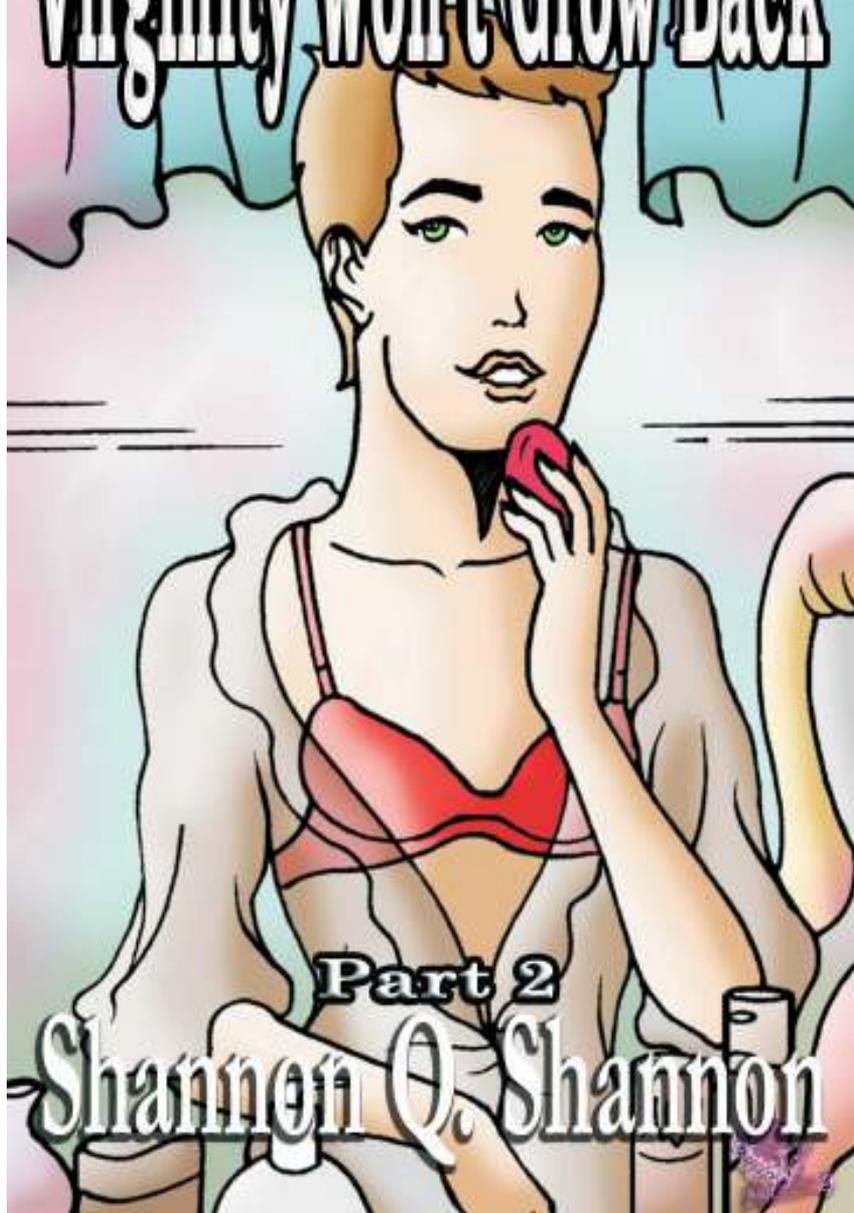


Virginity Won't Grow Back



Part 2

Shannon Q. Shannon



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Virginity Won't Grow

Back 2

By Shannon Q. Shannon

Marc and Chuck got along well, and Vic envied them as they sat slumped over and sprawled out in their chairs with their knees wide apart and an ankle resting on the opposite knee. While they talked about sports, cars, and girls, he looked down at his nylon clad thighs primly together as he sat erect with his hands folded primly in the lap of his girlish skirt. He felt left out because they were treating him like he wasn't interested in boyish topics because he was wearing a dress. 'I haven't been allowed to sit like that or discuss those subjects since I arrived in this awful city,' he thought dejectedly.

'I don't even know how the New York Yankees are doing, which teams are supposed to be in the super bowl, or who the pre-season top ten college football teams are.'

Noting Vic's dismal demeanor, Rose decided to add to his anguish. "Your guests have traveled a long way, Vicki," she smiled deviously. "A polite person would serve refreshments." Seeing the expected expression of horror cloud his features upon her *request*, she reveled in his humiliation. "They are *your* guests, dear, and since you desire to perform a feminine role, you should serve them as a proper hostess."

"I don't want to wear dresses, perform a feminine role, or be a hostess!" he hissed in an angry tone. "No matter what you say, you know you make me wear these awful clothes."

"Please excuse me a moment, ladies and gentlemen," Rose apologized. Looking at Vic, she *asked* in a firm, yet calm, voice, "Please join me in the kitchen for a moment, Victoria." With that, she stood and left the room without another word. Her abrupt action left Vic standing alone before his friends in his new dress, heels, makeup, recently styled blonde hair, and immaculate manicure. Feeling forsaken, abused, and seeing no apparent alternative, he slowly followed his aunt. Because of his stress, he attempted to take longer strides than had become habit, but his stilt heels and tight skirt thwarted his efforts. Entering the kitchen, he saw Rose with her hands on her hips and the severe expression on her callous face that he had come to fear.

"You are skating on thin ice, *young lady*," she said in a tone that sent chills up his spine. "You were rude when your guests arrived, and now, you are being disrespectful and defiant instead of obedient, docile, and compliant like you have been taught. I can't tell you

how close you are to receiving a severe spanking on your pretty new panties in the presence of your friends instead of later when we are alone. Furthermore, I will not hesitate to send certain videos to your mother and sister."

"I...I'm sorry for my outburst, Aunt Rose," Vic stammered in fear that his resolute aunt might carry out her threat. "I'm just so *humiliated* for Chuck and Katy to see me like this ... in my new dress. I...I'll serve the refreshments in a sweet feminine manner as you wish."

"See that you do, and make sure to wear your formal pinafore to protect your new dress," Rose asserted.

'Why is she embarrassing me this way with Chuck and Katy here?' Vic lamented as he expertly slipped on the lace embellished pinafore, buttoned up the back, and tied a neat bow.

"Much better, Vicki," Rose complimented her femininely clad nephew while observing that the lacy hem of his pinafore fell to just a bit above the hem of his skirt. "See that you behave as nicely as you look when you serve the refreshments. I'll prepare drinks for Ms. Tyler and myself, so bring soft drinks and snacks for the other youngsters and a glass of grapefruit juice for you. Be sure not to look unkempt when you serve, so be repair your hair and makeup before you return. Another thing young lady go easy on the snacks. If you gain so much as an ounce, I'll pop you into an iron maiden corset 24/7 for the next week and lace it to the limit ... friends or no friends!"

When he was alone, Vic could only look down at his feminine costume and blush in humiliation. His best friend and the girl he had a giant crush on had seen him in this stylish new dress, heels, makeup, and girl-

ish blonde hairstyle. ‘What could be worse?’ he wondered as his eyes filled with tears. ‘Chuck and Katy will tell all the kids at school that I went to San Francisco so I could wear dresses for the summer. How could this have happened? Before coming to San Francisco, I never wore a dress or skirt, and now, *everyone* will know! Worst of all, Megan will make my life hell!’

Upon returning to her guests, Rose said, “I calmed Vicki’s nerves for now, but you must understand that he is agitated and ashamed for you to learn of his love of dresses, skirts, and soft feminine undies. Now that you know the depth of his desires, I would be grateful for your help and understanding. To save him shame and embarrassment, please don’t tease or make fun of him. Just behave as though his desire to dress a girl is perfectly normal and natural. As you can see, he does make a pretty girl.”

“He sure does, but I sure never had any idea that Vic wanted to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl,” Anne gasped.

“I can’t believe he fooled me all those years,” Chuck agreed shaking his head in disbelief. “I thought he liked girls, not their clothes!”

“How about me?” Katy queried in disbelief. “I thought he was a real boy, and I had a killer crush on him! I still would if he wasn’t wearing a dress.”

“I understand your confusion, but this is what I’m asking you to do to limit his stress,” Rose explained in a pleading tone. “Don’t express disbelief that he likes to wear dresses and skirts or that anything is out of the ordinary. If you act as though everything is normal, I think he will more quickly accept the situation and not be self-conscious about dressing as a girl in your presence. And please, call him Vicki. He prefers that femi-

nine sounding name when he wears dresses and skirts. Can I count on you?"

"If you think that will help him get over his embarrassment about wearing girl's clothes and get back to being my old friend, I'm willing to give it a try," Chuck sighed in a doubtful tone. In truth, he didn't believe Vic could be his old self while wearing a dress.

"I'll try too," Katy agreed.

In the kitchen, Vic was commiserating on how used, abused, and controlled he was at the hands of his devious aunt and what his friends thought after seeing him wearing a dress with a blonde hairstyle. 'After this, Chuck and Katy will spill the news back home, and everyone will think I'm a sissy. My life will be over! Oh, why is this awful thing happening to me?' While empathizing his fate, he carefully dried his eyes, re-did his eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, added a coat of lipstick, checked his apron, the hang of his dress, and assured that the lacy hem of his soft nylon slip wasn't showing beneath his short skirt. He steeled himself to serve the refreshments like a prim and proper girl. Bending from his knees to keep his skirt parallel to the floor as he had been taught, he served Ms. Tyler, Aunt Rose, Katy, Chuck, and Marc in order. So accustomed to eating small portions, he was amazed when Chuck devoured three sandwiches and downed his soda while he only nibbled at a sandwich and sipped his juice.

"Thanks Vicki, that really hit the spot," Chuck acknowledged as he took a large bite out of a cookie.

Unaware of his aunt's request that his friends use the feminized version of his name, Vic commiserated, 'Why did Chuck call me Vicki? Does he think of me as a girl because I'm wearing a dress?' Losing his appetite, he placed the uneaten portion of his sandwich

back on the tray. As was habit after eating, he took his compact out of his purse, refreshed his lipstick, and checked his makeup. A moment later, he chastised himself, 'Oh, why did I do that with Chuck and Katy watching? They might believe Aunt Rose and think I enjoy wearing this girly crap.'

After the group chatted a bit, the *boys* left without inviting Vic. Alone with the females in his new dress, lace adorned apron, and blonde hairstyle and he noticed Katy was wearing a short red dress that displayed her budding figure and trim thighs to full advantage. Having a crush on Vic, she wore it to catch his attention when she planned her visit and didn't know he would be wearing a dress as well. Giving her a quick once over, he observed her foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, bright red lipstick, and matching nail polish, things he would never have noticed a few months earlier. Seeing her hair arranged in a high ponytail with cute bangs low on her forehead, he wondered how he would look in a dress like that with his hair in that chic teen style. Just as quickly, he admonished, 'Oh, what is wearing dresses doing to me? I never used to wonder how I would look in girl's clothes!'

"You really had me fooled when we were growing up," Katy admitted to Vic while the women chatted. "I would watch you strut around like the cock of the walk when you visited Chuck, and I had a monster crush on you. I sure never suspected that you were a sissy who secretly wanted to wear dresses and skirts. I probably would have been jealous of how pretty you are if I knew what I know now."

"I don't like to wear dresses," Vic declared as he absentmindedly adjusted his skirt as far down as possi-

ble over his nylon clad thighs. "I told you, I only dress this way because Aunt Rose makes me!"

"You look totally like a girl with your chic blonde hair, lipstick, and nail polish," she smiled. "You applied it yourself. I saw you refresh it after our snack."

"Please, Katy!" he begged.

"I'm just saying!" she said. "More than that, you sure move about in that stylish dress like a girl, and you manage your skirt better than most. I never knew strategically applied makeup could make a boy look so much like a girl."

"It can, and it does," he blushed, unable to meet her inquiring gaze. "Aunt Rose made me practice makeup application, hairstyling, and walking, sitting, and standing in my dresses and skirts until I could do everything as well as any girl. The first time I applied my own lipstick was so humiliating. Now, I apply my makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and style my hair every day without thinking. I know you don't believe me, but I hate wearing girl's clothes. I would do anything to be allowed to return to pants and my life as a boy!"

"So you say, but you have to admit that your lipstick is a nice color, and it goes perfect with your complexion," Katy complimented while crossing her legs at the knee and purposely neglecting to adjust her high riding skirt. "What shade is it?"

Her question put Vic in a quandary. He had learned from painful experience that girls and sissy boys always knew the brand and shade of their lipstick because it was part of their beauty regimen. Not wanting to appear too knowledgeable of feminine cosmetics for fear that Katy would buy farther into his aunt's claim that he dressed as a girl by choice, he hesitantly admitted, "It's Revlar, Rose Petal Red. The hairdresser applied it and the matching nail polish after he made me

a California blonde and styled my hair like this. Saying they went better with my new *look*, he also applied darker eyeliner, false lashes with heavier mascara and blue eyeshadow instead of the gray I've been wearing." Fearing he had revealed too much of his knowledge about the colors and purpose of feminine makeup and his application skills, he blushed to the roots of his blonde tresses while trying for all he was worth to remove his eyes from her attractive nylon clad thighs.

"I agree with him," she smiled while noticing the direction of his stare. "Although not quite the same shade, I'm blonde as well. Would you mind if I tried your new makeup and lipstick?"

"No, of course not," he agreed feeling pleased that this pretty girl he had a thing for wanting to experiment with his feminine cosmetics. "I have a lighted vanity in my room where you can see better what you are doing. We can go there if you like."

"Great idea!" Katy exclaimed while leaping to her feet. "I'd love to see your room. Let's go!"

No sooner was the invitation out of his mouth, than Vic regretted it. She would see his sissy room with its pink, white, and lavender walls, delicate furniture, lace edged curtains, bed canopy, vanity bench, with ballerina and boy band photo pictures on the walls. Also, he would be totally embarrassed for her to see the dresses, skirts, blouses, and negligees hanging in his closet and the silky feminine bras, panties camisoles, slips, garter belts, nylon stockings, and nighties neatly folded in his drawers. She would also see his pink satin sheets and silken bed cover. Sadly, he had spoken and couldn't take it back. Standing, he brushed his skirt into place and asked politely, "Aunt Rose, may I take Katy to my room?"

Rose knew how much this act of feminine etiquette in the presence of those who knew him as a boy humiliated her nephew. She had also observed his reaction to Katy, especially when she crossed her legs and allowed her skirt to ride above mid-thigh. Further, she suspected that his invitation was because he got caught up in the moment, not that he wanted her to see his room and especially its contents. With that in mind, she smiled and replied, "Of course, dear. I'm sure she'll enjoy seeing how prettily you decorated your room after you decided to dress full time as a girl."

Blushing brightly at her inference that he *chose* to wear dresses and decorate his room, he replied in a soft voice, "Thank you, Aunt Rose." After he removed his lacy pinafore, Katy took his arm and they walked up the stairs arm in arm in their heels with their skirts swirling gaily about nylon clad thighs.

"I never would have suspected that Vic wanted to wear dresses and present himself as a girl, but there's no doubt that he loves his frilly clothes," Anne sighed when the pair was out of earshot. "Did you see how excited he was when he was telling Katy about his new dress, blonde hair, girlish style, and new makeup, with matching lipstick and nail polish? And what's this about his room that he wanted to show Katy?"

"You should see his room, so be sure to ask Katy about it! He has it decorated to look like it belongs to the prissiest sissiest girl ever!" From Vic's reactions when he saw Katy's skirt ride high on her thighs, Rose knew the source of his excitement was from being near Katy, not his dress, hair, and makeup. After all, his desire for girls was fully intact, and he had not been near one in almost two months. Using Anne's misunderstanding to solidify her claim that her nephew wore

dresses by choice, she said, "You must realize that our sweet Vicki is embarrassed to be seen in his pretty dresses and skirts by his friends who only know him as a boy. That's why he didn't dress as a girl back home. He loves dressing as a girl, and in spite of himself, he gets excited when discussing his cherished feminine clothes, makeup, and hairstyle. When that happens, his exuberance bubbles over like just now with Katy."

"I can sure believe that after what I've just seen, but he always seemed to be all boy and was into girls when he visited Chuck back home," Anne sighed. "Still, I have to admit that he sure looks nice in that stylish dress with his blonde hair, and he walks so easily and naturally in those stilt heels. I just never would have guessed ..."

Just as Vic feared, Katy almost swooned at the feminine appearance of his room, the pastel wallpaper, pink carpet, lace curtains, Queen Marie furniture, lighted vanity, and pink satin covered bench with its satin covered seat and lacy skirt. "This is simply fabulous," she sighed. "Oh, Vicki, you are *so* fortunate to have such a lovely room!"

"I didn't want such a feminine room, but Aunt Rose supervised the decorating," Vic blushed. "Why won't you believe that I hate having to dress like a girl?"

Lots of things," Katy mused as she opened a drawer and looked at the array of bras and panties. "For a few, you move like a girl in that stylish dress and those killer heels, and you manage your skirt better than most girls I know. After our snack, you replenished your lipstick like you were on auto pilot and without a word from your aunt or anybody."

"You don't understand the training I've had to endure. Aunt Rose not only makes me wear girl's clothes

and practice girlish gestures and speech inflections from morning until night. She also insists on me becoming an expert at applying makeup and styling my hair. Replacing my lipstick after I eat or drink is one of her rules. It's gotten to be such a habit that I don't think about it most of the time. I know it sounds weird, but it's true!"

In succeeding drawers Katy was amazed at the bras, slips, camisoles, nightgowns, waist cinch garter belts, and nylon stockings they held. Looking in his closet, she saw dresses, skirts, and blouses and shoes with varying height heels neatly arranged on the floor. "All this, and not a stitch of male clothing anywhere!" she observed. "You went shopping and bought all these pretty feminine clothes like your aunt said, didn't you?" When he lowered his gaze and blushed without a reply, she said, "There's not a pair of slacks, shorts, cotton briefs, or boxers here," she observed while holding up a pair of delicate lace adorned pink nylon panties. Looking them over, she asked. "Have you worn these?" When he blushed fire engine red and looked down to avoid eye contact but didn't answer, she pressed him on saying, "Have you?"

"Yes," he admitted in a small voice. "Over the last two months, Aunt Rose has made me wear every bra, pair of panties, slip, garter belt, nightie, and negligee in that drawer. I have to change clothes and makeup five or six times a day, so it doesn't take long to wear lots of clothes. Please don't tease me."

"What do you do after changing clothes so often?"

"Aunt Rose gives me lessons in girl things, and I have to rehearse over and over," he sheepishly replied. "She drills me on walking with limp wrists, hips swaying like a girl, placing one foot in front of the other, and sitting with my knees together in my

dresses and skirts. When she allows me to rest, I have to listen to a girl talking on an audio cassette and talk like her in a high lilting voice. She also makes me practice makeup application and putting my hair up in curlers that are a bitch to sleep in. Sometimes, I could scream!"

"Don't tell me you hate dressing as a girl if you've worn all that frilly stuff and done all those girly things."

"I *do* hate wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl, Katy," Vic insisted with tears of humiliation filling his eyes. "Aunt Rose makes me dress this way and do all these girlish things. What can I do to make you believe me?"

"Why should your aunt care what you wear? Anyway, if you hate wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl, why did you beg your aunt to buy you that dress and let you go blonde? Not that I blame you because you have killer legs, and you look great as a blonde. Also, except for your red eyes from crying, you really make a cute girl. I never would have believed it. I don't even blame Chuck for being turned on when he looks at you."

"I didn't ask for this dress or my blonde hair," he said, trying desperately to convince her of his true feelings and desires. Just the same, he remembered with contempt that he had been pleased with his *look* in his new dress when he left the store.

'This is weird,' Katy thought as she sat at Vic's vanity to apply his new cosmetics to her features. 'He says he hates wearing dresses, but his actions say differently. I'll watch and listen, and maybe I can determine whether he is being forced to dress as a girl or is doing so by choice. All this seems a bit over the top for someone who hates dressing as a girl, but why would his

aunt, or anyone, force him to wear dresses? It makes no sense.'

Katy watched Vic smooth and adjust his skirt across his smoothly shaved nylon clad thighs as he sat beside her on the vanity bench with his knees habitually together feminine style to restore his makeup. She couldn't believe how expertly he wielded the makeup brush as he added foundation to his face and blush high on his cheekbones. He repaired his tear damaged eyeliner, and as he touched up his lashes, he absently mindedly observed, "I don't need much mascara with these false lashes." Making no further comment, he smoothed on a coat of Rose Petal Red lipstick and covered it with gloss. Seeming to be satisfied with his *look*, he ambled over to the full-length mirror, hoisted his skirt, tugged his slip down, smoothed his skirt into place, and turned before the mirror to make sure the lace adorned hem wasn't showing.

Vic was doing these feminine things to stay in the good graces of his aunt, but Katy took them as a signal that he enjoyed his feminine role. 'Actions speak louder than words,' she thought watching him restore his new blonde hairstyle with a brush before adding hairspray. When she finished her makeup, she brushed her hair into a semblance of his style and giggled, "Stand beside me, and let's see how much we look alike in the mirror." When he complied, she gushed, "Oh, I'm so excited! Who would have thought we could look like sisters when you visited Chuck back home? Of course, I didn't know you liked to wear dresses then."

Vic was awestruck as he glared in the mirror and saw two beautiful girls who almost looked like twins. "I never would have guessed that we looked so much alike," he stammered. "Why ... how ...?"

"We're wearing the same makeup, silly," she chided. "If our dresses were the same color, we would look even more alike. Say, didn't I see a red dress in your closet? It would be great if you changed into it!"

"I don't know, Katy," he grimaced not wanting her to see him in more feminine clothes.

"Please, do it ... for meee..." she pleaded in a little girl's voice while rolling her eyes seductively, a tactic she knew worked very well with men and boys.

Hearing her pleading words, Vic's member surged in his panties. Despite wanting her to think of him as a potential lover, not as a boy who liked to wear dresses, he couldn't help his reaction. In his excitement, he forgot for the moment that he didn't want her to see him in another dress, but as the expression in her eyes had its intended effect on him, he sheepishly admitted, "I have a red dress, but unlike yours, it has a full skirt." Until that moment, he couldn't imagine the trauma he, a boy, would experience by admitting that he *had* a certain dress!

"No matter, our dresses will be the same color and we'll look even more alike!" she enthused while lowering the back zipper of his new fall dress, exposing his black nylon slip and the back band of his bra. "I'll even help you change."

At first, her offer sounded great, but with the thought that she might see the bulge in his panties, he stammered, "If...if you don't mind, I...I'll change in the bathroom." After stepping out of his dress and kicking off his heels, with her watching, he was outwardly clad in his black slip. Grabbing a red bra, panties, slip, and garter belt from his drawer, he hurried off to the bathroom. When he returned, Katy noticed that he was wearing a red bra and a half-slip that hid his panties and garter belt. To his utter relief, the bulge in

his panties had subsided somewhat. Then, to her surprise, he pulled a red crinoline petticoat from his closet, stepped into it, pulled it up over his slip, and adjusted it at his waist.

"I've never worn a crinoline petticoat," Katy admitted. "How does it feel?"

So accustomed was Vic to responding to questions about his feminine clothing that, for a fleeting moment, he didn't think it strange for her to ask about this intimate item of feminine lingerie. Without thinking, he responded honestly, "They really hold your skirt out nicely, but they're kind of scratchy unless you wear at least a half slip like this." As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he blushed bright red at his admission. Imagine a boy informing a girl about the purpose, feel, and function of a crinoline petticoat and the fact that he was the only one of them who had worn one. How embarrassing!

Missing the reason for his humiliation, and with complete disregard for the fact that a boy was present, Katy hiked her skirt and peeled her pantyhose down her smooth attractive thighs. Ignoring Vic's ogling eyes, she said, "Your toes are polished the same color as your fingers. Do mine and we'll look even more alike. They can be drying while you get dressed."

As if in a trance, Vic walked over to the vanity with his crinoline petticoat swirling merrily about his nylon clad thighs and retrieved a nail file and a bottle of polish. Kneeling before Katy, he nervously arranged his petticoat to conceal the bulge that had returned in his panties. As he shaped and buffed her toenails, he glanced admirably at the crotch of her panties that were exposed by her spread legs.

'He might like to wear girl's clothes, but he sure is into girls in a sexual way,' Katy mused while observ-

ing him sneak peeks under her high riding skirt. 'I thought men and boys who like to wear dresses were gay, so could it be that he's telling the truth about being forced to dress as a girl? If that's the case, why does he know so much about feminine clothes and makeup and why does he have so many dresses, skirts, and silky underthings? This sure is confusing.'

Upon finishing Katy's pedicure, Vic pulled the red dress over his head carefully to avoid mussing his recently styled blonde tresses. He then expertly raised the back zipper and slipped his feet into red satin pumps with open toes and slender four-inch heels. Skillfully walking to the full-length mirror in his stilt heels, he took a quick glance, raised his full skirt to his waist and adjusted his petticoat underneath. After repeating this process several times, he was satisfied that just the right expanse of crinoline showed beneath the hem to please his aunt. Quickly checking out Katy's jewelry, he clipped medium gold hoops to his ears, fastened a three-tiered pearl necklace around his neck, and added several gold bangles to his left wrist. As if programmed, he refreshed his makeup, passed the brush through his blonde tresses, added a spritz of perfume in strategic places, turned to her, and asked, "What do you think?"

"You look scrumptious, *Vicki*," Katy beamed with a bright smile as she emphasized the feminine version of his name. "Let me replace my pantyhose, and we'll show the others." Vic squirmed from the pressure in his panties as he watched Katy slowly knead the nylons up her sexy thighs. Purposely provoking him, she raised her skirt to waist level, deliberately exposing her panties while adjusting them at her waist. Slyly watching his excitement, she finally lowered her skirt,

brushed out the wrinkles, and smiled, "Okay, let's go."

Rose was all smiles when Vic and Katy joined them arm in arm in their red dresses and was especially pleased that Vic had changed dresses and was wearing the crinoline petticoat she decreed was to be worn with this dress, even though he expressly hated it. She was also intrigued that their makeup, lipstick, and nail polish were near identical, and their hair was in similar styles. Katy's tight skirt slightly restricted her stride as did Vic's stilt heels. His full skirt swirled merrily about his nylon clad thighs with the proper amount of crinoline on display as the two *girls*, one smiling and one somber, made their entrance.

"Oh Vicki, you changed your dress, and you look beautiful!" Anne exclaimed sincere in her praise. However, since he had changed dresses while he and Katy were alone, she was more convinced than ever that he dressed as a girl by choice, not by force as he claimed. "You are a lovely girl, Vicki. Give us a look at your pretty dress."

Vic was so accustomed to obeying women who instructed him to display his imposed feminine frills that he twirled rapidly swirling his skirt out to reveal an expanse of nylon clad thigh and an ample view of crimson crinoline. Seeing her nephew's apparent unashamed display, Rose moved to keep him off balance. "You look lovely in your red dress, Vicki, and you'll be happy that I have some good news. Our guests have accepted our invitation to dinner, so pop back into your pinafore and let's get busy in the kitchen."

"I'll help too if you have a neat pinafore like that for me!" Katy exclaimed eagerly.

Seeing his best friend's attractive feminine *look* in a different dress, Chuck was dumbfounded! 'With Vic's blonde hair, that red dress, and matching lipstick, he sure looks like a hot chick,' he marveled under his breath. 'He must be dressing that way by choice like his aunt claims because she wasn't up there to make him change dresses. Not only that, he sure walks with his ass swinging in those fuck me heels, and he swings his ass like a girl in that prissy dress. I'll bet Katy knows if he's being forced to dress that way after watching him change. I can't wait to ask her.'

By the time the evening was over, and the guests were leaving, Vic had been completely accepted as a boy who *liked* to wear dresses by his friends and their mother. This was no small wonder, as Rose let no opportunity pass to show off his apparent femininity while making it appear that he wore dresses by choice. When they departed, Vic was disappointed when Chuck casually took hand, kissed him on the cheek, and said, "Good night, Vicki," as if he now thought of his friend as a girl.

'Why did Chuck kiss me and use my girlish name?' Vic fretted. 'Has he accepted me as a girl, as one of the opposite sex, after only one evening? Does he think I like to wear girl's clothes because I changed dresses? I told everyone that was Katy's idea, not *mine!*' Still, the question lingered.

Not surprisingly, Vic's strange situation was the main topic of conversation among the Tyler family after they left. "I never would have guessed that Vic liked to wear dresses," Chuck sighed. "I'm still not sure I believe it. Either way, he sure makes a sexy chick the way he moves around in dresses and those spectator pumps!"

"No doubt, he likes it," Katy said. "I think he has been sneaking around at home and wearing some of his mother's clothes. He could never have become such a *beautiful* girl and learned so much about girl's clothes, makeup, and feminine hairstyles in such little time if he hadn't. He would have to wear dresses and practice makeup techniques for years to know all that. For example, he showed me a neat trick about blending eyeshadow and how to apply eyeliner so it looks natural. Except for talking about boys, spending time with him was like being with another girl. He might like wearing dresses, heels, and makeup, but he's *definitely* into girls. You should have seen the way he eyeballed my legs when I raised my skirt to remove my pantyhose and how he sneaked peeks at my panties while he gave me this neat pedicure!"

"You let him see your *panties*?" her mother asked in an indignant tone. "Haven't I taught you *anything* about modesty?"

"It seemed only fair that I show him *something*. After all, I saw him in his slip when he took his dress off. After he changed, I saw him in his red panties, matching half-slip, and that gorgeous crinoline petticoat," Katy countered with a reasonable flair.

"You mean that frilly thing was a *petticoat*?" Chuck gasped in amazement. "I thought it was part of his dress."

"Shows what you know about girl's clothes!" Katy said. "Maybe you should wear dresses for a while and let Vicki teach you about such things."

"I'm not gay, and I don't run around in dresses!"

"Vicki's not gay," Katy declared. "Didn't you hear what I just said about him looking at my panties and being into girls? I think he just likes to wear dresses."

"I thought guys who like to wear dresses were gay," Chuck declared. "Fags, sissies, queer as a three-dollar bill, you know."

"That's not necessarily so, and you don't need to be so crude," his mother alleged. "Anyway, after Rose told me about Vic admitting his desire to dress as a girl for the summer, she said she did extensive research on the internet and found that there are quite a number of men and boys who feel a need to wear feminine clothes. Despite popular belief, a large majority of them are straight, not gay. She also learned that boys with this obsession usually claim someone else made them wear dresses to save face from those who know them as boys. From what Katy says, your friend could very well be one of those. Right, Katy?"

"I guess so," Katy mused. "He was hesitant for me to see him in certain things, but he did change into red panties, a matching bra, slip, and garter belt on his own when he changed dresses. It was also his idea to wear that crinoline petticoat under his dress. He had several pairs of girl's shoes in his closet and could have worn flats or lower heels, but he chose those stilts without a word from anyone."

"You saw his *panties*?" Anne asked in an indignant tone. "What else did you see?"

"Don't be a prude, Mom," Katy smiled. "What else would a person wear under a pretty dress or skirt? His drawers are full of panties, slips, bras, camisoles, nylons, garter belts, and nighties, and his closet is stuffed with dresses, skirts, blouses, and shoes. I didn't see a single pair of cotton briefs, boxers, denim jeans, or boy's shoes. Anyway, forced or not, why would he wear every other item of feminine clothing and not panties?"



"You have a point," Chuck admitted with a shiver. "I saw his black panties when his short skirt rode up on his bed when he cried this morning. They looked really silky."

Later that evening, Rose entered Vic's room and found him in his translucent negligee over his red bra and half-slip busily removing his makeup. "Victoria!" She declared in a tone he had come to fear, especially when she referred to him as *Victoria*. "You were taught to be refined, demure, courteous, and polite to guests in this house, but you behaved in a most unladylike manner when your guests arrived. You should know I will not abide such rude behavior!"

Summoning all of his courage, he asserted, "How was I to behave? My friends from back home saw me in my new dress with blonde hair in a girlish style with makeup and lipstick in new colors. You even told them I like to wear dresses, and you know that's not true!"

"Oh come, Vicki, you're the girl you were meant to be, so you have no reason to be ashamed or embarrassed for your friends to see you in your pretty dresses and skirts. You know they admired you in your new fall dress. As proof, they hardly teased you at all. *Virginity won't grow back*, you know."

"But Aunt Rose, they'll tell everybody back home about me wearing dresses here all summer, and that I like to wear them. My life will be over!"

Her face turning hard, she asserted, "No matter! Since early in your tenure in skirts, you and I agreed that you would comport yourself as a sweet, obedient, passive *girl* without tantrums or rebellion when we had guests. Your willful act of disobedience breaks that agreement and leaves me no choice but to send

those videos to your mother and sister. Watch this video, and we'll talk," she replied with a sinister expression on her face as she plugged an exterior drive into his computer and hit play. "Don't think of destroying it because I have others and they are stored and encrypted on my computer."

As Vic viewed the video, he was in shock. His devil inspired aunt had compiled a montage of his training videos, and he was dumbstruck as he watched the screen. There were scenes of him stepping into silky panties and adjusting them at his waist and threading his arms into bra straps, expertly fastening the back clasp, and positioning realistic prosthesis into the cups. Sometimes he would pull a full slip or long silky nightgown over his head and let it slither down over his torso. Other times, he would step into a half slip and check to assure that it was just the right length for a certain skirt. He was shown kneading sheer nylons over his smoothly shaved legs and positioning the elasticized tops high on his thighs or fastening them to the straps of a garter belt. In some scenes, he wore dresses and skirts of all styles and lengths, in some he wore heels of all heights and in some, he was applying makeup or polishing his nails. Just as embarrassing, some showed him rolling his hair into neat rolls atop his head.

"In light of your recent rebellious attitude, I plan to send this video to your mother and sister."

"Please don't send it to Mom and Megan, Aunt Rose." Vic stammered. "I'll behave properly as your niece. Really, I will."

"Let's shoot another one of you in that pretty red bra and slip with your recently styled blonde tresses. You could pull your crinoline petticoat back on, strut around in your heels with your skirt high on your

thighs while you purse those cherry red lips like a sexpot on the prowl. After your mother and sister view it, and I show them to your friends, any doubt about whether you wear dresses by choice should be permanently removed from everyone's mind. I might even add one of you and Ron kissing."

"Please, Aunt Rose, don't show those awful videos to anyone," Vic pleaded in an urgent tone as he pictured the scene she just described. "Haven't I been humiliated enough, being seen by Chuck and Katy in my new dress, blonde hair, and makeup? I promise to be obedient and behave in a prim and proper manner as your niece in dresses and skirts from now on if you don't send those awful videos."

Rose pressed her advantage. "You deserve to be punished for your disrespectful behavior this afternoon and sending those videos would be a fitting penalty. However, I'm not a heartless tyrant. To show my compassion, I'll give you just one more chance to comply with my wishes. That means you will stop your incessant harping about me forcing you to wear dresses and comport yourself in the demure feminine manner you have been taught. If you disobey me again or claim that I force you to wear dresses, just once mind you, *young lady*, I won't hesitate to hit the send key on my computer and give a thumb drive like you are watching to Anne Tyler! Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Rose!" he gushed enthusiastically even though he hated being referred to as young lady. "I promise! Just don't send those pictures to Mom and especially not to Megan. To spite me, that little brat would post them on social media for everyone to see! I promise to be the most perfect niece you could ever have, and I'll never claim that you force me to wear dresses again. *I promise!*"