

■ TURNABOUT PRESENTS

# PRISONER IN LACE

A STORY OF TRANSVESTISM



By Nan Gilbert

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PRISONER IN LACE

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[This story is a sequel to the 1965 novelet "Petticoated Male," which told the story of young Leslie, whose aunt dressed him as a young girl his own age (15) when he was not in school. On attending his first party as a girl, Leslie is invited to spend the night as a guest of his young hostess Alice -- in spite of his protests that he is a boy and that it's not proper for a boy to share a girl's boudoir with her. Alice and her mother are fully aware of his gender but seem not to consider him much of a danger to a young girl's "honor," whatever in the world that is. -- The Editors]

Trembling, Leslie allowed Alice to take his hand and lead him upstairs. His head was reeling with the excitement of the party -- his first party where he attended in girl's clothes and was accepted as a girl -- and the rustling of his taffeta petticoats about his knees, a sensation which was beginning to exert a powerful hold on him.

Upstairs, in Alice's ultra-femininely appointed boudoir, they found the family's French maid Suzanne waiting for them. She greeted Leslie with a sweet smile, not yet aware that he was a boy in petticoats and not the lovely young girl he appeared to be.

Alice broke the conversational ice and said: "Suzanne, this is Miss Leslie. She will appreciate it if you will help her get ready for bed. She's staying the night."

STORY ABOUT PRESIDENT

A STORY OF TRANSVESTISM

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"Bon soir, Mademoiselle Leslie," said Suzanne. "It is always a pleasure to assist a lovely young lady like yourself."

"But ... but ... I don't think ...." stammered Leslie before Alice interrupted him with reassurances that it would be perfectly all right.

Suzanne helped Leslie and Alice out of their party frocks and petticoats, and Leslie nearly forgot his peril when he saw his hostess standing there in the sheerest of nylon panties, bra, and flesh-colored stockings. Suzanne busied herself with removing his tightly-laced corset after unhooking the beribboned suspenders from his stockings. He sighed with relief at being freed from the imprisoning garment.

So realistic were the bra inserts that his own maid Marie had given him earlier that day that Suzanne did not notice that his breasts were not real. She was a bit surprised, however, at seeing the ribbons which secured his silken modesty device, and Alice smiled in anticipation of what was to come.

Loosening the ribbons and allowing the captive flesh to emerge from its hiding place, Suzanne stepped back and cried out in amazement. "Alors! We have here an impostor! Mademoiselle is a monsieur!"

"That's all right, Suzanne," Alice reassured her. "I know all about it, and so does Mother."

"But Mademoiselle is a boy!"

"Well, after all, Suzanne," Alice replied, "nobody's perfect! We can hardly discriminate against poor Leslie because of the unfortunate circumstances of his birth."

Suzanne shrugged her shoulders and went on with her work, removing Leslie's bra and panties and attiring him in the sheer baby doll nightie, all pink and ruffly, that Alice had picked out for him.

"Oh, Leslie," Alice cried out, her eyes glistening. "You do look so cute! I don't know why you'd ever want to wear boy's clothes!" She ran over and hugged him to her scantily clad body, and he nearly panicked when his newly released symbol reacted in furious excitement to her proximity. Suzanne stood by, her puzzlement at this strange situation giving way to amusement. She caught Leslie's eye with a knowing look. Leslie blushed to the roots of his hair.

Then it was Leslie's turn to stand by and watch Suzanne finish undressing Alice and help her into a sheer, waltz-length pink lace gown which matched in color and texture Leslie's. Leslie's mind was in a whirl. Never in his wildest imagination did he dream of anything like this happening to him. Was it some sort of trap? He decided to play it very cool and find out.

"Am I to assume that Mademoiselle Leslie is wearing a hairpiece?" Suzanne inquired delicately.

Leslie nodded, and Suzanne came to him and lifted it from his head. Then she arranged his longish hair in a more feminine style.



What with the restraint of the modesty device and the corset removed, Leslie felt true freedom in feminine clothes for the first time since his aunt had subjected him to them. It was delicious. Every nerve-ending in his body tingled with the soft delight of his nightie, and he very nearly cried out with joy.

But it would never do to reveal to his hostess and her servant how much he was enjoying himself. They might tell his aunt and she would then want to keep him in his frills and petticoats forever -- a prisoner in lace, as it were.

After Suzanne had tucked Alice and Leslie between the silken sheets of her bed, a large fourposter with a chiffon canopy, Alice's mother came to kiss them good-night.

"Sweet dreams, girls!" she chirped, apparently unperturbed by the fact that her daughter was sharing her bed with a boy.

Leslie tried very hard to figure this situation out, to determine why Alice's mother was so permissive in her attitude. Finally, after the women had turned the lights off and left the room, he put his question to Alice.

"Oh, Mother's very modern, you know," Alice replied. "And there's really no danger at all of anything ... permanent ... happening. The pill, you know ...."

Leslie had to admit that Alice's mother was modern, all right. Modern was the

word for it. The very word. But how modern was Alice herself? Leslie decided she must be almost as modern as her mother to allow herself to be put to bed with a boy. But he resolved to let any developments originate with her.

Suzanne had left Leslie's brassiere on under the nightie to give him a proper form, and he suddenly became aware that a small delicate hand was shyly cupping one of his ersatz breasts underneath the silken coverlet.

He wondered if he should reciprocate in like fashion but finally decided to let his hostess be the initiator of anything which might ensue. But when Alice ran her hands underneath the ruffles of his baby doll panties, there was little doubt left of what she wanted.

The two of them snuggled together passionately, caressing each other through the silken material of their nighties, until finally nature took its inevitable course.

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The next morning, Leslie was driven to his aunt's home, his head still in a daze from the delights of the previous night. When his aunt inquired as to how he'd enjoyed his outing, he blushed and looked at the floor sheepishly.

His aunt and Marie exchanged knowing glances. Their plan, which had been aided and abetted by Alice and her mother, was progressing perfectly. The idea was simply to associate dressing in girls' clothes in



Leslie's mind with such pleasant sensations that he would be a petticoat slave forever. The next step would be to enroll him in a girl's school so that he would not have to change into boy's clothes again.

When this plan was announced to Leslie, he plead with his aunt not to do this to him. While he had grown to enjoy his frills and lace, he wasn't prepared to sacrifice everything masculine for them -- his school chums, his sports activities, and everything like that.

But Leslie's fate was sealed, and the fateful Monday came all too suddenly -- the day he was to enter Miss Staylace's academy for girls.

Marie woke him early in the morning and sent him to bathe in a warm, scented tub. When he emerged, she toweled him and dusted his body with fragrant body talc, then dressed him in the school uniform.

As the dark blue sweater and matching pleated skirt were being pulled on over his chemise, drawers, and petticoats, he was lost in agonized thought.

How could he ever face his new classmates? Surely they would quickly discern that he was really a boy in petticoats! He had been told that there were a few other boys like himself there, and he wondered if he would be able to recognize them. And if he did, would they at least become friends and sympathize with one another?

After taking special pains with Leslie's coiffure and makeup, Marie marched him downstairs for his aunt's inspection. A pleased smile lit her face as she surveyed his form and noted the perfect illusion which had been created. She asked him to walk up and down before her as she studied his movements and suggested improvements in his posture and gait. Then, as usual, she ordered him to raise his skirts so that she might inspect his lingerie and check to see if any tell-tale signs of masculinity were there.

Finally, she was satisfied and sent him on his way with Marie. The cab driver gave him an expressionless glance, then turned away. Leslie was heartened by the fact that he had passed this inspection, and he sank back on the cushions of the back seat to try to summon up sufficient courage to meet the ordeal he was certain lay in wait for him.

As he and Marie climbed the steps to the school and entered its forbidding portals, his heart was pounding furiously. She led him down a long corridor past groups of chattering girls, all dressed in a similar fashion to him. They nodded to him, welcomed him with a casual "hello" or "hi," then returned to their conversation.

At the end of the corridor, he was ushered into the headmistress' private office. There Marie left him and departed. Taking a deep breath, Leslie curtsied to her as his aunt had taught him to do.

Miss Staylace was charmed and greeted him with a smile. "I am very pleased to have you in my academy, Leslie!" she said,

motioning him to a chair. "Do sit down." Then she read the rules of the academy to him: "Good marks in your lessons are of prime importance, and any failures will be punished by caning.... You will conduct yourself in a proper ladylike fashion at all times.... No loud talking, running, or jumping will be tolerated.... During recess period, you will join the other girls on the playground...." On and on she went, until Leslie was ready to scream.

Finally, she concluded her dissertation, rose from her chair, and said: "Come along now, Leslie, and I'll show you to your classroom and introduce you to Miss Natalie, your teacher."

Stunned and on the verge of panicking and running, Leslie followed Miss Staylace down the corridor. The shrill tones of girls' voices were audible through the panels of the closed doors as they passed them by. She finally stopped before one of the rooms and opened the door. There was a sound of rustling petticoats as the pupils inside hastily rose to their feet. He could feel their eyes surveying him quizzically. How he dearly wished to turn about and flee from their presence!

A pretty young woman rose to her feet behind a large desk at the front of the room. There was a smile of welcome on her face which eased his frayed nerves a little.

"This is your new pupil, Leslie, Miss Natalie!" said Miss Staylace.

"You are most welcome in my class, Miss Leslie," the young teacher said.

A wave of suppressed giggles drifted through the room as Leslie dutifully curtseyed to Miss Natalie. A stern glance from Miss Staylace was sufficient to quiet the girls.

"You are very well-mannered, Miss Leslie, but it will not be necessary for you to curtsey," Miss Natalie remarked.

Tears of chagrin began to form in his eyes. Already he had made a fool of himself in front of his new classmates. When Miss Staylace flounced out of the room, he wanted to follow her and remove himself from the scene of his embarrassment, but he suppressed this impulse and stood his ground, waiting for instructions from Miss Natalie.

"Let me see," she mused, glancing about the room. "Ah yes, there's an empty seat next to Miss Janie." She turned toward the person she referred to, who quickly rose to her feet for Leslie's benefit. "That will be your seat. Please take it now!"

Leslie kept his eyes to the floor as he walked to the seat designated and sat down, all eyes upon him. Miss Natalie returned to the lesson.

"Hi, Leslie!" Janie whispered, reaching out to touch his hand.

"Hi," he whispered back in acknowledgement but without enthusiasm.

Miss Natalie spoke up sharply: "Miss Janie, you know that we do not allow any whispering during class. Please refrain from it!"



"I'm sorry, Miss Natalie," Janie replied meekly.

"Very well, see that you remember it, or I shall have to report you to Miss Staylace for disciplining."

Leslie's thoughts were far removed from the content of the lesson, and he sat demurely silent throughout the remainder of the class period. At long last, a bell sounded and instantly the girls started chattering. He found himself surrounded by girls inquiring as to where he lived, whether or not he was a boarding pupil, and did he have a boy-friend. This last brought a crimson flush to his cheeks and caused the girls to giggle at his confusion. He gave his replies in a light, low voice, which elicited such comments as "Isn't she shy, though?" "Well, it's her first day, and I was shy my first day here too!" This last was from Janie who was defending him in a show of friendship. He gave her hand an affectionate squeeze in acknowledgement.

Conversation was finally hushed by the sounding of another bell, and lessons began anew.

During the recess period, he stayed close to his newfound friend Janie. As they wandered about the playground, he was delighted to see that the other girls paid little or no attention to him. Some stood in small groups, chatting, while others paired off as he and Janie had done. His ears were assailed by such comments as "My new frock is just too sweet for words. Just wait until I appear in it Saturday

night. Will I be the popular one!" Other girls discussed the boys who came to the Saturday night socials.

Apparently, these socials were the happiest occasions in the school week, for they provided considerable grist for the girls' conversational mill. Janie looked at Leslie with a smile and asked him if he would be coming to the socials, even though he was a day pupil.

"I don't know," Leslie answered, "but I suppose I will if my aunt insists upon it."

Janie gave him an odd little glance, her forehead wrinkling slightly in puzzlement. Then she brightened and said, "I'll introduce you to all the really nice boys."

The end-of-recess bell interrupted his negative reaction to Janie's offer, and she did not press the point as they walked hand in hand to the dining room for lunch. They sat next to each other at the fourth-form table, where they had a substantial meal.

Leslie surreptitiously glanced around the room to see if he could discover which of his schoolmates were petticoated boys like himself. All the students appeared to have quite feminine features and mannerisms, although the arms and wrists of one or two of them seemed maybe a trifle too thick for real girls.

If only he dared ask Janie! He quickly banished the thought from his mind, for any inquiry of that nature would rouse her suspicions of him. He did think he detected a gleam come to the eyes of some of those he



stared at in suspicion, and a slight flush rose to some of the suspects' cheeks as they seemed to avert their eyes. Well, anyway, he could ask Janie when they became better friends.

Luncheon over, Janie left him alone so that she could do an errand. Leslie wandered around the grounds disconsolately, waiting for his next class to begin.

One of the girls he'd suspected was a boy edged over to him and whispered: "I saw you staring at me at lunch. Why?"

"I really didn't mean to be rude," Leslie replied hastily. "I'm sorry."

She leaned closer and whispered in his ear: "They say there are four boys here at school masquerading as girls!" She watched Leslie intently to gauge his reaction.

"You're teasing me!" he said in mock incredulousness.

"Oh no I'm not! There really are boy-girls here!"

"But ... but ...!" Leslie stammered in confusion, wondering if he had done something to make her think he was one of the 'boy-girls.' The thought was unnerving.

The girl's next words stunned him: "I think you're one of them."

"Don't be silly!" Leslie hastened to retort. "Of course, I'm not!" He hoped his outrage sounded convincing.

"I still think so, so there!" the girl declared, moving away from him.

Leslie followed her with his eyes, his heart pounding out a dread beat. Why had she picked him out to make this accusation, he wondered. To add to his consternation, he saw the girl in earnest conversation with a chum -- another of those he suspected -- and the way they kept glancing at him and snickering struck terror in his heart. He sighed with relief as the warning bell rang and hurried off to his classroom.

The lesson was barely under way when a girl came in and handed a note to Miss Natalie. She read it and then sent the girl on her way.

"Miss Leslie, please come to my desk!" she ordered.

Nerves jangling, Leslie walked up the aisle to her desk.

"Miss Staylace wishes to see you in her office immediately!" she announced, adding: "You are excused ... and please do not loiter along the way!"

Leslie had to check himself to keep from dropping a foolish curtsy on his way out of the room. His heart was pounding as he rapped gently on Miss Staylace's door.

"Come in!"

"You wished to see me, Miss Staylace?" he whispered meekly, keeping his head lowered. All sorts of dire premonitions were moving through his mind.



"Yes, Leslie, please come over here!" She gestured with her hand to a spot next to her desk.

"Have you enjoyed your first day here, Leslie?" she inquired, watching his face closely.

"Yes, Miss Staylace!" he stammered.

"I am pleased to hear it. I think you will agree that your aunt made a very wise decision. I understand that she also took certain precautions to ensure that your masquerade is effective."

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose so," he said.

"I'd very much like to see for myself," she said. "Please raise your skirts."

"Oh please, must I?" he whispered in pure shame.

"This instant!" Her tone was such that his hands flew to the hem of his skirt.

As he drew the soft pleated skirt up to expose the layers of petticoats, she gestured impatiently and he untied the drawstring and allowed the pettiskirts to float lazily to the floor.

Once this was accomplished, Miss Staylace reached out and slipped her thumbs under the waistband of his pink lace panties and tugged them down to his ankles. The ribbons securing his modesty device were thus revealed to her eyes.

"Well, I do declare. How clever! One

would never guess!" she exclaimed, drawing him closer to her and unfastening the ribbons. As she grasped the little glovelike sheath, his symbol sprung into a state of frenzied tension. "My, my," she exclaimed, "the little person certainly gets excited."

For a few moments Miss Staylace seemed in a world of her own, for she hugged him to her warm body, caressing his breasts with one hand and never letting go of her captive with the other. Leslie was almost fainting with ecstasy.

Finally, she let go of him and rearranged his clothing. "We'll let this be our little secret, won't we, dear?" she asked in a tone which left no doubt that it would be.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I presume you have been wondering who the other boy-girls in our midst are?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss Staylace, I was!" he replied with flaming cheeks.

"Well, I doubt that you can detect them on your own, so I will tell you. Let me see ... there's Frances, Mildred, Janie, and Judy."

"Janie!" Leslie blurted out without thinking.

"Why, yes. Have you become acquainted with her already, Leslie?"

Leslie hesitated and then replied in a



demure tone of voice: "Yes, Miss Staylace, she has the seat next to mine in the classroom." He thought better of mentioning how nice Janie had been to him that morning.

After Miss Staylace dismissed him, he returned to class, lost in thought. So Janie was a boy like himself. He would never have dreamed that it was possible. Perhaps she had suspected him from the beginning and that was why she was so nice to him. Oh, well. It was nice to have at least one sympathetic friend at the school.

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Later that evening, as Marie was undressing him for bed, she queried him on the events of the day. He told her all that had happened except the episode with Miss Staylace. Marie was fascinated by the fact that the school held regular Saturday night socials for its students.

"Surely, you are looking forward to attending the next party," Marie suggested. Seeing his look of distaste for the idea, she went on: "I'm certain your aunt will insist that you go. In fact, she has already decided that you shall."

That night, Leslie lay awake pondering his fate, wishing that he'd never heard of Miss Staylace and her horrible school. And when he finally fell into a fitful sleep, he dreamed he was out in the woodshed behind his aunt's house tearing the horrible girl's clothes from his back and ripping them into tiny shreds.

The afternoon before the night of the party Leslie was sent to bed for a nap so that he would be "fresh and lovely" for the evening's festivities. At five, he was wakened by Marie who announced that it was time for him to dress for the evening.

Sliding off the bed, Leslie thrust his feet into his satin mules and draped a filmy chiffon negligee about his shoulders. Then he listlessly followed Marie's rustling skirts to the bathroom. There she helped him out of his negligee, removed his concealing garment, and ordered him into the warm scented waters of the bath. In spite of himself, he experienced a sense of exquisite luxury, reclining dreamily in the bath while Marie scrubbed him with delicately scented soap, missing not a nook or cranny of his body.

As always, the touch of her soft hands brought him to a terrific state of tension, in spite of himself, and in a few moments nature took its inevitable course.

After the bath, Marie towelled him dry and dusted him with body talc. Then she replaced his negligee about his shoulders and led him back to his boudoir to be dressed.

After corsetting him tighter than he'd ever been before, she prepared a pair of gossamer-sheer, flesh-colored nylons, caressing them over his limbs slowly and teasingly, all the while remarking on how beautiful and shapely his legs were. As an added flair, she slid a pair of lace and ribbon-frilled garters up his legs to just above the knees, after first securing his stockings to the corset's suspenders.



"Perhaps one of your admirers this evening will retrieve one of the garters as a keepsake," Marie teased.

Leslie shuddered. "Marie, please ... how can you make such a horrid insinuation?"

He winced as his glance dropped to the lace frill at the top of his corsets, for the unusual tightness had pushed his flesh up into a realistic cleavage, which Marie further augmented by inserting two realistic nipple-tipped falsies, the edges of which were treated with a special adhesive to secure them to his chest. Marie dusted powder around the edges so that the faint line of demarcation would disappear.

When she was done, the ersatz breasts nestled in the half-cups of the corsettop and were undetectable from real ones. "I ... I'm going to have a bra to wear, aren't I, Marie?"

"Of course not, silly! Girls don't wear bras with strapless gowns. It just isn't done."

Picking up a pair of lavishly lace-frilled pink satin pettipants, she held them up to his waist teasingly, swishing them back and forth. It was then he realized that she was not going to install his modesty device. When he asked about it, she said that his aunt had decided it should be left at home so that he would not be tempted to let his admirers take any liberties.

Marie arranged the filmy pettipants and

he obediently stepped into them. After she fastened them into place, she teasingly ran her fingers up and down the inside of the thighs, smiling at the pronounced excitement under the filmy folds of the panties.

Then she knelt and forced his feet into a pair of pink satin ballroom slippers and bade him walk around the room until he got used to them. After he managed to walk a little more steadily in them, she had him sit at the vanity table so that she might apply his makeup.

Marie took special pains that afternoon. Scented foundation cream for his face, bleaching cream for his neck and shoulders, and face powder dusted on with a soft brush. Eyebrow pencil created thin, arched lines, and a pair of long, curled false eyelashes enhanced his eyes. A touch of eye shadow, a trace of rouge, and finally a carefully applied layer of lipstick to match the shocking pink fingernail polish she'd applied the night before after his manicure. Then she bade him look in the mirror while she fitted a soft blonde wig to his head and combed it out into an attractive coiffure.

"Can it really be me?" he whispered in awe.

"Of course it is, Miss Leslie!" retorted Marie with a gay laugh. "You are tres jolie ce soir."

Marie gathered up his multi-layered petticoat and called to him to come to her, so she could envelope him in its scented folds. In moments his arms and shoulders were smo-



thered in the layers of net, satin, lace, and frills which slowly slithered down into place to brush the floor at his feet.

"Oh, Miss Leslie, isn't it just too lovely for words?" Marie cried in genuine delight, reaching down to shake out the folds and give them a more voluminous look.

"I suppose so," he replied meekly, desperately trying to hide the fact that he was genuinely thrilled with his attire. She glanced up at him with a little puzzled expression, for his tone had been one of obvious rapture. A smile played about Marie's lips as she held out the gleaming pink chiffon evening gown for Leslie to step into. After adjusting it about his hips, she zippered it up in the back and then arranged the bodice around and under his realistic looking breasts.

"Oh, Miss Leslie, you look ravishing!" Marie exclaimed, as she affixed diamond-studded earrings to the lobes of his ears, a matching necklace at his throat, and a matching bracelet on his left wrist.

"Do you really and truly think so?" he asked shyly.

"Of course," Marie said sincerely.

She drew a pair of white gloves over his hands, sprayed a little perfume behind each ear and between his breasts, and led him downstairs to where his aunt was waiting for him.

"Darling, you look perfectly exquisite!" his aunt exclaimed, hurrying forward

to slip her arms around his waspish waist and give him an affectionate peck on the cheek. "You will never know how happy you have made your aunty this evening, darling! As your reward, you may wear my mink stole."

Leslie's face was radiant when the elegant furpiece was being arranged about his shoulders. Passing a hall mirror on the way to the front door, where a cab was waiting for his aunt and himself, he couldn't help but pause a moment to study his reflection in it, while strange thoughts flitted through his mind. He actually did appear to be a charming demoiselle, and the caress of his encumbering skirts brought delightful sensations and tensionings to his nether regions. Also, it was kind of fun to be able to fool people as to what his gender was. Not that he was in any doubt about it himself. Not much doubt, anyway.

As he and his aunt rode toward the academy grounds, he wondered if any of the guests at the social would dream that he was not a genuine girl. Would his friend Janie help him avoid making any mistakes? Perhaps she would, for she was so nice and thoughtful. What would the other boy-girls wear? Would their deception be as clever as his own? Would he be able to handle himself in a proper manner if one of the boy guests asked him to dance?

Miss Staylace met them at the door of the main hall of the academy. "My, my, how ravishing you look, Miss Leslie! I am sure you will be the one most sought after by the young gentlemen here tonight!" The two women smiled knowingly as Leslie hastily lidded his eyes, cheeks flushing crimson.



"My, what a lovely party you have, my dear!" his aunt said to Miss Staylace. "I feel certain my precious Leslie will enjoy herself no end with all these attractive young gentlemen to choose from!"

"Aunty, please!" Leslie whispered in confusion.

At that point, Janie spied Leslie and came swishing over in a lovely white satin creation. "Oh, Leslie, you look good enough to eat!" she declared, giving him a light kiss on the cheek. "Come on with me and meet Charles and Jimmy, my two new boy friends."

His aunt nodded her permission, and he allowed Janie to lead him away in the direction of the two young men he'd seen her chatting with. "Oh, Janie," he said. "I'm so scared!"

"Don't be silly, Leslie. Nobody will ever guess the truth about you," Janie admonished. Then she presented him to her two friends, whose eyes brightened with approval.

Some of his courage returned to him. He had passed this test successfully, and he began to find himself enjoying the evening in spite of his fears. As he chatted with his new friends, his eyes sought out the other boy-girls he knew to be present. In their pretty gowns, there was little to differentiate them from the genuine girls.

The strains of a fox trot now filled the room and Leslie found himself being guided around the dance floor by Jimmy.

After a few moment, Leslie almost stumbled over his own feet when Jimmy declared in amazement: "Gee! I didn't know that girls still wear corsets!"

With a valiant effort, Leslie recovered his aplomb and replied, "Oh, some of us do!" He felt James' arms close more tightly about him and decided he'd said the wrong thing. When the music stopped, Jimmy suggested that they go outside for a breath of fresh air. Without thinking, Leslie agreed, since the dance's environs were stuffily warm. He let himself be led out on to the terrace, where other couples were scattered about.

When they reached the far corner of the shrubbery-studded garden, nobody was visible, but from the subdued sounds of giggling and light protest, they knew they weren't quite alone. Suddenly, Jimmy slipped his arms around Leslie's waist, drew him close, and planted a kiss on his unwilling lips. "Please, you mustn't!" Leslie cried out in alarm, struggling to free himself. Jimmy's hand was beginning to get terribly familiar, and finally Leslie had no choice but to give his escort a blow to the side of his face. Unfortunately, he forgot to extend his fingers, and his hard fist knocked Jimmy backwards over a low shrub.

Jimmy slowly got to his feet, muttering: "All right, all right! So you're a virgin!" Then he marched back to the ballroom, leaving Leslie standing alone in chagrin and fury. He had no desire to return to the dance, at least not for a while, and he was still sitting in the garden when Miss Staylace came out to find him. When she asked him what the matter was, he broke down and



told her the whole story. She hugged him to her sympathetically, and after a while he felt a little better.

"You mustn't blame Jimmy too much," she said. "After all, he didn't know that you were anything but a very lovely girl. And you are lovely, you know." So saying, she hugged him closer to her and had him sit with her on the marble bench.

Miss Staylace was a very attractive woman and her proximity was having a profound effect on Leslie. Realizing this, she let his head rest on her shoulder as she caressed him provocatively with her free hand. Soon her hand found its way under the voluminous hem of his skirts and travelled slowly up his nylon limbs, sending thrill after thrill coursing through his body.

The hand paused momentarily to toy with the lacy rosette on his garter, then foraged upward to his stocking tops, and came to rest on the lacy hem of his panties. He sighed with pleasure as it finally found its way under the silken material and came to rest on his flesh.

By this time, Leslie was half-reclining across her lap, and she leaned down to press her red lips on his own, her tongue intruding between his teeth, and her hand doing wonderful things to him.

Suddenly, Leslie decided that he might learn to like his new life -- and his new school -- after all.

☐☐ THE END ☐☐



## PRISONER IN LACE

This story is a sequel to Nan Gilbert's well-known novelet, "Petticoated Male," and continues the adventures of Leslie, the young man who is under the thumb of his strict maiden aunt. Her delight is to dress him full-time in the lace and frills of a young girl his own age. ☐☐



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