# A Boy Dress

*by andlat*

Being grounded is no fun, especially when your sister insists on going dress shopping! Still, Little Miss Priss is known to cater to all sorts of sartorial appetites.

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*Chapter 1*

# A Boy Dress

If you asked a group of eleven year old boys what the worst part of being grounded was, the most common answer might be missing out on a TV show or a video game or something like that. Jeremy disagreed. Sure, he was missing out on a ranked event in Capricorn, which Mom and Dad clearly did not understand the significance of, but there was something worse about being grounded. You see, it never failed. Every time Jeremy got grounded, his sister would, without fail, announce that she needed a new dress for a garden party or formal dance or some other event. Since grounded boys don't get to stay home alone, Jeremy would inevitably get dragged along to Little Miss Priss.

Here he sat, elbows on his knees, face in his hands, no video game, not even a book to read, surrounded by dresses and tutus and who even knows what else? He tried his hardest not to look around. All he knew was that it was undeniably "Girl stuff." He muttered. "Dumb, frilly girl stuff."

"Hush." His mom said beside him. "I'm sure"
"But mom"

"I really don't care if you're not having fun being grounded, mister." She said. "But I'm sure Hanna is nearly done." She smiled and looked at the velvet curtains that hid away her daughter and the sales associate helping her. "Or she's at least narrowed it down to less than a dozen dresses." She

murmured more to herself. She wished she could be in there with her, if only to help push her along to making a decision more quickly. Instead, she had to sit out here and guard her son. Oh, well. The rest of the errands were hardly time sensitive.

Jeremy looked around despite knowing that never ended well. He sighed. Just a bunch of girl crap. His eyes fell on a picture of a girl in an enormous dress and burst out laughing.

"What on earth is so funny?"

"She looks like a cake! A sissy cake!" He pointed to the photo. Mom smiled.

"Oh, isn't she pretty?" Jeremy snorted. "She's wearing what's called a crinoline. Like a big hoop under her skirt."
"It looks dumb."
"Well, it was the peak of fashion in the 1850s." A sales associate said with a smile. "Those photos are from a fashion through the ages show we did a few years ago for Strawberry Days."
"Dumb girly crap." Jeremy muttered under his breath. In the quiet of the boutique, both women could hear him.
"Well," the sales associate said frostily. "Fashion has come a long way since then. See? You can see bustles and this one's called the New Look. Those are more for women than girls, but here you can see Shirley Temple, right around your age." Jeremy snorted again, not noticing a glance between his mom and the saleslady. "In fact, you might appreciate this as a young man from this enlightened century, we even sell

dresses to boys." Jeremy laughed. She had to be joking, right?
"Jeremy."
"I can't imagine a boy wanting to set foot in here. This place is nothing but dumb, girly, sissy stuff." The sales associate smiled. She knew all too well how to handle a disruptive boy like this.
"Well, you're in here."
"Yeah, but" How quickly his bravado started to deflate.
"And I've seen you in here quite a few times before."
"Yeah, cuz my sister... Hanna, she..."
"And yet, I bet you've never taken the time to look at the boy dresses, have you?" Of course not! Jeremy thought. They aren't a thing. Are they? "We don't keep too many in stock, but one just came in and I have it in the back. Would you like to see?"
'No, thanks." Jeremy tried his best to retreat to his chair without making it look like that was what he was doing.
"Your daughter" she said, directing her gaze to Jeremy's amused mother. "Has narrowed it down to six dresses," the two women shared a knowing look, "so there's certainly time."
"Well!" Mom said with a smile. "I guess that means we can at least have a look, don't you think, Jeremy?"
"Mom" he said nervously. "I don't want to."
"It's just a look." Jeremy sighed loudly so that Mom knew he was not happy that she had won. He got to his feet and Mom grabbed his hand. "We'll look at it and then we can come back out here, kay?"
"Though it looks best on someone rather than on the mannequin." Jeremy froze.

"No, no way."
"Oh, come on now. It's a boy dress. All your friends will be wearing them in a few months' time, I bet." Jeremy doubted any of his friends would be caught dead in a dress. Even some t-shirts were deemed too girly to wear!
"Uh, I don't really want to" He tried to tug his hand free from Mom.
"Come on." Mom said. "The nice lady"
"Janet." Mom smiled and nodded.
"Janet just told you it's a boy dress. And you were just moaning and groaning about how bored you are."
"But"
"But what?" Mom said sternly. "Give me one good reason why you don't want to try it on. Just try it on. You don't have to get it." She patted his shoulder. "Your sister will probably bankrupt me anyway, so it's not like we can afford it."
"But Mom!" He whined.
"Now Jeremy." He groaned. "Your sister won't even know. Unless she's heard you shouting all this time." Jeremy fumed, but remained silent as they led him into a dressing room.
"I'll be right back with the boy dress." Janet said. "You, young master, should get undressed."
"What's she mean?"
"You can't try it over your hoodie and jeans." Mom explained, sitting down to watch under an old advertisement for the boutique that loudly proclaimed 'Little Miss Priss, where every girl's a princess!'. Jeremy turned away from it and almost yelped as he saw the three-panel mirror in front of him. "Did you scare yourself?"

"No."
"Alright, well get undressed. Last thing you want, I assume, is to still be trying it on when Hanna gets done." Jeremy gulped. He had not thought about that. Mom smiled as he undressed in record time, his shame only returning as she directed him to stand on the fitting block in his socks and briefs. Boy dresses weren't really a thing, were they? Both Mom and the saleslady -- Janet -- seemed so confident, but he had never heard of a boy dress. Then again, would any boy he knew admit to wearing dresses?
His mind spun tales about his classmates secretly wearing dresses until Janet's head poked through the curtain. She nodded approvingly to see the boy prepared. How had his mother managed that?
"Alright, I've got the boy dress." She said, still keeping only her head visible. Jeremy wondered if Hanna could hear all this. "But let's make it a fun surprise."
"Huh?"
"Close your eyes. And cover them." Mom said. Jeremy felt a bit unnerved as he obeyed. He jumped as he felt someone come over and place her hands over his.
"I know how you like to peek." Mom said.
"Actually, let's turn him away from the mirrors." Janet said. Jeremy listened intently to their murmured conversation. It had to be his imagination, but they seemed almost conspiratorial now. What did the dress look like?
"No peeking." Mom said, leaving her hands over his.
"Almost got it off the hanger. They love to pin these and secure them in a million different ways." Janet laughed.

"Everyone's cutting costs, but not when it comes to pins!"
"Oh, it looks so love- handsome?" Mom said. He could tell she was looking over her shoulder at whatever the dress was. "Do they call boy dresses handsome?"
"The dresses and the boy wearing them." Janet replied. "Obviously this is formal wear. I mean, just look at this." Jeremy squirmed. They were dragging this out! "But I expect you'll start seeing more casual dresses in department stores soon."
"Oh, a nice little sundress." Jeremy shuddered. "I swear, with how hot these last few summers have been," Jeremy groaned, recognizing Mom's 'quick story that's actually a half hour' tone. "Jeremy seems to overheat in a t-shirt and shorts! He can be shirtless around the house, but when we go places, a nice, breezy sundress would be a life saver."
"Just imagine, a brother-sister matching pair of sundresses."
"Really, it's a bit silly that we do still do boy clothes and girl clothes." Can we get on with it? Jeremy thought. Shit, that makes it sound like I want to wear this dress!
"Yes, which is why Mister Jeremy here should be a trendsetter with this boy dress!" Janet chuckled. "Alright, so here's what we'll do. Mom, you keep your hands where they are. Jeremy, you put your arms up." He complied, feeling his heart start to pound.
"It's a dress for boys." Mom whispered in his ear. "I think you'll like it." Doubt it. Doubt it times infinity, Jeremy thought.
Mom finally pulled her hands away as the dress came cascading down over his body. Jeremy opened his eyes to a

world of robin's egg blue as the pair worked together to get the dress situated on his body. He squirmed and wiggled as a nearly overwhelming surge of unfamiliar sensations washed over him. His arms found their holes, his head burst free and the dress closed up his back in the time it took him to make sense of what was going on.

"One! Two! Three!" Janet and his mom turned the boy around and he stared in shock at his reflection as the petticoat-filled skirt swayed to rest around his knees. He had been right. There was no such thing as a boy dress. The dress was light blue with white frill accents around the hem of the skirt and a large white sash around his waist. A ladder of little white bows led up to the lace-trim neckline and his horrified face.

"This isn't a boy... a boy dress."

"It is if a boy is wearing it." Janet said, but now even Jeremy was not buying that one bit.

"We're sorry for playing a trick on you." Mom said. "But you were being a brat."

"Take it off." As soon as he said it, Jeremy decided he was not willing to wait. He tugged it up and the women protested.

"Don't you dare rip it!" Mom said. "The petticoat is delicate."

"Take it off me then!" Jeremy said. "I'm not wearing some dumb sissy dress!"

"All you accomplished was flashing us." Janet said.

"You're in that dress until we help you out of it." Mom's voice was no nonsense enough to quell the rebellion stirring inside her son.

"Flash us again and we'll see about finding you a lovely pair

of matching panties." Janet said, figuring the boy did not want to hear how well his own underwear already went with his dress.
"Not that yours clash." Mom mused, causing Janet to snort. Great minds and all that.
"Can I please take this off?" Mom hid her surprise. When was the last time Jeremy had said please?
"Not yet." Mom said. "I think you should give it a moment, see how you feel about it."
"Would you like to walk around?" Jeremy shrugged, wincing as the dress rustled.
"Yeah, it'll do that." Mom mused. "Here, let's get your shoes on." Jeremy whimpered as he saw himself in the mirror again.
"Oh, hush." Janet said. "Surely your sister's played dress up with you before."
"Not really." Mom replied. "Jeremy's usually too clever. The closest thing he's had to 'girl clothes'." She grabbed his grubby sneakers. "Hold your foot out. Is when I signed him up for ballet and he had to wear, not even tights, but leggings."
"I was five."
"You were seven." Mom retorted, as if that made any difference. "Other foot." Jeremy felt his cheeks burn as it sunk in that he could not even see his mom putting on his shoes. She disappeared under the skirt of the dress. What had Mom called it? A pedi something.
"All set?" Janet offered her hand to Jeremy to help him down. He glared and jumped down on his own, the dress rustling its surprise at this sudden motion. Mom took the lead, emerging grandly out of the dressing room with Jeremy feeling like a

prisoner between two wardens.
"Oh, we timed that well!" Jeremy's eyes widened as he looked around Mom and saw Hanna standing there, dress folded over her arm in a bag. Her tank top and shorts had seemed girly just an hour or two ago, but now Jeremy stood before her in a full-blown dress, Her eyes drank him in and she grinned, showing off the gap where one of her baby teeth had recently fallen out.
"Holy shit!"
"Language." Mom said sternly, but Jeremy felt like she blamed him for teaching Hanna those words.
"What happened!?" Obviously, I hit my head and became a sissy. Jeremy thought as Mom explained the situation. "And you actually believed boy dresses are a thing?"
"Of course not." Jeremy fumed. Now she probably thought he wanted to wear it. "Mom, can I go change?"
"No." Mom said. "You said you wanted to walk around and see how it feels."
"What!?" Hanna's face lit up. "Ohmigod!" Mom could sense the powder keg.
"Jeremy, do a lap of the store. Hanna, you're staying right here so I can see just how much money I'm spending on whatever you have there." Mom looked at her son. "Scoot." Jeremy slouched and stomped off, but quickly realized just what he was in for. The dress brushed against every shelf as he walked along, constantly reminding him of what he wore as if the mirrors everywhere didn't already. Even though Mom was talking to Hanna about something dumb and girly, he knew she was still watching him to make sure he did a full lap.

The worst part was going past the front door and the window display. He felt as if he was the one on display as he went past, his heart nearly bursting through his chest and the dress as he saw a boy standing outside. The boy glanced at him and sneered, but Jeremy recognized it as the very same rejection of anything girly he felt himself. Maybe he thinks I'm... Jeremy dismissed the thought. He knew he looked like a boy. The three hundred mirrors in this place made that clear.

"Mommy!" As if to prove his point, a girl who could not have been more than five pointed at him as he passed by the Littlest Misses section. What a dumb sissy name! "That boy's wearing a dress."

"Now, Emma. That's just silly." The woman smiled at him. "You look very pretty, dear. I don't think it makes you look boyish at all." Jeremy could only make a strangled sound as he hurried past. He felt like he might explode!

"What did you think?" Mom asked as he finally returned to them. He took a deep breath and forced himself to put on a brave smile.

"I think I'm ready to change."

"Not for you?" Janet asked with a smile.

"Nope." He winced as the word came out as a squeak. "Uh, can I? Please?"

"Mom! Don't let him take it off yet! He should have to curtsy and skip and" Jeremy glared at his sister.

"Shut up, Hanna! I'm not doing that dumb, girly stuff! I'm done with this dress!" He tried to reach around and unzip it himself, which only made him more frustrated. "Stupid dumb sissy girly crap! Stupid fu" the word died in his mouth as

Mom grabbed his wrist, her furious face barely an inch from his.

"Jeremy Nathaniel Richards." He had not seen Mom this angry since he had broken a window. "If you even say one more word. One more word. You're grounded for six months. You have embarrassed me so much today and I think" Jeremy could feel tears coming, but he fought them down. He was not going to cry. "you owe me and Janet an apology."

"I'm sorry." He mumbled. Speaking only made it harder to fight back the tears. Mom studied his face, noticing how watery his eyes were getting.

"And you better believe your dad and I will be talking about this when we get home. Your behavior is completely unacceptable. Completely unacceptable."

"I'm sorry." he repeated, a few tears starting to run down his cheeks. Mom stood back up.

"I apologize for him." She said to Janet. "Now, I think we'll do Hanna's dress and" she held up the tag from the dress Jeremy wore. When had she grabbed that? "Jeremy will be wearing his out."

"What!?" Jeremy and Hanna said in unison.

"Not one word." Mom said, fire reappearing in her eyes as she looked at her son. It stayed there as she gave her daughter a warning glance. "Other than this temper tantrum, that dress is clearly helping improve your attitude. I think it's perfect for the rest of our errands." Jeremy could hardly believe it, utterly stupefied as he watched his hoodie and jeans get put in a Little Miss Priss shopping bag before it was handed to him.

"It's a little breezy outside," Janet remarked. "So maybe Mom

should carry that so Jeremy's got both hands." Hanna and Mom both nodded knowingly, leaving Jeremy in the dark, at least until they got outside. How many errands did Mom say they still had to run?