

# Dress Up (Man to Dress TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Ben Stueckle

*Cameron is an ordinary sales clerk who one day experiences something very strange: a woman coming in to buy a dress believes he is a dress, and so does everyone else! Cameron is unable to fight back as he is purchased and treated like a dress to be worn soon. And worse, he's starting to turn into one too . . .*

## Dress Up

Cameron didn't exactly love his job as a sales clerk. He worked at a formal dress shop, one that largely targeted women but also had a solid men's selection. It was stylish and well-respected, with some fairly hefty prices attached to some of the receipts, and likewise the employees got some nice bonuses in their paycheck too. Still, it all felt a bit monotonous at times to him. The only upshot was the occasional woman who came in and flirted with him: he was fairly tall and handsome, and had dark hair and light blue eyes that people seemed to think were 'piercing.' But while it had led to some fun dates, it still made for a boring workplace, especially given that Cassie, his similarly-aged coworker in her early twenties, was a vapid airhead who only cared about fashion and thus gave no enjoyable conversation while no customers were around. For a long time he'd considered quitting and finding something else to do, but it didn't seem right: for reasons he couldn't explain or even understand, he just simply couldn't bring himself to quit. So he stayed, and sold suits and dresses, and generally made his way through life passively, which was seemingly his nature.

That was, until everything changed.

It was an ordinary late afternoon shift at the store when a young twenty something woman came into the shop. She was gorgeous, with smooth dark skin and gorgeous frizzy black hair. She had a cute smile that emphasised her gorgeous lips and white teeth, and her eyes twinkled with excitement. Cameron felt as if he were in love at first sight.

"Hey there!" she said, coming up to him. "I'm looking for a formal dress for a party I'm attending in about a week. Would you mind helping me find something for my figure?"

Cameron looked over to Cassie, who appeared a bit annoyed by this. She usually helped women get fitted for their figure. It was, after all, more sensible.

"Um, I would be happy to do so," he replied, "but would you prefer it if my coworker Cassie helped you? She's marvellous with fitting dresses."

But the woman was adamant, shaking her head, which caused her cute frills to shake. "Nuh uh, I got a good feeling about you. Can you show me what you've got?"

Cameron smiled, happy to oblige. Strangely, Cassie's look seemed to alter. He expected annoyance, but she just nodded as if the woman's choice made sense.

"I'm Naomi," she said.

"Cameron," he replied. "What were you looking for?"

The attractive woman covered the various details of her figure, even taking off her jacket to reveal the somewhat tight shirt she wore beneath it. Cameron tried not to stare: she had a perfect hourglass figure, complete with an impressive chest that looked at a glance to be double-D's in size. She had wide hips, a good curve to her behind, and though her trousers were loose he guessed she had thicker thighs also, to match her voluptuous figure. He took in all these details mentally as she described what she wanted.

"It's a formal party, but I still want something with a bit of slink that can hug my body a bit. Show it off, if you know what I mean. I think a blue colour would be best."

Cameron showed her several styles that matched what she wanted, but nothing seemed to quite suit. She had a particular image in mind, and some were a bit too flirty, others too loose, some in a colour that was too saturated, and so on. It was at that point that Cassie approached. He was almost relieved she was, since she was better at reading such situations than him.

That was, until she pointed directly at him.

"Miss, what about this dress? Is this the one you might be looking for?"

Naomi turned her cheerful dark eyes to take in the taller figure of Cameron. They lit up. "My goodness, you're right! This is *exactly* the dress I've been looking for. I can't believe I didn't notice it."

Cameron gave a sheepish smile, not sure exactly what the joke was. He went to say something, but Cassie continued to talk over him, not even seeming to notice his awkwardness.

"As you can see, the cut is just perfect for that waist of yours, and it widens at the hips. The colour is a warm blue that isn't too bright, a sort of moonlit shade, and the style is exactly what you're looking for. It'll show off your curves wonderfully while still keeping a formal style."

Cameron was shocked to find that Cassie was actually *touching* him, running her hands down his form as if demonstrating that he was, impossibly, a dress. He tried to speak again, but this time Naomi talked, and his mouth clamped shut.

"And will it show off my bust a bit? I want it to show some cleavage. Tastefully, of course."

"Absolutely, it will. Modest, tantalising, but not, if I may dare say so, too slutty."

Naomi giggled. "It's perfect, then! I'll take it!"

Cameron was flabbergasted. This had gone well beyond a joke, and yet he couldn't get a word in. Each time he went to speak his tongue caught in his throat. Naomi took him by the hand and pulled him over to the purchasing counter. He tried to pull away, but it was as if a spell had come over him. In no time at all Naomi had her card out.

"How much for this wonderful dress, then?"

"You'll be pleased to know that it's on sale: only two-fifty."

"A bargain! Just look at it. I bet this will turn heads."

"I have no doubt!" Cassie said cheerfully. "I know you'll look just gorgeous in it. It's so perfect!"

Naomi thanked Cassie again, then turned to Cameron, whose heart was beating at a rapid pace. He was afraid, and had no idea how to even express that fear properly.

"Come now," she said, finally addressing him. "Let's get you to my car so we can take you home. I want to take another look at you hanging in my closet. I just know you'll fit in fine."

He obeyed her orders automatically, and they truly felt like orders. Cameron couldn't say a word as he followed the woman down the street. For all her attractiveness, he didn't feel any excitement, just confusion and horror. Why couldn't he talk? Why couldn't he disobey her? What was even happening to him?

None of these questions were answered. Instead, at her direction, he got into the passenger seat of her nice little sports car, and sat there while she got in the driver's seat and took over to her home. She didn't say a word to him other than to inform him how 'cute' he was going to look.

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Naomi proved to be well off. Her home was like a miniature manor, and it was clear she did a lot of clothes shopping. But while Cameron would ordinarily be excited to be invited into a woman's room after a first meeting, instead he was numb with shock.

"You're such a hot dress," Naomi said, grinning. It wasn't even a malicious grin - that at least would explain something. Instead, it was a sweet, cheerful one. "Go stand in front of the mirror! I need to take a photo of us together to put on my socials. My girlfriends will go mad wondering what I'm going to look like in it."

Sure enough, Cameron found himself walking over to the mirror, standing in front of it, and giving an awkward smile as she took the photo. Her own grin was massive, with a sexy pout to it that was just for show.

“Perfect!” she cried, giggling in joy. “Now, you better go to the closet and hang yourself up. Don’t want you getting all wrinkled, after all.”

And so, once again, Cameron obeyed her orders. He could scarcely believe it, but without complaint he moved to the spacious walk-in closet and stood in the space where other dresses were hanging. Thankfully, standing there was enough to qualify as ‘hanging.’

The hours passed. Cameron was unable to will himself out of the closet, not even to move a little when Naomi slid the entrance closed to avoid dust getting in. He simply stood there, waiting for something - anything - to save him. It was only when his stomach growled with hunger, and he felt a little thirst, that he was able to come out of the closet. By that point it was night time, and he wanted nothing more than to get home. Walking down the stairs, he felt drawn to her presence as she ate dinner.

“P-please,” he managed, struggling to speak yet finally being able to do so again. “May I have some food?”

Naomi nodded. “You poor dear. Come and sit. Have my leftovers. They’re really good.”

“I have to get out of here. I don’t know what’s happening, but I’m not a dress.”

“Of course you are. Now be a good dress and eat your food. There’s a good dress. Don’t worry, you won’t need food soon.”

He ate her leftovers: rice with chicken meat and an array of vegetables. It tasted fine, but his taste buds seemed weaker than usual, taking in less flavour. More than that, he was barely hungry. As soon as he was finished, having eaten only half the leftovers, Naomi smiled sweetly.

“Okay now, back to the closet, you cute thing you. I can’t wait to wear you!”

And just like that, despite his desired exit from the house so close in view, he obeyed, walking back up the stairs like a puppet.

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Cameron couldn’t sleep. For one, he was standing in a woman’s dress closet, a coat hanger threaded through the neck hole and sleeves of his work uniform. And for two, he found himself unable to escape, literally unable to work up the will to even move his limbs properly. He simply stood, terrified and confused. That confusion slowly gave way to boredom though as the hours passed.

It was only when he felt a strange tingling in his legs and feet that he managed to look down, craning his neck to see.

"What's going on?" he whispered to himself - a little personalised whisper that Naomi couldn't hear as she slept in the nearby bed was all he could manage.

What he saw worried him all over again. In the dim light that his eyes had adjusted to, he saw his toes beginning to fuse together.

"What the -!?"

He could feel it too. His feet were hardening, flattening, and losing their substance. He tried to wriggle his toes and keep some sensation in them, but they fused entirely as the minutes passed, slowly but surely. His legs began to shift several minutes after this. His heart beat like a jackhammer in his chest as he realised that his trousers were seemingly merging with his skin. The blue of those trousers mingled with his skin, and over the course of fifteen uncomfortable, maddening minutes, he no longer wore any trousers at all, but had blue skin that was just shy of a bright, saturated colour.

"J-just like what Cassie described," he whispered to himself. "What the h-hell is happening to m-me - ohhhh!!"

His legs thinned a little, altering shape just slightly. It was at that moment that he realised what was truly happening.

"I'm b-becoming a dress. *Her* dress."

It shouldn't be possible. And yet, it was happening. When he finally fell asleep, Cameron dreamed not of playing sport or going out with women or travelling across the horizon. No, he dreamed of being *worn*.

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The next morning he just managed to walk. His feet were flattening, and his blue legs weak, but he could carefully step around, even if his balance was precarious. He came out for breakfast, stomach thankfully still human. His mind raced with possibilities on how to change back: but why was he even changing in the first place? Was Cassie behind it?

"Morning, my lovely dress," Naomi said, smiling sweetly.

"I'm not a dress," he protested, pointing at his legs. He was grateful that he was able to talk back now, though he wasn't sure it would last. "Look! My legs have changed! This isn't normal! What kind of dress can talk?"

Naomi just snorted. "C'mon! Sit down and eat some leftovers, you silky little cutie, you. You've always been like that."

"I haven't! I'm a man."

"You're a sexy dress. You're being a little crazy!"

He tried to protest further, but it was no use. Nothing he said got through to the woman. It was like she was under as much of a spell as he was, only she wasn't transforming. She really, *truly* believed that Cameron was a dress, and he was helpless but to go along with that illusion, to the point of not being able to leave.

His ability to try to reason with her came up only rarely, and in following days there was nothing for him to do but weakly try to convince her. But with each interaction, she seemed to treat him less and less human. He had to eat the leftovers on her plate *before* she took them away, as she no longer offered them. After she talked back to him a few times, she usually paused, blinked a few times, and say something like, "why am I even talking to a dress!" It was frustrating as all hell, particularly since she left him in the closet for longer and longer periods of time, or had him lie down on the bed as if she wanted to 'inspect' him, only to leave him there all day.

He should have been hungry, but as days past his ability to stomach food had slowly diminished also. He was losing weight rapidly, his body thinning in an unnatural way. His feet continued to alter, turning hard and black, and it was only when they finally began to detach, robbing him completely of the ability to walk around, that he realised what was happening.

"Shoes!? My feet are a pair of sh-shoes!?! NGH! OHhhhhh!"

He was alone when they detached, and to his utter shame the feeling of them plopping off his feet and landing near each other on the floor off the side of the bed was almost orgasmic. It felt *right* in a way he couldn't describe, and that scared him all the more. But other changes were happening too, just as pleasurable, and just as plain *wrong*. His blue-coloured legs also thinned, and fused, and as the hours passed on the fourth day he realised what they were becoming: the skirt part of the dress.

"Ahhh, it's th-thinning me out! God, why d-does it f-feel so goooood!?"

He rubbed his chest, rubbed his legs as they completed their change into a skirt, fusing together and hollowing out until he had a long, silky blue skirt with transparent sheet overlay. It would look gorgeous on Naomi, he knew, and part of him *wanted* to look gorgeous on her. He pushed that dreadful thought away. What on earth was he thinking?

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Things were getting dire. On the fifth day, Naomi stopped interacting with him at all. She had placed him on the hanger in the closet the previous night, and this time he had actually *hung*, since his bottom half was the light skirt. Evidently, his actual weight was not great, because the coathanger miraculously held him up. Despite not being connected to his body, he could

feel his heels at all time, those former feet neatly positioned beside one another below his hanging skirt. It was an utterly alien feeling, but that sense of *rightness* had never really gone away either. He couldn't explain it, but the feeling pervaded despite his best efforts.

Naomi took him out of the closet quite easily in the morning, sat him on the bed, and seemed to consider what to wear with him. Or perhaps she was going to buy lipstick to match the dress. He looked up at her, asking her what he'd done to deserve this, but she didn't even hear him. Why would she talk to a dress, after all?

But then, a miracle happened. As she went to leave, Naomi forgot her phone. She'd never forgotten it before, but it had slipped from her pocket when she got up, and it was within arms reach of Cameron. As soon as she drove her sports car away, he grabbed the phone. Summoning what was left of his human will, he rang his family. His parents would surely answer! The call went out for aching seconds, and then, to his relief, it was answered.

*"Hello, this Douglas Hall speaking."*

"Dad! It's me."

*"I think you have the wrong number, I'm afraid. I don't have a son."*

"Dad, don't be silly. It's me, your son. Your only son, Cameron."

*"I don't know what prank call this is, but it's not working. I'm Douglas Hall. I don't have any children. You want another Douglas."*

Cameron's father hung up. For long, still moments, the transforming man simply stared at the wall. Tears trickled in his eyes.

"It's not fair. It's not fair. Why is this happening? IT'S NOT FAIR!!!"

He dialled more numbers, but they all said the same. There was no Cameron Hall, there never had been. He was a ghost in the system, a whisper that had never been heard. It was insane enough that he was even starting to doubt his *own* existence.

"I can't end up as a dress. Won't I die? I really don't want to die. But if I do, or I just end up a living dress, I *need* to know why this happened to me. I have to know!"

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The march towards the party continued. It was set to be on a Friday night, since that had been the day he had first met Naomi, a day he wished he could have walked off the job. Over the course of the preceding Thursday, the transformation continued to 'eat' his body. His form shifted and altered and thinned. His chest became a pair of built-in support cups for Naomi's full double-D chest, and his back opened up as it became fabric so that part of Naomi's back would be tastefully displayed. His arms shrunk and dissipated, leaving him

sleeveless. Well, except for the small ornamental cuff sleeves that were intended to drape against his wearer's upper arm or shoulder. He was starting to look like a positively resplendent, sexy, yet tastefully formal dress, and when he managed to sleep Cameron could only dream of what it would like to be worn, and feel a woman's skin on the inside of him. The dreams shamed him, and yet he could not stop drawing a strange sense of pleasure from them. A sense of natural purpose.

Finally, on the morning of the party, his head was finally consumed. It was the only part of him he had any control over, and yet when the tingling of transformation rippled over his scalp, he knew what was coming.

"Oh God. Oh God, it's happening! Ohhhhhh . . . ahhh! NNgh! S-stop! I don't want to - MHMHPH!!"

His lips were subsumed, his ears and his nose, and finally his eyes. All of him fell away until he had no head at all, his sensory equipment melting into the fabric of the dress, leaving it with a cute v-neck and ornamental patterns along the feminine collar. For a moment, he was terrified of dying, but that did not happen. Nothing happened, not even to his senses. To his shock, he could still hear Naomi snoring in her bed, almost ready to wake. He could smell her sweet perfumes which she loved to spray in the room. He could even see somehow, despite lacking eyes. His vision had dropped, almost like he was seeing through the cups of the dress.

But he couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He was now entirely passive.

He was entirely a dress.

Naomi's view was now fully justified. She took him from the rack after she had woken and showed and had breakfast. It was a relief to be back in the light again, but then Cameron was overcome with concern as she removed the coathanger from him. She was gorgeous, and she was nearly naked. She wore only a set of panties. At that moment, the inevitable was clearly coming: Cameron was about to be *worn*.

The unknowing woman lifted him over her head and carefully wormed her way into the dress. Cameron wished he could gasp and groan, whimper and moan, because the sensations of having a living person inhabit his silky shape was unbelievably sensuous. A series of miniature orgasms rocked through his form as she adjusted her large breasts in his cups, and once she was settled it took him a moment to come down from the reluctant bliss. He was a dress, and he was being worn: he'd go unconscious from shock were that even possible. Instead, Naomi simply posed in the mirror, looking wonderfully curvaceous yet stylish in that form fitting number.

"Oh man, do I look good!" she exclaimed, taking a selfie. Then another. Then another.

Cameron watched helplessly as she cycled through the photos she'd just taken, and then a few others. He tried to gasp - but obviously couldn't - when she scrolled back to a photo from a week ago: the one she'd taken with him before he'd even physically transformed. The photo, impossibly, had changed. It didn't show Cameron as a human male awkwardly positioned next to this woman. Instead, it just showed her holding a blue dress that was identical to his current appearance.

*'Oh God,' he thought. 'It's like time is being rewritten. In everyone's mind I've been nothing but a dress!'*

"Hell yeah," Naomi said, but the brief spark of hope was dashed that she was replying to him. Instead, she was conversing with her reflection. "You are gonna kill it at the party tonight, Naomi."

And Cameron knew that he would be doing a lot of help in that regard.

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Naomi's hips swayed from side to side as she reached the party. Her figure caressed Cameron, making him feel like he was drooling - not that he had a mouth anymore. It was some kind of fancy get together with other younger people of similar wealthy means. Almost all of their eyes fell on Naomi, who clearly made a striking sight on any day, but especially so while wrapped in Cameron's form. Her breasts bounced subtly in his cups, and that too caused tingles of bliss for the former male. It was maddening in how good it felt to be worn, especially when she posed for photos, which stretched his material just a little, causing tiny shocks of delirious bliss down his form. The feeling of all of this beautiful woman again and within him was suffocating in the best way possible. But it wasn't powerful enough to overwhelm his frustrated mind, nor to tear him away from his need to know why this had happened to him, and how. It wasn't fair that he was being left as a sentient dress, and little else. His feet - now heels - clicked and clacked along the floor as Naomi walked from friend to friend, and from potential love interest to potential love interest. The whole time, Cameron tried to figure out this insane mystery. This crazy puzzle.

Then, out of the blue, the answer came.

Naomi approached a light-skinned blonde woman in a cute red dress. Not as fine as Cameron's form, of course, but there was something intensely familiar to it.

"Naomi!" the woman cried. "You look fantastic. Holy shit, I'm so jealous. That dress must have cost a fortune!"

"Awww, thanks Hannah. It totally should have, I know. But I totally got it on the craziest discount. I couldn't be more pleased! Your dress is amazing too, by the way. I love that shade of red. It goes well with your lipstick."

"I know, right? Still, it's nothing on your dress, but I do love it."

She twirled a little, and the dress twirled with her. Like a hypnotic effect, a pendulum swinging before his eyes, Cameron couldn't look away from that cheaper red dress. His mind was captivated by it as it twirled and twirled and twirled in slow motion.

*'That dress . . . oh God! I remember something!'*

It all came back to him in a flood of locked memories. It had been months ago when a dark-haired beauty of a woman walked into the store he worked at. She had a mischievous smile, and something about her had seemed to set up alarm bells in his head, but when she asked him to help her pick out a dress he had complied.

From there, some strange things had happened around her. The woman chuckled as two customers were turned into professional men's wedding suits, and then she turned her attention on the store manager David, who was twisted and changed to become a lacy bra insert. Another customer became a bag of stock to be sold into separate parts. And yet while this had happened right before his eyes, Cameron had not reacted with any great emotion. It was as if while this woman caused these malignant changes, reality rewrote itself so that they had always been true. The manager had always been a bra insert for a dress, and someone else was clearly the manager. Those customers had always been a pair of tuxedos, and so on.

*'But how does that explain it?' his mind wondered in the present. 'I'm missing something. Something I don't really want to know. Something even more deep and terrible.'*

Hannah had stopped swishing her dress, and simply posed in selfie with Naomi. Suddenly, there was a ripple of pleasure as Cameron was positioned in such a way that Naomi thrust her chest out while also sticking her rear out to look as sexy as possible. Hannah did the same, and they both pouted to form kissy lips together. The fabric of Cameron's dress pressed against Hannah's dress, and suddenly a new familiarity came over her. The memories went even deeper. The full story of what had happened to him.

*'Oh no. Ohhhhh no! I was that dress. I've always been that dress.'*

Cameron remembered. He had been a red dress. He had no mind, he was non sentient. It was only when he was animated with life that everything changed, and he suddenly knew that he had been a dress in his previous existence. The witch that had entered the store had been impatient. She was not being served or attended to fast enough. So she had looked and found a cheap red dress, the least high-class of all the articles, and

cast a spell to turn her into a handsome young man that could help her find a good, high quality dress.

*'I helped her find this dress,' he thought. 'This very dress that I now look identical to.'*

The witch left, happy to have purchased what she wanted, and leaving a trail of magical mess behind her that she had no inclination or desire to sort out. In Cameron's mind, he was a new man, and the knowledge that he had been a cheap red dress faded away, with a whole new life forming around him.

But magic, evidently, had its own rules. In the present, Cameron remembered strange happenings that he hadn't noticed at the time, perhaps because of the reality rewrites. In the months that followed, the bra insert turned back into a manager, who never even realised they'd been gone. The tuxedos turned back into customers, who promptly bought the dresses they had been looking at months previously. No one was the wiser. Cameron, working on both shifts when this happened, had his memory overridden by the reality rewrite. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say 'unwrite', given that reality was correcting itself again.

Except, he realised, there was that one dress that was likely still in the witch's possession, and thus a black hole in reality's need to change back. Before, Cameron had been nothing more than a cheap red dress - fine, but nothing too fancy. But on the day that Naomi had come in, looking for an expensive blue dress, reality must have determined that this was the moment to fill that hole, and that a simple red dress - of which there were many - was much more easily replaceable.

*'And that's why I became the blue dress. Just to fill that expensive hole. All because a witch gave me sentience and didn't bother to change things enough to let me stay that way. And because reality, or whatever force put it all back to normal, was too lazy to take my mind away again.'*

The revelation shook him, but there was nothing he could physically do about it. Naomi finished her selfies with Hannah, and parted from her friend when she noticed a strong, handsome man in a well-to-do suit waving to her to join him. Cameron could feel a shift in her body language: she tugged her dress down a little to show off her breasts more, and swayed her hips further, and adopted a posture that let her thrust out her chest and ass even more. She was clearly attracting this man. She was clearly hoping to catch him.

The electrifying movements she made as she sauntered towards her love interest made Cameron want to moan in ecstasy. The feelings were so damn good it almost made him temporarily let go of his bitterness. His whole life had turned out to be a lie of just a few months, and his true existence was as a dress. On some level, he'd received an upgrade in

becoming a high-class article as he had, but it didn't solve the matter of his emergent sapience, or that he was helpless but to be worn by this woman and exist as little more than something for her to wear.

Or, he realised as Naomi flirted rather heavily with the tall man before her, *something to be stripped off.*

Cameron could do nothing but try to accept this new position in life. It wasn't like he had any choice, after all. In fact, the sensation of the man's hand tracing down her hip, flirting a bit more physically, was actually making Cameron excited.

*'Oh God, what if he fucks her with me still on her? And what if - oh damn - what if I want that?'*

He would find out either way, as the flirty pair ducked out of the party for some private time. It was Cameron's fault really, as it would possibly be many times in the future.

The former man, former cheap red dress, was simply too good at making Naomi look good. He was a real natural at being a dress.

**The End**