

Don Julian Winslow



The  
Little  
Red Dress

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# The Little Red Dress

by

Don Julian Winslow

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For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

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

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

USA

Email Comments: [comments@pinkflamingo.com](mailto:comments@pinkflamingo.com)

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Dedicated to

Barney Rosset

Foreword

It was Cervantes who said that it is sometime necessary to "lay down the intolerable burden of reality." It is in that spirit that this little diversion is offered, meant simply to entertain, and possibly, amuse.

While no offense is intended, the reader is warned that some may occasionally be given. Such was found by a vigilant reader who wrote to complain that he had recently discovered that the author allowed his fictional characters to indulge in *unprotected* sex!

It appears that even the most harmless piece of fluff may offend the overly-heightened sensitivities of some of today's readers. As for the rest of you...enjoy!

Eros Lives!

Don Julian Winslow

Copenhagen

Email: donwin345@yahoo.com

# Chapter One

A Dress?

“Porn makes me happy. It reminds me that I’m alive.”

— An anonymous female porn lover as quoted in *Pornocopea*, by Lawrence O’Toole, 1998.

“Wait till you see this!” Jodi exclaimed, her fingers confidently working the old-fashioned vacuum seal, and then flinging open the lid on the dusty gunmetal chest the girls had dragged into the pool of dim light near the center of the storage room

Her glee was contagious, and Tori immediately fell to her knees to join her excited friend huddled over the treasure chest, its open lid now revealing mounds of plastic bags. Jodi began riffling through the piles of ziplock bags obviously looking for one in particular. With a barely-suppressed grin of triumph, she came up with one she held before Tori’s wondering eyes. The contents were visible through the clear vinyl — some sort of folded cloth, not too large, in a striking red color. A bit faded, but still vibrant, the fabric almost seemed to shimmer in the dim sunlight that streaked in through the single high window.

“What is it?” asked her best friend, captivated by the color, so bright and red; she had never seen such a stirring color before in her young life.

“I knew what it was the minute I saw it!” said Jodi smugly. “It’s a ‘dress’.”

“A dress?”

“Yeah, a *dress*. You mean to tell me you never heard of a dress?”

Tori shook her head dubiously, determined to overlook the obviously superior air the older girl put on. She was, after all, in college now — and never let Tori forget it.

“Can I see it?”

“Sure.”

Jodi showed her how to open the ziplock top. She beamed as she watched her friend take out the little red dress, fingering the slippery fabric, exploring the wispy shoulder straps, the small zipper in the back.

“What’s it *for*?”

“It’s to *wear*, stupid. Clothing! You know, like an outfit. Here let me show you.” And with that Jodi knelt upright, and held the dress to her chest letting it layer the shapeless tunic and the tops of the baggy jeans she wore.

Of course, you wouldn’t be wearing an outfit under it, like this. You wear it instead of an outfit, get it?”

“Guys wore things like that?”

“Sure they did! Once, long ago. I’ve seen the flics. In History class. Of course, we have college-level access to the archives — advanced level database. And here’s another thing. Not all guys wore these, only Fems. ‘Girls and women’ — you know ?”

“Yeah, I know what it means. That was what they called Fem-guys before the PM.”

“Right! Like *us*, before the Progressive Millennium we’d have been ‘girls’, and when you grew up, you’d be a ‘woman’. Of course that was before everybody became guys. No one uses those old-fashioned words anymore,” she added.

Tori nodded. Jodi was showing off again. She was, after all, only a year older than her best friend, but since she started at State U., she had become such a know-it-all. She loved to lord it over the younger girl, although there was only a one-year difference between them.

“But why just Fems? I mean, what about Mals? What did they wear?”

“Well,” her friend lectured, only too happy to show off her new-found knowledge, “they wore things called ‘shirts’ and ‘pants’. Shirts were sorta like tunics, and pants were just like jeans. More like the outfits *we* wear, except they came in different colors.”

“No kiddin’? You mean colors like this ...dress?”

“Sure. At least...I think so. Outfits were a lot more colorful back then. You’d know if you could see the historical flics. Outfits don’t have to be just blue or gray, you know.”

“They don’t?”

Tori reflected on this startling piece of news as she looked at Jodi’s tunic. She had noticed that some of Jodi’s blue outfits seemed a shade lighter than her own, and she often wondered about that. It was said that different mills produced cloth with slight variations in the patterns. She heard that the more sophisticated, fashionable citizens could instantly tell the difference; but for her they were all more or less, blue, or gray of course. Jodi also wore the top button undone. That seemed all the rage among college students. Tori wasn’t sure she liked that. Tunics were supposed to be buttoned up — to the neck, at least in public.

“Of course, they can make them any color, if they want to,” her friend blithely replied in an impatient voice that held more confidence than the girl herself felt.

“Look this thing’s just full of stuff,” she hurried on, digging through the treasure trove to come up with another bag, this one containing two strange objects, identical sleek shapes that seemed to be made of molded plastic. They were bright red, the same shade as the dress.

“Know what these are?”

The wide eyed girl could only shake her head in wonder, fascinated by the shiny color and the sleek shape of those smoothly curving surfaces.

“They’re *shoes!!*” She tore open the zip locked and pulled one out. “They called them high-heeled shoes, because of the heels! See, your feet go in here, and *these* are the heels!”

Tori took the bright red object and held it in her hands. It was light, and it wasn’t made of plastic. She looked down at her feet shod in the thick gray socks and clunky walking

shoes that were standard issue, and tried to imagine such things on her feet. How could one even *walk* in them?

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Tori sat splay-legged on the storage room floor, surrounded by discarded plastic bags and heaps of old-fashioned clothes and accessories from a time now largely forgotten — except by the privileged few who had been granted access to the archives.

She was intently studying the small display set up before her, pictures of advertisements that showed the fashions of that by-gone era. Since their find, Jodi had done some research work, and had come upon old advertisements. She even went so far as to secretly download some flics from the archives, and then smuggle them out of the college library in her pocket pc. The two girls poured over the contraband flics in the dim light of the storage unit. By piecing together the evidence, they quickly saw how the strange accouterments seemed to go together in various combinations.

A full-length mirror they had found in a corner had been dusted it off, and moved over into the light of day. And now Tori looked up to see Jodi who, having removed her tunic and let her baggy jeans collapse down her lithe white legs, stood beside the mirror in nothing but her underwear. It was not the first time Tori had seen her girlfriend in her underwear: the pale slender body banded by the serviceable gray cotton briefs, and the thick elastic of the bandeau that confined and flattened her maidenly breasts. Jodi was bending down to pick up the red dress.

“You know, if you’re gonna get dressed up like this and all, shouldn’t you go all the way?”

“Whadda mean?”

“Underwear too. Come on. Don’t you want to try this on?” she asked, fingering a pair of cream-colored panties that the girls now knew were worn by Fem-guys of long ago underneath their dresses.

Jodi grinned, and with a 'why not' nod of her head, snatched up the flimsy lace offering. Hurriedly, she skimmed down her standard briefs, tossed them aside, stepped into the silky panties, and drew them up, all in one quick motion.

Jodi tugged on the waistband, pulled the odd underwear up around her waist. The panties seemed to fit well, although they were definitely a bit skimpy in covering her behind. She hooked a finger into a legband to nudge an escaping cheek back into place, then ran her hands over her flaring hips and around, curved palms lightly caressing the silken contour of the taut slick seat. Jodi decided she rather liked the feel of her sex nestled in the cool silk, and gave an extra tug on the front to tighten the crotch.

"Well?" Tori asked.

"Yeah. Not bad," Jodi pronounced. "What about the ban?"

"I think the ban gotta go. You should see if one those 'brassiere' thingies will fit you. I think I saw one over here."

Jodi casually stripped her bandeau off over her head, freeing a pair of taut little breasts that settled in place with a jiggly wobble, then, bare-breasted, joined her friend pawing through the mounds of treasures in the hunt for the perfect brassiere. This became a major operation as they found that brassieres came in a bewildering variety of sizes and colors and designs. Unlike the simple bandeau worn by modern F-guys these old-time contraptions were awkward with their flimsy straps and hooks, and at first they required some assistance to climb into.

After trying on several examples with Tori's help, Jodi found there a kind of knack to it, and soon she began to move instinctively: slipping her arms through the delicate shoulderstraps, coaxing her small tits into the cups, reaching back till blind fingers found, and learned how to deftly secure, the little clasp — all without Tori's assistance.

Eventually, they found the perfect fit, a delicate thing in dusky pink satin, with lacy embroidery edging the flimsy

half-cups, and narrow ribbons of silk for shoulderstraps. Jodi cupped her holstered tits, adjusting the bra on her slim chest, lightly hefting her pert bosom as she tested the comfort of the fit. It felt strange — having her breasts cradled in slippery satin and raised to stick out in prominent display like this. She rather liked it! She looked at herself in the mirror. She felt....well...kinda sexy.

She studied the subtle feminine curves of her profile in a side view, then turned her back to the mirror and looked at herself over her shoulder.

“Well, whadaya think?” she asked her best friend

“Weird,” Tori opined, “but kinda nice.”

“Gimme the dress.”

The slender girl took the fabric in both hands, looked it over, held it one way and another before deciding that it went on over the head. She worked her way into the ancient red garment, and let it slide down her slithering body.

The little dress turned out to be a sleeveless affair, with shoulder straps, a modest scooped neck that permitted a just a bit of cleavage, and a hemline that rode no more than a third of the way down the girl’s bare thighs.

“And that’s *it*? You go around like that? I mean, with nothing on your arms and legs?” Tori asked, mildly shocked. The garment left as much exposed as a bodysuit one would wear at the beach!

Jodi, still gazing in the mirror, paid no attention. “Here, pull up this zipper thing.” And as Tori went behind her to help with the zipper, Jodi adjusted the shoulder straps and ran her hands down her front, tugging the dress down, smoothening the soft red fabric into place. The thin dress seemed made for her slim, small-breasted body. It flowed down, layering the softly curved lines. She looked at herself in the mirror. For a moment, no one spoke, the two of them just stood there looking at the pretty blond girl in the short red dress. Not quite knowing what to make of it.

"There *are* things you're supposed to wear on your legs, you know."

"Socks."

"No, not really. They're called 'pantyhose'. We have some around here somewhere."

Tori shook her head in disbelief as she watched her girlfriend hike up her dress, plunk her bottom down on the floor, then begin squirming and struggling to draw on the stretchy nylon of a pair of pale honey-tinted pantyhose. Jodi managed to get the clingy garment up to her crotch before standing up, hoisting up the skirt, and pulling the pantyhose the rest of the way till the top band of elastic rode above her hips. Jodi stood with hands on her trim hips under the accordiened dress. She found she enjoyed the snug fit of the pantyhose, and after making a few minor adjustments, she let the skirt fall back into place.

"I think this is right," she said with growing confidence, straightening upright to regard herself in the mirror.

Tori looked her friend over, her eyes trailing down the tall nylon-clad legs, admiring the way the slick stockings seemed to smoothen the lithe feminine contours. She looked at herself standing beside the taller blonde girl in the red dress, and she felt suddenly plain, and rather shabby in her dumpy gray outfit.

"How does it feel?" she ventured.

"I feel kinda..... tingly," Jodi replied, rubbing a hand down a nyloned thigh and smiling with satisfaction.

Suddenly Jodi turned to her.

"Come on Tori, we got to get you dressed up too."

"No, let's finish you first. I've been looking this stuff over, and I think you still need a slip.

"A slip?"

"Yeah."

"What's a slip?"

Jodi soon found herself hitching up a deliciously frilly thing, satiny smooth, thin and slick and made out of some

silvery fabric that slipped like liquid metal between the fingers. The slip had lacy waistband, and at the bottom a generous border of embroidered trim. Jordi had actually discovered the garment and they had puzzled over it for a time, before putting it aside. It was only later that Tori found a picture of it, or something very much like it, in the fashion ads. Neither girl could quite figure out the purpose of the slip, but they knew it was worn under the dress. As it happened what the girls had gotten a hold of was a half-slip, but they had the right idea, and Jodi stepped into it, and pulled it up into place.

Finally, there were the shoes to be considered. That decision was easy. The red pair slipped on easily over Jodi's nyloned feet, and they seem to go perfectly with the dress. She stood up, feeling slightly uneasy in the stilted stance. She looked at herself in the mirror; looked down at the pointy shoes, that seemed to gleam on her feet, and took her first few tentative steps in high heels.

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The blond girl in the red dress turned to the mirror. Grabbing two handfuls of fabric at her hips, she tugged the skirt down; smoothened out the front. She liked the feel of it, the body-hugging snugness of the fit; but most of all she approved of the image that smiled back at her from the mirror: a perky, vibrant blonde in a sexy red dress. Jodi was a girl pleased with herself.

She looked down at Tori sitting on the floor at her feet. Her friend seemed pensive, a little girl lost inside the shapeless gray outfit: a small, cute face, framed with short, mousy brown hair, looking up at her from an indeterminate body sitting like a Buddha, cross-legged on the storage room floor. Jodi had a project! It was time to re-do her drab girlfriend.

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The two girls sat perched on packing capsules, huddled together so they might share the tall narrow mirror. Jodi was

still in her red dress, but her brown-haired companion had been miraculously transformed from waif-like shabbiness into what might have once been called — ‘a hot chick’!

With Jodi’s prodding, she now sported a sexy getup: a sleeveless black top with a wide flat collar and a long and prominent zipper down the front, and the kind of brief skirt once known as a miniskirt. As fate would have it, the skirt they had selected fell, like Jodi’s, well short of the knee, for unbeknownst to them, the girls had dipped their fingers into the stream of time to sample an era when hemlines had ascended to one of their cyclical apogees.

The skirt was designed to allow the wearer to show off her legs, and for young Tori this was a definite asset. While her legs were not as long as the willowy blonde’s they were nevertheless well proportioned, nicely-shaped girlish legs with curves full of feminine promise. She had, perhaps inadvertently, enhanced the allure of those legs by selecting a pair of shimmering darkly-tinted pantyhose. To complete her innocently provocative look, she wore a pair of gleaming high-heeled sandals strapped on her stockinged feet.

The girls spent some time trying out their new shoes: parading back and forth in the storage room, stopping before the mirror to pivot and check out the view from behind. They learned to compensate for their weight being thrown forward, by striding with shoulders pulled back. They learned the subtle shifts necessary to accentuate the roll of the hips, and the natural sway of their skirted bottoms.

Flushed with excitement, they began eagerly exploring the array of accessories: sparkling baubles, earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. Then they were sampling the cosmetics, makeup that had been kept remarkably usable in vacuum-sealed freshness for many generations, as if waiting to be discovered once again.

“This is the stuff they put on their lips,” explained Jodi, examining the workings of a small golden tube.

She gave the bottom of the tube a twist, and smiled to see the glossy red stick emerge. Then she tentatively brought the strange stick to her lips. Some unseen hand seemed to guide the girl as, with a careful gesture, she engaged in that ritual that for ages had so eloquently defined femininity: tracing the double-arch of the upper lip, the smooth sweep of the lower.

"Hummm...what's it taste like?"

"Mmm....not bad," her friend answered, running the slithering tip of her tongue over her working lips, tasting experimentally. "But you're not supposed to eat it."

"I *know* that," Tori answered with superior authority. "But why do you suppose the old Fems would paint their lips like that?"

"I think it looks kinda nice," her friend said, gazing in the mirror at the brightly smiling blonde in her new red dress.

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Two girls huddled before a mirror in a dimly-lit storage facility. They rattled on in excited whispers about their find. Brimming with childish glee, they were wildly eager to tell someone, to share their discoveries; but in the end caution prevailed. They well knew that the secrets they had uncovered were dangerous. If word ever got out, their parents would be horrified, especially Tori's. They would have to report the findings to the police. Their contraband would be confiscated, and the girls, and even their families, would be in trouble with the law.

Still, there was this terrible temptation to tell someone... anyone...maybe a just a few close girl friends? Perhaps there could be a small circle of their closest friends invited to meet in the storage facility Jodie's parents maintained just a few blocks from their housing unit, there to explore the glamorous treasures?

Of course, there was no way they could show their clothes, their new look to Mal-guys. That was out of the question! But the girls couldn't help speculating as to how

Jon and Ron might react to seeing the two of them decked out in such dazzling finery. For some reason, the thought of parading around before their Mal-pals in such outrageous outfits sent a ripple of excitement through the girls.

In the end, the two conspirators reluctantly decided that the secret had to remain just theirs, and definitely consigned to the storage unit. Still, a wicked thrill shot through Jodi at the very thought of wearing something like this...in public! Then an idea struck her, and she glanced over at her friend.

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The next day they rode the tram to their schools — two nondescript students in their identical blue outfits, sitting side by side, their indifferent faces reflecting the passive gazes of their fellow passengers. Just two more students on a tram that was, at that time of day, crowded with students, all alike in standard outfits of blue and gray.

These two hardly merited a second look, yet an observer sitting across from the pair might note that the slender blonde had rather delicate features, and her companion's freshly-scrubbed face held a certain wholesome quality. Undoubtedly good guys. Obedient, respectful citizens, sitting with their hands in their laps, on their way to be properly educated.

What the observer would never know, never even suspect, was that under the dumpy tunics and shapeless jeans, the duo had on the most unbelievably shocking underwear: sexy panties and scanty brassieres, made of the most exquisite silks and colorful satins that were slick and shiny. The intimate apparel they secretly wore next to the skin, if not exactly designed to excite and titillate healthy young Fem-guys, would nevertheless heighten their awareness of their blossoming sexuality.

The same casual observer would not have noticed that the bright-eyed blonde clenched her thighs, and gave just the tiniest excited wiggle in her seat as the tram rocked on.