

STUCK IN A DRESS

A TALE OF RELUCTANT FEMINIZATION



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PRINCESS PUBLISHING

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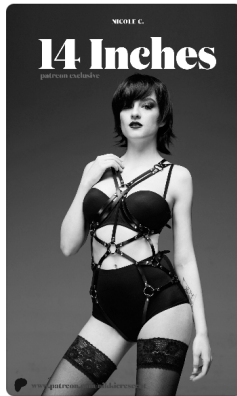
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To my fans who have stuck with me through it all.

Love,

NC.

STUCK IN A DRESS

Ethan's sister, Sophia, just got her hands on a very valuable dress, worth about seven-thousand-dollars. It's being lent to her by her fashion school, for her to photograph and study and eventually replicate for her final project. Sophia and her friends spend hours ogling the dress, trying it on, admiring the seams and fabrics—but Ethan doesn't get the hype; it just looked like an ordinary dress.

Goofing around one night, he decides to try the dress on. It's just supposed to be a joke—but the zipper gets stuck. He tries everything, but that zipper won't go down. Ethan is stuck in that dress.

From awkward moments with strangers to flirtatious photoshoots, Ethan's journey to get the dress

off takes him on a wild ride—one that he won't soon forget.

Includes epilogue image gallery.

CHAPTER 1



I didn't get what was so special about that dress. My sister and all of her friends gathered around it like it was the freshly born Baby Jesus. They gasped and gawked and took turns gently feeling it with their hands, as if it was going to give them magical powers.

"It's... so amazing," said Sophia, my sister. "I can't believe they want me to wear it."

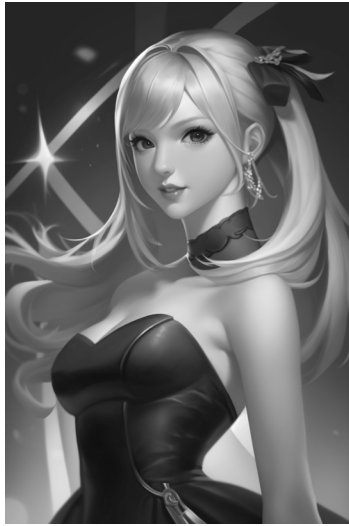


I rolled my eyes from across the room. I kept my opinions to myself, because I knew that I was the odd one out in the room; I knew that they all saw that dress as a piece of pure sparkling gold, glittering with diamonds, worth every penny of its \$7,400 price tag.

That's right: \$7,400. The dress was so expensive, it even had its own website. I was on that website now, trying to figure out what made that dress so special. Was it made with unicorn skin?

'Introducing the breathtaking "Midnight Muse" dress, designed by the iconic fashion designer, Sophia Laurent. This dress is the epitome of elegance and sophistication, making it the perfect

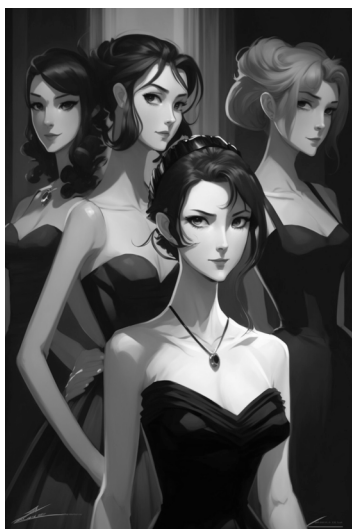
statement piece for any formal occasion. Crafted from the finest materials, the "Midnight Muse" dress boasts unparalleled quality and comfort, ensuring you feel as good as you look. The strapless bodice highlights your décolletage and shoulders, while the fitted silhouette accentuates your curves in all the right places.



‘But what truly sets this dress apart are the exquisite details. The cascading ruffles on the skirt create a mesmerizing effect as you move, and the delicate train adds an extra touch of glamour. With a concealed zipper at the back, the "Midnight Muse" dress fits like a glove.

‘Sophia Laurent’s impeccable craftsmanship and keen eye for design are evident in every stitch of this masterpiece. As you slip into the “Midnight Muse” dress, you’ll feel like a true work of art. Don’t miss the opportunity to own (or rent) this unforgettable dress and make a lasting impression at your next event.’

Big deal.



I looked at the dress for a few seconds; it seemed like something my sister—or any of her friends—could have easily made. They were all in fashion school together, so to them, getting to touch and feel that dress was like a film school

student getting to see a Quentin Tarantino movie before its release.

Sophia and her fashion school friends were gathered around the Midnight Muse dress, gawking at its supposed stunning beauty. I could see the supposed admiration in their eyes as they examined the supposed intricate details and marvelled at the supposedly luxurious fabric.

Sophia, who was always impeccably dressed, looked particularly captivated by the dress. She was wearing some kind of designer outfit that I couldn't care less about, but the dress was supposedly even more impressive.

Her classmates, all of whom were dressed in the latest fashion, were equally entranced by the dress. They discussed the supposed exquisite craftsmanship, the supposedly delicate ruffles, and the way the dress supposedly glowed under the light. It all sounded like meaningless fluff to me.

I couldn't help but feel a little out of place amidst all of this supposed glamour. My wardrobe was pretty basic - mostly jeans and t-shirts - and I didn't have the same supposed eye for fashion that my sister and her classmates possessed. Nonetheless, I could see that the dress was supposedly making a big impression on them.

“I—I just feel like I’m learning so much, just from looking at it!” said Mia. Mia was one of Sophia’s friends from fashion school. She was a self-professed fashion geek who wore thick glasses that magnified her eyes. She always seemed to be the one with the least to say in their group conversations and often faded into the background.

Despite her lack of confidence, Mia had an eye for detail and would always notice things that others didn’t. She was particularly adept at spotting the subtle nuances of fabrics and patterns that went over my head.



Mia's fashion sense was quirky and unique,

with a preference for bold colours and unusual combinations. Her outfits were often a little too avant-garde for my taste, but I couldn't deny that she had a distinctive style. That wasn't a good thing; I swear she often dressed like some cheap circus performer—literally wearing puffy striped pants and purple shoes. Some might call it a fashion statement; I call it a desperate cry for attention...

However, whenever Mia spoke, it was as if she was trying too hard to impress everyone. Her comments always sounded rehearsed and lacked any real substance. I could tell that Sophia and the other friends were just humouring her, but I didn't have the heart to do the same.

The dress was their latest assignment, which I believe was also their final assignment for the year. They were expected to study the garment and then create a mock presentation to 'market' the dress. Their project could be in the form of a website or a pamphlet. It was apparently a big project, though it sounded like something anyone could whip together in an afternoon. But no—the girls were talking about hiring a professional model. They'd already sent out feelers for a professional makeup artist. One of the girls had been on the phone with a film equip-

ment company, discussing the rental of a studio and a dozen lights.

I guess there was a reason that they were in fashion school and not me...

Well, Sophia asked me to be at their little 'meeting' because I knew web design, and they wanted to make a 'landing page' for their project. I was humouring them, even though my plan was to just slap together a quick WordPress page; it wouldn't take more than thirty minutes.

I spent most of that meeting on my phone. None of that information really pertained to me anyway. I looked through the news, my Instagram feed—and then even my Facebook feed (and I almost never went on Facebook). The girls were still ogling the dress, taking turns feeling it, taking turns looking at the seams with a thick magnifying glass.

Ninety minutes into the meeting, the mood changed... well, my mood changed.

Now, the girls were taking turns trying on the dress.

They each basked in the moment, like NHL players taking turns hoisting the Stanley Cup. They would take the little dress over to the storage closet, change in the dark, and then emerge. And I quite enjoyed this part of the meeting, because that dress

was tiny and revealing—and some of those girls were perfectly sexy.

Lucy was one of Sophia's friends in the fashion school. She was tall and beautiful, with a body that seemed to stretch out forever. Her chestnut hair fell down her back like a waterfall, and her green eyes could cut through anything. I'd always had a bit of a crush on her and her thick, watermelon-crushing thighs. I'd always fancied an Amazon woman.

As she tried on the Midnight Muse dress, it was clear that it wasn't quite made for someone her size. The dress was tiny, made for a girl like my sister (our family had short, skinny genetics). It wasn't made for a girl pushing six feet, with speed-skater thighs. On Lucy, the dress looked more like lingerie. I felt myself turning red as I glared at her.

The skirt didn't even cover her big ass. The girls all giggled as she spun around; I nearly choked on my gum.

Despite the awkward fit, Lucy managed to carry herself with a confidence that was borderline arrogant. She strutted around in the dress like she was walking down a runway, and Sophia and the other friends were eating it up. Fuck—she was stunning.

As Sophia and the other friends fawned over Lucy's appearance, I found myself admiring her

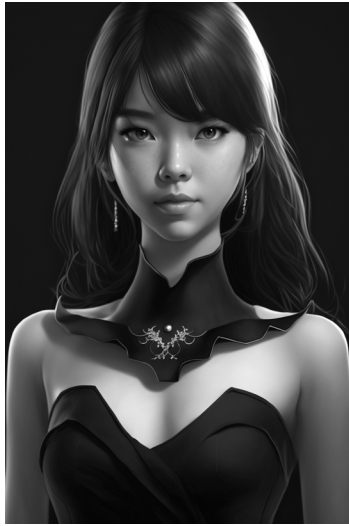
from afar. I knew it was foolish to have a crush on someone who was so far out of my league, but I couldn't help it. Maybe it was the dress that was casting a spell on me after all.

"Are you getting any ideas?" my sister asked, and it was a moment before I realized she was talking to me.

"Huh? No! Of course not!" I said.

She stared at me strangely, and then I realized that she wasn't talking about 'sexual ideas', she was talking about website ideas. "Oh," I said. "Um, yeah, I've got some ideas. I can run them by you in a bit."

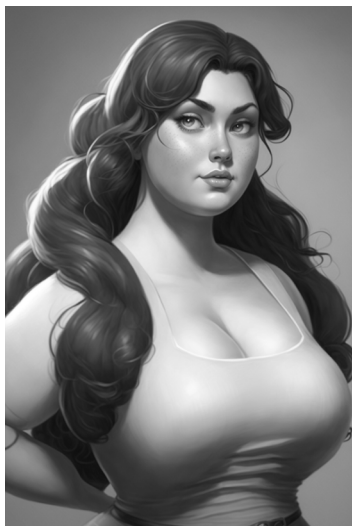
Another part of their big final assignment was to attempt to recreate the dress. They had to make five 'clones', as close to the original as possible. Now this seemed like a proper use of the fashion students' time.



Next, a tiny little asian girl named Stacy put the dress on. It was a bit big on her, and the black fabric made her pale skin appear ghostly. But in a way, it made her sexier. The way it accentuated the dark circles around her beady eyes... I'm not sure what the appeal was, but that dress did seem to have a certain kind of magic to it, no matter who was wearing it.

Finally, Sophia's chubby friend, Erin, attempted to put the dress on, even though the other girls tried to talk her out of it. "The fabric really isn't forgiving," Sophia said politely, which was her way of saying, 'Your fat ass is going to rip the most expensive dress any of us have ever touched.' Erin went

into the closet and emerged five minutes later with a desolate look on her face, dress in her hand. “I don’t think I need to wear it on second though,” she said, which was her way of saying, ‘I couldn’t get it on.’



The girls took the dress from her and spent the next few minutes inspecting it for damage. One of the girls wiped sweat from her forehead after going over every seam. “It seems okay,” she whispered. Now, Erin was blushing off to the side. I must say that I felt a bit bad for the girl, but she really shouldn’t have ever tried to put that dress on. It was made for someone fifty pounds lighter than her.

The meeting dragged on and on. I was given five

minutes to talk about my website ideas, and the girls hardly listened, their attention being pulled by that little black dress. After I gave my little piece, they said, "That all sounds fine," and then they went back to admiring the soft fabric of that little dress.

Okay, so I can't expect a bunch of 19-year-old fashion-school girls to care about web design... but I did sit through two hours of their mundane crap; they could have at least pretended to care about my thing for a few minutes.

I was Sophia's ride home, so I had to wait until the end of that meeting before I could leave. I went back to my phone as they discussed sewing techniques, trying to figure out how to match the seam pattern; it was all gibberish to me.

"Hey, guys, take a look at the seam near the skirt of the dress," Sophia said, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Lucy leaned in closer, her gaze focused on the dress. "Hmm, I think it's French seams," she said, running her finger along the stitching.

Mia shook her head. "No, I don't think so. It looks more like a flat-felled seam to me."

Sophia furrowed her brow, deep in thought. "I see what you mean, but I'm pretty sure it's a French seam. Look at how delicate the stitching is."

They all debated back and forth, each one offering their own opinion on the matter. As they examined the dress from every angle, I couldn't help but feel a little lost. I didn't know the first thing about sewing techniques or seam types, so I stayed quiet and just watched as they analyzed the dress with an intensity that was almost comical.

Finally, after several minutes of debate, they all seemed to come to a consensus. "It's definitely a French seam," Sophia said triumphantly, looking at me for confirmation.

I nodded, not wanting to admit that I had no idea what they were talking about. "Yeah, I can see that now," I said, hoping that my lack of knowledge wasn't too obvious. "Should I put that on the website?"

A few of the girls giggled. I didn't get an answer, so I assumed that wasn't a detail they wanted on the website.

The final order of business was to decide who would keep the dress for the next two weeks.

"Okay, now that we've all had a chance to try on the dress, who gets to keep it for the next two weeks?" Mia asked, looking around at the group.

Lucy and Sophia both spoke up at the same time.

"I want it!" they said in unison, then looked at each other and giggled.

Sophia was the first to make her case. "I need it for both our final project, and my spring assignment. I'm doing a whole series on haute couture, and the Midnight Muse dress would be perfect for it."

Lucy raised an eyebrow. "But I have a gala next weekend, and I was planning on wearing it. I've already got the perfect shoes and jewelry to go with it."

"You can't wear it out!" the girls gasped.

"Why not?" Lucy asked, wide-eyed.

"Well, for starters, it doesn't even fit you right," Sophia groaned under her breath.

"What? It fits me fine!" Lucy snapped.

Mia looked thoughtful. "Well, what if you two shared it? Like, Sophia could have it for a week, and then Lucy could have it for a week?"

Sophia and Lucy both looked hesitant at the suggestion. "I don't know if that would work," Sophia said. "I need to make sure that I have the dress for the full two weeks so that I can get all of my sketches and designs done."

Lucy nodded. "And... I guess don't want to risk anything happening to the dress while it's in transit between us. Fine, you can have it... but I'm wearing

it to that gala. I'll come by an hour before and I'll drop it off an hour after."

"Deal."

After a few more minutes of debate, they finally came to a decision. "Okay, Sophia gets to keep the dress for the full two weeks," Mia said, looking around at everyone for confirmation.

Sophia looked thrilled, and Lucy looked a little disappointed. But they both nodded in agreement. "Okay, that sounds fair," Lucy said, trying to sound gracious.

I could not have cared less.

CHAPTER 2



I drove the car home, but otherwise, to Sophia, I was a ghost. She didn't even talk to me, too obsessed with the black dress that was in her hands.

"I don't get what the big deal is," I said. "It just looks like a normal dress."



“It’s a masterpiece,” she said, without looking away from it.

“I’m sure that you own five dresses exactly like it,” I said. “I don’t own anything remotely like this.”

But it wasn’t true; I’d seen Sophia in black strapless dresses—and they looked exactly like that one. Maybe the ‘seams were more professional’ on this dress, but what difference did it really make? It’s not like anyone could see that. I’m sure I could go to the thrift store, grab a random dress, tell Sophia and her friends that it was made by some celebrity fashion designer, and they would ogle it just the same.

“This is a fashion designer’s dream,” Sophia said, turning her gaze down to that dress. Her eyes

sparkled as she gently squeezed the black fabric in her hands. "It's... a dream come true."

"No kidding," I said.

"They only make about fifty units," she said. "So, yeah, you can buy one for seven-thousand or so... but it's worth easily double that."

"If it's worth double that, why don't they sell it for double that?" I asked.

"Quit being an ass, Ethan," my sister growled. "Just because you don't get it, doesn't mean it's stupid."

"I just think it looks the same as dresses you already own—and I'm pretty sure you've never spent more than fifty bucks on anything in your life."

"I'm not going to sit here and explain the difference to you," she said before going on to explain the difference to me. "You know, Ethan, this dress is not just any dress. It was designed by a world-renowned fashion designer who is known for her avant-garde creations."

I nodded, pretending to understand. "Uh-huh, and what makes it so special?"

Sophia rolled her eyes. "What makes it so special is the craftsmanship. Look at the way the ruffles are perfectly aligned, and the way the fabric drapes so elegantly. It's a work of art."

I shrugged. "I guess it's okay. But it's just a dress, right? I don't see why everyone's getting so worked up over it."

Sophia looked exasperated. "It's not just a dress, Ethan. It's a statement. It's a symbol of haute couture and the pinnacle of fashion. Wearing a dress like this is like making a statement without saying a word."

I still didn't quite get it. "So... it's like wearing a sign that says 'I'm fashionable'?"

Sophia shook her head. "No, it's more than that. It's about expressing yourself through what you wear. It's about showing the world who you are and what you stand for."

I nodded, trying to seem convinced. "Okay, I think I get it now. It's like wearing your personality on your sleeve."

Sophia gave me a small smile. "Something like that. I guess you just have to have an eye for fashion to really appreciate it." Somehow, that felt like a jab.

I just smiled and nodded, still not quite sure what all the fuss was about.

When we got home, she rushed the dress up to the guest room—not her own room, because she was worried that there was too much 'foot traffic' in her own room. That guest room had been previously used as a nursery by the people who owned the place

before us, so there was a hook on the ceiling for a mobile. Now, Sophia used that hook to hang the dress in the middle of the room, turning that guest room into the Midnight Muse room.



It was late at night, and the house was quiet. Everyone had gone to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I probably had too much coffee during that long meeting (one of the girls brought everyone venti-sized Starbucks, myself included).

Unable to resist my curiosity any longer, I made my way to the guest room where Sophia had hung the dress. As I walked into the room, I could see the faint outline of the dress hanging on a hook that

was previously used to hold a mobile over a baby's crib.

I approached the dress slowly, taking in every detail. The way the fabric shimmered in the dim light, the delicate ruffles cascading down the front, and the way it seemed to glow even in the darkness.

Okay, so maybe I couldn't deny that it was a beautiful dress, but I still didn't quite understand why it was such a big deal. Was it really worth all the hype and admiration that it had received?

As I stared at the dress, lost in thought, I suddenly heard a creaking sound. I froze, thinking that someone had woken up and caught me in the act, even though I wasn't doing anything wrong.

But as I turned around, I realized that it was just the old wooden floorboards creaking under my weight. I let out a sigh of relief and turned back to the dress.

That's when I noticed something strange. The hook that the dress was hanging on looked like it was starting to come loose. It was tilted slightly to one side, and I could see that the screw that held it in place was loose.

Without thinking, I reached up to adjust the hook, trying to make sure that the dress wouldn't fall

off and get damaged. But as I did so, my sleeve caught on the hook, and I suddenly felt a tug.

Before I knew it, the dress was coming off the hook, and I was stumbling backwards, trying to keep it from falling to the ground. But it was too late. The dress slipped out of my grasp and crumpled onto the floor in a heap.

I felt my heart sink as I looked down at the dress. It was still beautiful, but now it was also crumpled and disheveled. I didn't know what to do. "Fuck," I whispered, scrambling.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps in the hallway outside the room. Panicking, I quickly grabbed the dress and hung it back up on the hook, trying to make it look as if nothing had happened. It didn't look quite right. The ruffles didn't seem so perfect anymore... I'm pretty sure that seven-thousand-dollar dresses aren't meant to be dropped on the floor so carelessly.

But surely, for that kind of money, one should expect a bullet-proof dress that won't even pop a stitch if you use it for police dog training.

I waited for the footsteps to pass, with my body pressed against the wall. Then, I approached the dress again. I ran my fingers down the seams, trying to see if there were any popped stitches showing in

that moonlit room. The dress seemed fine as far as I could tell.

I gently took it off the hook to inspect it closer. I felt that soft fabric in my hands. Okay, so maybe it did seem magically soft. Maybe it really did seem more luxurious than any fabric I'd ever felt before. I'm sure the fabric cost a thousand dollars per roll...

And now, I had a silly idea in my head.

What if I tried it on?

At first, I dismissed the idea as ridiculous. I mean, I'm not exactly the type of person who would wear a dress. But then again, what harm could it do? It's not like anyone would know.

I rubbed the soft fabric between my fingers, my heart pounding in my chest. I couldn't believe that I was even considering this. What would Sophia say if she caught me wearing her prized possession?

But as I looked at the dress again, I couldn't resist the temptation. It was like a siren's call, luring me in with its beauty and elegance. I just had to try it on, just once, to see what it was like. I wanted to see what the big fuss was about... Actually, I really wanted to prove that there wasn't anything worth fussing over; it was just a dress.

And, maybe I wanted to know what it was like to

wear something worth more than twice as much as my own car.

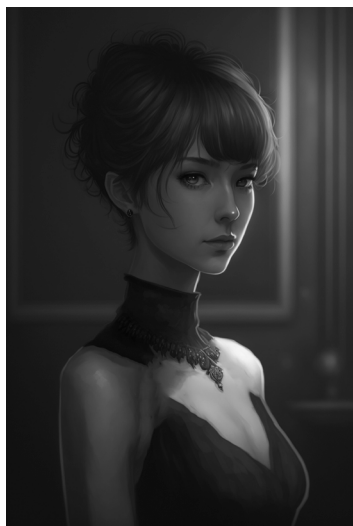
I took a deep breath and reached out to touch the dress. The fabric was soft and cool to the touch, and I could feel the delicate ruffles under my fingertips. It was like nothing I had ever felt before.

As I held the dress up in front of me, I couldn't help but feel a little ridiculous. What was I doing, trying on a dress in the middle of the night? But at the same time, I felt a rush of excitement. It was like I was breaking all the rules and doing something daring.

Finally, I made up my mind. I was going to try on the dress. Just for a few seconds, just to see what it was like. And then I would take it off and hang it back up on the hook, and no one would ever know.

Taking a deep breath, I slipped the dress over my head and felt it settle around me. For a moment, I felt a little silly and self-conscious.

But still, I decided to entertain this silliness for a moment. I did a little spin in front of the mirror, but the dress began to slip off of my short, thin frame; it wasn't zipped up, so the dress remained loose around my chest.



Sophia used that room to store more than just that dress; it's where she kept many of her fashion supplies, including her selection of bikinis that she made for her previous year's mid-term project. There were pads in those bikinis, so I fetched a couple, stuffing them into the chest of that dress. I giggled and shook my head. "This is so fucking stupid," I whispered to myself.

"Then why are you doing it?" I replied to myself.

"Mind your own business," I said with a laugh.

It was all just fun...

But now, the pads were falling out. Because the dress was unzipped, the front of the dress remained loose. I groaned and decided to attempt to zip it up. I

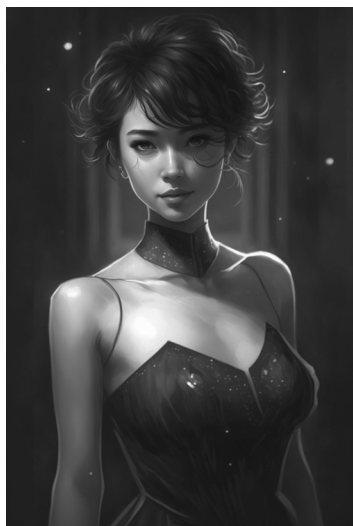
knew I had to be careful. I knew that I couldn't rip that dress.

I took a deep breath in so that I was a touch thinner. With an awkward grip, I pulled the zipper up and up and up, one tiny inch at a time. I felt the dress squeezing my sternum, pushing air out from my lungs. I was terrified of breathing out—worried my chest would expand and rip that dress into two pieces.

Why was I doing this?

I took a deeper breath in, feeling my face starting to turn red. I hadn't breathed properly in almost sixty seconds... but I was close. I almost had the zipper all the way up.

Finally, I managed to pull the little zipper into its little housing: a tiny black fabric flap designed to hide it away.



The whole zipped hid away in a discreet flap that perfectly and seamlessly caressed across my back, as if the dress was just painted onto my body.

The skirt wasn't so tight; it was ruffled and poofy, sticking out away from my hips, giving me a ballerina-esque silhouette. I spun around, giggling, feeling silly, but maybe I was starting to appreciate that dress just a little bit. Maybe I could understand the craftsmanship that Sophia went on and on about.

No, fashion wasn't my thing and I would probably never truly understand it, but at least now I had an inkling of what the girls thought was so special.

Now, I knew it was time to hang up the dress. It

was time to be done with this silliness. So I strained to reach back to grab that little zipper...

But I couldn't reach it.

As I stood there in the guest room, still wearing that Midnight Muse dress, a wave of panic washed over me. I had been so caught up in the moment that I hadn't even thought about how I was going to take the dress off.

I tried to reach around and unzip the dress, but to my horror, I found that the zipper was stuck. It was like it had fused together, and no matter how hard I tugged and pulled, it wouldn't budge.

My heart sank as I realized that I was trapped in the dress. How was I going to explain this to Sophia and her friends? How was I going to get out of the dress without damaging it?

I tried to remain calm and collected, but my mind was racing. I tugged on the zipper again, harder this time, but it was no use. The dress was simply too tight, and the zipper was stuck, stubborn. It wasn't going to move from its tiny fabric flap.

I started to panic. I couldn't stay in the dress forever, and I didn't want to damage it by trying to force my way out. I tried pulling the dress up over my head, but it was too tight and wouldn't budge.

In desperation, I started to fumble with the little

hook and eye closures that ran down the back of the dress. But they were so small and fiddly that I couldn't get a good grip on them.

I felt a sense of defeat wash over me. I was trapped in the dress, and there was nothing I could do about it. I tried calling out for help, but my voice came out as a strangled whisper.

As I slumped against the wall, feeling defeated and embarrassed, I knew that I had made a huge mistake. But there was nothing to be done about it now. I was stuck in that expensive Midnight Muse dress, and I had no idea how I was going to get out.

I knew what I had to do: I had to call my sister. I needed her to help me with the zipper.

I knew that I had to do something. But the thought of going to Sophia for help was humiliating. I mean, how could I explain this to her? How could I possibly admit that I had gotten stuck in her dress like some sort of idiot? Would she believe me if I told her that I was just doing it as a joke? Who jokes around alone?

I thought about it for a moment, weighing my options. On the one hand, I could try to get out of the dress myself, but that seemed like a lost cause. On the other hand, I could go to Sophia and ask for her help, but that would be even more embarrassing.

I looked down at the dress, feeling a sense of defeat wash over me. It was a beautiful dress, no doubt, but now it had become a prison. And I was the only one to blame.

But then a thought occurred to me. What if I just left the dress on and pretended like nothing was wrong? I mean, it was late at night, and no one was around. Maybe I could just wait until morning and then figure out a way to get out of the dress without anyone knowing.

The idea seemed ridiculous, but at the same time, it was also tempting. I could just stay here in the guest room, wearing the dress, and no one would ever have to know.

But then I realized that I was being foolish. I couldn't stay in the dress forever, and eventually, someone would find out. And the longer I waited, the more humiliating it would be to ask for help.

With a sigh, I knew what I had to do. I had to go to Sophia and ask for her help. It was embarrassing, sure, but it was also the only way out of this mess.



But then, just as quickly as the thought had occurred to me, I changed my mind. I couldn't bring myself to go to Sophia and admit what I had done. It was too humiliating, too embarrassing.

I looked down at my dress-clad body. "What the fuck was I thinking?" I groaned.

Instead, I decided to try to get out of the dress myself, no matter how impossible it seemed. I would try every trick in the book, every method I could think of, until I was free from this prison of fabric.

And if all else failed, I would just have to suffer the consequences of my own stupidity. It was a tough decision to make, but it was also the only one that made sense at the time.

So first, I went to my room, tiptoeing down the hall, heart pounding, terrified at the thought of being seen by a family member in that little black dress.

I had an idea. In my room, there was a nail where a picture once hung. It was a twisted, small nail—and I thought it would be perfect to hook that zipper. But first, I had to push a chair up to it. I carefully climbed the chair. I knew I had to be extra-cautious. That little nail could snag the dress and ruin it completely. I just had to get it through that tiny zipper hole... It was like playing the most intense game of Operation ever. The consequences were intense: a seven-thousand-dollar dress being gambled. My sister would kill me if I ruined it.

I took a deep breath. I pushed myself up onto my toes. I leaned back, feeling the nail gently touching my back. I had to be so, so careful. I moved around, trying to get that tiny nail to hook that tiny zipper.

My God, I tried everything! I tried guiding the zipper. I tried flexing my shoulders in a thousand different ways. I stood on that chair until 2:00 AM! But I wasn't able to hook the zipper.

I needed a new plan.

So next, I got a coat hanger. I untwisted it and then bent it into a hook that I could use to reach

around my back. After twenty minutes of trying, I managed to hook the zipper... but nothing I could do could tug it down.

I groaned.

“Come on!” I cried.

I kept trying.

Now, it was 3:00 AM. Time for a new strategy.

Down in the downstairs office, there was a loose floorboard with a small flooring nail poking up. I figured I could lay on my back and slide that nail into that zipper hole. Then, I just had to slide my body down the length of the board to pull down the zipper.

Nope.

It was 4:00 AM when I gave up on the floorboard nail idea.

The sun was starting to creep over the horizon. I still hadn’t slept.

My heart was still pounding. And worse: I was sweating in that dress now.

I needed to figure this out as soon as possible.

I tried the coat hanger again. I tried the nail on the wall again. I tried to shimmy out of the dress a thousand different ways, but it was cinched too tightly to budge. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cried.

I had to face the reality: I was stuck in a dress.

CHAPTER 3



I should have confessed to my sister. I should have come clean and asked for help. I just needed someone to pull the zipper down, after all... But I just couldn't handle the shame and humiliation. No man wants his sister to see him in a dress.

So instead, I went and put on a sweatshirt and some sweatpants, over the dress. I stuffed the poofy, frilly skirt into the pants. The pants bulged awkwardly, no matter how I tried to arrange the skirt. I knew that I couldn't let Sophia see my like that—or anyone.

So I went to sleep, under the covers, in my sweat-suit that was over that dress.

I woke up to screaming. My sister was flying through the house. "Where is it!?" she cried.

My heart was racing before she burst into my room without knocking. "The dress!" she shouted. "It's gone! Please tell me you're just hiding it as a prank."



That should have been my opportunity to get her to unzip it for me. So much trouble could have been avoided... but I couldn't stand the idea of humiliating myself. "What dress?" I asked, playing dumb.

"What do you mean, *what dress!*?" She took a deep breath. Her face was dark red.

She had tears streaming down her face.

"Ethan, what did you do with my dress?" she screamed, her voice rising in pitch.

"You think I took it!?" I gasped. I tried to play dumb, but Sophia was having none of it.

"Don't play dumb with me, Ethan! I know you took it! You're the only one who could have!"

I felt a pang of guilt as I looked at her, so distraught and hysterical. But I still couldn't bring myself to confess. Not yet, anyway.

"Sophia, calm down," I said, trying to sound reasonable. "I didn't take your dress."

But Sophia was beyond reason. She started to pace back and forth, waving her arms wildly. "You're lying, Ethan! I know you are! And now my dress is gone! What am I going to do?"

I felt terrible, but at the same time, I couldn't confess. So I just stood there, feeling helpless, as Sophia continued to rant and rave.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Sophia stopped pacing and turned to face me. "Ethan, please. If you took my dress, just give it back. I won't be mad, I promise."

I felt a lump form in my throat as I looked at her, so desperate and pleading. But I still couldn't confess.

"I'm sorry, Sophia," I said, feeling guilty. "I really don't know where your dress is."

Sophia let out a cry of frustration and stormed out of my room, leaving me feeling even more guilty and helpless than before.

When she was gone, I rushed to the bedroom door and closed it. I had to push a chair under the knob in case she came back. I looked at myself in the mirror. My thighs were puffed out from that ruffled skirt concealed under my sweatpants. "What am I going to do?" I groaned.

The next thirty minutes was spent trying to find an outfit to conceal that dress. I had to get to class before 10:00 AM, but I couldn't go looking like I had pantaloons on.

Luckily, I had an old pair of biking shorts that were stretchy but firm. They squished that expensive skirt down against my thighs, so that I could slip on some baggy jeans.



I walked across campus, feeling more self-conscious than I ever had before. I was wearing tight bike shorts under my pants to try to hide the fact that I was still wearing the Midnight Muse dress, and I could feel it pressing against my skin with every step I took.

As I walked, I tried to think of different ways to get the dress off. Maybe I could find a seam and rip it open? Or maybe I could find some sort of lubricant to loosen the zipper?

But as I thought about it more, I realized that these ideas were all too risky. I didn't want to damage the dress, and I definitely didn't want to get caught trying to destroy it.

So I kept walking, feeling more and more desperate by the minute. I had to get the dress off, and soon, or else I was going to be stuck in it forever.

As I made my way to my web design class, I started to think of a new plan. Maybe I could cut it off of my body, destroying it. Then, I could hide the dress somewhere where Sophia would find it—somewhere I would never go, so she would never associate me with the destroyed dress. I thought about it for a moment, trying to come up with a good hiding spot. Maybe I could stash it in a locker at the gym, or maybe I could leave it in one of her fashion classrooms after hours.

But as I thought about it more, I realized that this plan was also too risky. What if the school forced Sophia to replace the expensive dress? What if she had to face the consequences for the dress' destruction?

No, I had to come up with a better plan. I had to find a way to get the dress off without damaging it, and return it to Sophia without her ever knowing what had happened.

As I walked into my web design class, feeling more and more anxious, I knew that I had a long day ahead of me.

I knew that I was going to have to ask someone for help with the zipper—but even the thought of asking a complete stranger was horribly humiliating.

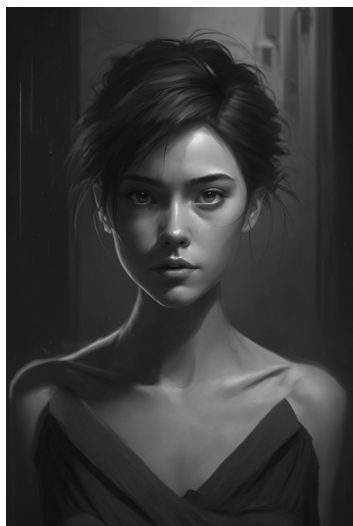
After my class, I found myself walking down a crowded street, still trapped in the dress. I could feel its soft tightness on my chest—still with those breast pads pushed into the top (after zipping it up, I wasn't able to get them out).

I had been trying to think of ways to get out of it all day, but so far, nothing had worked. I'd even spent thirty minutes in the college bathroom, trying to reach that zipper like a contortionist.

As I walked, I noticed a woman walking towards me, carrying a large shopping bag. She looked friendly enough, and I thought about asking her for help. I could get her to unzip the dress, and then I could scurry off. I'd never seen this woman before and I would probably never see her again; so what was the harm?

But as she got closer, I started to feel nervous. What if she laughed at me? What if she thought I was some sort of weirdo? I couldn't bring myself to do it.

So I just kept walking, feeling more and more defeated by the minute. I knew that I had to get the dress off, but I also knew that I couldn't do it alone.



I needed help.

As I walked away from the woman, feeling embarrassed and ashamed, I knew that I had to keep trying. I had to find someone who could help me, no matter how uncomfortable it felt.

But at that moment, all I wanted to do was go home, crawl into bed. I rarely wanted to cry in my life, but this was one of those times—especially when I got home and saw Sophia on the couch, weeping into her hands.

“Did you get in trouble?” I asked.

“I didn’t tell anyone,” she said between whimpers. “Nobody knows that it’s gone... nobody but me.” She wiped the tears from her eyes.

My God, seeing her like that filled me with so much guilt. I begged myself to come clean to her, before I ended up ripping that dress by accident... but I just couldn't do it.

"I'm sure the dress will turn up," I said.



She glared at me. "Why would it turn up? Someone stole it. Someone came into the house and took it."

"Who would do that? Why wouldn't they take anything else?" I asked. I don't know why I was challenging her hypothesis; I should have been happy that she no longer thought I had anything to do with the dress' disappearance.

"I don't know, Ethan," she sighed. Then she looked up, suddenly wide-eyed. "Maybe it was one of the girls... in my group."

"Who?" I asked.

"I—I don't know who... but they all wanted to have it. They all knew that it was at our house. They all know what it's worth. Oh my God! One of the girls took it! Those bitches!"

"You don't know that," I said, tingling all over. I should have just let her think one of her friends did this; it was a theory that took me off of the hook completely... well, sort of.

"It's because you're always leaving the back door unlocked!" she growled at me. "Mom's always telling you to lock the door and you never do!"

She was referring to my smoking addiction. Yes, I was an occasional smoker (like, one cigarette every two days), and I often slipped out at night to smoke... and yes, sometimes I forgot to lock the door.

Now, Sophia's eyes were even wider. "Lucy!" she gasped. "Lucy was here last week when mom told you to stop leaving the back door unlocked! We were working on her mid-term together. Oh my God, she did this!"

“Sophia...” I said. “Don’t be so quick to accuse your friend.”

She shook her head and waved me off. “Don’t defend Lucy, Ethan. I know you have the hots for her. It had to be her. I mean—did you not hear her at the meeting last night? She wanted to have the dress so badly... Or Mia! She was talking about needing to wear it, even though the school told us we can’t use it personally.” She growled and groaned. “I can’t believe this. I can’t believe one of those girls did this!”

Before I could defend her friends more, she stormed off. I was terrified that she was about to start making phone calls, about to start destroying her friendships with baseless accusations. I had to get that damned dress off and I had to get it off fast.

Then, I had an idea.

What if I disguised myself as a girl? I could put on a wig and some makeup, and then ask a stranger for help. Maybe they wouldn’t recognize me, and I could finally get the dress off without feeling like a complete idiot.

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed like a good idea. It was risky, sure, but what choice did I have?

I thought about what I would need to pull off the

disguise. I didn't have a wig, but I could probably find one at a costume shop or something. And I had seen enough makeup tutorials on YouTube to have a basic idea of what to do. I could steal some of Sophia's makeup while she was out.

It was crazy, but it just might work.

I felt a sense of excitement and nervousness as I thought about the plan. It was risky, sure, but it was better than walking around in the dress forever. I had to try something.

So I made my way to the nearest costume shop, my heart pounding with anticipation. I was about to do something crazy, something that I never would have imagined doing just a few days ago.



But I had to do it. I had to get the dress off, no matter what it took.

So off I went, ball cap on my head, baggy hoodie over my torso. I buried my hands into the hoodie pouch and had a quick cigarette to ease some of that horrible tension that was pounding inside of me.

I'd almost been stuck in a dress for twenty-four hours now...

I pushed open the door to the costume shop and stepped inside, feeling a bit nervous about what I was about to do. The shop was filled with racks of clothing and shelves of accessories, and in the corner, there was a display of wigs.

The air was heavy with the scent of old fabric and dust. The store was dimly lit, the only illumination coming from a few flickering fluorescent lights overhead.

The shop was cluttered and disorganized, with racks of clothes and shelves of accessories piled high. Old costumes hung from the ceiling, casting eerie shadows on the walls. It felt like I had stepped into a different era, like I was in a place that time had forgotten.

The wigs were displayed on a wooden stand in the back corner of the store. They were arranged haphazardly, and some of them looked like they had

been there for decades, covered in a fine layer of dust.

As I walked through the store, I could hear the creaking of floorboards beneath my feet, and the sound of my own breathing. It was quiet, almost too quiet. It felt like the kind of place where ghosts might linger.

I was doing my best to look casual and nonchalant. I didn't want the shop owner to suspect that I was planning to dress like a girl.

I scanned the wigs, looking for one that would be the right colour and style for my disguise. I picked up a blonde one and examined it closely, trying to figure out if it would work.



"Can I help you find something?" a voice said behind me, making me jump.

I turned around to see the shop owner, a middle-aged woman with a friendly smile.

"Oh, no thanks," I said, trying to sound casual. "I'm just looking for a friend."

The shop owner nodded and went back to rearranging some clothing on a nearby rack. I let out a sigh of relief, glad that she didn't seem suspicious... at first. But every time I looked back, she was eyeing me. She would look away quickly. Did she know the wig was for me?

I continued to scan the wigs, trying to find one that would work for my disguise. I picked up a few different ones, examining them closely and holding them up to my head.

As I searched, I started to feel more and more nervous. What if this whole plan was a mistake? What if I got caught? But then I remembered how desperate I was to get the dress off, and I knew that I had to keep going.



Finally, I found a wig that I thought would work. It was a short bob in a light brown colour, and it looked like it would fit my head well.

I brought it up to the counter.

“That’s a beautiful piece,” she said. It was a moment before I realized she was talking about the bundle of hair in my hands.

“It’s just for a costume... for a friend. Uh, my sister’s friend, actually. They’re in fashion school together and asked me to pick it up on my way home from school.” I don’t know why I felt like I needed to give her so many details, but my heart was racing and I felt like I needed to say *something*.

She just smiled, staring into my eyes. There was a

long, terrible silence. Then, she grinned and said, “Would you like some makeup as well?”



“Makeup?” I said. My heart fluttered.

“I could help you, if you’d like,” she said softly. “I’ll show you how to pull off a cute, convincing look.”

“It’s not for me!” I snapped suddenly, heart pounding. “It’s for my sister’s friend; I told you that.”

“Oh. Alright,” she said with a tone of disbelief. But maybe this was a chance I needed to take. She clearly didn’t believe me; she seemed to think that I was some sort of cross-dresser. And if she already thought that, maybe I could just pretend like she was

right, show her the dress on my body, and ask her to take it off for me.

But my pride was too strong. I was too humiliated. I couldn't stand the thought of exposing myself to her, so I just bit my tongue, paid the sixty bucks for the wig, and I scurried off, wanting to get as far from there as possible.

My parade of humiliation wasn't quite over yet. The worst was still to come.

I returned home. The house was quiet, empty. I searched each room to ensure that I was alone; I wasn't going to take any chances.

Then, I waited—making sure nobody was going to return home suddenly to grab some forgotten phone or wallet. I had to be sure that I was alone in the house before I snuck into my sister's room to steal some makeup.

Sophia's bedroom was bright and colourful, with a large window that looked out onto the backyard. The walls were painted a soft shade of pink, and there were posters of fashion models and designers hanging on them.

The centrepiece of the room was a large, four-poster bed, covered in a fluffy white comforter and dozens of decorative pillows. On the nightstand next

to the bed, there was a small lamp and a stack of fashion magazines.

In one corner of the room, there was a vanity table covered in makeup and beauty products. The mirror was surrounded by a string of fairy lights, making the room feel more youthful and whimsical.

Next to the vanity, there was a closet with sliding doors. The doors were covered in stickers and magazine cutouts, and when you opened them up, you were greeted by row after row of clothes, shoes, and accessories.

The room was always clean and organized, with everything in its place. Sophia was meticulous about keeping her space neat, and it showed.

I felt guilty for going through my sister's things, but I was desperate to make my disguise work. I found a tube of foundation and a bottle of mascara, and then made my way back to my room to get started.

As I sat down in front of my mirror, I felt a wave of nervousness wash over me. I had never put on makeup before, let alone tried to make myself look like a girl. But I was determined to make it work.

I started with the foundation, squeezing a small amount onto my finger and then rubbing it onto my face. I had no idea if I was doing it right, but I hoped

that it would at least cover up the light scruff on my face.

Next, I opened the mascara and tried to figure out how to apply it. I had seen girls do it plenty of times, but it was harder than it looked. I ended up getting it all over my eyelid, and I had to wipe it off with a tissue and start again.

It took me a while to get the hang of it, but eventually, I managed to get the mascara on my lashes without getting it all over my face. I looked at myself in the mirror and was surprised by what I saw.

With the wig on and the makeup applied, I looked like a completely different person. It was weird, but also kind of exciting. I felt like I was living on the edge, doing something that I never would have dared to do before. My heart was racing. I puckered my lips, and then I caught myself grinning.

Okay, so maybe it was a bit of fun—not the dressing like a girl part, but the sneaking around and doing something... *naughty* part.

But I couldn't dwell on that feeling for long. I still had to get the dress off and figure out a way to hide it. And I had to do it all without getting caught. It was a crazy plan, but it was the only one I had. So I took a deep breath and got ready to hit the streets.

CHAPTER 4



I must have stood at the living room window for forty minutes, staring out, terrified to step out into the world in that disguise. I lost count of the times that I sauntered over to the mirror, to look at myself, to try to determine whether I truly looked like a girl or not.

No—it didn't matter if I looked like a girl; that was irrelevant. It only mattered that I wasn't recognizable—and I wasn't. I didn't recognize myself, so there was no way a complete stranger would know who I was, even if he or she had seen me once or twice around town before.

My heart was racing; I just couldn't bring myself to leave that house.

I kept coming up with reasons not to go out. “I need an outfit!” I said to myself. “I can’t go out in my own clothes. Someone might recognize my clothes.”

So I went to my sister’s bedroom. I kept the biking shorts on, to keep the skirt pressed down. Over top, I put on a light pink sweater and a pair of tight jeans. The clothes fit nicely, and the fabrics were actually quite pleasant on my skin; I guess that shouldn’t have come as a surprise, seeing as my sister prided herself in keeping an inventory of the finest fashion.

I reshuffled my hair a dozen different ways before I was happy with it. I had another cigarette: a rare second smoke—but I needed to take that edge off.

This was absolutely crazy. I was really going to walk out into the world as a woman.

But it only had to be for a few minutes. I just had to find a stranger, as them to unzip my dress, and then I could go on with my life as if none of this had ever happened.

I didn’t go out the front. I snuck out the back where my neighbours wouldn’t see me. I crept into the alley and darted down, racing, heart pounding. I had to get far, far, far away from my neighbours.

I darted across the road, going down another alley. I just had to get as far away as possible.



I was four blocks away when I finally felt some relief, but it was short lived. I stopped and turned to see people, walking this way and that way, on their way to work, buzzing in and out of cafes and bakeries. My body froze when the first set of eyes found me. A man was looking at me, only for a few seconds, but it was enough to turn my blood into ice.

And then a woman noticed me. She smiled at me, but I couldn't help but think that smile was an attempt to stop herself from bursting into laughter. I

was just waiting for someone to shout, 'Oh my God, look! It's Ethan, dressed like a girl!'

For a moment, I thought about bailing on this plan. I could run back home and hide. Maybe I did just need to cut that damned dress off of my body.

No—I'd come this far. I'd paid sixty bucks for the wig and I'd spent an hour dolling myself up. Now, I had to commit.

I walked down that crowded street, legs stiff, trying to blend in and not draw attention to myself. The wig was itchy on my head, and the sweater I was wearing to hide the dress was making me sweat. It was way too hot for a sweater.

I felt like everyone was staring at me, like they knew that I was up to something. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I was constantly second-guessing my plan.



But then I saw her: a woman walking down the street with a friendly smile on her face. She looked like she wouldn't judge me, like she might be willing to help. There was just a calming aura about her.

I only needed her for thirty seconds.

I took a deep breath and walked up to her, trying to act as normal as possible.

"Excuse me," I said with a high-pitched tone, my voice shaking slightly. "I was wondering if you could help me with something."



The woman looked at me curiously, but didn't seem alarmed.

"What do you need help with?" she asked.

I hesitated for a moment, feeling embarrassed. But then I knew that I had to be honest.

"I'm wearing a dress," I said, my face turning red. "And I can't get it off. I was wondering if you could help me unzip it."

The woman's eyes widened in surprise, but then she laughed.

"Well, that's certainly not something you hear every day," she said. "But sure, I'll help you."

I pulled the sweater up to reveal the dress, and

the woman reached around me to try to find the zipper.

She was a tall and slender woman, with long blonde hair that cascaded down her back in loose waves. She had bright blue eyes that sparkled in the sunlight and a friendly smile. She was dressed in a simple white blouse and black pants, with a pair of comfortable sneakers on her feet. She didn't look like she was into fashion or makeup, but she didn't look like she would judge me either.

She pulled on that zipper. "Careful," I said. "It's a very expensive dress."

"It's not really moving," she said.



"Keep trying," I said. I didn't come this far for nothing. I finally had someone helping me. I'd suffered through far too much humiliation...

But it wasn't working. "I can't make it move, darling," she said.

"Please keep trying," I said with a racing heart.

But it was no use. The dress was too tight, and the zipper was stuck.

The woman tried a few more times, but then she gave up.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't think I can get it off either."

I felt a surge of panic, realizing that my plan might not work after all. But then I remembered something.

"I have an idea," I said, reaching into my pocket. "Do you have a bobby pin?"

The woman looked confused, but then she dug around in her purse and produced a bobby pin. I'd seen a trick to fix tricky zippers online, and now, I was walking her through that same trick...

She put the pin through the hole and tried to pull in various directions.

"I'm sorry, love," she said. "That zipper is stuck."

I groaned.

I wasn't ready to give up. Now, I needed to find some lubricant to rub into the zipper. So my next stop was the drug store.

I was determined to get the dress off, and I knew that I needed to try everything. So I made my way to the personal lubrication section, looking for something that might help with the stuck zipper.

As I browsed the shelves, I could feel the eyes of the other customers on me. I felt self-conscious and embarrassed, but I knew that I couldn't back down now. The lubricants were surrounded by condoms. The onlookers probably thought that I was some crossdressing whore—maybe they thought that I was a literal escort. But I'd read online that sex lube works on tricky zippers—so I just had to bite my tongue and commit.

Finally, I found a small bottle of lubricant that looked like it might work. I picked it up and made my way to the checkout, trying to avoid eye contact with the cashier.



But as I reached the front of the line, the cashier looked up and saw me. She had a puzzled look on her face, like she wasn't quite sure what to make of me.

"Is this everything?" she asked, eyeing the bottle of lubricant in my hand.

I felt my face turn red as I nodded, handing her the bottle and my money.

"I know you," she said.



Finally, I looked up at her and my heart sank. I knew her. She graduated high school with me. Her name was Katie.

I stuttered. I wanted to run out of that store, crying. I should have looked away from her before she could get an even better look at my face, but I was locked in place.

“Y—You do?” I asked softly.

She nodded her head, grinning. “I just can’t figure out *how* I know you.”

I swallowed, a sense of relief washing over me. I shrugged my shoulders. “I’m here a lot,” I said, turning my gaze down.

“No, that’s not it. Look at me,” she said.

Reluctantly, I looked into her eyes.

“I know you,” she said firmly. “I know that I know you.” She was chubby and blonde, with a round face and a bubbly personality that made her popular with everyone in school. She was a really smart girl, and I thought that she went off to some Ivy League college, so I wasn’t sure what she was doing now, working in that drug store.

Despite her weight, she was always outgoing and confident, never letting anyone get her down. She was the type of person who could light up a room with her smile, and she had a contagious energy that was hard to resist.

“Maybe I don’t know you,” she said finally, and then she turned to her computer screen.

As she rung me up, I felt a sense of relief wash over me. I was one step closer to getting the dress off.

Next, I was back on the streets, holding a bottle of lubricant, trying to find someone who could help me. It was an awkward few minutes before I finally bit my tongue and approached a stranger. She was a bit awkward about the situation, but she tried to help me. She squeezed some lubricant onto the zipper and wriggled it: side to side, up and down.

It was no use; the zipper was stuck. "I don't know; it must be snagged on a thread," she said.

"Try tugging harder," I said, now willing to do a tiny bit of damage to the dress just to free myself from it. Sophia had, like, ten sewing machines; she could fix a small rip.

But even pulling hard, the girl couldn't get it to budge. "It's no use," she said. "But it's a beautiful dress. It's really cute on you."

I quickly covered myself back up with my sweater. "Thanks for trying," I said, blushing all over.

I was still determined. I'd suffered enough humiliation. It was time for that dress to come off. I walked down the road until I found a shop that did wedding dress alterations. I went in, biting my tongue.

The older woman who worked at the dress alteration shop was a tiny, bird-like woman with grey hair pulled back into a tight bun. She had sharp, beady eyes that seemed to miss nothing, and a stern expression that made her seem unapproachable... so I almost turned back.

Despite her somewhat intimidating demeanour, there was an air of elegance and refinement about her. She moved with grace and precision, her hands

moving swiftly as she worked on the dresses that was on the counter.



Her shop was small and cozy, with rows of dresses hanging from racks and bolts of fabric stacked neatly on shelves. The walls were adorned with vintage sewing machines and antique tools of the trade, and there was a faint smell of lavender in the air.

Despite its size, the shop felt spacious and open, with natural light filtering in through the windows and reflecting off the white walls. There was a sense of calm and order to the space, as if every piece had its own place and purpose.

As I approached the counter, the older woman looked up and eyed me with suspicion.

"What can I do for you, dear?" she asked.

"I have a bit of a silly problem," I whispered. "I'm, uh... stuck in a dress."

I bit my tongue, swallowed the last of my pride, and then I pulled up my sweater to show her the black strapless dress that was still glued to me.

She saw the dress and her eyes softened.

"Ah, the Midnight Muse," she said, her voice softening. "A lovely piece."

"You know it?" I asked.

"Of course I know it! It's a masterpiece. And how did you end up with it?"

"It's my sister's," I said. "I tried it on. Now it's stuck on me. She doesn't know where it went and I need to get it back to her."

"Don't worry, dear," she said, patting my hand reassuringly. "We'll have you out of that dress in no time."

She was much friendlier than she first appeared... but friendliness doesn't help to get dresses off of bodies. She tried the zipper. She tried to wriggle the dress up around my body. I closed my eyes, humiliated as the old woman manhandled me. She tried pulling it up and she tried pulling it down,

and she tried twisting it. She tried everything that I'd already tried.

"My, oh my," she said. "It's really stuck on you."

"Please just get it off," I said.



She tried more ideas. She tried to use a little tool, much like a shoe-horn, to pry it off of me. She tried the zipper again. I asked her if she could cut the zipper off and then sew it back on when she was finished. "No, no," she said. "Not with these beautiful French seams; I would never be able to match that."

"You have to do something!" I said.

"Let me think," she said, and then she sat down,

staring at me. She made me take off the bike shorts. She made me stretch my arms out.

But now, she was more concerned about the dress than me. “We can’t damage the dress,” she said firmly. “It’s a piece of art. Under no circumstances can we cut it or modify it.”

“But it needs to come off,” I growled.

“It looks so lovely on you,” she said.

I bit my tongue. “Focus, please,” I said.

“There’s no way,” she said, shaking her head. “Well... there is one way.”

“What? Tell me.”

“It’s not something that I can do... right now. But I can order the piece.”

“Piece? What piece? What are you talking about?” I asked.

“The middle of the dress; it has that that middle-piece; it’s Egyptian satin. The threading is a special satin threading—which I have—but I don’t have the machine attachment to replicate it. I could remove the threading and then we could essentially alter it on your body, making it slightly bigger by taking out the back. Then, you should hypothetically be able to slip out without needing to unzip.”

“Okay,” I said. “So take it off now and then fix it when the part comes in. I’ll pay for it.”

She shook her head. "No," she said. "It has to be on your body when I make the alteration. We call it a live-alteration. It's the most accurate way to ensure that the seams are matched." She tried explaining it to me, but I didn't really understand it.

"So what you're saying is, I'm stuck in the dress."

"For about five days," she said. "Maybe sooner if the piece comes in sooner."

I groaned.

"I won't charge you. I've been meaning to get that piece for my machine for a long time. This is the perfect excuse to pull the trigger."

"I can't wear a dress for five days!" I said.

"Whatever you do, don't damage that dress," she said. "It's a real masterpiece. Don't try to get it off again or you'll end up ripping it. If you rip that zipper, that dress is as good as trash."

My heart was now somewhere in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She put her hand on my shoulder and stared deep into my eyes. "Please," she said. "This dress is important. You have to just wear it for a few days. Don't worry about sweating in it or anything like that; it's made with forgiving fabric; that can easily be cleaned. Just worry about keeping it intact. I will get this dress off of you. Okay?"

"Fine," I said.

"And get rid of these," she said, snatching my bike shorts away from my pile of clothes. "You're lucky you haven't already ruined the dress with these stupid things."

"I need to hide the dress!" I cried, reaching for the shorts, but she held them away from me like a big kid keeping a basketball away from a toddler.

"No more hiding it," she said. "You'll just damage it."

"You don't understand," I said, heart pounding. "I can't just be in a dress."

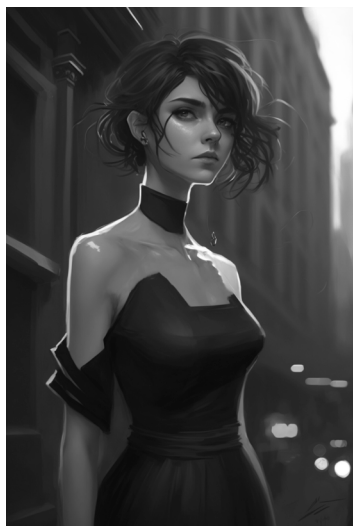
She was looking down now at my hairy legs. I wondered if she knew that I was a man yet.

"Then put on a robe. But nothing that will smother the dress. You can't just smother a masterpiece like this; especially the skirt. Someone spent months on the frills and pleats of this skirt. Do you understand?"

I wanted to cry. She put my clothes into a bag and instructed me to go home. I'm not sure why I followed the command.

I walked out of the alteration shop, feeling defeated and embarrassed. The woman had told me that I would have to wear the dress for nearly a week, until she could get the right tool to get it off.

And to make matters worse, she had told me not to cover it up with clothes, or I would risk ruining it...



So there I was, walking down the street in broad daylight, wearing a strapless black dress and a wig, with makeup on my face. I felt self-conscious and exposed, like everyone was staring at me—because they were. Now that I was in that dress, I was turning heads left and right. I looked like I was on my way to a cocktail party for the stars, surrounded by people who had hardly been out of bed for a couple of hours.

I tried to walk with confidence, keeping my head

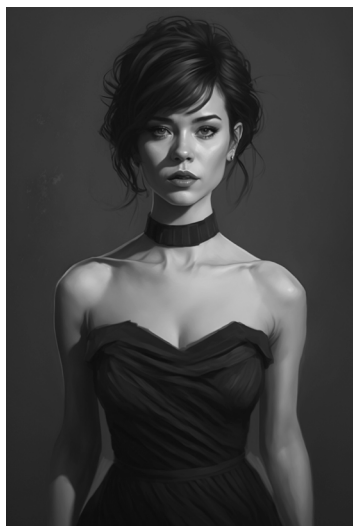
held high and avoiding eye contact with anyone who passed by. But I could feel their stares on me, their judgment and their confusion.

As I reached my house, I felt a sense of relief wash over me. I could finally be alone, away from the prying eyes of strangers.

How was I going to keep the dress hidden for a week? I couldn't wear it around the house, and I couldn't risk someone coming over and seeing me in it.

I paced back and forth, trying to come up with a plan. But no matter what I thought of, it seemed like a risk.

I was heading up to my room when I heard Sophia's voice from behind me.



"Ethan? Is that you?"

I froze, feeling a sense of panic wash over me. I turned around slowly, trying to think of something to say.

CHAPTER 5



Sophia was standing in the doorway to the living room, looking at me with a mixture of confusion and horror.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Why—Why are you wearing my dress?"

I tried to come up with a lie, but my mind was blank. I knew that the jig was up, that there was no way to explain this away. I wanted to collapse. I wanted to cry. But more than anything, I wanted to invent a lie that would exonerate me... but I had nothing.

"I...I got stuck in it," I stammered, feeling my face turn red.

Sophia's eyes widened in disbelief. "What do you mean, you got stuck in it?"

"I, uh, put it on last night and... I got stuck in it. I'm stuck in the dress."

She just stared at me, eyes wide, lips parted.

I nodded, feeling the weight of the shame and embarrassment settling in. "I know, I know. It's ridiculous. I didn't mean for this to happen."

Sophia shook her head, looking at me with a mixture of disbelief and disgust. "I can't even deal with this right now," she said, her voice shaking. "You need to take that dress off and give it back to me. And then we need to talk about this."

"It won't come off," I said. I could feel my skin turning red. "I've tried everything. I—I even went to an alteration place, and she said it will take a week for her to get whatever tool she needs to get it off."

"Ethan!" she barked. "Please tell me that you're fucking with me right now! I've been in a state of panic all day over this fucking dress!"

My sister rarely ever swore. In fact, I wasn't sure I'd ever heard her curse before in my life, so I was very shocked as I stood there.

"And what the fuck is on your face? Is that my makeup? Where did you get that wig? What the hell are you doing!?"

I tried my best to explain, telling her the truth,

but the truth didn't help to ease her rage. She was turning redder and redder. She stormed up behind me and tried the zipper. She groaned and strained. But she couldn't get the dress off. "You've got to be kidding me!" she yelled. "Do you have any idea what this dress is worth!?"

"Yes."

"I need the dress!" she said. "We have a model coming on Wednesday for a photoshoot. She needs to wear this dress! Get it off!"

"I can't," I said. "I'm sorry!" I was so humiliated. I'd gone to extremes trying to avoid that humiliation, but all I'd succeeded in doing was making the humiliation worse. Now, not only had I been caught in the dress, I'd also been caught in makeup and a wig—and it really didn't seem like Sophia was buying my whole story, as if she was considering the possibility that I stole the dress because I wanted to wear it, because I wanted to feel like a girl in it. And if that is what she thought, how could I blame her? The evidence certainly pointed in that direction. Now, my whole plan, in retrospect, seemed so outrageous; what the hell was I thinking, dressing up like a girl to get someone to unzip my dress? It just seemed so desperate, and so... stupid.

Sophia and I spent the whole night trying to get me out of the dress, but nothing worked. We tried soap and water, baby oil, even gently cutting the zipper fold with scissors, but nothing budged that damned zipper.

Sophia was growing more and more frustrated by the minute. "I can't fucking believe this," she muttered, pacing back and forth, steaming. "How did you even get yourself into this mess?"

I shrugged helplessly, feeling a sense of shame and regret wash over me. "I don't know. It was stupid. I shouldn't have done it."

"We all tried on the dress just fine. It didn't get stuck on any of us," she growled.

"I know!" I whined.

Sophia sighed, rubbing her eyes tiredly. "Well, we're going to have to figure something out. You can't just wear that dress forever." So we kept trying. She had me stand there, arms extended. She walked around me, prying her fingers into every tiny opening, hoping to wriggle something loose. "You've really screwed me, Ethan," she whispered.

I knew she was right. It seemed like there was no way out of this mess.

As the sun began to rise outside, Sophia finally gave up. "I don't know what else to do," she said, her

voice defeated. "We're just going to have to wait for that alterations woman to get the tool she needs to fix this." Sophia fell down on her bed and let out a loud groan.

I nodded, feeling a sense of resignation settling in. It looked like I was going to be stuck in that dress for a while longer.

"And, just asking, but we can't just cut it off and sew it back together? I mean—you're supposed to be a pro at sewing, right?"

"It's not that simple!" she snapped, suddenly full of energy. "I'm not going to sit here and explain it to you for the thousandth time. I get that you don't get what's so special about this dress; you've made that very clear. You made it abundantly clear when you took the dress as some sort of mean joke. This dress was designed with unheard-of precision. I'm sure you know that a piece of clothing is made of made pieces of fabric, sewn together... Well, that's true of this dress too, but it was put together in a way that it actually seems like it's just one piece of fabric. One single cut, and that quality is ruined forever."

"Alright, I get it," I said, shaking my head, looking out at the morning sunlight. "But I have class in the morning. I have lectures all week that I can't miss."

"Then you're going in the dress," she said firmly, glaring at me with dark, brooding eyes.

I laughed and shook my head. "I'm obviously not doing that."

"Ethan—yes, you are," she said. "Because we can't remove the dress. And you aren't damaging it. If you damage it, even a little bit, I'm on the hook for it. I don't have that kind of cash, and neither do you. So yes, you're going to wear it. You aren't going to smother it with your cheap jeans or your pilled sweaters. You're going to wear the dress carefully until that alterations woman gets the piece for her machine."

"You're nuts," I said. "I am not going to school like this!"

"I'm not telling you to go to school!" she snapped back. "Where you go or don't go—that's up to you; I couldn't care less. But you aren't taking that dress off, and you aren't covering it up!"

My heart swirled down into the pit of my stomach. Sophia just stormed off to go to sleep for the night, leaving me with that panic and dread and despair.

"A few days..." I whispered to myself. It wasn't really a whole week; I think the woman said five days, and it had already been one day. I made it

through one; I could make it through a few more. I just had to treat it as if I was sick.

But I really couldn't miss those lectures. I was pretty sure that there was a quiz coming up that week too, which I couldn't miss if I wanted to maintain a decent grade average.

Suddenly, I thought back on that day. I'd been out for hours as a girl, and nobody looked at me strangely; I pulled it off and managed to slip by, under the radar. It's not like they took attendance at school—and it's not like you had to show credentials to get into class... Maybe I could just show up for class as a girl, sit in the back, take in the lectures, write a quick quiz, and nobody would know the difference.

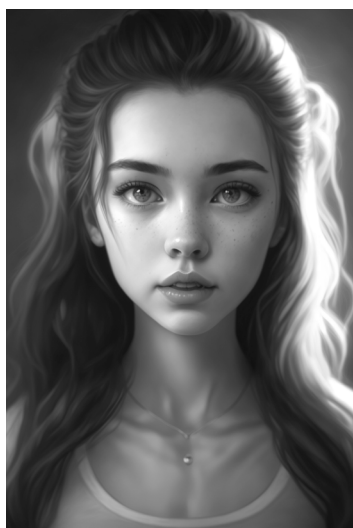
Well, I knew people at school. When I was out on the street, those were all strangers; the students in those coding courses were my peers; they knew what I looked like and they knew my name.

But maybe I could become unrecognizable enough that they wouldn't have any idea who I was; it's not like I had a face tattoo. I could put on some sunglasses. I could use Sophia's makeup to create a more dramatic disguise. It was at least worth a shot...

I only slept one hour before my early alarm went

off. I usually slept through a few alarms before actually getting up, but today, I needed all of the time that I could get.

I spent the next few hours carefully transforming myself into a girl. I watched makeup tutorials online, learning how to apply foundation, blush, and lipstick.



"Hey guys, it's Kari Lee Ann, and welcome to today's makeup tutorial! Today, I'm going to show you how to achieve a look that's perfect for any occasion, whether you're going to school, work, or just hanging out with your friends."

Kari Lee Ann grinned at the camera, her bright pink lipstick popping against her porcelain skin. She had a contagious energy.

"Now, the first thing you want to do is prep your skin. That means washing your face, moisturizing, and applying sunscreen. Trust me, you don't want to skip this step! It's the key to a flawless complexion."

She held up a bottle of sunscreen and made a face. "I know, I know, sunscreen can be greasy and gross. But this one is actually really lightweight and absorbs quickly, so you won't even notice it's there."

Next, she moved on to foundation, applying it with a sponge in quick, sweeping motions. "Remember, less is more with foundation. You want to create a smooth, even canvas for your makeup, but you don't want to look like you're wearing a mask."

She added a touch of blush to her cheeks, smiling at the camera. "Blush is my secret weapon for looking awake and alive, even when I've only had three hours of sleep. Just a little bit on the apples of your cheeks—and a touch on the tip of your nose—and you're good to go."

She finished off the look with a swipe of mascara and a coat of bright pink lipstick. "And there you have it! A simple, natural look that's perfect for any

occasion. Thanks for watching, guys, and don't forget to subscribe for more makeup tips and tricks!"

I spent a long time on my eyes, applying dark eyeliner and mascara to make them stand out. I became far too familiar with all of Kari Lee Ann's little catch phrases as I binged video after video.

Next, I turned to my hair. I had my wig from the costume shop, and I spent a long time styling it just right. I pulled it back into a tight ponytail, leaving a few wisps of hair framing my face.



As I looked at myself in the mirror and paused. A tingle crept through my whole body. I actually

looked like a girl... a somewhat awkward and uncertain one, but a girl nonetheless.

I took a deep breath and checked the time. I was running late. I had to get to school... but was I ready? Did I look unfamiliar enough?

I took another deep breath and headed out the door, feeling self-conscious and exposed. But I was determined to make it to that lecture. I couldn't let this embarrassing blip put my whole life on hold.

I grabbed a pair of Sophia's big sunglasses on my way out. Yes, I put a ton of effort into my eye makeup, but every layer helped. I was perfectly happy to pile disguise over disguise, if it meant being less and less recognizable.

As I walked down the street, I tried to walk with confidence, holding my head high and avoiding eye contact with anyone who passed by. I could feel their stares on me, their judgment and their confusion, but I refused to let it get to me. Maybe they could tell that I was really a man, maybe they couldn't; it didn't matter—as long as they didn't recognize me.

By the time I arrived at the lecture hall, I was frazzled, tingling all over: teeming with nerves.



People were looking at me—I was sure that wasn't just in my head. But the question was: why were they looking? Did they recognize me? Or did I just stick out like a sore thumb because I was dolled up in a seven-thousand dollar cocktail dress? There were a few other girls there, but none of them were dolled up like me. In fact, I don't think any of those girls were even wearing makeup.

Did I overdo it? Maybe; but I had to be unrecognizable—and I had to wear that dress. The look I went with just happened to compliment that dress. If I'd gone with a more subtle makeup look, it would have been even stranger, because it wouldn't have made sense with the dress.

I tried to ignore the looks. I was there to listen to that lecture. I'd gone to great lengths to hear that lecture, so I wouldn't fall behind. I wasn't going to let a few giggling faces ruin everything. I focussed hard... but it was hard to focus when even the lecturer kept pausing to look at me. It didn't help when he looked right at me and said, "I don't think anyone's ever gotten so dressed up for one of my classes before."

Suddenly, everyone was looking at me. People were giggling. I bit my tongue and tried to remain unfazed. I just let a small smile slip and then relief came when the professor carried on with his lecture.

I had three classes that day, and they were all filled with looks, giggling, and remarks that I pretended not to hear. "Is it fashion week?" someone asked me. "I was going to wear the same thing!" one man called out to me. "I guess it's a good thing that I went with this instead!"



I honestly had no idea if they could tell who I was. Nobody called me out by name. I didn't get any text messages (I had my phone in a tiny purse that I snagged from Sophia's bedroom closet). I tried my best to stay away from my friends, but I saw a few of them looking over at me; none of them said anything—and surely my friends would say something if they knew... right?

As I walked through the crowded hallway, I felt a pair of eyes on me. I looked up to see a man staring at me from across the room, his gaze locked on me as if he couldn't look away.

I tried to ignore him and keep walking, but the

feeling of his eyes on me was unsettling. It was like he could see right through me, see the dress I was wearing and the wig on my head.

But I told myself I was being paranoid. I had been walking around like this all day, and no one had questioned my disguise. Sure, there were a few comments here and there... but nothing that suggested I'd been compromised.

I was just being silly.

Just as I was starting to relax, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see the man standing there, his eyes still fixed on me.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but I couldn't help noticing you. You're really beautiful."



My heart sank as I realized what was happening. He thought I was a woman... or maybe he was playing a prank on me.

The man was tall and muscular, with a thick neck and broad shoulders. He had dark hair that was styled in a messy, windswept look, and a five o'clock shadow that gave him a rugged, masculine edge. His eyes were a deep shade of blue, and they seemed to sparkle with a mischievous energy. He was wearing a tight-fitting t-shirt that showed off his impressive (or maybe I should say intimidating) biceps, and a pair of faded jeans that hugged his muscular thighs.

I felt a mix of emotions: embarrassment, confusion, and a strange sort of flattery. It had been a long time since anyone had hit on me, and I couldn't deny that it felt good in some weird way, even though he wasn't hitting on *me*; he was hitting on my disguise.

But then again, he wasn't hitting on any of the other girls in that crowded university hallway; he'd singled me out.

I had to put a stop to it.

"Um, actually, I'm in a bit of a rush," I whispered, and then I tried to dart away, but he blocked me from leaving.

The man's face fell as he realized his mistake.

"Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you or anything."

"It's fine," I said, trying to sound as casual as possible. "But I should be going."

"You really are beautiful. That dress is... wow."

I felt like a fraud, a fake. And worst of all, I couldn't help but wonder: did I really look like a woman? Was I really that convincing?

The man didn't seem to want to let it go, though. He kept staring at me, his eyes lingering on my chest and my hips.

"So, uh, do you want to grab a drink or something?" he asked, his voice a little too eager. "I know you said you're busy—but we can do it another time. I'll get your phone number."

I shook my head, my heart racing. "No, I don't think that's a good idea. I'm sorry."

The man looked disappointed, but he didn't push it any further. He turned and walked away, leaving me standing there, feeling more exposed and vulnerable than ever.

I couldn't believe what had just happened. It was one thing to dress up like a girl in the privacy of my own home, but to be out in public like this, to be mistaken for a woman... it was all too much to handle.

I made my way out of the building and into the cool afternoon air, my mind racing. I didn't know how much longer I could keep up this charade.

As soon as I was home, I phoned the old woman at the dress alteration shop. "Please tell me that piece came in," I said.

"Oh," she said with a small gasp. "I completely forgot to place the order. I'll look into it now."

"You forgot!?" I gasped.



"I'm sorry. I'll be sure to place that order today—as soon as I'm back from my dinner break."

I tried not to unload on the woman. She was so

nonchalant about forgetting to order the machine attachment... but for me, that meant at least an entire extra day stuck in a dress.

CHAPTER 6



I was thrilled that night when I got the email from my professor.

Subject: Class Cancellation

Dear students,

I am writing to inform you that tomorrow's web design class has been cancelled. I apologize for any inconvenience this may cause.

Please use this time to work on your projects and catch up on any assignments that you may have missed. I will be available via email if you have any questions or concerns.

Thank you for your understanding, and I look forward to seeing you all in our next class.

Best regards,

Professor Smith

I turned off my alarm and went straight to bed, eager to catch up on lost sleep. But I was still rudely awakened the next morning—in a much, much worse way than waking up to an alarm.

I screamed when I saw all of their faces: Sophia and four of her friends from fashion class. Two of them were scowling, furious to see me in that expensive dress, sleeping in it as if it was some cheap pair of pyjamas from Walmart. Two of the girls were giggling at the sight of me. Now, I wasn't wearing big sunglasses or makeup or a wig; they could all see who I was. I was sure that Sophia had filled them all in on what happened, and maybe a few of them had even come to their own conclusions.



“You let him sleep in it?” Mia asked, pushing her glasses up her nose.

“What other choice did I have?” Sophia asked with a growl. “It’s stuck on him.”

“Did you try baby oil on the zipper? That’s how Ms. Jones does it in class.”

“We tried everything a thousand times,” Sophia groaned. “The only way is to cut it off.”

“Can, uh, I get some privacy?” I asked. “I’m sleeping here.” I was blushing all over, but the girls didn’t care; they acted like they didn’t even hear me speaking.

“I’m sure I can wriggle the zipper down,” said Lucy. “Sit up, Ethan.”

I felt so awkward sitting up, letting the blanket fall to my lap, exposing my dress clad chest.

“Is he wearing breast pads under there?” Mia asked with a giggle.

“Oh my God. Are you?” Sophia asked. I never told her that I slipped in the pads before zipping it up. Now, I was an even darker shade of red. I decided to keep my mouth shut while the girls giggled at my expense.

They took turns trying to pull down the zipper. They tried baby oil, lubricant. Mia even took out a magnifying glass to see if she could find a thread that was caught in the tiny mechanism.

After an hour, I said, “Can you guys please leave me alone?”

“No,” Sophia said firmly. “Today is the photo-shoot, and if we can’t get this dress on a model, then you’re our model.”

The girls all stood with arms akimbo, staring at me, eroding whatever was left of my self-confidence.

“I’m not a model,” I said softly.

“You are today,” Sophia growled. “And you better be a damned good one too, because this is part of our final grading.”

“I don’t know how to model,” I said. “Trust me—you’re better off finding an alternative.”

“There’s no alternative!” snapped Mia. “You have the fucking dress on, you moron!”

Lucy put her hand on Mia’s shoulder in an attempt to calm her down.

“Ethan,” Sophia said calmly and slowly. “It’s not up for debate. We have lights rented. We have a makeup artist showing up in one hour. We have the photographer from noon until three. We’re shooting you in that dress. Now get out of bed so we can get you ready.”

There was something about the way they were all looking at me, glaring into my eyes. The energy in that room was tense, and I had to face the reality: there really was no getting out of this. This was my punishment for doing something that I knew I shouldn’t have been doing.

I was shuffled into the back of Lucy’s car, squished between Mia and Sophia. Lucy drove, and two other girls sat up front. “Where are we going?” I asked, but they all ignored me and proceeded to talk about their assignment as if I wasn’t even in the car with them.

Their collective anger towards me made me feel small. I sunk into my seat, and then I was jabbed by Mia who was scowling. “Don’t slouch,” she said. “You’re crushing the pleats and ruining the ruffles.

And keep your back off of the backrest. You're going to end up wrinkling the dress."

She was surprisingly scary for a tiny little chick with glasses.

"Listen up, Ethan," she said, her voice low and serious. "I don't want any nonsense from you today. This is a professional photoshoot, and we need to take it seriously. You're representing our school, our program, and you're wearing a dress. So you need to be on your best behaviour, do you understand?"

I nodded, feeling chastened. "Yeah, I understand. I'm sorry, Mia."

She glared at me for a moment longer, then turned back to the front of the car.



"Good," she said, her voice softening slightly. "Now, let me go over the photoshoot etiquette. When we get there, we'll meet with the photographer and the other models. You'll be assigned a spot on the stage, and you'll need to stay there until your turn is over. Don't move around too much, and don't speak unless you're spoken to. And most importantly, don't mess up. We only get one chance to do this, so we need to make it count. The photographer is only going to be there for three hours. I know that sounds like a lot, but we have to get a lot of perfect shots in that time frame. If you're screwing around, you're going to screw us all over."

I listened to her instructions, feeling more and more intimidated by the minute. This was going to be a long, stressful day. she continued, her voice growing angrier and more intense with every word. "And another thing," she said, her eyes flashing with anger. "If you embarrass us in any way, I swear to god I will never forgive you. This is not a joke, Ethan. This is serious business, and we're counting on you to represent us well. So don't mess it up."

I nodded, feeling more and more intimidated by her rage. I had never seen Mia like this before, and I didn't know how to handle it.

"Okay, okay, I get it," I said, trying to sound as contrite as possible. "I won't mess it up, I promise."

Mia glared at me for a moment longer, then turned back to the front of the car, her lips pressed into a thin, angry line.

I felt a sense of relief wash over me as she stopped speaking. I knew that I had to do everything in my power to make sure that the photoshoot went smoothly, or else I would never hear the end of it from Mia, or my sister—or any of those girls.



As we drove towards the warehouse, the tension in the car was palpable. Mia glared at me constantly, and Sophia sat silently beside me, her hands

clenched in her lap; she refused to look at me at all. I couldn't help but feel like I was in way over my head. If I hadn't been stuffed in the middle seat, I might have tried to escape at a red light...

The area of town we drove through was dark and desolate, with broken-down buildings and boarded-up storefronts lining the streets. It was the kind of place that made me feel uneasy, like something was lurking just beyond the shadows.

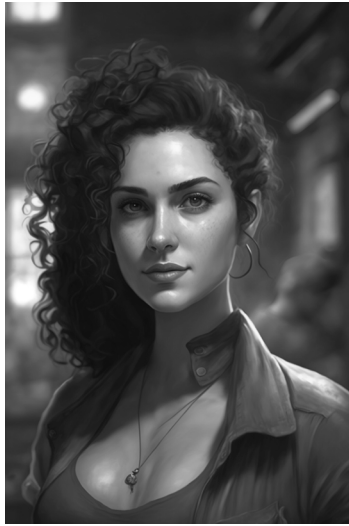
When we pulled into the warehouse, I was surprised to find that it was bustling with people. The space was cavernous, with high ceilings and exposed pipes running along the walls. Models were strutting around in outrageous outfits, photographers were setting up lights and backdrops, and stylists were buzzing around, fixing the hair and makeup of at least a dozen models. Some of them turned to look at me; some admired the dress on my body. But strangely, none of them wasted more than a few seconds of focus on me.

Mia led us over to a corner of the room, where we met with the photographer and the other models. She immediately went into professional mode, introducing us to everyone and explaining our roles in the shoot.

Sophia stood beside me, her hand resting on my

shoulder. "You're going to do great," she whispered. But I could see the worry in her eyes, and it made me feel even more nervous.

A young woman with a professional makeup belt came and grabbed me by the hand. "I love your dress," she smiled, and then she pulled me away from my sister.



As I stepped into the dressing room, the makeup artist told me her name was Lily. She seemed to be in her mid-thirties, with a no-nonsense attitude and a headful of curly hair. I could tell that she was talented, but the idea of her applying makeup to my face made me feel incredibly self-conscious, even

though I'd already done it before. This was different; this was a professional setting, with consequences that were far-reaching.

As she sat me down in front of her mirror, I couldn't help but feel conflicted about the situation. On the one hand, I knew that I had no choice but to go through with this photoshoot. On the other hand, the thought of being made up to look like a girl was making me feel more anxious by the minute. I'd been through it before, but this was different; people here knew who I was.

"I have to be honest with you," I said to Lily, feeling a knot forming in my stomach. "I'm not actually a girl."

Lily just chuckled and patted my hand. "Sweetie, I can see that. But don't worry, we'll make you look beautiful regardless."

I nodded and tried to relax as she went to work, picking out shades of eyeshadow and lipstick that would complement the dress. As she worked her magic, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. Would anyone be able to tell that I was actually a guy? Would I be able to pass as a girl in these photos?

And were these photos going to end up being posted online? Would they be on the school website? Would Sophia and her friends post them on their

social media accounts? Would people see those photos and know they were looking at me?

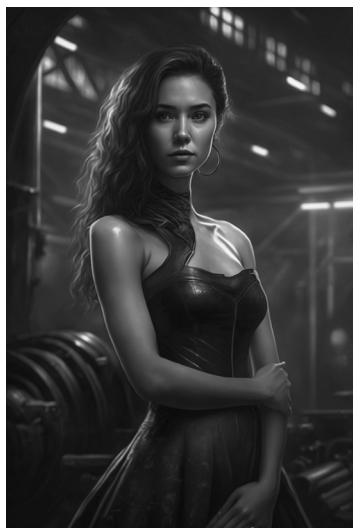


After what felt like an eternity, Lily finally put down her brushes and declared that she was finished. "All done, darling! You look absolutely stunning," she said with a smile.

I looked at myself in the mirror and was surprised by what I saw. The makeup made me look more feminine than I ever thought possible, and I felt a strange mix of pride and discomfort. My eyes looked so... big. My lips looked so... plump. I brought my fingers to my face, to see if my skin really felt as smooth as it looked.

Lily then led me back to the main area, where Sophia was waiting with the photographer.

As we waited for our turn on the set, I couldn't help but feel like an imposter. I was dressed in a tight black dress and high heels, my hair styled in loose waves, and my face painted with makeup. I felt exposed and vulnerable, like everyone in the room could see right through me. They all knew who I was; and many knew that I wasn't actually a professional model.



When it was finally our turn to step in front of the camera, Mia barked out orders, telling us where to stand and how to pose. I tried my best to follow

her instructions, but I felt stiff and awkward. The dress was tight around my chest, making it hard to breathe, and the high heels made it difficult to stand. I wobbled, making Mia groan. I was red with humiliation. Now, a dozen other models were stopping to watch—maybe because I looked like a fool, or maybe they were just waiting for their turn on the stage.

As the photographer snapped away, I felt like I was in a dream. The noise and chaos of the shoot swirled around me, and I felt like I was watching it all from a distance. But then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a man staring at me.

He was tall and muscular, with dark hair and piercing eyes. He looked like he didn't belong there, like he was too rugged and raw for the polished world of fashion. But as he stared at me, a slow smile spread across his face.

I felt a shiver run down my spine, and I tried to ignore him, focusing on the camera in front of me. But I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. The man kept staring at me, and every time I looked up, his gaze was locked on mine.

As the shoot went on, I felt more and more uncomfortable. The dress was starting to chafe against my skin, and the makeup was starting to

smear. And every time I looked up, the man was still there, still staring at me with that creepy smile.

“Let’s take a quick break. Can we get her makeup fixed?” Mia called out.

I was pulled away by Lilly. It only took her a minute to fix my makeup, and then I was sent off, but I didn’t know where to go. I felt lost in the pandemonium of the photoshoot.

Then, I was suddenly grabbed, pulled to a new set, told to pose this way and that way. I was scared of letting people down, so I did it—but I didn’t see Sophia, I didn’t see Mia, I didn’t see Lucy or any of the girls from Sophia’s class; I didn’t even know who this photographer was.

But I must have posed for three-hundred pictures.

“Damn,” the male photographer said. “That dress is really hot on you.”

I was flustered, blushing all over. Then, Sophia found me. “We’ve been looking for you. Where have you been? C’mon!”

I was pulled this way and that way. My head was spinning. I felt at times like I was going to faint.

People kept telling me that I was beautiful, hot, sexy, gorgeous, stunning... I wasn’t used to those

terms of endearment, if they were even genuine or not.

Finally, when the shoot was over, and we were packing up to leave, the man approached me.

"You were great up there," he said, his voice low and gravelly. "What's your name?"

I felt a lump form in my throat, and I tried to back away, but he moved closer, trapping me against the wall.

"I said, what's your name?" he repeated, his eyes burning into mine.

I felt a sense of panic rise in my chest, and I blurted out the first name that came to mind.

"Avery," I said, my voice shaking.

The man smiled again, his eyes gleaming.

"Well, Avery," he said, leaning in close. "I think we should get together sometime. I could make you into a real star." That's when I noticed his camera bag at his side. He was a photographer—one of many at the event.

"I'm not really a model," I whispered, looking around for my sister.

"I can change that," he grinned.

"I—I'm sorry," I said. "I should be going."

"Please," he said. "While you're here, while you're done up... just let me take a few photos of you."

They'll be the best photos you've ever seen; I promise. We can submit them to vogue. You'll be famous."

"I don't want to be famous," I said, heart racing.

He smiled. "Well, then you can just have beautiful photos to remind you of how stunning you are. One day, when you're old and in a nursing home, you'll look back and say, Wow! Is that really me?"

I was red all over. I looked around again for my sister. Now, the man was motioning for me to follow him. Normally, I wouldn't just follow some random stranger. I wouldn't just go along with some random photoshoot because some stranger insisted... but now, all dolled up, I felt strangely submissive.

We went to the stage that had been so busy just minutes before. Now, it seemed abandoned, as if nobody had touched it in years. He told me to pose. The scene was now lit by only the sunlight bleeding through the cracks in the walls.



As the photoshoot progressed, I found myself feeling more and more comfortable in front of the camera. The photographer, whose name was Chris, was clearly smitten with me, but I didn't mind. It was a strange feeling, being desired in this way, but it was also thrilling. He kept shouting out to me: "That's fucking hot! Just like that!" and "You're a fucking natural! Holy shit! These pictures are amazing!"

I kept blushing, though I wasn't so sure why.

After a few poses in front of the backdrop, Chris suggested we take some photos in a private area of the warehouse. I hesitated for a moment, but then

agreed. As we walked through the maze of corridors and rooms. A sense of excitement built up inside me.

When we finally arrived at the private area, Chris started snapping photos immediately. He was full of ideas and suggestions, and I found myself getting lost in the moment. It was like a strange surreal dream, being dolled up like a girl and posing for a photographer who was so taken with me. It should have felt like a nightmare... but it didn't. I was actually having fun.

But as the photoshoot went on, I couldn't ignore the fact that I was living a lie. Chris had no idea that I was actually a man, and the guilt was starting to weigh on me. I knew that I couldn't keep this up forever, and that eventually the truth would come out. But for now, I decided to enjoy the moment and let myself be swept up in the excitement of it all.

I kept looking around for my sister and her friends, but they were nowhere to be seen. "I might have to go find my group," I said to Chris.

"Nonsense," he said. "You're done for the day. I heard them release the models."

"But I have the dress. I, uh, have to get it back to them."

"Don't worry about that, beautiful," he said, and then he snapped another photo.

He showed me some of his photos, and I was stunned... I actually looked... beautiful.

As the photoshoot went on, the tension between Chris and I continued to build. His compliments and suggestions grew more flirtatious, and I found myself responding in kind. I had never felt so alive, so wanted.

As the shoot progressed, we found ourselves drawn closer and closer together. Our poses became more intimate, our bodies pressed up against each other as Chris captured the perfect shot. I could feel his breath on my cheek, his hands on my waist, and I knew that I was playing with fire.

But I couldn't help it. The rush of adrenaline, the thrill of the unknown, it was all too exciting to resist. So when Chris suggested that we take a break, I found myself agreeing all too eagerly.

We made our way to a quieter part of the warehouse, where the lighting was dim and the air was heavy with tension. And then, before I knew it, Chris was kissing me, his hands running through my hair as we lost ourselves in the moment.

It was reckless, dangerous, and oh so exhilarating.

As Chris and I pulled away from each other, we both looked a little shocked at what had just

happened. It was as if we had both been caught up in the heat of the moment, unable to control our desires.

For a moment, we just stood there, catching our breath and staring at each other in silence. I could see the desire in his eyes, the same desire that I was feeling in my own body. And I knew that I wanted more.

So I took a step closer to him, placing my hand on his chest and feeling his heart racing beneath my palm. He looked down at me, his eyes dark with desire, and then he leaned in to kiss me again.

This time, it was different. It was slower, more deliberate, and somehow even more intense. His hands were all over my body, caressing me through the dress and making me moan with pleasure. And I found myself responding in kind, my own hands exploring his body as we lost ourselves in each other.

I reached my hand down, pushing my fingers towards his crotch. I felt him: his throbbing, hard erection in his pants. I gasped. He bit his lip. Then, he nodded, giving me the green light.

I gently pulled down the zipper of his fly (one zipper I could get down). Out came his huge, throbbing erection. I gasped again. My heart was racing

with taboo excitement—and terror. What was I doing? Why couldn't I stop myself?

I gripped his shaft hard and began to stroke it, making him groan. "Does that feel good?" I whispered.

"It feels fucking amazing," he growled. Then, he put his hands on my ass and squeezed, making me moan. A moment later, I found myself on my knees, staring up at his towering shaft of flesh and veins. I pulled it down, pointing his reddened tip to my lips. I opened wide, closed my eyes, and then I was sucking him.

I slid my tongue back and forth, enjoying his manhood. I felt so humiliated. My masculinity had been completely stripped from me—but in that moment, I didn't care. He dug his fingers into my hair and pulled my head in firmly to his crotch. He growled, throat-fucking me for a moment before releasing me.

I stood up. I grabbed his saliva-slicked cock. I turned around and I guided it underneath the skirt of my expensive dress. I pulled my borrowed panties aside and pushed his tip between my butt cheeks.

I couldn't believe what I was doing... but he did the rest: thrusting into me, penetrating me, stealing away my virginity.

He thrust hard, making me moan. I grabbed onto an old chair and held on for dear life. He pumped hard, using every inch of his fat cock as he rammed my tiny virgin asshole. "Oh God, Chris, don't stop!" I yelled. "That feels so fucking good!"

He grunted with each thrust, pushing deeper and deeper, exploring the inside of my body with that veiny piece of meat.

"Oh fuck!" I cried. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck! It feels so fucking good!"

"You're so fucking tight!" he growled.

"Fucking cum in me, baby."

"I'm close," he moaned.

"Fucking cum in me!" I screamed. "I want your fucking cum in me! Cum in me! Cum in me!"

A minute later, he pulled out, gasping for air. He stumbled back, and I was just left... confused—so close to an orgasm. My cock was tingling.

At least... I thought that I was short of an orgasm.

We broke apart, both of us panting and gasping for breath. We knew that we couldn't keep going like this, that it was too dangerous, too reckless. But in that moment, we didn't care. All that mattered was the feeling of being desired, of being wanted by another person.

“You need a wipe for that dress?” he asked.

“Why?” I asked.

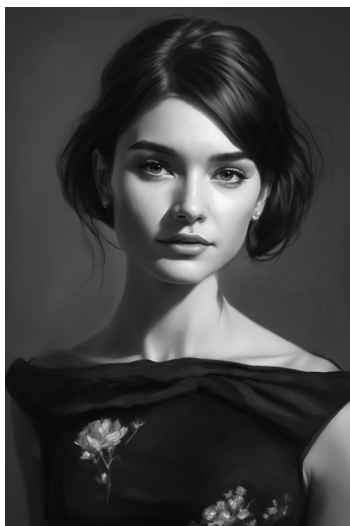
“It’s a bit of a mess,” he chuckled.

My heart plunged into the pit of my stomach. “What do you mean, it’s a mess?” There was a thick lump in my throat now.

“Well, I’m not going to get you pregnant,” he said. “So I pulled out.”

“Y—You what?” I said. “You came?”

He chuckled again. “Yeah. I came on you. Sorry. We can wipe it up. I’m sure it’ll come out in the wash.”



I spun around, frantic. Then I rushed to a nearby

mirror and saw the horror that Chris had created: my whole backside was streaked with white cum. "Oh my God!" I gasped.

"Relax," he said. "It will come out. It's just cum."

My head was spinning. Now how was I going to explain a back covered in cum to my sister?

And it got worse...

There was cum dripping from inside of my skirt... because the ass-fucking made me ejaculate. Chris must have pushed against some sweet-spot, because my cock was dripping with thick white ooze, and that same ooze was mashed into the inner pleats of that dress.

"We ruined it," I gasped.

Then, before Chris could chuckle at my expense again, I ran off. I had to clean that dress before Sophia and her friends saw what I did to it. I didn't have time to wrap my head around what I'd just done with a man. I didn't have time to think about how I'd just lost my virginity. I rushed around to find a bathroom, and then I locked myself inside of one. I ran the water warm, and then I scrubbed. I wasn't able to reach most of my back. But in the mirror, I could see cum.

I was covered in a man's cum, with no way of getting it off. A normal person in this scenario

would take the dress off to clean it—but that wasn't an option for me.

No—I couldn't let Sophia see me like this.

I had to get out of there. I had to find my own way home. If Mia or Sophia saw me like this, I would never live it down.

I could hear activity in the hallway now. "Any idea where she went?" a voice called out. I recognized it as the voice of Lucy. I had a crush on Lucy; it was bad enough that she'd seen me dolled up; if she saw me covered in cum, my life was over.

So I turned to the warehouse window. I pried it open for the first time in a decade. I wriggled through the opening carefully and then I landed on my feet outside. Without looking back, I hustled towards the street, determined to get far, far away from that warehouse.

CHAPTER 7



I didn't go home, because I didn't have the means to clean that dress at home. I had to go to that dress alteration shop. The old woman was my only hope.

When I arrived at the shop, the older woman who had helped me before was there, and she looked at me with a mix of curiosity and concern. "Is everything alright, dear?" she asked, her voice gentle and soothing.

I blushed furiously, feeling ashamed and embarrassed. "I...I spilled pancake batter on the dress," I stammered, feeling like a child caught with their hand in the cookie jar. "I need help getting it off before my sister finds out."

The woman looked at me for a moment, then

shook her head and smiled wryly. "You really are something, aren't you?" she said, but there was no malice in her tone. "Come on back and let's see what we can do."

I followed her to the back room, feeling like a naughty schoolboy. She took a look at the dress, then disappeared into another room, coming back with a bottle of some sort of solvent. She was about to apply it to the sticky mess on the dress, and then she paused. "Pancake batter, huh?"

I closed my eyes and prayed for this moment to end quickly. "Can you clean it off or no?" I asked.

"How exactly does one end up with pancake batter on their back?" she asked.

"Just clean it off. Please. I'll pay you."

"It's fine," she said. "I'll clean it. But you... You need to stop getting yourselves into these situations. Playing around like this... it could be dangerous."

As she worked, we chatted a little, and I found myself telling her about my experiences over the past day. I told her about the photoshoot. Of course, I didn't tell her about Chris; I was never going to tell anybody about *that*. She listened with interest, nodding along and occasionally offering words of wisdom.

When she finished, I thanked her profusely,

feeling a sense of relief that the dress was once again clean. But as I was about to leave, she stopped me with a gentle hand on my arm.

"Listen, dear," she said, looking at me with a kind but serious expression. "I know you're in a tough spot, and I don't mean to judge. But you need to think about what you're doing here. You can't keep living this way forever. You need to find a way to be true to yourself, even if it's hard."

"What does that even mean?" I asked, feeling cold all over.

She just smiled at me. "His cologne rubbed off on you," she said softly.

Oh God. I didn't think the humiliation could get any worse; but this was about as bad as it could get.

"If I were you, I would spray the dress with some perfume as soon as you get home, before you see your sister."

"T—Thanks," I said. I tucked my head down and rushed out of that shop, back out into the streets where dozens of strangers could see me completely dolled up.

The next few days were mostly spent in a state of misery.

I found myself in a constant state of worry and anticipation. Every moment, I felt the tightness of

the dress on my skin, reminding me that it was still there, still stuck. The days dragged on, each one feeling longer than the last. Everywhere I went, I got looks. I would only go out dolled up—and honestly, I was getting pretty good at doing my hair and makeup. But the prettier I made myself, the more looks I got.

In the mornings, I would wake up to find that I had shifted in my sleep, and the dress had twisted around me. I would spend hours trying to adjust it, to make it more comfortable, but it was a fruitless effort. During the day, I would try to distract myself, immersing myself in my classes and my studies, but the dress was always in the back of my mind, partly because of those looks that I was always getting... and the comments. Each day, a new guy asked me out on a date, stripping away a little bit more of my masculinity; I was always surprised that there was anything left.

I tried to avoid my sister and her friends, knowing that they would be able to sense my discomfort. Instead, I spent my evenings holed up in my room, listening to music or watching TV, anything to keep my mind off of the dress.

But the girls always found me. They needed to see that dress for their projects. If they couldn't have

the dress without me, then they were determined to have it with me. One night, they even made me to go to Lucy's house. I sat in her bedroom for six hours while she studied the dress and wrote a paper on it. At first, I thought it might be an opportunity to get romantic with her, to build towards asking her on a date...



But it was just too emasculating, especially when she asked me to pose for her, to show off the dress' 'unique femininity'. It didn't help that Lucy ended up asking me if I was gay—and then she asked if I was transgender. "I won't tell your sister," she said with a grin.

"I'm not."

"So you just put the dress on... as a joke?" she asked.

"Yes," I said firmly. I guess it didn't help that I was dolled up in a wig and makeup.

As each day passed, I grew more and more impatient, counting down the hours until the alterations woman would finally have the tool she needed to remove the dress. It felt like an eternity, but I knew that the end was in sight, and I clung to that hope like a lifeline.

My patience had worn thin, and I couldn't take the waiting anymore. I needed to know if the tool had arrived. I picked up the phone and called the alterations woman, my heart pounding in my chest as I waited for her to pick up.

"Hello?" she answered.



"Hi, it's Ethan," I said, my voice shaking a little. "I was just wondering if the part you were waiting for came in yet."

There was a long pause, and I could hear the sound of papers rustling on the other end.

"I'm sorry, Ethan," she finally said. "It still hasn't arrived. I'm doing everything I can to get it as soon as possible, but there's only so much I can do."

My heart sank. Another day of waiting, another day of feeling trapped in this dress.

"Okay," I said, trying to keep the disappointment out of my voice. "Thank you for letting me know."

I hung up the phone and sighed heavily. It seemed like this nightmare would never end.

I was beginning to lose count of how long I'd been in that dress. It was long enough that I was called to another fashion class meeting with Sophia, Mia, and Lucy—along with eight of their classmates. They made me stand at the front of the room, modelling the dress the whole time they talked: more punishment for putting that dress on when I should have just stayed away.

They would take turns walking up to me, poking me, prodding me, as if I was a mannequin. They would bark at me if I sat down or tried to talk.

And I was at that meeting when my phone rang. I saw that it was the old woman and I perked up. I was so excited that I put the phone to speaker-mode when I answered it. "Is it in!?" I asked. The girls all gathered close to hear the good news.

But it wasn't good news. There was a silence. There was a suddenly shift of energy, from good to horrible. "I, uh, just got off the phone with the manufacturer. The order never went through. There was a glitch, so they're going to run it again."

"What?" I said, stunned, pale. "What does that mean?"

"Another week, at least," she said.

"No," I said.

The girls all groaned and fell into their chairs. It

was the worst possible news. Well, it was the worst news for the girls. But there was a strange tingling inside of me.

I tried to sound disappointed as I thanked the old gal and hung up, but secretly, I was ecstatic. Another week of wearing the dress? That sounded like a dream come true. I wasn't ready to let it go; I wasn't ready to lose that soft, tight fabric that had been against my skin all week.

I knew I shouldn't feel this way. I should be desperate to get the dress off and return to my normal life, but for some reason, the thought of taking it off was beginning to fill me with a sense of sadness and loss. Once that dress was off, I would never feel that wonderful feeling of being complimented. I would never been flirted with or hit on. It would be back to life as normal. It meant no more getting dolled up, no more makeup tutorials, no more hair irons and curlers.

I was going to miss it all. But luckily, I still had at least another week in the dress.

As I hung up the phone, I knew that I was in deep trouble. This dress was becoming more than just a piece of clothing that I was trapped in. It was becoming a part of me.

CHAPTER 8



I woke up the next morning, half-smirking as I already had a look in mind. I'd already looked into some different makeup styles, and I was excited to try out a smokey-eye look that I saw on Pinterest.

Then, I sat up, stretched out my arms, and then I noticed something fall to my lap. It was one of the breast pads. I paused and stared at it, and then I noticed that the top of my dress was loose.

I gasped.

I jumped to my feet and ran to my bedroom mirror. I spun around and saw that the zipper was half down. It must have snagged my mattress in the night and been tugged down while I was wriggling. "It's off!" I gasped. With a bit of shimmying, I was

easily able to slip out from the tight black strapless dress. “Oh my God, it’s off!” I cried out.

I ran around the room, naked, hardly able to contain my excitement. Then, I rushed to the mirror again, looking at my skin, which was dark red where the dress had been hugging me.

First, I went to the shower and enjoyed one of the warmest, soapiest, longest showers of my life. It felt so good to be clean.



I put on my normal clothes, but somehow, they just seemed... off. I looked so frumpy, so plain, so... not myself. I stared at myself for a long moment,

trying to convince myself that I looked fine, but I really looked like I was missing a part of me.

I took the dress in a bag to the old woman who worked at the alterations shop. She gasped when she saw me. "It's off!" she said.

"It came off in the night," I said, speaking quickly, as if I was telling her that I'd won a million dollars in the lottery.

"That's amazing!" she said. "And the dress... is it intact?" She instantly grabbed it from me. She inspected it. "My God, it's in perfect condition. It's a miracle!" she said.

I let out a sigh of relief.

"It smells awful though," she said, recoiling as she got her nose a bit too close. "Give me an hour to freshen it up."

"You're the best," I said. I was brimming with energy. I went off to get a coffee; I got one for her too. I was skipping, humming—and then I had an embarrassing moment where I spoke to the barista at the cafe in my girl voice. It was surprisingly hard to break that voice.

The dress was waiting for me when I returned, cleaned, looking brand new. "There it is," the woman smiled. "Ready to go."

"I owe you my life," I said, and I grabbed the dress.

"I pulled a tiny thread out of the zipper," she said. "It wasn't even a thread from the dress itself. It was green. Long story short, it shouldn't get stuck again. But... if you do want to put it back on, maybe don't zip it up all the way; just three-quarters of the way, to be safe."

I blushed all over. "I'm not going to put it on again," I said.

But that was a lie, though I thought that it was true. I thought that I would hand the dress over to Sophia and that would be the end of this humiliating saga. But when I got home, she was still sleeping. The house was quiet.

I went to my room and held that little black dress up to my body. I caught myself smiling and blushing, staring into the eyes of my own reflection.

"She doesn't have to know that I got it off," I whispered.

The next part of their big final assignment was getting photos of the dress in a fashion-show setting. The girls had already staged a mini-fashion show, with over forty guests. The plan was for me to wear the dress, since it was stuck on me; but if they knew

that anyone could wear it, they might choose a proper model.

So I put the dress on. I zipped it up all the way, despite the advice I was given. I tested the zipper, and now it worked fine. I could get the dress on and off just fine...

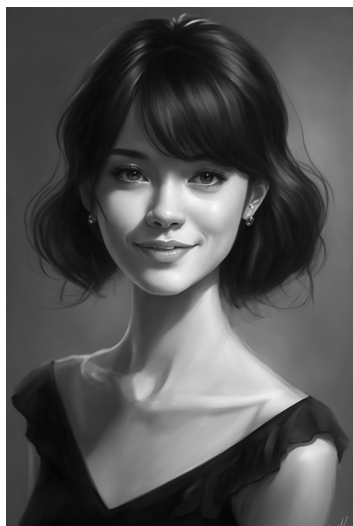
But Sophia didn't need to know that. Mia didn't need to know. Lucy didn't have to know.

Maybe I could just enjoy being in the dress for a little bit longer, before it was taken away from me. I caught myself smiling, bright red, glowing.

The truth was: I couldn't wait for the fashion show. I couldn't wait for another excuse to put on heels and makeup and a wig. I couldn't wait for everyone to be looking at me, for men to be ogling me.

Okay, so maybe I didn't quite learn the lesson that I was supposed to learn. Maybe I should have come out of this whole experience as a more honest, open person. But there I was, lying all over again, as if I'd learned nothing...

But that's not entirely true; I did learn something: something very, very valuable, about myself. In fact, I learned more about myself from that experience than any other before it.



Look—I was going to come clean to Sophia sooner than later. I was going to make sure Mia got to use the dress for her event, and I was going to make sure the girls all got their time with the dress. But I decided that this could be my payment for making their little website for them.

This was my time to have a bit of fun.

THE END

SOPHIA'S SCHOOL PROJECT WEBSITE

STUDENT: SOPHIA MALONEY

Final Project

Complete Fashion: Class 135



Model: Avery Maloney

Fashion is a vibrant expression of identity, a testament to creativity, and an articulation of personal style. Dresses, in particular, can transfigure not only the physical appearance of an individual but also their persona. A well-selected dress can instil confidence, exude elegance, or

project power, transforming the wearer's demeanour and perception. Just as a chameleon changes its colours to suit its environment, dresses offer an infinite spectrum of styles, each adapting to the wearer's desires and moods, occasion, or purpose. This gallery showcases the transformative power of fashion through a variety of breathtaking dresses, each one an embodiment of a different state of mind, occasion, and style, painting a fascinating canvas of the fashion world.



Dress 1: The Scarlet Symphony

This fiery red gown is a true testament to the power of colour. Its bold shade and exquisite silhouette immediately draw attention, radiating strength and passion. The meticulously crafted sequin embellishments catch the light in a captivating dance, adding an extra layer of drama. Wearing this

dress, one becomes a statement of audacity and allure.



Dress 2: The Ethereal Whisper

This sheer, flowing white dress with delicate floral embroidery is the epitome of grace and purity. It wraps around the wearer like a soft breeze, lending an air of serene, celestial beauty. The wearer

transforms into an embodiment of elegance and tranquility, a picturesque vision that echoes the delicacy of nature.



Dress 3: The Sapphire Dream

With its enchanting deep blue hue and rich, velvet texture, this dress is nothing short of a royal dream. The off-shoulder design adds an element of

intrigue, while the cascading train evokes a sense of timeless elegance. Donning this dress means embracing sophistication, regality, and luxury.



Dress 4: The Monochrome Muse

This sleek, black, form-fitting dress is the epitome of simplicity and versatility. Its minimalist design allows the wearer's personality to shine,

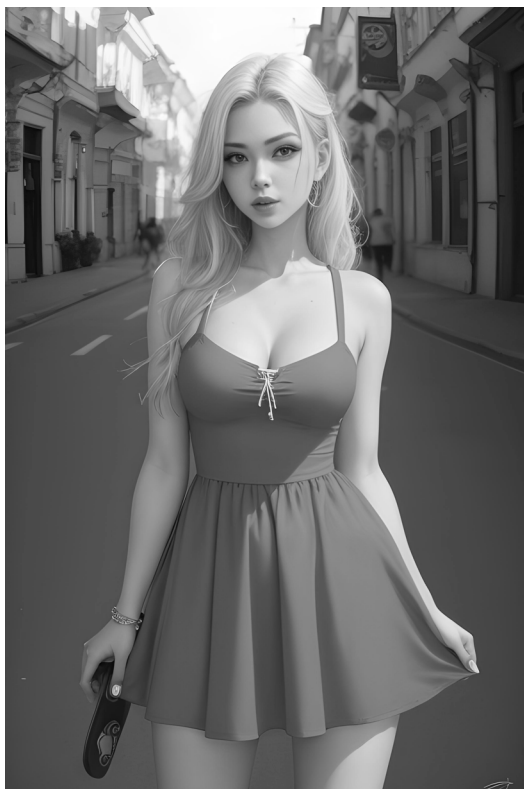
while the subtle detailing adds a hint of uniqueness. Perfect for both casual and formal occasions, this dress is transformative in its ability to seamlessly blend with any style or mood.



Dress 5: The Vintage Virtuoso

Taking a stroll down memory lane, this pastel dress with polka dots and a wide, circle skirt pays

homage to the 1950s era. The dress's playful flair and fun silhouette instantly bring a lively spirit to the wearer, transporting them to a bygone era of soda shops and rock 'n' roll. It's a timeless piece that embodies charm and joy.



Dress 6: The Chic Chameleon

This contemporary dress offers a sophisticated

blend of comfort and style. Its relaxed, flowing fabric and neutral tone make it a versatile wardrobe addition. Paired with sneakers for a casual day out or heels for a chic evening look, this dress's transformative capacity lies in its adaptability to various styles and occasions.



Dress 7: The Grecian Goddess

A vision of ancient elegance, this long, draped ivory dress pays homage to Grecian style. The harmonious blend of soft pleats and gold accents elevates the wearer to the divine status of a classic goddess, emanating both grace and power.



Dress 8: The Bohemian Rhapsody

With its colourful patchwork design and flowing

fabric, this dress embodies the carefree spirit of bohemian style. The whimsical patterns and fringes lend the wearer an artistic, free-spirited demeanour, making each moment a creative celebration.



Dress 9: The Sparkling Stardust

Awash with shimmering sequins, this silver sheath dress transforms the wearer into a walking

constellation. It captures the magic of a starry night, delivering a dazzling blend of glamour and whimsy that's hard to resist.



Dress 10: The Tropical Tease

This vibrant, floral print sundress exudes a breezy, beachy charm. Its lively patterns and light, airy fabric transport the wearer to a tropical

paradise, effortlessly blending comfort with playful style.



Dress 11: The Gothic Glamour

This black, lacy dress with high collar and long sleeves is a nod to Gothic fashion. Its dark elegance and intricate detailing transform the wearer into a mysterious enchantress, exuding an air of alluring

drama.



Dress 12: The Modern Minimalist

This sleek, white, A-line dress represents the beauty of modern minimalism. Its clean lines and simple structure empower the wearer with an aura of sophistication and understated elegance.



Dress 13: The Baroque Ballad

An ode to the grandeur of the Baroque era, this voluminous gown with gold brocade and delicate lacework conveys opulence. Donning this dress, the wearer is instantly transformed into a timeless portrait of regal splendour.



Dress 14: The Cozy Cashmere

This warm, knitted dress is a perfect blend of comfort and style. Its neutral tone and soft texture lend an aura of cozy elegance to the wearer, making cold winter days a fashionable affair.



Dress 15: The Striped Symphony

Bold and playful, this horizontally striped midi dress creates an optical spectacle. Its vibrant colour palette and fluid silhouette give the wearer a fun and energetic demeanour, perfect for a bright summer day.



Dress 16: The Punk Princess

This edgy, leather dress with metallic studs and zippers is a tribute to punk fashion. Wearing this dress, one embraces a rebellious spirit, exuding an air of daring defiance and unique style.



Dress 17: The Flapper Fable

Drawing inspiration from the 1920s, this fringed flapper dress is a celebration of vintage glamour. Its sequinned design and swinging silhouette allow the wearer to relive the excitement and joie de vivre of the Jazz Age.



Dress 18: The Aqua Aura

This light blue, chiffon dress, adorned with sequin detailing, captures the serene beauty of a calm sea. The fluid fabric wraps around the wearer like a soft wave, embodying peace and tranquility.



Dress 19: The Denim Duet

Casual yet chic, this denim shirt dress showcases the versatile charm of denim. Its tailored fit and functional design create a relaxed, yet stylish aura, perfect for a laid-back day in the city.



Dress 20: The Neon Nirvana

This bright, neon dress is a bold exploration of colour. Its electrifying shade and sharp silhouette give the wearer an energetic, futuristic vibe, marking a daring departure from the conventional.



Dress 21: The Oriental Odyssey

Influenced by Eastern aesthetics, this silk kimono-style dress is a vision of traditional elegance. Its intricate floral print and wide obi belt transform the wearer into a beautiful blend of heritage and style.



Dress 22: The Velvet Virtue

Crafted from luxurious velvet in a deep emerald hue, this body-hugging dress spells opulence. The rich texture and sensual silhouette lend a regal, yet approachable vibe to the wearer.



Dress 23: The Pastel Poem

Soft and romantic, this pastel pink tulle dress resembles a fairy tale dream. Its layers of gentle fabric and twinkling embellishments give the wearer a touch of ethereal charm and whimsy.



Dress 24: The Retro Radiance

Inspired by the 60s, this mini dress with geometric patterns and bell sleeves captures the fun and excitement of the era. The wearer embodies a vivacious and vibrant spirit, reliving the swing of the Retro period.



Dress 25: The Charcoal Charm

This dark, smoky charcoal wrap dress is a sophisticated blend of elegance and practicality. Its flattering silhouette and versatile colour lend the wearer a confident and stylish demeanour, suitable for both professional and casual settings.



Dress 26: The Copper Couture

This metallic copper dress, with its edgy asymmetrical cut and bold colour, is a modern marvel. The wearer transforms into a bold fashion-forward statement, exuding a futuristic glam.



Dress 27: The Floral Fantasy

Bursting with colourful blossoms, this maxi dress is a tribute to nature's splendour. Its flowing fabric and enchanting floral patterns instil an air of fresh, blooming charm to the wearer.



Dress 28: The Jazzy Jumpsuit

An alternative to the traditional dress, this sleek black jumpsuit offers a contemporary twist. Its tailored fit and cinched waist transform the wearer into a stylish and modern maverick.



Dress 29: The Citrus Symphony

Vibrant and energetic, this sunny yellow skater dress is a celebration of joy and brightness. Its cheerful hue and playful silhouette lend the wearer a lively and optimistic aura.



Dress 30: The Mystical Mirage

This illusionary sheer dress, adorned with shimmering beads and feathers, is a feast for the eyes. Donning this dress, the wearer becomes a captivating vision of elegance and mystery.



Dress 31: The Geometric Genius

This edgy, angular print dress with bold geometric patterns is a visual treat. Its bold, crisp lines and dynamic shapes add a contemporary flair, transforming the wearer into a walking piece of modern art.



Dress 32: The Bridal Blossom

This breathtaking white wedding gown, adorned with delicate lace appliquéés and a trailing veil, captures the essence of bridal beauty. Its exquisite craftsmanship and timeless elegance make any bride a radiant vision of love and joy.



Dress 33: The Earthy Elegance

In a warm earth tone, this linen wrap dress embodies natural simplicity. The wearer is transformed into an embodiment of organic elegance and understated grace, perfectly capturing the essence of minimalist style.



Dress 34: The Crimson Cascade

With its deep red hue and layers of ruffled fabric, this dress paints a passionate picture. The wearer comes alive with fiery elegance, becoming a powerful, vibrant vision.



Dress 35: The Celestial Splendour

In a captivating midnight blue adorned with scattered silver stars, this floor-length gown mimics a starlit sky. The wearer becomes a celestial entity, gracefully gliding with an air of mystique and majesty.



Dress 36: The Lilac Luxury

This soft lilac dress, with its romantic lace detailing and feminine silhouette, captures the essence of classic beauty. The wearer is wrapped in a soothing colour and delicate fabric, evoking a sense of gentle elegance and charm.



Dress 37: The Golden Glamour

Crafted in a golden fabric with a high slit and deep neckline, this dress epitomizes luxury and allure. It enhances the wearer's aura with a sophisticated glow, making them the undisputed star of any event.



Dress 38: The Zebra Zenith

With its bold zebra print, this dress is a testament to the untamed spirit of the wild. The wearer embodies fearless fashion, making a bold statement of individuality and confidence.



Dress 39: The Green Goddess

This forest green velvet dress, with its vintage-inspired silhouette and rich texture, is a tribute to timeless elegance. The wearer is transformed into a figure of classical charm, radiating a warm, earthy aura.



Dress 40: The Silver Siren

With its sleek metallic fabric and futuristic design, this dress offers a modern interpretation of glamour. The wearer becomes a vision of innovative fashion, setting the stage for an avant-garde style statement.



Dress 41: The Pastoral Poetry

Crafted in gingham with a classic A-line silhouette and flirty ruffles, this dress evokes the idyllic charm of country living. The wearer is imbued with a breezy, rustic appeal, appearing as a delightful vision of pastoral elegance.



Dress 42: The Sapphire Serenity

This cobalt blue midi dress, with its sophisticated draping and ruching, embodies a sense of tranquil refinement. The wearer radiates an aura of calm confidence and poise, shining like a precious gem.



Dress 43: The Marigold Marvel

Bright and vivacious, this marigold yellow sundress speaks of joyful summer days. With its playful frills and soft cotton fabric, the wearer embodies the warmth and radiance of the sun.



Dress 44: The Ebony Enigma

This black velvet dress, with its high neckline and long sleeves, is a nod to the enigmatic charm of the night. The wearer exudes an air of enticing mystery, enveloped in a plush, rich texture.



Dress 45: The Peacock Pageantry

A riot of colour and pattern, this peacock print maxi dress is an absolute showstopper. The wearer adopts the striking allure of the bird itself, becoming a vivacious spectacle of vibrant elegance.



Dress 46: The Cherry Charm

In a delightful cherry red, this fitted pencil dress lends a classic, polished look. The wearer embodies a timeless chic, showcasing a blend of audacity and grace.



Dress 47: The Tangerine Tango

Bold and energetic, this tangerine wrap dress captures the essence of vibrant vitality. The wearer takes on a lively, zesty demeanour, exuding an infectious joy and positivity.



Dress 48: The Emerald Elegance

In an enchanting shade of emerald green, this silk slip dress captures the eye. The wearer embodies a luxurious elegance, shimmering like a rare jewel in the soft, flowing fabric.



Dress 49: The Iridescent Illusion

Crafted from shimmering iridescent fabric, this futuristic dress changes colour with every movement. The wearer becomes a captivating vision, embodying the fascinating mystery and allure of a celestial spectrum.



Dress 50: The Pearl Perfection (Designed by Sophia Maloney)

The epitome of elegance, this long, white gown adorned with delicate pearls and intricate lacework, is a vision of pure sophistication. Its classic silhouette, sweetheart neckline, and trailing train transform the wearer into a timeless figure of grace and refinement. This dress encapsulates the essence of

elegance, making the wearer not just a part of a fashion statement, but a living embodiment of fashion itself.

CONCLUSION

Fashion is a language that communicates without words. It tells stories, reflects personalities, and becomes an extension of one's identity. Each of the fifty dresses presented in this project encapsulates a unique narrative, showcasing a broad spectrum of styles, eras, and influences. From the fiery allure of the 'Scarlet Symphony' to the celestial mystery of the 'Iridescent Illusion', these dresses embody transformative magic, a quality inherent in fashion.

In this project, we journeyed through a multitude of moods and occasions, each dress serving as a portal to a different world. We celebrated the vibrancy of the 'Neon Nirvana', immersed ourselves in the elegance of the 'Bridal Blossom', and embraced the audacity of the 'Punk Princess'. Each ensemble invited us to step into a different character, illustrating how fashion can shape perception and alter demeanours.

The versatility of fashion was yet another striking revelation. The 'Chic Chameleon' high-

lighted adaptability, proving that a single garment could effortlessly transition between casual and formal. Contrarily, the 'Golden Glamour' was the epitome of luxurious allure, perfectly designed for a grand, elegant event.

Additionally, we observed how fashion often draws inspiration from diverse sources. The 'Grecian Goddess' took us back to the charm of ancient Greece, the 'Retro Radiance' captured the fun spirit of the 60s, while the 'Floral Fantasy' paid tribute to the splendour of nature. It's clear that fashion is not isolated but interwoven with culture, history, and the natural world.

As we conclude this project, it's evident that fashion, especially through dresses, holds a profound transformative power. The wearer doesn't merely don a garment; they embody a specific energy, a unique story. From casual outings to high fashion events, these dresses cater to a vast range of styles and occasions.

Finally, the 'Pearl Perfection' dress captured the project's ultimate essence: the epitome of elegance and refinement. As the wearer slips into this masterpiece, they step into a realm of timeless beauty, embodying the quintessence of fashion. This dress, like each one showcased, underscores that fashion

isn't just about clothing - it's an art form, a mode of self-expression, and a universal language that transcends barriers.

This project, therefore, serves as more than just a gallery of dresses. It's a tribute to the transformative power of fashion, a testament to its dynamism, and a celebration of its profound impact on personal expression and identity. It encapsulates the essence of fashion: a constant dance of transformation and reinvention.

A note from Sophia:

I would like to thank my sister for helping me with this project. Avery was extremely brave to model for me. She recently came out as trans, and her remarkable story inspires me every day.



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ABOUT NICOLE

Nicole is an author of transgender romance and feminization fiction. She published her first book in 2024. She has a friend named Nikki, and despite what her therapist insists, they are not the same person.

