

TURNABOUT PRESENTS ☆☆☆☆

Lingerie and Lace

☆☆☆☆☆ Stories of Transvestism



☆☆☆☆☆ By NAN GILBERT

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EXCURSION IN PETTICOATS by Nan Gilbert

A TURNABOUT NOVELET

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During breakfast that fateful morning, Auntie made a casual announcement that put me in a state of dreadful anticipation. "Reggie dear, I have a pleasant surprise for you." She hesitated momentarily to study my reaction, then continued: "It's high time that you accompanied me on a shopping excursion. It will please me no end to demonstrate to the world the delightful change I have effected in your appearance." Her tone precluded any attempts on my part to dissuade her. I had long since learned the futility of changing her mind.

I lidded my eyes demurely as my cheeks crimsoned under her steady gaze, my thoughts upon the ordeal to which I was to be subjected. Already I could hear the whispers and see the sly smiles of the passersby, and I knew nothing would save me from this terrible exposure to public view.

Noticing that I was only toying with my food, Auntie remarked sweetly, "Aren't you hungry this morning, dear? Or can it be that you are dieting so that Marie can lace your corsets in a little tighter? After all, every young lady desires a neat waist."

I throttled the angry retort which rose to my lips, my trembling hands balling into fists beneath the table. She would not allow a single opportunity to chide me and tease me to pass by. Over and over again, I had asked myself how I had ever let her to trap me into my present status, to make me over from a teenage boy named Reginald to a girlish Regina! But I could not find a satisfactory answer to my dilemma.

As usual, I was not allowed to leave the table until Aunty was finished with her repast. At long last, she laid her napkin on the table and graciously rose to her feet. "Reggie dear, you had best hurry up to your room and ask Marie to help you dress for the outing."

"As you wish, Aunty," I replied meekly, mincing out of the room on my high-heeled pink satin mules. I could feel her eyes following me as a coy little smile played about her lips.

When I entered my luxuriously feminine room, Marie turned from beside the bed to say: "Your bath is ready, 'Miss' Reggie!" Her tone exuded sarcasm, and it invariably had an unnerving effect upon me to be addressed as "Miss" Reggie, especially by a domestic servant. Yet there was nothing I could do about it, as Marie had her own subtle methods of exercising her control over me. I winced at the thought of them.

"Thank you, Marie," I replied, slipping off my sheer pink chiffon peignoir. Marie stood close by to receive it, then assisted me out of the matching nightie.

My figure training was never allowed a moment's respite. I was forced to endure tight lacing day and night, although my sleeping corsets were not pulled in quite as tightly as during my waking hours. As Marie removed my white linen-lastex stays, I sighed with pleasure at the freedom I now had to breathe, forgetting my nudity in front of Marie for the moment. She gave my plump bottom an affectionate pat

as I hastened toward the bathroom. "Marie, please!" I protested. Her gay laughter followed me out of the room.

In spite of the fact that I detested bathing in delicately scented warm water, I still had to admit that it has a subtly soothing and relaxing effect upon my jangled nerves. In addition to the scent, a special skin-softening lotion had been added to the bath. No step was neglected to effect my feminization.

Marie entered the bathroom just as I was completing my ablutions. She bundled me in a huge coarse terrycloth towel, then began drying me vigorously until my rose-tinted flesh fairly shone. "Now don't you feel refreshed, Miss Reggie?" she asked, a coy smile on her lips as she laid aside the towel. I always felt a little ashamed at being exposed in the nude before this pretty girl, who was no more than a year or two older than myself. She picked up a huge powder puff and began dusting my person with fragrant body talc. She was most efficient, for not a mound or a crevice escaped the caress of the puff. And I was positive that she lingered longer in certain regions of my body than others, and my masculinity responded to the titillation to an alarming degree. She always pretended offended modesty at such times, saying, "Why, Miss Reggie, how very naughty of you!" But she did not slacken her manipulations one bit, even when nature took its inevitable course.

When we returned to my room, Marie arranged my corset around me, a severely boned garment of white satin reaching from

under my breasts to the tops of my thighs. A vee-shaped opening at the front allowed freedom to my masculinity. Slowly, surely, the corset clasped me in its vise-like grip as I stretched my arms over my head. When the rows of eyelets on the back met, Marie was satisfied and knotted the laces. Then she allowed me to lower my arms, and she ran her fingers lovingly over my nipped-in waist.

A pair of gossamer-sheer nylons were now carefully drawn up over my legs to be tautly gartered with eight little ribbon-covered suspenders, the clasps concealed under pert little pink bows.

"My, what pretty limbs you possess, Miss Reggie!" Marie teased, running her hands up and down the smooth stockings. I wondered why she failed to slip on my usual silken modesty device, but my attention was soon taken up with a pair of white satin panties prettily frilled with lace ruffling, their softness ornamented with pink bows. Gratefully I stepped into them, relieved that my maleness was given some modest protection, and Marie drew them up into place.

She then held up a pair of black patent pumps with tiny pointed toes and pencil-thin high heels. Kneeling before me, she managed to force my feet into them with the aid of a shoehorn. "Oh, Marie," I cried, "I can never possibly balance myself in these."

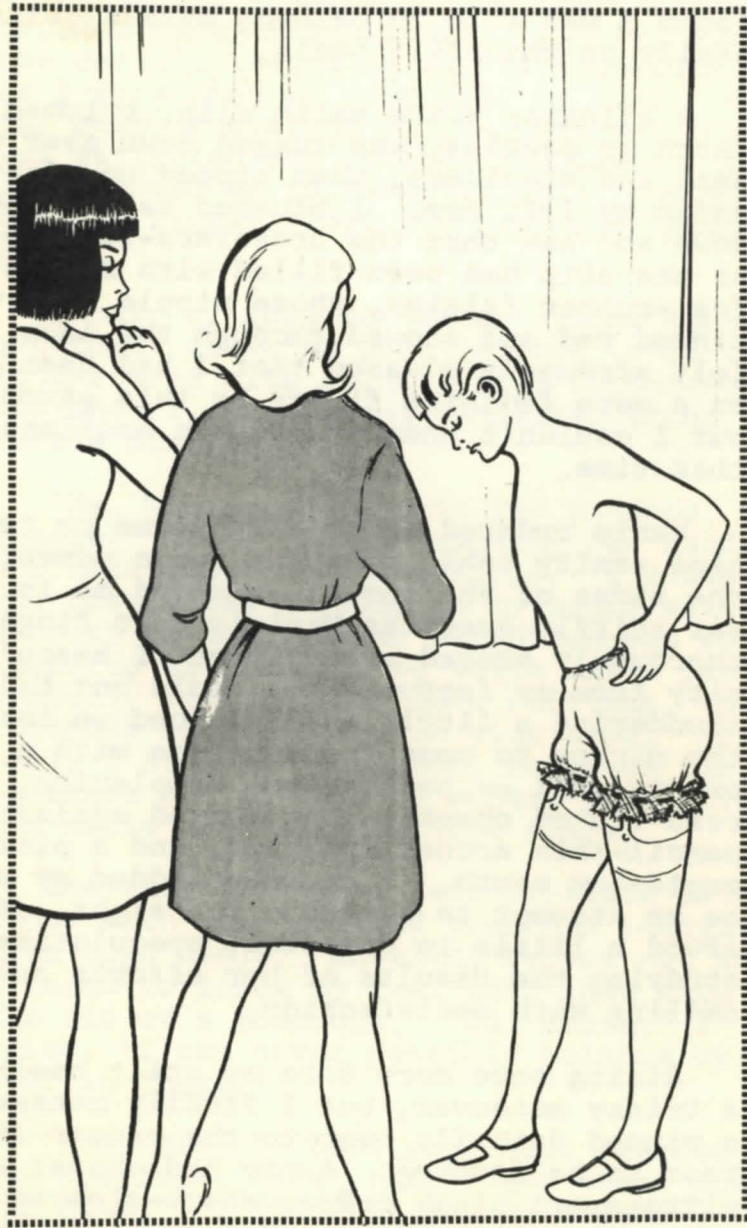
"They are the ones your aunt ordered," she retorted, "now, take a few steps about the room." I did as I was told, and I discovered that it relieved some of the heavy

pressure of the corsets on my waist. And with a few practice steps about the room I found I was able to balance myself quite easily on the stilt heels.

A clinging white satin slip, trimmed to match my panties, was tugged down over my head and shoulders, then zipped up tightly under my left arm. I blushed as I glanced down and saw that the brassiere-like bodice of the slip had been filled with realistic foam-rubber falsies, whose nipple tips were tinted red and showed through the lace. I felt strangely pleased that I had been given a more feminine figure by this garment, but I couldn't understand such emotions at that time.

Marie ordered me to sit before my feminine vanity table, gasping for a moment as the sides of the corset squeezed me in. I sat stiffly erect as Marie's deft fingers thoroughly erased every trace of masculinity from my features. I could not help shuddering a little as I glanced up into the mirror to come face-to-face with a pretty girl -- peach-bloom complexion, rose-tinted cheeks, long curved eyelashes, pencil-thin arched eyebrows, and a pink cupid-bow mouth. I hastily lidded my eyes as an attempt to blot out the sight. Marie stood a little to one side, speculatively studying the results of her efforts and smiling with satisfaction.

Rising once more onto my stilt heels was a tricky maneuver, but I finally managed it a minced daintily over to the center of the room to be frocked. Aunty had chosen an ultra-smart black crepe, short-sleeved with a sweetheart neckline and a snug-fitting



bodice. I blushed again as I glanced down at my curvaceous bosom. As usual, nothing escaped Marie's attention. "Maybe someday we shall not have to use falsies," she announced with a gay little laugh.

The skirt of the chic frock flared out gently from the waist in a series of box-pleats. In moments I was zipped into the garment, wondering to myself why the lace of my slip and the pleated hem of the frock felt so seductive as they swirled around my silken legs. Was I beginning to enjoy the experience of being transformed into a girl? Quickly, I put such absurd thoughts out of my head.

Marie fitted a modishly coiffured hair-piece to me, adding the final touch to my feminine appearance. I glanced sheepishly into the full-length mirror, wondering if the lovely miss I saw standing there could possibly be me! A stirring in a certain area of my panties was the only reminder left that I was still, beneath all the frills and laces, a young man.

A pair of medium-length gloves were then carefully slipped over my hands, and Marie selected a simple string of pearls to place around my neck and a gold chain bracelet was put on my left wrist. I was left with my thoughts while Marie went to the bureau, returning a moment later with a smart red satin pillbox hat in one hand, a matching red handbag in the other, and a beautiful mink stole laid over her arm. Stole and handbag were placed on a chair while she fitted the hat over my hairpiece and pinned it snugly in place. Then Marie arranged the stole around my shoulders and

hand me the purse. With that, I minced down to the drawing room where Aunty was awaiting my appearance.

"My, Reggie, how perfectly lovely you look!" she exclaimed in sincere delight as her eyes roamed up and down over my form. "Really, darling, you will be the envy of every girl we shall meet!" She reached out a gloved hand and patted me affectionately on the cheek. The delicate perfume of the glove tingled in my nostrils and created a delightful, subtle tensioning. I hastily lidded my eyes as I felt a flush come to my cheeks.

Arm-in-arm, Aunty and I went out to the waiting limosine where James, the liveried chauffeur, waited, holding the door open for us and respectfully tipping his hat. If he found anything strange in my attire or appearance, he certainly did not show it by his manner or his expression.

Soon we were speeding down the highway leading into the center of town, relaxing on the soft cushions of the Rolls. All the way, Aunty chattered about her plans for the day, but I barely heard a word she said, so engrossed was I with my own bleak thoughts of the ordeal to which I would be soon subjected.

Our first stop was Madame Francine's exclusive shoppe for young ladies. James expertly glided the car to the curb, then got out and hurried around to open the door for us. Aunty insisted that I alight first, cautioning me to be careful not to trip over my new heels. I breathed a small sigh of relief when I found myself safely

on the pavement, waiting for Aunty to join me. I glanced around hastily and some of my courage flowed back into me as I found that none of the passersby gave me more than a quick glance. If only my deception could remain undetected! I prayed fervently that it would.

Madame Francine greeted us effusively as we entered the salon, giving me an odd look which then turned into an appreciative smile. I felt silly in this scented and feminine atmosphere as we followed Madame toward the rear of the shoppe past several smiling clerks and into a small, mirrored cubicle. I was ordered to remain there by myself while Madame and Aunty selected a few new frocks for me to try on. No matter which way I turned, I found that I could not escape my reflection in one or another of the mirrors. It was unnerving!

Minutes passed -- minutes which seemed like hours to me -- and finally Aunty and Madame returned, closely followed by a trim young clerk carrying several frocks over her arm. She gave me a polite smile, then turned to hang the garments on a steel rack on one wall of the cubicle.

So engrossed was I in watching Madame and Aunty that I did not notice the clerk step behind me to unzip my frock! I very nearly cried out as I felt it suddenly loosen, but I regained my composure sufficiently to allow her to slip the garment over my head carefully to prevent mussing my coiffure.

What was worse, Madame insisted that the clerk remove my slip, and when that task

was carried out, I saw Madame's eyes rest momentarily on my now flat bosom. Hastily, I crossed my gloved hands and pressed them over my naked chest to prevent the clerk from noticing my mammary deficiencies.

"Shall I remove Mademoiselle's gloves too?" the clerk inquired respectfully. It was Aunty who replied and said that that would not be necessary. At least I was to be spared the ordeal of having the girl see my flat chest!

However, Aunty's next remark made me cringe. "Do you have any new attractive panties, Madame? My Reggie dearly loves them and is always begging for new ones."

"Why certainly, a new shipment has just arrived from Paris." Then, to the clerk, "Please go out to the showroom and fetch them."

The clerk left quickly, and the truth -- the awful truth -- dawned on me. Surely she wouldn't -- she couldn't -- expect me to lower my panties and expose myself as a young man in petticoats! But, of course, that was exactly what Aunty had in mind.

Tears came to my eyes as Aunty directed me to remove my panties so that I might try on the new ones the clerk was bringing. I was nearly dying of shame, and my horrified expression caused the two women to burst into peals of laughter as I remembered that Marie had failed to put on my concealing modesty device.

"Oh, please, Aunty," I cried. "Don't make me do that!" But she merely shook her head and motioned me to slip down the

lacy garment. The pressure of the corsets prevented me from slipping the panties down any further than the knees, and at that very moment the clerk returned!

A little gasp escaped the young lady's lips as she spied my unmistakable maleness, but she made no comment and merely slipped them down to my ankles and held them so I could step out of them. Then I had to suffer a further humiliation as the clerk was drawing on a new pair of panties, lavishly decorated with pink and white lace. Her soft fingers, whether accidentally or purposely, brushed against my maleness, which responded immediately in a most embarrassing fashion.

At this, another round of gay laughter echoed around the small room. I stood there blushing furiously and hoping that the ground would open up under my feet and swallow me.

My new panties were left on, and Madame directed the clerk to proceed with fitting the various new frocks on my trembling body. I stood silently, my spirits crushed, as the clothes were put on and removed.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Aunty selected two of the dresses -- a blue shirtwaist dress with flaring skirt and a figure-hugging knit outfit which she felt was quite flattering to my feminized form. Madame directed the clerk to dress me in my black crêpe once again, and she and my aunt left the room to arrange payment.

Once again, the young clerk undressed me, but this time her manner was much more sym-

pathetic, as we were no longer under the watchful eyes of Madame and Aunty. As she removed the knit dress, she spoke to me in a kind voice. "Don't let them get you down, kid. I think they were perfectly horrid to you." I smiled my appreciation. "I think you look fine as a girl," she went on, "and you ought to relax and try to enjoy it. Anyhow, it won't last forever."

I had my doubts about that last statement, but I was so in need of her kind words that I hugged her to my scantily clad body. She was surprised but not unresponsive and gave me a kiss on my red lips. But it was time for my two tormentors to return and we reluctantly parted. "Thank you," I whispered.

Madame Francine and Aunty came back into the room as my newfound friend was putting my dress on me. As we departed from the fitting room and went down the aisle between the glass showcases, I was certain that I heard subdued whispering and muffled giggling. How I longed to gather up my skirts, toss off my shoes, and dash out to the sanctuary of the car. But Aunty insisted on moving slowly, stopping to remark on this or that bit of finery on display. My nerves were so taut that I feared I would faint, but somehow I managed to maintain my consciousness.

Once inside the car, I burst into tears of anguish. Aunty tried to comfort me, but I turned my face away from her. My only salvation was that she ordered James to return us home.

.... THE END

Robert considered himself to be a most fortunate young man when he went to live with his Aunt Martha, for she inadvertently gave him the opportunity to revel in the soft silky furs he loved to distraction. Being herself a fur fancier, her wardrobe was filled with an abundance of fur jackets and stoles.

One ensemble in particular invariably brought Robert to a state of frenzied excitement. It was a skirt and jacket of luscious mink, trimmed with silky lynx.

Whenever he was left to his own devices of an afternoon, Robert would strip off his clothing and speed to the special closet in his aunt's room where the furs were stored. The mere thought of what lay in store for him there sent the blood coursing through his veins and brought him to an unbearable tension. How his hands trembled as he clutched the precious garments to his person! At times, he was fortunate enough to find the mink ensemble and would robe himself in it, then stand before her full-length mirror to admire himself, his face flushed with the ecstasy of the moment.

It was during one of these surreptitious visits to his aunt's wardrobe that Robert's world fell in on him. He was so engrossed in his admiration of himself that he failed to hear the tap-tap-tap of his aunt's heels in the corridor outside her bedroom. She was returning from an afternoon shopping trip much earlier than he had been given to expect.

Suddenly from behind him, Robert heard her angry voice exclaiming: "Robert! What are you doing in my closet?"

Whirling about, still clad in the mink skirt and jacket, he found himself face to face with his accuser. Before he was able to come to his senses, she continued to press the issue.

"And what do you mean entering my room anyway? And dressing up like that?"

He somehow managed to murmur a few unintelligible sounds, but he was so shocked that he simply could not mold them into words.

"You find my lovely furs very exciting, don't you? The gleam which comes into your eyes when you see me wearing them has not escaped my notice." She reached out and clutched the skirt, exposing his tense masculinity to view. "And that confirms my suspicions."

Pulling away from her, Robert tried to restore the skirt to its former concealing position. She refused to relinquish control of the garment, however, and angrily pulled it off him.

"Give me that skirt," she cried, "before you ruin it entirely!"

Not waiting for her to ask for the jacket, Robert handed it over and stood there trembling with shame and remorse.

After a moment's thought, his aunt's expression changed and a knowing smile

toyed with her lips. "Very well, Robert," she said, a mocking gleam in her eyes, "you shall have an opportunity to wear the furs you love." The tone of her voice convinced him that the promised experience might be more than he could handle. "Indeed you will, pet! Now go to your room and put on some clothes."

Robert was the picture of dejection as he crept back to his room, pondering the meaning of his aunt's words about having a chance to wear furs of his very own. The anticipation of wearing them was dimmed by the manner in which she had made the announcement, for he had already learned that she quite often entertained some very eccentric ideas.

The very next morning, Robert was obliged to accompany his aunt on a visit to her furrier. She immediately went into the proprietor's office, instructing Robert to remain seated and enjoy the lovely furs with which he was surrounded on every side.

His doubts and worries about the purpose of his aunt's visit dulled the excitement he would ordinarily have felt in his present situation. He wondered if he'd dare creep over to the door and listen. No, that wouldn't do. He might be surprised in the act of eavesdropping as he had been surprised in her room. Quite a little time passed before his aunt came out from the office followed by the smiling, bowing furrier who was rubbing his hands together in a ritual of greed and satisfaction. His aunt turned to the man and spoke.

"You will be certain to have it delivered as soon as it is ready!" Her tone was more one of demand than of inquiry.

"Oh, indeed, Madame!" It was seldom that he was given so unusual and profitable an order.

"Come along, Robert!" she ordered, preparing to depart. As he followed her, his hands were trembling in agitation. If only he had some inkling of what they had talked about! And of what was to be delivered! But his aunt kept silent all the way home.

A suspenseful week followed during which Robert gained some of his confidence back. Maybe after all the visit to the furrier had not concerned him. His aunt had been especially nice to him during that week. It was all very confusing.

He was wandering around in the gardens one day when he saw a delivery truck pull up at the service entrance, the driver alighting with arms filled with a number of white cardboard boxes of varying sizes and shapes. His heart immediately pounded with dread when he saw the name of the furrier on the panel of the truck, and he waited in horror to be summoned into the house. But he gradually calmed down as some time passed and he was not notified. But then he saw Suzanne, the maid, standing on the terrace peering about as if searching for him. He concealed himself behind a bush.

"Master Robert!" Suzanne called, as loudly as she could. "I know you're out there somewhere. Your aunt wishes you to

come to her room this minute!" She peered about for another moment, then went into the house once more.

Deciding that he'd only make matters a lot worse by disobeying, Robert slowly made his way inside and up to his aunt's room. He knocked on the partially closed door.

"Come in, Robert dear. I have a lovely surprise for you!"

This must be it! This must be what he had dreaded all along. He entered to find his aunt standing alongside her lace-canopied fourposter bed. "Do join me, Robert dear. I am positive you'll be thrilled when you see my little surprise!" He had heard that honey-sweet tone before, and he shuddered. "Aren't they gorgeous, pet?" she asked, teasingly, pointing to an exquisite array of finery neatly arranged on the satin bedspread.

One fleeting glance was enough. "Oh, no, Aunty. You couldn't! You wouldn't make me wear those dreadful things!"

"Not 'things,' dear," she chided. "They are luscious furs to titillate your fancy!" One by one she lifted the garments, holding them at arm's length with a running commentary on their loveliness. A pair of elegant, very full mink pantaloons; a mink jacket which duplicated the one she was wearing; a strangely fashioned pink satin blouse ending in deep "V's" at front and rear, the front panel trimmed with a design of mother-of-pearl buttons and two pretty pink ribbon bows at either side; a pair of obviously skin-tight pink satin pantaloons;

the hems daintily trimmed with lace; a pair of gossamer-sheer silk net stockings; some quaint ankle-high white glace shoes with contrasting black pointed toes and high heels; a short pair of wasp-waisted corsets in pink satin; elbow-length black glace gloves; a black satin turban; and a dainty little black satin purse which dangled from a thin gold chain. In addition to all this was a complete set of very feminine lingerie in pink and white and yellow and green, trimmed lavishly with frothy lace.

"You ... you mean ... you expect me to wear these horrible garments?" he cried in dismay, backing away from her.

"Yes indeed, pet. My, what a sensation we'll create strolling down the street together -- or perhaps having afternoon tea with my friends." Her tone left him in no doubt whatever that she planned on this, whether he liked it or not.

"Oh, no ... no! Please, Auntie, don't say such things. Oh, I'd die of shame if I were to be seen in them."

"Nonsense, pet. You'll look so sweet and demure," she replied with a gay laugh, already picturing them mincing along side by side.

His frantic pleas fell, of course, on deaf ears, and he was ordered to his room to disrobe. As he obediently slunk from the room, she called after him: "I've instructed Suzanne to help you dress, pet!"

After he had disrobed, he put on his bathrobe and returned to his aunt's room



with sinking heart. Suzanne was standing beside her, eagerly anticipating this opportunity to repay him for some nasty experiences at his hands. Revenge was sweet!

Robert went crimson from hairline to tiptoe as his robe was removed, exposing his nudity to glittering female eyes. Suzanne promptly arranged the corset about his waist, snapping the clasps together at the front. To his chagrin, her silken skirt brushed against him in a caress that caused his masculinity to react violently. He tried to conceal his condition, only to be told to raise his arms above his head so that he could be laced into the garment. When the tight lacing was finished, the pressure of the corsets seemed to increase his obvious tensioning.

"Tut, tut, how perfectly immodest," his aunt exclaimed in mock concern. "You must thank Suzanne for giving you such a lovely slim waist, pet," she teased.

Suzanne drew on the silken net stockings and gartered them tautly to the ribboned suspenders dangling from the corset. "It's a pity you've been hiding such shapely legs under ugly masculine trousers, pet," his aunt commented, causing him to weep in heartfelt anguish.

But then his eyes opened wide in horror as he saw Suzanne take up a lavishly lace-frilled glove-like garment which could be nothing other than a kind of modesty-device especially designed for him. "Oh, no, not that! It isn't decent!" he cried as she slipped it inexorably into place and fastened it securely.

Next came a clinging pair of soft nylon panties, frilled lavishly with lace, and then the satin pantaloons were drawn up into place. Glancing down, he noted that the pantaloons were decorated with embroidered flowers and dainty ruffles of pink chiffon. There was deep humiliation at every turn. He wept again at this affront to his masculinity, but it was to no avail, of course.

The snug-fitting satin blouse was buttoned about him, followed by the mink jacket and a pair of glacé gloves which had to be kneaded slowly and creaselessly over his hands and arms. Then came a trace of makeup on his face to pretty his features. Suzanne added a bit of lipstick to his lips and combed out a fringe of bangs over his forehead before putting on the fur turban. He was handed a little lace hankie to hold in one hand and the gold chain of the little purse to clutch in the other. Finally, he was propelled to a position before his aunt's full-length mirror, where he peered in stunned silence at his reflection. Oh, how could she have done such a terrible thing to him? How could she be so mean and horrid?

His aunt seated herself comfortably and lit a cigarette while Suzanne placed herself nearby in readiness to carry out Madame's slightest whim. Sobbing, Robert was ordered to mince daintily back and forth before them, wobbling uncertainly on his stilt heels. Their laughter beat upon his eardrums in a cacophonous crescendo of derision. His sides ached from the pressure of the terrible corsets; the circulation in his hands and arms suffered from the res-

triction of the tight gloves; and his feet nearly shrieked for relief. He begged his aunt piteously for respite, but she merely ordered him to continue his practicing for the next day's outing.

Finally, after hours and hours, he was undressed by Suzanne and sent off to bed, wearing a pink satin nightgown, lavishly trimmed with mink, to bed.

At breakfast the next morning, his aunt announced that they would be having an airing that day. "And of course, dear, we'll wear or identical ensembles to give all who see us together a thrill." Robert hung his head in shame, covering his face with his hands, and sobbed bitterly.

After he was properly corsetted and stockinged that afternoon, a new pair of panties made of pink nylon covered with an outer layer of lace and trimmed at the flaring legs with mink was drawn up his sleek limbs. Then Suzanne clasped a tight brassiere of matching material and mink trim around his chest. Large plastic inserts with realistic nipple tips were put into the cups of the bra to give him a fuller figure. Then came the outfit which duplicated the mink skirt and jacket his aunt had surprised him in the previous week. The makeup and hairdo followed, along with the silly purse and turban and shoes. He was taken before his aunt, who wore an identical outfit, and she beamed her approval. He prayed that a bolt of lightning would descend from the blue to blast him from the face of the earth before he could be forced to undergo the coming ordeal. But to no avail.

Before they departed, his aunt checked his appearance carefully, noting with satisfaction that the slitted sides of his skirt, lined with lynx, opened enough as he walked to show a generous view of his panties, stockings, and the gaily beribboned suspenders which held the latter up.

"You'll be the talk of the town, my pet," she promised. He was certain of that, at least, and he wondered how he would ever face his various friends again. His misery knew no bounds.

The outing was, as he expected, a veritable nightmare. He could feel all eyes upon him as he minced daintily along at his aunt's side, his mink-trimmed lingerie showing at every step. As luck would have it, practically everyone he knew in town was out that afternoon, and he was the target of such cutting remarks as "Look at the sissy boy!" and "Isn't Robert sweet?" The most terrible moment came when he and his aunt met his best girlfriend, who was out shopping with her mother.

Even though Sally shot him a glance of sympathy, for she knew something of his aunt's eccentricities, he felt as though he could never face her again, ever, and that his social life was finished for good.

Later on, he and his aunt were invited to tea by one of her friends. The ladies shrieked with delight when he entered the room, and everyone complimented his aunt on her dressing him so beautifully.

He was ordered to serve the ladies their

tea and cookies, and as he made the rounds they let no opportunity pass to embarrass him with snide comments and caresses. He wanted to strike out with his fists and smash them, but he did not dare.

Eventually, he was made to parade in front of them with skirts lifted to expose his lavish lingerie and frilly garters. One of the more mannish ladies found this fascinating and had him sit upon her lap while she inspected the mink trimming on his panties, her fingers idly caressing the silken hose which sheathed his legs.

His gaily decorated modesty device did not escape her view, and her cry of delight was the signal for the ladies to all crowd around him to see it for themselves. As he was poked and prodded by eager fingers, he lost control of his senses and, mercifully, slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

When he regained consciousness, he had been taken home and put to bed. His aunt was very solicitous of his health, and she displayed contriteness at having exposed him to a situation which got out of hand. She even promised never to let such a thing happen again, but somehow he knew that she would soon find another excuse to dress him in his hated frills.

And, as he fingered the luscious fur trim of his satin nightie, he knew in his heart that he would learn to like his new way of life.

☐☐ THE END ☐☐

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Lingerie and Lace

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■ **A FASCINATION WITH FURS** is what leads young Robert into an embarrassing situation while he is visiting his strong-willed aunt. She surprises him one afternoon as he is revelling in her fabulous fur collection, and she naturally decides to let the punishment fit his crime!



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