant perfume different from what his aunt was wearing. 'I guess she doesn't wear the same scent all the time,' he thought as he followed her to a bedroom that was to be his. 'This room seems to be decorated for a pre-teen girl,' he thought as he tossed his bag onto the bed. 'Oh well, it won't matter where I sleep if I meet some hot babes.'

When they returned downstairs, he was greeted by a pretty teenage girl offering him a drink. To his delight, she was wearing a stylish floral print sheath minidress. Her long, straight, dark tresses flowed onto her shoulders, and her makeup and brilliant red lip-

stick were perfect as she blushed brightly and in a soft alto voice said, "Welcome to San Francisco, Vic."

Vic didn't recognize this sexy raven-haired beauty who evidently knew him, but she was exactly the type girl he came to California to meet ... cute face, perfect figure, and killer legs. Experiencing a powerful surge in his briefs, the thought that the reason Marc didn't meet him at the airport was because he was rounding up this hot chick for him. Quickly regaining his composure, he took a long pull on his drink, smiled, and asked, "Hi babe, do I know you?"

"What's the matter Vic, don't you recognize your cousin?" Rose asked, bursting her nephew's carnal bubble. "We call him Marci instead of Marc now that he wears pretty dresses and skirts."

Vic gasped in disbelief at the mere thought that the vision of beauty and desire could be his once macho cousin. After a long moment, a spark of recognition flashed through his mind, and he gasped, "Marc, is that you? Why the hell are you wearing a dress and ... and ...?"

When Marc was hesitant to answer, Rose explained, "Since soon after your last visit two years ago, he has been dressing as a girl from the skin out."

"From the skin out?" Vic gasped in astonishment at the potential magnitude of his cousin's feminization. "Panties?"

"Of course, he wears panties, silky nylon styles decorated with satin bows and delicate lace," Rose responded as if a boy wearing dainty girl's panties was completely normal. "How could he be dressed properly as a girl if he didn't wear panties and a bra under his pretty dresses, blouses, and skirts? If he wants to dress up for special occasions like this, he wears a garter belt, nylons, and heels. Of course, those occasions



require heavier makeup, darker lipstick, matching nail polish, a chic hairstyle, and more elaborate jewelry."

Feeling anger and confusion cascade through his entire being, Vic gasped, "If you like to wear dresses and all that silky stuff, why in bloody hell did you tell me to come out here and meet girls?"

"I wanted to see you and...and...Mother said..." Marc stammered as a mascara laden tear ran down his cheek, leaving a streak through his makeup.

"But *why*...? You said the girls were unreal! How would you know anything about girls when you are running around in dresses?"

"The practice of allowing men and boys to dress as girls to develop their feminine side is quite common here in San Francisco," Rose informed Vic while her femininely dressed son looked on in awe. "In that sense, the girls are unreal."

"Allowing *men* and *boys* to wear dresses and panties?" Vic gasped in astonishment. "You mean Marc isn't the only boy in this crazy place who wears dresses?"

"As you can see by looking at your cousin, some of the prettiest girls in our city are boys," Rose answered in a matter of fact tone. "Since you are so interested in boys who wear dresses, I'll see to it that you meet some of them real soon. Won't meeting a few of these boys and seeing the pretty dresses and skirts they wear be fun?"

"I...I guess..." Vic stammered. It was true that he was intrigued at the thought of his cousin and other boys wearing dresses and acting like girls, but he had rather meet *real* girls. After all, that was the reason for his visit. Despite his confusion, he couldn't help ask-

ing, "Do those boys like to wear dresses? Do you Marc? How many boys around here wear dresses?"

"In the bay area, quite a few boys wear pretty dresses and skirts, and most of them don't like it ... at *first*," Rose replied. "As for Marci, he tenaciously resisted having to dress as a girl for the first several months. At first, he demanded that I return his trousers, cut his hair, trim his nails, let his brows grow back in, stop shaving his legs, and restore his boyish lifestyle. When that failed miserably, he adamantly refused to wear his delicate clothes by ripping them from his body. He even cried like a little girl, but I was adamant in my resolve that he become a young lady. So, after a steady diet of painful and embarrassing punishments, he began to relent and learn his girlish lessons. Since *virginity won't grow back*, what you see is the result of that training."

There was that phrase again. Vic thought he and Chuck were the only ones to be aware of it.

After his shower the next morning, Vic walked into his room with only a towel at his waist and was surprised to see Rose and Marc waiting for him. Not surprisingly, Marc was wearing a neat lavender sundress with a gathered mid-thigh length skirt. The straps were thin and tied into bows atop his milky white shoulders so that his satin bra straps were clearly visible. His hair and makeup were immaculate, and he blushed under Vic's scrutiny. Diverting his eyes from Marc, Vic saw a variety of feminine clothing lying on his bed. There was a pleated navy-blue skirt, a silky pale blue polyester blouse, a white lace adorned nylon slip, a bra with realistically appearing inserts, and silky nylon panties. Sensing that his aunt intended these clothes for him, he scowled, "Get out of here so I can get dressed!"

Surprising Vic by snatching his towel away to leave him naked and exposed, Rose asked, "Why should we leave? There's only us girls here, so step into your pretty panties before I get angry."

"Get angry all you want! Boy's don't wear panties, *real* boys don't anyway!" It relieved him to get that off his chest.

"Panties aren't good enough for you?" she asked deliberately. "Last time, even though it's obvious that you were meant to be a girl, will you put on your proper panties? Or, do I take action?"

He could not mistake the threat in her voice. Staring back into her determined eyes he shivered slightly but stiffened at her touch. "No!" he said and noticed how faint it sounded. He added more determinedly, "Hell no, I'm a boy, and I won't wear girl's panties! Where are my clothes?"

Before he quite realized it, she had twisted his arm behind him and tossed him face down and naked across his bed. Surprised but not thwarted, he pulled loose, jumped up, and faced her. His face was red, and he started to sweat for some reason that he couldn't comprehend. He realized this was serious. In his defense, he took a swing at her, but she caught his fist in midair. With a mighty heave, she threw him to the floor. Horrified, he struggled to get to his feet, but she was on top of him. To his horror, he felt her twist his arm painfully behind him and jam her knee into his back. He had to struggle over on his face to relieve the intense pain. Desperately he fought. He was breathing hard, and his arm and shoulder throbbed with pain. In a hoarse whisper, he demanded, "Let me go!"

"Very well," Rose said with a smile as she released him and calmly allowed him to stand. Slowly stalking him, she again caught him by the arm, and twisted it

behind him as before. Using her advantage, she roughly guided him over to the frilled vanity stool in the corner of the room. When he began to struggle once again, she seated herself on the stool and, with a quick thrust, pulled him across her lap. Grabbing the wooden hairbrush from the vanity, she brought it down solidly across his naked buns. He yelped at the sharp pain, but Rose held him in place and generously applied the back of the brush to his unprotected buttocks more than a dozen times. Feeling her grip release, he made a supreme effort to twist around and get his hands on her. Sensing his maneuver, she tightened her grip, brought the brush down sharply three more times, and asked, "Will you put on your panties like a good girl or do I continue?"

Still disinclined to wear panties, he remained still and silent for several seconds. Just as he thought he had won; he felt her arm rise once more. Taking the only defensive measure available to him, he cried through his tears, "Okay, okay! I'll wear the damn panties! Just stop spanking me!"

"And you'll wear the other things I have for you as well?"

When he remained silent, she delivered three additional stinging swats to his naked buttocks. Feeling the intense pain, he yelped, "I'll wear whatever you want! I promise! I *promise!* Just please stop spanking me! I'll do as you say!"

Accepting his vow for the moment, she released him, handed him the panties and waited for him to keep his word. His face burning red from embarrassment, he held out the embarrassing feminine garment and was about to step into them when he heard her admonishment, "That's backward! The lace and bows go in front. Remember that when you wear panties in the future."

He wanted to scream that he wouldn't be wearing panties in the future, but if she remained this determined, he couldn't be sure. Red faced, he held the humiliating panties up by the waistband and observed how flimsy, delicate, and silky they were and thought, 'I can't believe I'm about to wear this silky bit of fluff, but what choice do I have?' Hesitantly, he stepped into them, pulled them up his legs, and adjusted them at his waist. He continued to blush brightly as he turned to face her.

Looking him over, she ordered, "See that you put on every item here and do so quickly! Marci will help you dress! You are expected at breakfast in half an hour! I won't be so easy on you if I have to return, or if you are not properly dressed. Do you understand, *young lady?*"

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because, like I said, you were meant to be a girl! Do you understand?"

Vic wanted to claim that he wasn't a girl, much less a lady but considering his just ended painful and humiliating ordeal at her hand and the panties at his midsection made him realize the futility of such an assertion. Instead, he lowered his eyes and responded in a soft contrite voice, "No, but I'll do as you say."

"See that you do!" she said as she stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"You're wearing panties, so hold out your arms for your bra. I'll fasten it for you," Marc advised his red-faced cousin. "You'll have to learn to fasten it yourself, and believe me, you'll have plenty practice."

"Why do I need to know how to fasten a bra?" Vic asked as Marc fastened the back clasp and showed him how to insert the realistic prostheses into the cups.

"Because mother will require you to wear one full time like she makes me," Marc replied. "Lean forward and adjust the inserts so they will fit properly and be comfortable. What do you think of your new breasts?"

"They're heavy, and the bra straps dig into my shoulders. Why would Aunt Rose want me to wear a bra? I came here to chase babes, not dress like one. Why did you invite me here if you knew this would happen?"

"Despite what you were led to believe in the e-mails you thought were from me, they were really from mother. She wrote them to get you here so she could make you dress as a girl like she does me. Look, we have to do this, so let me help you into your slip."

"Do I have to?" he whimpered as he dismally held out his arms. "Girls don't wear slips these days."

"You will unless you want mother to come back and give you a severe lesson in what happens if you disobey her, and she won't be so easy next time."

"Easy?"

"Believe me, I learned the hard way. That's why I've been dolled up like a girl for the last two years and why I'm helping you now." Marc's words convincing Vic, at least for the time being, he allowed his cousin to fasten the back buttons on his blouse and secure his skirt on his left hip. Satisfied with Vic's *look*, Marc directed, "You aren't wearing nylons, but slip your foot into these pumps. The heels are a bit high for a beginner, but you'll get used to them. They're what mother wants you to wear, so give them a try and walk over to the vanity so I can do your makeup."

"Makeup? Lipstick?"

"As I and the other boys who are forced to dress as girls, you'll soon learn that there's a lot more to

makeup than lipstick," Marc grinned. "We'll start with moisturizer and concealer, before moving on to foundation. First, brush your skirt beneath you and sit up straight with your knees together. Mother will be on your case a lot about displaying your panties until you learn to sit properly in a short skirt from habit."

"I never heard of someone making boys wear dresses. The *thought* of such a thing never even occurred to me!"

While his cousin bemoaned his fate, Marc led him through eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and blush. When he screwed open the lipstick tube, Vic cringed, turned bright red, and protested, "Please I don't want to wear lipstick. This other stuff is bad enough!"

"Mother doesn't care about your wants, wishes, or desires. You will wear lipstick and your other girly things as you call them, or she will return with her paddle. I have to wear dresses and lipstick too, you know. Think! Have you seen me not dressed as a girl since you arrived? No, and you're not about to because I wear dresses, skirts, and makeup all the time. I felt the same as you do in the beginning, but I got used to it. It's the same with the other boys who are forced to dress as girls. I know because I've talked with a lot of them at parties, dances, and sleepovers."

"You go to parties, dances, and sleepovers in dresses ... with other boys in dresses and nighties? Do you dance with *real* boys ... I mean boys in pants?"

"Yes. Believe it or not, after a while all those things get to be sort of fun, especially dancing with boys especially when they get a bit frisky, if you know what I mean."

"Doesn't sound like fun to me!"

"Maybe not, so forget it for now. Okay, put your knees together and keep them there. You'll be hearing that a lot from mother and feeling her paddle to enforce her demand. You had better start keeping them together or she'll make you wish you did."

"How, spank me again?"

"That and worse! She'll do things like put you in a group of people, boys in pants mostly, with you wearing an ultra-short skirt, and let you embarrass yourself when you absentmindedly spread your legs and display your panties. While you're blushing from the laughter, she'll announce that you are a boy who likes to dress as a girl and show his pretty panties. If that's not what you want, you'll listen to me because I know what will happen if you don't obey mother. She won't let up, and I think she likes it best the harder you try to resist her." When he was satisfied with Vic's look, Marc applied matching polish to the fingernails on Vic's right hand and said, "Do the nails on your left hand, and be careful not to get polish on your skin."

As Vic made a stroke down the center of the nails on his left hand and filled in with a pass on either side, polishing each nail with three strokes as he was shown. He did get outside the lines a few times, and Marc patiently told him to remove the polish and try again. Miserably applying the second coat of polish and doing much better this time, he moaned, "Why didn't you just leave me alone at home? Chuck and I had a plan to get laid. Instead, I'm here wearing a dress."

"Getting into girl's panties just took on a whole new meaning for you, didn't it?" Marc said with a teasing smile.

"That is not funny!"

“Yeah, I know, but I deserve a laugh because I’ve cried enough over having to wear dresses and act like a girl the past two years. Anyway, I felt the same way when all this started, but now I’ve accepted the fact that there’s nothing I can do about the way mother makes me dress. You know how many girlfriends I had when you were here before. Well, I haven’t been out with a girl since Mom made me wear dresses two years ago. What girl would want to date a boy in a dress?”

“How about boys?” Vic asked in a teasing voice. “Have you dated boys?”

Blushing brightly, Marc snapped, “You won’t be so smug when you are being kissed by a boy who is masaging your ass through your skirt and panties. So there!”

“I’m not kissing some guy and letting him feel me up!”

“Don’t bet on it! It has happened to me and most of the other boys who are forced to wear dresses.”

“At least I’ll get to go home before school starts. Your mother might make me wear dresses all summer but not for two years like she did you,”

Marc knew from firsthand experience how feminine a boy would appear and habitually comport himself after three months of his mother’s intense program in skirts and how hard it would be for any boy to regain his boyish swagger. More than that, his body would be hair free, his brows plucked into a thin arch, he would habitually sit with his knees primly together and take short steps with his hips swaying adorably. Deciding to remain silent on the subject, he thought, ‘I’m afraid you don’t realize how much wearing dresses and a forceful regimen of feminization can

change a boy in three months, but you'll see. You'll see.'

Vic blushed for all he was worth as he viewed his feminine image in the full-length mirror. Not one fiber of his being wanted to go downstairs in his skirt, heels, and makeup even though the thought of food set his mind on this distressing a route. Desperately, he searched the room for his own clothes, but the drawers contained only bras, panties, slips, nighties, and other articles of girl's clothing. The closet only had an array of skirts and dresses, some worse than the ones he was already wearing. Also, if he did not go down to breakfast soon, he knew his aunt would return and take him forcibly. Having no option, he shuddered, and his hand massaged his tender behind through his skirt, slip, and panties. Rose might be angry if he delayed, so he knew he had to go. He silently vowed to do something about his humiliation after breakfast.

As Vic went downstairs in his panties, skirt, and heels with bright red fingernails that matched his lipstick, he hoped this would be the end of the matter. Thinking that, he grossly misunderstood his Aunt's agenda. Deciding this was no time for lenience; she lectured him about punctuality and his duties as a guest and told him he was about to undergo a series of intense training rituals in the feminine arts.

He wanted to protest about being forced to wear dresses and skirts, but to do so now seemed pathetic. For boys to dress as girls was apparently the custom in this city because Marc was still in skirts, and no doubt, silky panties as well. He wondered about the possibility of running away from his aunt's clutches, but where could he go without money and dressed as he was? Still, he resolved to keep a sharp eye out for a possible avenue of escape. "Why are you doing this to me?" he asked his determined aunt.