

Adventure In Petticoats V2
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V2

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Chapter 25

It was Mary, Sarah's sister, who was the first to speak. "Sarah, I declare, look at his legs! They're positively feminine!" I flushed with pleasure at her remark. Three starched white muslin petticoats were put on me, then the black taffeta uniform. It had a high neck, edged with lace, as were the cuffs on the long sleeves. The bodice was quite snug and the skirt flared out charmingly from the waist. "He's cute!" Mary tittered, arranging the little lace apron and tying on the lace cap. Sarah lifted her skirt in an attempt to humiliate me and said, "Marie, adjust my garter for me." As I knelt down to obey, both girls laughed hysterically.

I was kept on the go all afternoon, even to preparing and serving them tea. "My, doesn't our little Marie conduct herself with girlish grace." Sarah teased.

Mary replied, "Oh Sarah, can't we invite some of the girls and have Marie serve them too? He could pretty his face with makeup and get a wig." There was nothing I could have desired more, and I listened intently for Sarah's reply, trying to look properly abashed when she agreed to the suggestion. It was decided that I was to serve their friends the following week on Sarah's afternoon off. About seven, I was allowed to lay aside my maid's attire - I regretted having to do it - and don my trousers. Yet I carried away the pleasant thought that the next week, I could again mince about in my beloved petticoats. When mother inquired where I had been, I made up some excuse that seemed to satisfy her.



Chapter 26

I waited impatiently for Thursday, for this was the day that had been set for me to return to the apartment. Promptly at the appointed hour, I presented myself and was ordered to the bedroom ‘to don clothing more suited to my position’. I even found pleasure in being ordered about by these two women. To my delight, this time I found a pair of black satin stays nestling among the other dainty undies. How nice it would be to be clasped in the grip of boned stays once again. I whisked off my clothes, drew the pretty silk vest down over my head, and slipped on the sheer black silk stockings - I was even able to garter them up without help, despite my trembling fingers, forced my feet into the little satin slippers and pulled up the lacy panties. “I’m ready,” I called, trying to make my voice sound sheepish. When they came into the room, Sarah reminded Mary that with my waist properly laced, I would have a proper figure. Her expression plainly revealed that she would consider it a pleasure to lace me into them. Alas, her lacing was not nearly as severe as Mademoiselle’s I pretended to be shamed by the experience for it was best they did not know my true sentiments.

“She’ really has a cute waist, hasn’t ‘she’,” Mary teased. I could have kissed her for the happiness it gave me to hear her remark.

Sarah, more practical, retorted - “All but here!” Her fingers roamed over my chest as both women burst into gales of laughter. I could have told them that a bra and falsies could correct this.



Chapter 27

At the dressing table, Mary prettied my features. It reminded me of Mademoiselle as her soft hands massaged cream into my skin, and then applied the rest of the makeup. “Should we wait until he is uniformed before putting on his wig?” Mary asked. Sarah thought it would be best, and soon I found myself being enveloped in the layers of starched petticoats.

“Your little skirt must flare out properly,” Mary explained. The uniform was zipped up the back and the dressed wig fitted on my head. It was Sarah who arranged the cute little lace apron about my waist and tied the cap to my head. I was ordered to parade up and down the room for their inspection. I minced as prettily as I knew how and this seemed to amuse and delight them.

“If I didn’t know he was a boy, I would never guess it seeing him mince about like that,” Mary exclaimed. Mary was very nice. She asked Sarah if they should tell the girls who I really was. Sarah decided it would be best to wait. For the next half hour, I was given instructions in carrying out my duties. Once or twice I caught Mary giving me inquisitive little glances as though wondering if I did not find it delightful being petticoated and uniformed. As the guests arrived, I ushered them to a bedroom to doff their wraps. None gave me more than a passing glance. However, I overheard one girl remark, “Mary, lucky you, finding such a smart maid. However did you do it?” Mary laughed gaily before replying, “One only has to keep looking.” She dropped the subject there. As the girls were playing bridge, there was little need for my presence.



Chapter 28

Sarah and Mary found abundant reasons to keep me busy. One incident that caused me a bit of amusement was when I was summoned to the bedroom by one of the guests on the excuse that her girdle needed adjustment. I soon discovered the girdle was only an excuse to be alone with me, for she slipped her arm about my waist and drew me close to her heaving bosom. Her eyes gleamed as she smiled at me, her lips meeting mine in a lingering kiss and her hips undulating slowly against mine. I offered no resistance to her advances. "You must come and visit me some time, darling," she whispered, taking my chin in her hand to tilt my face up to her's, then kissing me gently. I hastily agreed, to spare myself further fondling - for what if she discovered my real sex? We returned to the living room where both Mary and Sarah cast inquisitive glances in my direction. I pretended not to notice.

Tea time came and I almost dropped the cup I was passing to one of the guests when I heard Mary exclaim - "Marie has the prettiest undies, girls!" That was as far as she got for they all started clamoring to view them. I was ordered to lift my little skirt and show off the frilled hems of my petticoats. That didn't suit them at all, and it was not until I stood there holding up skirt and petticoats that they were satisfied. I looked at the girl who had invited me to the bedroom, and found her staring at my panties, her lips trembling with excitement. Perhaps it would be a delightful experience to visit her after all. If only I had the necessary clothing to wear.



Chapter 29

A solution to that problem was found, for after the guests had departed, Sarah told me that I was to go to this women's apartment for an afternoon. When I protested that I had no feminine street attire, she explained that I would come there first and dress myself in my maid's clothing before going on. I relished the idea and on the scheduled afternoon, Mary completed my ensemble by lending me a smart little hat and one of her coats. She even produced white glace gloves. I set off wondering what new and fascinating adventure was in store for me.

The woman, I'll call her Margaret, met me at the door, and to my amazement, she was dressed as a man. I hesitated a moment but she drew me into her arms and kissed me passionately on my lips, even before I had time to remove my wraps. Without makeup and with her hair drawn back tightly into a knot at the back of her head, she looked almost manly. Only the softness and warmth of her lips dispelled this impression. The spacious living room into which I was led was tastefully appointed. We sat down on the divan and started to chat. Soon she drew me close to her and put her arms about me, drawing me across her bosom, gazing down into my face with her eyes glazed with desire. Our lips met in a long, lingering caress, "You adorable little darling," she whispered, her voice quivering with emotion. I wondered what she would have said if she had known that I was really a boy. As she grew more ardent, I began to protest.



Chapter 30

Moments later, her nimble fingers had unfastened my petticoats and they cascaded down about my ankles. She gripped my arms firmly when I tried to recover them, whispering “You won’t need them, my precious.” Her arms enveloped me and her lips pressed against mine. Their softness made me forget my danger and I lay in her arms in complete ecstasy. As she grew more and more daring with her caresses, I pulled away and feverishly blurted out, “But I am not a girl at all!” For a moment, she seemed not to comprehend, then she slapped my face as hard as she could, “Get out of here before I really lose my temper!” she screamed. I fled from her fury in haste.

The next time I served as Mary’s maid, this woman exposed me. “Girls,” she exclaimed, getting their attention, “Do you know that Mary has been fooling us with her ‘Maid’!” Her emphasis on the word was cutting, “Why Marie is nothing more than a petticoated boy.” The girls looked at me in amazement and I quailed before them.

Someone suggested that I be taught a lesson for passing myself off as a girl. Despite Mary’s protests and my fervent struggles, I found myself subjected to nameless indignities.

That was the last time I visited the apartment. Mary tried to console me as I lay on the bed, my clothes in disarray, but her sympathy did nothing to stop the flow of tears which coursed down my cheeks, “You’re horrid and mean,” I wailed, “Why did Sarah insist that I go to that wicked woman’s apartment?”



Chapter 31

One evening, mother handed me a letter from my aunt. She and my cousins were coming on for a visit. How delightful it would be to see them once again, but what if they were to tell mother about my spending the summer in petticoats. I felt unnerved at the idea. Mother went on to say that she thought I should meet them at the station. At least this would afford me the opportunity of begging them not to tell mother.

The day of their arrival came, and as I waited at the station for the train to pull in, I wondered if the girls still dressed as dainty little misses and pictured them mincing along beside Aunty in their little coats and beribboned bonnets. I was relieved, however, to find that they were dressed more in keeping with their age. They greeted me affectionately and we all set out for home. As we chatted gaily, I decided to make the plunge. “Aunty, you won’t say anything to mother about my wearing girls’ clothes during my visit, will you?” I asked sheepishly. The girls giggled.

“No, Robert, that is our little secret,” Aunty replied, adding, “Do you understand, girls? Not a word about our lovely little Roberta!”

This brought on a new fit of giggling, and Mary leaned over to whisper, “You did look awfully cute in petticoats!” Upon our arrival, mother instructed our maid to show Aunty and the girls to their rooms. Later, passing by, I overheard mother and Aunty talking. The door was open a crack, allowing their voices to penetrate into the hallway. I could not resist eavesdropping.



Chapter 32

Mother was saying "...and I thought it would make a pleasant evening for them." Then Aunty's voice saying, "I'm certain they would be delighted, but what about costumes?" There was a moment's silence, then mother's voice, "Why, of course. They would be perfect! There are several trunks full of quaint attire in the attic. They were mothers and I'm positive they would fit the girls."

So that was it, they were going to a costume party. Probably I would be going too.

But what intrigued me was what mother had said about the trunks. Now why in my explorations had I never thought of looking in the attic? My thoughts were interrupted when I heard Aunty asking "Mary, might it not be amusing to have Robert dress in the same fashion as the girls?"

I listened carefully to catch mother's reply. "But, Gertrude, do you think he would agree?" Of course I would agree. I hurried to my destination with but one thought in mind. I must explore the trunks at the very first opportunity.

That evening at the dinner table, mother broached the subject of the party, explaining about the dresses. The girls immediately went into ecstasies and I waited breathlessly, but all mother said was, "I presume you would like to wear a cowboy outfit, or something of that nature?" I quickly said that was exactly what I wanted. The girls began to giggle. "Very well, dear, I'll see what I can do." She exchanged a look with Aunty.

Later, in the drawing room, Mary said, "Don't you wish you were going in petticoats too, Robert?"



Chapter 33

The next morning I had an opportunity to explore the attic as all the women had gone shopping. With trembling fingers I raised the lid of the nearest trunk. My pulse quickened as I feasted my eyes on the deliciously trimmed undergarments nestling before me. I took up one of the garments - a pair of quaint drawers with legs reaching to well below the knees, elaborately frilled with lace ruffles and pert little ribbon bows. To think these lovely garments had been there all this time when I was dying to have some lovely lingerie to dress up in. There were frothy petticoats, muslin, satin and rustling taffeta, quaint high-heeled shoes buttoning to above the ankle, ribbon covered elastic garters, lovely silk stockings and even well-boned stays. I clutched each garment to me in sheer ecstasy, and then replaced them with great care so no one would guess they had been disturbed. In the next trunk I found exquisitely exciting gowns and dresses - chiffon, satin, taffeta - a gorgeous array of finery to please the fancy of any young man who had become a petticoat slave. I hated to leave the precious garments, but time was fleeting and I had to calm my nerves before the family returned. A brisk walk in the garden helped immensely.

The women returned, their arms laden with packages, their eyes alight with the excitement of their shopping trip. "Oh if only you could wear some of the lovelies we found this morning," Mary teased.



Chapter 34

No further mention was made of the costumes until the evening of the party. Mother explained that after dinner we were to go to our rooms to dress, “Did you find me a cowboy outfit?” I asked innocently.

“No, dear, I didn’t,” she replied. “In talking it over with Aunt Margaret, we thought it would be amusing for you to go as a young lady.”

I pretended to be aghast and cried, “You . . . you . . . mean, go as a girl?” Aunty smiled and the girls giggled, but mother assumed a stern expression.

“Yes. It won’t hurt you any and the girls would love it. Wouldn’t you, girls?” I assumed a hurt air that made mother all the more determined. The girls scurried off to their room to prepare for the party. “Giselle will help you dress,” mother said. Giselle was now her personal maid, Sarah having done something to displease mother, who had discharged her some time previously. I begged mother not to do this awful thing to me, hoping all the time she would remain adamant. She did, and I wandered slowly up to my room. I would have scurried as fast as the girls if I had dared. Giselle waited until I had finished my bath in scented water before she brought the costume I was to wear. I put on a convincing act of fussing and fuming as she displayed a lace trimmed vest and ordered me to slip it over my head, Next came a pair of opera-length, black silk stockings.

“You have very pretty legs for a boy,” she remarked as I drew on a pair of beribboned elastic garters over my legs, placing them high up on my thighs.



Chapter 35

Somehow I managed to cramp my feet into a pair of the high button and high- heeled shoes I had discovered in the trunk. They were even narrower than the ones I had become accustomed to while visiting Aunty. Giselle helped me and soon they were buttoned about my ankles. Stays were clasped about my waist and she started lacing me. When I protested, she reminded me that ladies who lived during the era we were portraying always had wasp waists. She laced me so tightly, I found breathing quite difficult. Oh well, the pleasure of feeling petticoats caressing my legs more than made up for the discomfort. Soon I found myself enveloped in a rustling black taffeta petticoat. What exquisite pleasure it afforded me to run my fingers over the stiff silk. Giselle watched and a funny little smile came to her lips as I minced swishingly over to a chair, carefully arranging my petticoats under me as I eat down. Giselle prettied my face with cosmetics.

“Monsieur, you are very pretty for a boy!” she exclaimed. I could not help blushing at the compliment. A lace frilled corset cover, and I was ready for my gown of mauve taffeta with an uncomfortably boned high-necked collar, long tight sleeves, the cuffs edged with lace, and a flaring skirt ending in a sweeping train behind me. Giselle hooked me into it and then suggested that I parade about the room.



Chapter 36

Of course I hurried directly to the cheval mirror. Everything was perfect except that I lacked a wig. Giselle remedied this and I became a fashionable young lady of years gone by. “Mademoiselle is very beautiful,” she remarked, and throwing caution to the wind, I gathered her in my arms. She made no resistance as our lips met.

“Oh, I’m so happy!” I cried, releasing her and mincing about the room, tossing my skirts in abandon. I expected Giselle to look shocked, but she only smiled back at me, suggesting that it was time to join the others, Giselle handed me a pair of white glace gloves and I gathered my skirts in my hands and frou-froued my way to the drawing room downstairs.

As I swept into the room, a look of complete astonishment spread over my mother’s features. “Why, Robert, I never would have guessed it was you. You’re completely lovely!” She took me in her arms and I nestled happily against her bosom. The girls came in, Mary in a shimmering satin gown, and June in frilly chiffon. They, too, exclaimed on how lovely I looked. It was as though I was really a girl.

The party was a huge success as far as I was concerned, even though no effort was made not to disclose my identity. Everyone congratulated me on what a charming young woman I appeared to be. Little did they know the happiness this brought me. It was with regret that I slipped off my lovely garments that night after the party.



Chapter 37

On one occasion I was reminded of what Mademoiselle had told me the first time I was petticoated - that often, fond mothers dressed their boys in petticoats, or used this means to punish them for misdemeanors. It came as a result of a visit to a young lady friend of mine. We were seated in the drawing room with her mother, chatting about a new play that had recently opened. In the midst of our conversation, I heard a furor in the hallway, and turning, I was presented with a scene that made my nerves tingle with excitement. A uniformed maid was propelling a struggling, protesting boy into the room. He was dressed as a little girl and was kicking his feet vigorously, exposing frilled hems on his little petticoats and panties. It was fortunate that the maid had a firm grip on his arms, for when he spied me, he gave a shout of dismay and would have fled, "Peter," Nancy's mother exclaimed irritably, "Behave yourself and stop your fussing. You know perfectly well it will do you no good."

Tears came to his eyes as he shouted, "But I'm a boy, I shouldn't have to wear girl's clothes. You're all horrid and mean!" Nancy's mother explained that Peter was a nephew who was visiting them, and he had become so unmanageable that she had been forced to take the severest measures to curb his spirits.

Nancy giggled as she remarked, "I think he looks cute in a dress, don't you?" Peter was ordered to sit beside Nancy's mother - a heartbroken, pitiful little boy, while Nancy used the occasion to humiliate him further by reminding him that his petticoats were exposed.



Chapter 38

Peter glared at me when I asked him if he liked to play with dolls. This brought peals of laughter from the women. When tea was served, the boy was ordered to serve us and was kept busy running back and forth between his Aunt and Nancy, who found all manner of excuses to humiliate him - his sash bow needed to be adjusted, or his petticoats were becoming unfastened. I wondered, as I made my way home, if he, too, would become a petticoat slave as a result of his experiences.

Not long after that, I happened to run into Gerald on the street. He was, of course, properly clothed in male attire. As we chatted, I could not help noticing that his voice and gestures had become pronouncedly feminine. He explained that he had an apartment of his own, and would I pay him a visit. In fact, he suggested that I should do so then and there. We jumped into a taxi and whisked off to his dwelling. I found nothing unusual in the appointments, which was surprising, for I had expected it to be more feminine. "Let me show you my 'secret room', he confided, leading me down a corridor and stopping before one of the doors. He took a key from his pocket, unlocked it and invited me to enter. Before me was a boudoir as became a fastidious young lady. "Isn't it lovely?" he chirped. I agreed it was, and he began to show me his feminine finery. It must have cost him a pretty penny, for he had the most exquisite lingerie - imported from Paris, he explained - and drawers full of garments to delight the feminine heart. There was a closet crowded with beautiful gowns, rows of dainty shoes and slippers and smart little bonnets.



Chapter 39

“And there’s something here which I am positive will interest you,” he said, reaching in back of the row of dresses to take out a little girl frock of pale blue taffeta. “Doesn’t it remind you of the first time we met?” I told him I could scarcely forget, and we both had a good laugh over it. “You see,” he continued, “I still like to pretend.” There was a rapt expression on his features, and suddenly he exclaimed - “Robert, I dare you to dress up with me and go shopping!”

I protested that it would be dangerous to go out on the street in feminine attire, but he only scoffed at my warnings, declaring that he often did so himself. As a final deterrent, I asked, “But my hair? What about that?”

He only laughed and produced a dressed wig. “Here, try it on and see if it fits.” It fit perfectly, ruining my last avenue of escape. “You may wear my prettiest taffeta,” he suggested, looking at me coyly. Together we selected the garments we were to wear on our expedition. He even had a lacing corselette for me, which reduced my waist to proper size, and with falsies tucked into the cups. I accomplished the changeover from boy to woman. Dressed, our faces prettied, and wearing smart hats and fur jackets, we set out. After the first few minutes, I lost fear of being discovered and entered into the spirit of the adventure. Sly glances at the passers-by revealed admiring glances from the men and oh such jealous looks from women.



Chapter 40

The months passed swiftly, and once again I found myself on my way to Aunty's. I looked forward to the adventure with great relish. Alas, there were many changes. Mademoiselle had departed, no longer needed now that the girls were dressed according to their age. How I would miss her sweet caresses each night. Aunty sent me to my room, upon my arrival, remarking that trousers had no place in her home, and that everything was in readiness for me. She added that a maid would help me dress. I expected to be clothed in the same fashion as my cousins, but when I discovered my ensemble - there were the childish drawers, petticoats and dress. I hurried downstairs to protest, only to have Aunty tell me that either I would wear what she wished, or I could return home. I was torn between having to play baby to the girls, or lose the opportunity of a wonderful summer in petticoats. I chose the latter and submitted meekly.

When I returned to the drawing room, the girls greeted me, teasingly calling me a little darling. Mary even left the room to return with one of her discarded dolls, and I was ordered to sit on the floor and play with it. Aunty carried it a bit too far, I thought, when she invited several little girls of around ten to come to a party she gave for me. It was humiliating to have to amuse those children while Mary and June looked on and laughed. My worst experience was at a formal dance Aunty gave for the girls, when I was forced to attend in my prettiest little frock, while everyone else was in formal clothes. While the others danced, I had to sit beside Aunty, toying with a little doll.



Chapter 41

I had one more adventure in petticoats with Gerald. He had called me on the phone one afternoon and suggested that I come to his apartment to a party he was giving, adding that of course we would dress up. I accepted and presented myself at the time he had set. Together, we dressed ourselves in exquisitely beautiful formals, wigs and such, and prepared to meet the guests. They began to arrive and I experienced a qualm of regret that I had come, for the couples were made up of mannish looking girls in faultless evening attire and lispng, giggling young men who 'oh'd and ah'd' over one another's pretty clothes. Soon I found myself the center of attraction for the girls. This caused some of the petticoated boys to make nasty remarks about me. Later, I saw the couples moving off to secluded corners from which came masculine giggling, fretful protests and the rustle of skirts.

One of the girls came over and started chatting with me. "You're new with the crowd, aren't you?" she asked in a modulated baritone voice. I told her I was and she seemed amused "Let's find a place where we can talk privately," she suggested, offering me her arm. I allowed her to lead me into one of the several bedrooms. "You are really very sweet," she whispered, slipping her arms about my waist and drawing me to her. I offered no resistance as I rather enjoyed the experience, but as her lovemaking progressed, I became embarrassed and decided I had had enough.



Chapter 42

As time passed, I attended every costume party I heard of in feminine finery, and it was at one of these that I was to meet my future wife. That evening, I had gone in my favorite costume, that of a child in a little dress and pretty undies. One of the girls I was dancing with was attired as a ballerina. She remarked that my wearing a child's costume reminded her of her childhood when her mother had insisted on bringing up her brother as a girl until he was nearly fourteen. I asked her to tell me more and she went on to relate that while he seemed quite satisfied to be wearing petticoats, she had always wanted to wear trousers. I pressed her for more details and she admitted she kept a stock of male clothing on hand so she could dress herself whenever the whim seized her. Little did I know that all the time she sensed that I was a petticoat slave. She suggested that I come to visit her at her apartment. We spent almost the entire evening together, and as we parted, I felt certain I had met a girl who could make me very happy, one who understood my problem.

There were many delightful evenings together, she dressed in trousers, and I in petticoats. Sometimes I would play the part of her maid in a smart little taffeta uniform. In the end, we decided our tastes were so nearly alike that we could be happy living together, and decided to get married. The plan was to marry in a neighboring town, then to return for a mock wedding at our apartment with myself as the bride, and she as the groom. It sounded delightful. She insisted that I accompany her to her Modiste to gather my trousseau.



Chapter 43

The visit to Madame the Modiste was a thrilling experience. Dorothy introduced me to a severely dressed woman of uncertain age who assured me it would be a pleasure to arrange for my wedding attire. “And Mademoiselle will make such a radiant bride,” she remarked to Dorothy. I became flustered as both women laughed. I was escorted to one of the fitting rooms at the rear of the Shoppe and I began to wish I had not come in the first place.

As if sensing my discomfiture, Madame said, “Mademoiselle need not be shocked. You will not be the first young gentleman whom I have transformed into a blushing bride.” I wondered how many other marriages such as ours had taken place. Before leaving the dressing room, Madame asked if I was wearing a girdle, and smiled knowingly when I told her I had taken that precaution and was wearing a snug fitting panty girdle. She went to the door and clapped her hands. A pretty clerk entered and without a glance in my direction inquired as to what Madame wished. “Marie, we will need suitable lingerie for a bride,” she was instructed. “You know what will be necessary. Gather it up and bring it in here.”

The girl departed and while we were waiting for her to return, Madame explained that she catered to many young men who found it a delightful experience to be petticoated and frocked, and of course, there were those mothers who dressed their young sons as little girls.



Chapter 44

Madame went to the door and looked out into the shop. I thought it was to see how her clerk was coming along with my ensemble. Instead, she beckoned me to her side. "You see that lady over there," she whispered, pointing to a modishly dressed young woman, accompanied by a charmingly dressed little girl.

"Yes?" I asked.

"That little girl you see is a boy. He has never worn trousers." Another petticoat slave, I thought.

The clerk returned with her arms laden with lovely white lingerie, and I stepped back into the room. She laid the garments on a chair - a beautiful white silk chemise, silken panties, a white satin corset, sheer white silk stockings, elastic garters covered with pale blue satin and with little pink rosebuds added, but more exciting still, a billowing white taffeta petticoat with a train. Dorothy chose that moment to come to the dressing room. She looked over the pretty garments, then turned to Madame, "Haven't you a pair of those cute pantalets you showed me the other day? I want my pretty bride to have oodles of swish when she moves." I went crimson with confusion as the three women burst into gay laughter. Madame assured her that she had the article and sent the clerk to fetch it. "You do want to make pretty frou-frou, don't you my pet?" Dorothy teased, giving me a kiss.

"Please, Dorothy," I protested. The clerk returned and held up a pair of white taffeta pantalets, the bottoms of the legs deeply ruffled with lace.



Chapter 45

The deliciously exciting garments were fitted to me. My transformation was complete when an exquisite white taffeta wadding gown was dropped over my head. The neckline was rather high, the sleeves full and reaching to the wrists, the skirt flowing out from the waist and trailing behind me. The least movement created the most ecstatic frou-frou imaginable. I felt that I was really a bride. Madame brought me out of my reverie rather abruptly. "Oh dear! How could I have forgotten?" She pointed to my bodice that was quite flat. This was remedied with a white bras and falsies. Madame noted down the necessary adjustments to the gown and it was removed. I hated being deprived of my lovely petticoat and lingerie.

After the fitting, Dorothy and I stopped at a fashionable tearoom where we discussed more of the details of our coming wedding. "Of course there must be bridesmaids," she chirped. "Do you have any friends who would like to take part in it?" Gerald's name was almost on my lips before I recalled the unpleasantness of our last meeting. I was at a loss to suggest anyone. "Very well then, I'll have some of my friends act as your bridesmaids," Dorothy went on.

"Do we really have to have bridesmaids?"

She laughed gaily. "Of course we do, silly. They can help you dress." The idea of being given into the hands of a group of girls was rather frightening. Dorothy read my thoughts. "Don't worry, my darling, you'll be properly protected from any designs they might have on you." I felt somewhat relieved.



Chapter 46

We became man and wife at a little parsonage in a neighboring town, and hurried back to the city to prepare for our other ‘wedding’. I took a bath in warm, scented water, and dusted myself with a fragrant talcum. Dorothy had explained that my bridesmaids would be in soon to help me dress, I had only a minute or two to wait before they came swishing into the room, wearing dainty pink taffeta gowns. There were four of them, and all very pretty. It delighted them to see me arrayed in the chemise and pantalets stockings and white satin slippers.

“Isn’t he cute, girls,” one exclaimed, throwing her arms about me and kissing me tenderly.

“Girls, please!” I protested, feigning disapproval. They burst into peals of gay laughter and proceeded to lace me into the corset. When the gown had been slipped over my head, they prettied my face, and then fixed a dressed wig on my head. As a final touch, they added a tulle veil. Only white glaze glows were needed to complete my bridal ensemble.

“Oh, you lovely creature!” they exclaimed, clapping their hands with delight. Their flattery rang in my ears. Sounds of the Wedding March crept in from the living room, and with a final adjustment of my train, I rustled out of the room after the girls, I felt utterly feminine standing beside Dorothy as the mock ceremony was performed, and my ‘husband’ kissed me. Of course, each of the guests, that is, the girls, added their caresses, while the boys kissed the groom.



Chapter 47

Our honeymoon was a most happy one. In the privacy of our accommodations, I would don a pretty negligee and lie in the arms of my beloved Dorothy to be fondled and petted. On our return home, I always changed to petticoats while in the house, and many were the delightful evenings I spent with Dorothy's friends chatting with them about the latest styles. They came to accept me as one of them and talked about subjects never meant for masculine ears. They would even find amusement in saying things that would make me blush.

On one occasion, I came home to find Dorothy entertaining a select little group. They were discussing lingerie, and one girl unhesitatingly raised her skirts to show off her frilled panties. A deep blush came to my cheeks. "You needn't blush, dear. Why don't you put on your panties and show them off to us?" she said to me, and the girls laughed hysterically.

There were times when Dorothy found it amusing to humiliate me, like the time when I was punished for being a 'naughty boy' in front of them and forced to don petticoat and drawers. To the amusement of the girls, I was arrayed in a child's panty waist, frilled drawers, petticoats and a childish sash frock, then made to sit on their laps to be fondled and petted. I had never before realized how completely in Dorothy's power I really was. However, despite incidents like this, our wedded life was a very happy one. Then came the day when Dorothy announced we were going to have a child. I was overjoyed at the news.



Chapter 48

One matter that Dorothy and I discussed thoroughly and were in complete agreement on was that if our child should be a boy, I would have to lay aside my petticoats at home, and if I could not conquer my desire for them, then I should rent an apartment to which I could retire to in secret. Neither of us wanted our son to become a petticoat slave.

It was a boy, and I moved all my feminine fripperies to an apartment, keeping my part of the bargain. As the boy started to grow up, I found him to be very shy and retiring when I was at home, but with his mother, it was a different matter. Had she turned him against me by exposing his father as a petticoat slave? I determined to find out for myself.

One afternoon, I returned home earlier than usual. I heard the chatter of feminine voices from the living room. Their voices floated out - "Oh, she's so sweet!" - "Perfectly adorable!" - "what a darling dress." - I crept closer and peered into the room.

What I saw made my blood boll - in the middle of a circle of women, I saw my son, daintily attired as a little girl, I marched into the room, much to the dismay of my wife and her friends, and demanded to know what my son was doing, dressed as a girl. He burst into tears and fled to his mother's arms, screaming, "Mommy, Mommy, don't let him touch me, Please—please!" I gathered my son in my arms, despite his screams and flailing arms and legs, took him to my room and stripped the girl's clothes from him.

“I don’t want to be a boy! I want to be a girl and wear pretty clothes!” He screamed at me. You may be sure that I saw to it that he wore boy’s attire from then on.

F I N I