

Adventure In Petticoats V1
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ADVENTURE IN PETTICOATS

V1

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Kindle Edition

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Chapter 1

As I neared my destination, I recalled the delightful days I had spent vacationing at my aunt's country estate. How pleasant it would be to renew my acquaintance with my two tomboyish cousins, Mary and June. The family chauffeur met me at the station. There was little conversation between us, but for one remark. "You will find things considerably changed since your last visit." When I pressed him for enlightenment, he shrugged his shoulders and said I would have to learn for myself.

Upon my arrival, I was ushered into the drawing room by a pert young maid, there to be affectionately greeted by Aunty. It surprised me to see that my cousins were not present. Surely they would be glad to see me again. Aunty seemed to sense my thoughts for she remarked, "The girls will be down in a minute, dear. They're dressing after their afternoon nap." I nearly laughed aloud at the thought of two girls, sixteen and eighteen, having an afternoon nap like children. The chauffeur was right; things had changed.

Minutes later, I heard their voices from the hallway, and turned to greet them. For a moment I stared in disbelief - they were both dressed as little girls in childish frocks barely reaching to their knees and with large hair ribbons tied to their tresses, these cascading over their shoulders. Sash ribbons arranged about their waists, revealed them to be obviously tightly laced into stays, and they were gloved to the elbow in glistening white glace.



Chapter 2

As they minced forward, I wondered how they could manage to balance themselves on their stilt-heeled, pointed-toed, dainty little slippers. Under my scrutiny, a flush deepened the color on their delicately rouged cheeks. Aunty avoided an awkward moment by asking, “Did you enjoy your nap, girls?”

Mary answered sheepishly, “Yes, mother.” She cast a sly glance in my direction, and then hastily lowered her eyes.

“Girls! Have you forgotten your manners?” Aunty explained in a tone of reproof.

Both girls blushed, spread their skirts daintily, bent one knee, and curtsied. I attempted to relieve their embarrassment by saying “Hello Mary! Hello June!” They both brightened perceptibly and extended their little gloved hands.

Mary’s mouth said, “It’s very nice to have you, Robert” - her expression said - “Isn’t it awful to have to wear these ridiculously childish clothes?” I tried to convey sympathy with my eyes.

“Do sit down, children,” Aunty suggested, “We have so much to talk about.” I noticed the girls selected straight-backed, uncomfortable chairs. My unspoken thoughts were answered by Aunty who remarked, “They find those chairs more comfortable because of their stays!” The girls again crimsoned with embarrassment. A few moments later, Aunty scolded, “June! Your petticoats are showing. How many times must I remind you that modest young ladies do not make a public display of their petticoats!” June flushed and pushed her dress down. Her petticoats rustled but were still in view. It



must be terribly embarrassing for her to wear that short dress and full petticoats. Just then, a new figure entered the room - a pretty young woman in a severe black taffeta dress. Aunty introduced her as Mademoiselle.

Chapter 3

She acknowledged my greeting with a little smile. I felt uneasy at the way she seemed to be studying me. It was my turn to lower my eyes. Mademoiselle said, "Come girls, its time to dress for dinner." The girls promptly rose, curtsied to Aunty and myself and minced daintily from the room.

Aunty summoned the maid and told her, "Show Master Robert to his room." As I followed her, I noticed her trim ankles, the graceful curves of her silk encased legs. Her tiny waist showed her to be even more tightly laced than my cousins, and as we climbed the staircase, I caught brief glimpses of a froth of frilled petticoats. We stopped before one of the doors and she stood aside for me to enter. I was dismayed to find the room appointed in a fashion more suited to a fastidious young lady, than a young man. The color scheme was pale pink and blue, the floor thickly carpeted, with flimsy frilly white curtains with pale pink taffeta drapes, these held back with baby blue tiebacks. There was a canopied bed, dressing table with a ruffled pink taffeta petticoat, cheval mirror, and frail looking chairs - all upholstered in pink satin.

"Surely this can't be my room," I protested. The maid gave me a knowing smile and assured me it was. She left and I wondered why Aunty should have selected this room. Surely there must be other rooms more suitable for a young man. I soon forgot my concern as I lolled in a warm bath, so refreshing after my tedious journey. A shave, dinner jacket, and tie in place and I was ready.



Chapter 4

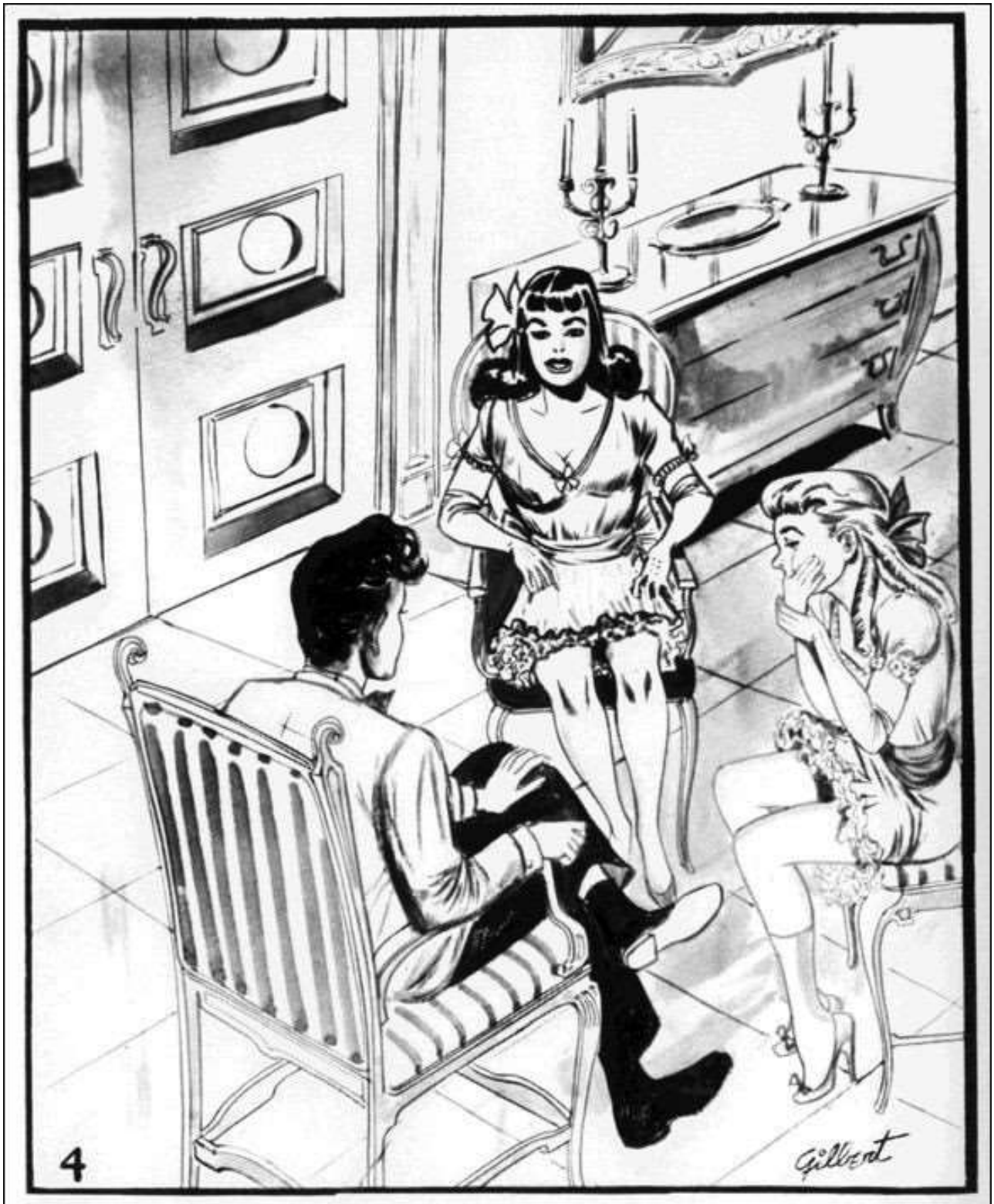
I went down to the drawing room to await the others, passing the time by scanning a magazine. The sibilant swish of taffeta announced the arrival of my cousins looking like two pretty dolls in their dainty little pink frocks with baby blue sashes around their waspish waists. Hair ribbons matched their sashes, and they were gloved to the elbow in creaseless white glaze. Their dainty slippers seemed to have even higher heels than before. I could not resist asking if they never wore longer dresses. June explained that Aunty considered them too young to wear long skirts. We all sat down and as the girls gracefully lowered themselves I caught a glimpse of elaborately frilled petticoats. Mary noticed my expression and turned to whisper to June. Both started to titter. “Wouldn’t you like to wear pretty dresses and undies like us?” Mary teased.

My cheeks went crimson and I said, “Of course not! I’m a man, not some silly painted up and laced in girl with her legs all bare.”

At that moment, Aunty arrived and we all paraded off to the dining room. All thru dinner, Mary and June would give me sly glances, and then start to giggle.

“Girls, what are you giggling about?” Aunty asked.

“Nothing, Mother,” June replied. It went on like that even after we returned to the drawing room for coffee. Promptly at eight, Mademoiselle appeared and announced it was bedtime for her charges, but Aunty and I sat up and talked until nearly eleven, when we both retired. I crept between the soft, cool sheets, falling asleep almost instantly.



Chapter 5

I awakened the following morning to find Mademoiselle standing beside my bed gazing down at me with an amused smile on her lips. “Good morning” she said brightly, “Sleep well?” I told her I had, and then inquired as to why she was in my room. She gave a little laugh. “I’m to assist you dress.” I lay there staring up at her in amazement. What could she mean? I informed her I was quite capable of dressing myself - and certainly did not need her assistance.

“But Master Robert,” she protested, “however could you manage your stays?”

Her words filtered thru my mind slowly, then as their import became clear, I shouted, “Stays! What are you talking about?” She ignored my outburst, patiently explaining that my aunt had given instructions I was to be attired in the same fashion as my cousins.

I was left speechless. Finally I managed to stammer, “You . . . you . . . mean”

She smiled down at me. “Yes Master Robert, your aunt feels that figure training and deportment lessons will be very beneficial for you.”

Oh - I must be dreaming the whole thing. Why it was unthinkable - me mincing about in petticoats and wearing a child’s dress. It must be a joke. I started to laugh.

Mademoiselle’s expression changed instantly - becoming firm and determined. “I have Madame’s instructions and I intend to see they are carried out.” Before I could prevent it, she quickly drew the covers down to the foot of the bed, ordering me to get up.



It was the final straw. I shouted at her to leave the room.

“You refuse to obey me?” she asked in a tone of finality.

Chapter 6

“Of course I do. You don’t think for one minute I would submit to being dressed as a girl and laced into stays. Don’t be ridiculous!” I shouted.

“Very well then,” she replied, and opening the door, called, “Marie!”

I heard the maid’s voice reply, “Yes, Mademoiselle?”

“Marie, ask Martha to come up here. We are going to need her help.” Now who could this Martha be, I asked myself, hastily drawing up the covers. In minutes, Mademoiselle was joined by the maid and a portly, stern-featured old woman. They approached the bed. I determined I would never submit, but a cold little spasm ran up and down my spine. They grabbed me in their arms and pulled me out of bed. My violent struggles and shouted protests availed me nothing - they were too strong for me. I was forcibly carried to the bathroom and instructed to bathe in scented warm water and to use a hard bristled brush unsparingly.

“Let me give ‘her’ a good switching, that’ll teach ‘her’ to mind!” Martha suggested, and from her tone, I realized she would relish the opportunity. I felt deep humiliation when they referred to me in the feminine gender. I could do nothing but obey them, after which I was marched back to my room where Mademoiselle instructed Marie to fetch my attire.



Chapter 7

Leaving Martha to watch me, Mademoiselle went over to the bureau, taking a length of pink satin ribbon from one of the drawers. “This is to keep you modest in the presence of ladies, she remarked, and the woman found no end of amusement at my crushed expression. Marie returned her arms filled with elaborately frilled girl’s garments. Mademoiselle relieved her of them and laid them on the bed. There was a pink silk vest, the neckline delicately edged with lace, a pair of pink silk “little girl” drawers with elastic at waist and legs. Pert little bows added adornment; opera length, sheer black silk stockings; a pair of well-boned pink satin stays; three starched, white muslin petticoats, the hems deeply flounced with lace ruffling; a pair of black patent slippers with dreadfully pointed toes and heels at least 5” high; and lastly, a plaid taffeta frock.

“Won’t ‘she’ look sweet in these?” Marie teased holding up the lacy little beribboned drawers.

Martha added, “Pants to panties,” and they all laughed. When the vest had been pulled over my head, they snapped the stays together about my waist, amusing themselves by arguing as to who was to lace me. It was decided they would take turns. Martha was first. Taking a firm grip on the laces, she started drawing them in. “I’ll lace the little darling so ‘she’ll’ never forget it,” she stated grimly.



Chapter 8

As the stays gripped my waist, tighter and tighter, I begged them to stop. They laughed at my pleas reminding me that little girls delighted in having wasp waists. Soon my breath was coming in gasps. I felt I was being slowly cut in two. Then all went black. Consciousness returned slowly and I found myself lying on the bed with the three women bending over me. There was concern in Mademoiselle's expression. I commenced to squirm and wriggle to relieve the pressure on my sides. It was useless.

They helped me to my feet and stockings were rolled up over my legs to be gartered with the eight beribboned supporters dangling from the stays. My feet were forced into the high-heeled slippers, my toes crushed into the pointed toes, and I felt as though I was standing on stilts. I would have fallen had they not grabbed me.

“What pretty legs ‘she’ has,” Marie tittered, running her fingers over them. There was one small consolation. Standing on the heels eased the pressure on my waist. I was then enveloped in the petticoats and Mademoiselle announced it was time for me to see how sweet I looked in them. I was marched before the mirror to view myself. I wept with humiliation, hiding my face in my hands. “Look, ‘she’ even weeps like a girl!” Marie exclaimed delightedly, clapping her hands.

Mademoiselle asked, “Would you like to prettify Roberta's face, Marie?” I was led over to the dressing table.



Chapter 9

I sank down on the satin cushioned bench before the dressing table with a sigh of relief, only to be ordered to my feet by Mademoiselle.

“Roberta, you must seat yourself gracefully and remember to smooth your petticoats under you. They must not be wrinkled.” It took a number of attempts before I finally satisfied Mademoiselle. Marie deftly applied a scented cream to my face and neck, rubbing it into the skin. Then she applied face powder. A touch of rouge gave my cheeks a delicate tint and my lips were carmined into a Cupids Bow. My eyebrows were penciled into narrow arched lines, and finally, false eyelashes were pasted on. She arranged my stylishly long hair into a feminine style, liberally applied hairspray, and pinned a pink bow into it. I glanced into the mirror and promptly burst into tears - mine was the face of a girl. Mademoiselle ordered me to stop crying and herself dried my tears with a lace hankie. Marie repaired the damage to my makeup quickly. Then the dress was put on me, and a sash ribbon arranged about my waist. I was ordered to parade up and down the room so they could be certain my skirts had the proper swish and sway.

My efforts to balance myself on the heels caused them much amusement. Finally, Mademoiselle escorted me to the breakfast room, presenting me as “Miss Roberta.”

The girls giggled with delight and Auntie said, “And how is my pretty little niece this morning?” I would have fled if Mademoiselle had not taken a firm grip on my arm.



Chapter 10

Breakfast was sheer misery for me with the girls constantly making remarks about my ensemble, and inquiring if I was not thrilled to be wearing girl's petticoats and panties. Aunty made no effort to stop them finding it rather amusing herself. Only the threat of a switching forced me to sit there. After breakfast, I joined the girls in the schoolroom, where, under the watchful eyes of Mademoiselle, I was given my first lesson in embroidery and fancy work. Pricking my fingers constantly with the needle afforded my cousins much amusement. Mademoiselle said that before the summer was over, I would become quite adept with a needle.

There were other lessons, too. We were taught to mince gracefully, swaying our hips to make our skirts swing properly, seating ourselves and rising to our feet. I was constantly on guard to keep my cousins from seeing my panties. Before it was over, I was nearly exhausted. Both from the unfamiliar stays and heels and from the constant humiliation of my cousins smirks and giggles. Afterwards, we were taken for an airing in the garden, and for this I was gloved to the shoulders and given a lace trimmed parasol "To protect my complexion" from the sun's rays. I felt terribly silly holding that hateful parasol over my head. My poor feet screamed their agony over their unaccustomed constriction. As I minced along, a thought came to my mind which made me blush - the lace ruffles on my panties tickling my thighs, the petticoats caressing them, gave me an oddly pleasurable sensation. I couldn't help thinking that perhaps petticoats were more interesting to



wear than trousers. I flushed at the thought and rejected it – after all I was a man not some sissy girl.

Chapter 11

I found lunch more satisfying, for I was quite hungry from my morning's endeavors, and besides, the girls had ceased to tantalize and tease me. Although conversation was confined to matters of feminine interest, I found myself enjoying them, even offering an opinion or two. Aunty noticed this and smiled in a knowing fashion. Immediately following lunch, we minced off to our rooms for our naps. Marie helped me out of my dress and petticoats and told me to get on the bed. "But my stays," I protested.

"It is necessary for you to wear them at all times to develop a proper waist."

She removed my heels and replaced them with knee-length, laced white glace boots with stilt heels. "These are to shape your legs to more graceful curves, and the heels will keep you from leaving the bed and wandering about."

How right she was - for no sooner had she gone, than I tried to get up. I would have fallen had I not grabbed the bed for support. I crawled back onto bed exhausted. My nap left me greatly refreshed, even my sides and feet had ceased protesting against their confinement. Mademoiselle prepared me for dinner, lacing me even more tightly than before and arraying me in frilled, rustling petticoats and a dainty white organdy frock. A baby blue sash ribbon was arranged about my waist and I was gloved to the elbows in white glace. I winced as I stood before the mirror, because except for my flat chest I looked like a pretty young girl.



Chapter 12

I could not resist the temptation to run my fingers over my flaring skirts. The petticoats rustled excitingly, bringing a flush to my cheeks. Mademoiselle slipped her arms about my waist, drawing me close to her bosom. “Roberta, you adore your pretty clothes, don’t you?”

I turned crimson with embarrassment and protested that she was completely in error, that I found them shameful, at which she laughed gaily. As I entered the drawing room, I was ordered to curtsy, and as I awkwardly held out my skirts and bent my knee I almost tumbled over on my heels. My aunt and the girls laughed heartily. I sat, carefully smoothing my skirt and petticoats under me as I had been taught. We enjoyed a small dinner. My appetite was still strong, but the tight stays made eating a large meal uncomfortable. No wonder girls were able to maintain such narrow waists.

Dinner over, I joined the others in the drawing room, only this time, instead of coffee, I was given a cup of warm milk. I resented being treated like a little girl and would have said so but considering that I was so thoroughly dressed and made up like one, my protest would likely only produce laughter and teasing.

Promptly at eight, Mademoiselle escorted us upstairs, entering my room with me, telling the girls she would be with them shortly. She directed me how to adjust my stays for the night and laced me into the boots. I donned a frilly, silk nightie and crept between the soft sheets. Before turning out the light, she kissed me gently on the mouth. It was a kiss one would give to a girl rather than a boy. Life had become very confusing to me.



Chapter 13

The following morning, Aunty announced we were to go shopping, as I needed some ensembles of my own. Also - “We need to find a suitable wig for Roberta,” Aunty went on. “Longer hair would be more in keeping with her youthful style of dress.”

I winced at the thought that she was trying to convert me from an eighteen-year-old boy into a six-year-old girl. I couldn't let that happen! However, perhaps if I were wearing a proper wig, people would not suspect my real identity.

“And then you can style your hair just like mine,” Mary exclaimed in delight.

We all retired to our rooms to prepare for our journey. While waiting for Mademoiselle to help me, I gave way to the temptation to view myself in the mirror. I found surprising pleasure turning this way and that to admire my pretty dress and my girlish waist. My hand dropped to my skirt and I lifted it an inch or two to feast my eyes on the frothy frills on the hems of my petticoats and to admire my little girl's panties.

Being petticoated and frocked seemed to release some secret desire with which I had been unfamiliar. It was still humiliating but somehow the sensations of the clothes on my body felt sensual and the image of myself looking so much like a girl was exciting. My thoughts were interrupted when I heard Mademoiselle's voice. “They are becoming to you, aren't they, Roberta?” I hastily dropped my skirts and turned to face her, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. “There, there,” she soothed, pressing me to her bosom, “You mustn't feel ashamed of your petticoats, Roberta. There are lots of young men who find delight in wearing them.” Her words comforted me and I found it delightful to be in her arms, embraced as a girl.

“Oh, Mademoiselle, these clothes do feel nice,” I confided. As a reward, she kissed me on the mouth. My reaction was distinctly masculine. She helped me into a Princess style coat of pale blue wool and placed a cute childish bonnet, trimmed with ribbons, over my head. It was comforting that the bonnet completely hid my short hair. Surely no one would think I was

a boy. A pair of white glace gloves completed the preparations. I could not help noting that in tight gloves, my hands looked small and feminine.



Chapter 14

As we left the house to enter the car, I wondered whether the chauffeur would recognize me in my girl's attire, but he gave me only a passing glance, apparently taking me for a friend of my cousins'. I had passed the first test successfully. The trip to town was uneventful with Aunty and the girls chattering about the clothes we would purchase. As she was an extremely wealthy widow, cost was no problem. Our first stop was a wig maker, and after trying on several, one was decided on which would give me a similar coiffure to my cousins. There was nothing left to identify me with anything masculine.

Strangely, I enjoyed the tour. I was even allowed to select a number of pretty frocks, deciding on taffeta, as their rustle and swish delighted me. There was only one incident that marred an otherwise perfect day; and that was when my wig came off as the clerk was drawing a dress over my head. However, she seemed not to notice it, replacing it without a word or change of expression. We started back home and I found myself wishing the chauffeur would drive faster so I could tell Mademoiselle all about the lovely clothes I had selected.

As the days passed, I found myself more and more in love with my petticoats and drawers, even urging Mademoiselle to lace me tighter so that my waist would be smaller than my cousin's. I completely lost my identity, finding delight in playing with my cousin's dolls, dressing and undressing them, and if we chanced to play house, it was I who was always selected to be the baby.



Chapter 15

One afternoon, Mademoiselle awakened me earlier than usual from my nap, and explained that my aunt was entertaining guests for tea. When I asked who they were, she told me they were two maiden ladies and their nephew, Gerald. As she arrayed me in my tea frock, I wondered about the other youth who would have no idea that I was also a boy. The thought made me giggle. I hurried over to the mirror to chat with my reflection, a habit which I had formed of late. The dainty little girl smiled back at me. I hastened down to the drawing room, curtsying to my aunt's guests and wondering where the young man could be. There was aunty, my cousins, two modishly attired women, and a very pretty little girl, dressed like myself. Imagine my surprise when aunty introduced 'her' as Gerald. 'Her' eyes avoided mine and I almost laughed, for of course, 'she' thought I was really a girl. Aunty explained that I was her nephew, visiting her for the summer. The ladies raised their eyebrows in surprise. I suppose I should have felt embarrassed, but on the contrary, I was quite elated that I had been taken for a young lady.

"Why don't you girls take Gerald up to the playroom and show him your dolls?" Aunty suggested, explaining that she and the ladies had much to talk about. We each curtsied in turn and then minced out of the room, arm in arm.

As we climbed the stairs, Gerald whispered, "Isn't it thrilling to wear pretty clothes and pretend we're girls?" I replied that I simply adored it. The girls overheard us, for they started to giggle.



Chapter 16

In the playroom we amused ourselves playing with dolls. Then Mary went over to the door of the room, opened it and glanced up and down the hallway. “I just wanted to be certain that Mademoiselle was not about,” she whispered, rejoining us. “Let’s play post office.” We all agreed it would be fun and drew lots to see who would be first. I won and going into the closet, called for Mary to join me. She came in, giggling. I slipped my arms about her slim little waist and drew her close to me, kissing her tenderly on the lips.

“Oh, Roberta!” she cried, kissing me in return. I found that despite my petticoats, she kissed me as though I was a boy.

Then Gerald went in and called for June. We heard laughing, then the smack of a kiss. A moment later, we heard June’s voice protesting, “Gerald, please!” She came running out of the closet, her face crimson. “Oh, he was simply horrid!” she cried.

Gerald joined us looking somewhat sheepish. June and Mary left us for a few moments and Gerald turned to me saying, “I’ll bet my panties are prettier than yours!” He drew up his skirts, revealing a pair of adorable little girl drawers.

“They are not!” I retorted, showing him mine.

Mademoiselle chose that moment to enter the room. “Girls, what are you up to?” she asked. We both looked at her and red-faced, hastily dropped our skirts. “Shame on you both!” she rebuked. “Little girls must be modest! They don’t go about showing off their undies.”

“Oh, Mademoiselle,” I cried, “Please don’t tell on us. We meant no harm, really we didn’t.”



Chapter 17

Another fascinating experience I had during the summer was attending a formal dance. Aunty announced it at dinner one evening, remarking that she had accepted for us. It was Mary who expressed our individual thoughts. “But, mother, what would the boys and girls think to see us dressed like little girls? Do we have to go?”

Aunty listened quietly, then said, “Mary, if you would not be so impolite as to interrupt me,” Mary looked crestfallen and lowered her eyes to her plate. Aunty went on. “As I was about to say, we will go shopping tomorrow to find suitable gowns for you girls, and of course, you will be allowed to have your hair properly coiffured.” June clapped her hands with delight and Mary brightened perceptibly. As for me, I pictured myself swinging about in the arms of a handsome young man, exquisitely gowned and coiffured. The remainder of the meal was spent in discussing the coming event.

That night, as Mademoiselle tucked me in, I told her how thrilled I was. She gave me my goodnight kiss and whispered, “Darling you’ll be ‘The Belle of the Ball’.” As I dropped off to sleep, my face wore a serene smile.

The next day we went shopping, and what excitement! I selected a gown of pale blue taffeta with a daringly low-cut bodice and a gorgeous flaring skirt. “Of course Mademoiselle will be wearing layers of petticoats?” the Modiste hinted. Aunty nodded, and I could picture the petticoats making the skirt of the gown flare out divinely. Aunty suggested that at least one petticoat be of taffeta.



Chapter 18

“Swish is so definitely feminine,” Aunty declared, giving me a knowing look. I flushed and lowered my eyes modestly. Aunty had guessed my secret. A clerk was summoned and I was helped out of my childish attire. Madame allowed her eyes to roam over my person for a moment; then ran her fingers over my chest. “We should remedy this rather flat bosom,” she suggested, and from her smile, I gathered she realized that I was not really a girl at all. The thought was disconcerting. A padded bra was fitted over my chest to give me a proper girlish bust; then I was enveloped in the lovely petticoats and the gown fitted to me. There were moments of ecstasy as I minced about the fitting rooms the long skirt sweeping the floor and swishing with delightful rhythm. Indeed - I was quite delirious with a newfound joy. The girls came in wearing formals and they too, were pleased with my entrancing appearance. To add the final touch, a beautiful blue taffeta wrap was placed over my shoulders. I felt slightly embarrassed, however, when I had to submit to being disrobed and dressed once again in my little petticoats and drawers.

When we returned home I told Mademoiselle all about the gown, and blushing a little, about the padded bra. She found the last most amusing and gave one of her tinkling little laughs. Whereupon I became crestfallen - and she held me in her arms and kissed away my tears.

The evening of the party seemed as if it would never arrive - but it finally did. Mademoiselle dressed me, coiffed my transformation into place and then tucked a pink rose in it as a final touch. I hurried down to the drawing rooms taking care to hold up my skirt in

a dainty manner as I descended the staircase. “Isn’t Robert lovely!” Mary exclaimed as I swished into the room. I could have kissed her for this remark.

“Don’t trip over your skirts girls” Aunty cautioned as we entered the auto.



Chapter 19

What exquisite pleasure it gave me to take my skirts and lift them gracefully, to enter the car, and then settle back on the cushions carefully spreading them so as not to cause a wrinkle.

Arrived at our destination, a solemn-faced butler directed us to the ladies' room. As we passed down the wide hallway, I glanced at the handsome young men and women who passed us. I could not help but notice that several of the men gave me approving glances. It made my nerves tingle. In the ladies' room, smartly uniformed maids helped us off with our wraps. A glance into the mirror, a touch of powder to our noses, and we were ready to join the other guests. Aunty introduced us to our hostess, a stunning woman in a grey chiffon gown.

As she took my hand, she said, "You are very pretty, my dear." Had she guessed my identity? I hoped not. The music started and soon I found myself swirling about the floor in the arms of a handsome young man. My only worry was that my voice would betray me, so I kept it as highly pitched as I could. He seemed to sense nothing wrong. On and on went the dancing, first with one partner then another. I caught glimpses of the girls now and then looking radiantly happy in the arms of their partners.

Intermission time came, and the young man I was dancing with suggested we get a breath of air. I agreed and together we strolled out into the gardens. We chatted until we reached a secluded section. Suddenly his arms went about me, and before I could resist, his lips were burning against mine.



Chapter 20

This was more than I had bargained for, and I struggled to free myself. I found being kissed by a member of my own sex disgusting. He released me and in a petulant tone suggested we return to the ballroom. I was happy to accommodate him. I went to the powder room to repair the damage to my makeup. There were two other young ladies there. One was saying—“Darling, I have the meet exciting news for you!” Her voice quivered with excitement. Her companion asked her to explain. “My dear, I heard there’s a boy here dressed as a girl!”

“Not really,” the other girl exclaimed.

“Yes, whom do you suppose it could be?” They gave me a passing glance, no more, and left the room chattering vehemently, I whistled with relief. Later when I told Mademoiselle about it, she thought it very amusing and said I had been fortunate. I did not tell her about the boy kissing me, as the thought still revolted me. That night was the first time she kissed me goodnight as she would a boy, and our lips clung together. Her’s were soft and luscious. “Now, Roberta!” she whispered, releasing herself, than burst into gay laughter as my lips puckered into a pout.

Of course the main topic of conversation the next day was our experiences at the party. I told of my fright in the powder room, causing them great merriment. My only regret was having to resume my little girl clothes, for I missed the delicious caress of the petticoats against my ankles.



Chapter 21

Aunty took me to one side and said that Gerald's aunts had invited me to spend an afternoon with them. The thought of visiting another youth who shared my delight in being petticoated and frocked as a girl was very pleasurable, and I told Aunty I would be delighted. When it came time to dress, I asked Mademoiselle to let me wear my prettiest pink taffeta frock. She smiled as she asked, "And taffeta petticoats under it?"

For a moment I was a little confused and flushed at the knowing way she asked the question. "You're just teasing me," I whispered.

She slipped her arms about me and said, "There now, no tears." I wore my frilliest little drawers, two flaring pink taffeta petticoats and my favorite party frock. As she arranged my wig, I told her that I wished to look my very best that afternoon.

"You always look sweet and girlish, dear," she replied, as she tied on a large blue hair ribbon, "Remember how you struggled when I first wanted to petticoat you?" It seemed years ago even though it was actually a short time. The chauffeur took me to Gerald's, and he, himself, greeted me and escorted me to the drawing room where his aunts awaited me. We chatted for a short time, and then one of Gerald's aunts suggested that it might amuse us to dress up as old-fashioned girls.

"Aunty, could we?" Gerald cried, clapping his hands with delight.

"Yes, dear, run along and ask Mademoiselle to help you dress." We scurried up the staircase. Mademoiselle came to his room, which was delightfully appointed in an *à la* feminine fashion, and helped us to dress.



Chapter 22

I watched, nerves tingling with excitement, as she selected a pair of quaint, elaborately frilled pantaloons that reached below Gerald's knees. A corset cover covered his stays. There was a pair of ankle-high buttoned shoes with pointed toes and funny high heels, a stiff black silk taffeta petticoat, and over that a black taffeta dress with high neck, long sleeves, and a very full skirt which reached to the floor. How exquisitely it rustled as she drew it down about him. I, too, was arrayed in a similar fashion and the two of us paraded about the room, making a tremendous frou-frou with our skirts. The afternoon passed all too fast before I had to lay aside the lovely garments to return to my childish clothes. Gerald's aunts insisted that I should visit them again, and I felt both women found as much pleasure in watching two boys mincing about in skirts as we did ourselves.

Alas, time passed and it came time for me to have my last dinner at Aunty's. The next morning, I went back into trousers, which felt strange and uncomfortable. Before I departed, Aunty gave me a hug and said, "You will come again soon, Robert, I hope. I'll have all your pretty things ready for you when you do," needless to say. I promised to return at the very first opportunity. I waved goodbye tearfully as I was whisked off to the station. How I would miss my pretty clothes and Mademoiselle giving me a goodnight caress.



Chapter 23

When mother inquired if I had had an enjoyable summer, I said I would like nothing better than to return the following year. She remarked that I seemed to have lost weight and wondered why I had no sunburn. It was impossible for me to give up my cherished petticoats, and one afternoon, when left alone in the house, I went to her room, where to my delight, I found that I could dress up in her clothes.

From then on, at every opportunity, I would don her pretty clothes, which was the reason for another unusual petticoat experience. I had thought that everyone was out for the afternoon and had begun to dress up in mother's finery. I was so absorbed that I failed to hear Sarah, mother's personal maid, enter the room. In fact, my first knowledge of her presence was when she exclaimed - "Why, Master Robert, whatever are you doing in your mother's clothes?"

I whirled about to find her framed in the doorway, staring at me in disbelief. "Sarah?" I cried, "I . . . I . . . thought . . ."

"Yea, you thought I was away this afternoon, Well, I wasn't, for I have suspected for some time that someone was messing with your mother's clothes. Goodness, what will she say when she hears about this. You, of all people!" I was thoroughly frightened and pleaded with her not to tell mother. For a moment, I thought I was wasting my breath, then her face lit up with a smile, and she said, "On one condition, Master Robert!"

"Anything, I'll do anything, but don't tell mother!"

“Very well then, we’ll talk about it later. Now get out of those clothes before your mother returns,”



Chapter 24

Nothing more was said until a week later on Sarah's day off. She came to my room and told me I was to go to her sister's apartment that afternoon and be prepared to stay until evening. She had me write down the address lest I forgot it, "If you don't come," she threatened, "I shall be obliged to tell your mother about what I saw." I assured her I would be there, and at the appointed time, I pushed the buzzer to the apartment. Sarah, herself, admitted me and led me into the living room where she introduced me to a young person whom she referred to as her sister. The latter gave me a funny look as much as to say, 'Surely he doesn't look like a boy who would want to dress up in his mother's clothing'.

I could feel my cheeks turning crimson. "Come, Master Robert," Sarah said, taking my arm and leading me into a bedroom. "Here is your attire for the afternoon?" Spread out on the bed was a maid's ensemble - complete with a lace cap and apron. "You are to serve as our maid this afternoon, Master Robert." I pretended to be very abashed, but secretly I was delighted with the thought of wearing the dainty garments. She left me to undress, ordering me to call her when I donned the lace panties. I tore off my clothes and fitted a little pink silk garter belt about my waist, then pulled on the sheer black silk stockings. The black satin pumps reminded me of those I had worn all summer, and balancing myself on the high heels offered no problem. As soon as I drew on the lace panties, I called Sarah. The two girls came into the room and stood staring in amazement at me.



**Continued in Adventure in Petticoats
Volume 2**