

TURNABOUT PRESENTS

MINISKIRTED MALE

A STORY of TRANSVESTISM



By NAN GILBERT

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MINISKIRTED MALE by Nan Gilbert

A TURNABOUT NOVELET

Published by the Abbé de Choisy Press
P. O. Box 4053, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

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Printed in the U.S.A.

A pretty maid clad in a smart black taffeta uniform, lace cap, and frilly apron met Johnny at the front door and ushered him into the presence of his Aunt Eula. As he followed her mincing footsteps, he decided he wanted to know this maid better in the very near future as he was quite taken with the way her skirts bounced up to reveal a froth of white petticoats and long black-stockings legs.

The interior of his aunt's house wasn't anything like he'd expected it to be, for when he had first been told that he was to live with Aunt Eula for a while and that she was unmarried, he envisioned a stately Victorian mansion tenanted by an ancient spinster in floor-length black dresses. He was wrong on this latter count as well, for Aunt Eula was far from presenting the image of an old maid. She was in her early 40s and looked younger in the latest Givenchy modes she was wearing — a deceptively simple black dress which came to an inch above her knees and showed a reasonable amount of cleavage at the bodice. Everything about her gave testimony to good taste and elegance, including the Danish modern furnishings of the house and its impeccable decor.

"Good afternoon, John," she said warmly, holding out a hand in greeting.

A swinging chick, Johnny thought, as he shook hands with her. "Hi, there, Aunt Eula!" he said in an ill-conceived attempt at comradeship.

abomination; he treated the servants with too much familiarity; and so on. Soon he was finding it difficult to keep from shouting back at her when she corrected him and telling her to get off his back.

Johnny had been in his aunt's home less than two weeks when he did something which finally sealed his fate. Following Suzanne up the stairs, which he did as often as opportunity would allow so as to treat himself to a view of her frills, he gave in to the urge to reach up and give her plump bottom a friendly pinch.

Suzanne's startled shriek rent the stillness of the house. It seemed but a moment later when he heard his aunt's voice, trembling with fury, order him down the stairs. He stood meekly before her as she gave him the tongue-lashing of his life, then told him that he would be confined to his room until she had decided on an appropriate disciplinary measure to fit his outrageous behavior. A thoroughly subdued Johnny crept up to his room, waiting in fear and trembling until his aunt made her appearance.

An hour later, she entered his room and sat on a chair, directing him to stand before her as she outlined his various misdemeanors and faults. "And since you have such a morbid interest in Suzanne's frillies, you shall have some of your own to play with." Johnny couldn't believe what his ears heard as she went on. "I have engaged a seamstress who will prepare a complete wardrobe of garments best suited to your unmanly temperament. Your present

wardrobe will be packed up and sent off to some charitable institution, as you shall have no further use for them." He opened his mouth to protest, only to be silenced with a stern glance from his aunt. "As I was saying, you shall have no further use for them since you are to be dressed and treated in a manner befitting a ten-year-old girl."

"A what?" he shouted, his face the very picture of horrified disbelief.

"A sweetly demure little ten-year-old girl," she repeated in a voice which was something akin to that of a judge passing sentence upon a felon. He stared at her, his eyes wild and his mouth open in shock. "There is little use in your making a fuss about it, for it will do you not a bit of good. Later on, when you have proved that can behave more maturely, we might allow you to wear clothing more in keeping with your age, if not your gender."

"You must be crazy to think I'd submit to being dressed as a ten-year-old girl!" he yelled. "I'm almost seventeen -- and I'm not a girl! I just won't allow it!"

His aunt ignored his outburst, smiling to herself, turning to the door and calling out: "Suzanne! ... Martha!" The maids had been hovering just outside the door, for they entered the room instantly. "I want you to make Master John understand I will tolerate no nonsense from him!"

Johnny found himself seized by unexpectedly strong arms, as the maids held him

quite helpless between them, despite his valiant attempts to free himself. Ignoring his violent protestations and struggles, the two women — obviously enjoying their task — stripped him down to his undershorts. His utter inability to resist them reduced him to tears.

"Take him to the lacing bar!" his aunt instructed.

Johnny found himself being dragged out of the room, down the corridor, and into his aunt's ultra-feminine dressing room. Suspended from the ceiling by stout cords was a gleaming steel horizontal bar made adjustable by cords run through pulleys and attached to a hook on the wall. His aunt used this bar when she wanted to be tight-laced in order to wear the more narrow-waisted fashions.

"Here! What are you doing?" he cried in desperation as they secured his wrists to the bar with lengths of strong nylon ribbon. He fought vainly to free himself as he felt himself being gradually raised up until just the balls of his feet touched the carpeting.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spied Suzanne advancing toward him, opening the clasps of a wasp-waisted, back-lacing pink satin corset. Standing behind him, she wrapped it around his waist while Martha quickly snapped it closed at the front. They left him dangling in anguish while they held a whispered conference with his aunt. At the conclusion of their chat, she nodded her head, remarking: "If you

think it best. But please let me have the opportunity of leaving the room."

After she left, the two maids advanced on the hapless Johnny, and soon he felt a decided draft as his underpants were being tugged down about his ankles and off him entirely. Suzanne and Martha gave way to peals of gay laughter as Johnny's face went crimson with shame.

Suzanne laced him firmly into the corset, while Martha assisted by pressing her strong hands about his waist. He was gasping for breath before Suzanne finally knotted the laces behind his back with a self-satisfied sigh.

Moving around to stand with Martha, facing him, she pointed to the symbol of his masculinity which had been forced into a state of tension by the pressure of the corset. "If Madame has her way, this will be made quite useless as a weapon against helpless females."

Johnny shuddered at her words. Surely Aunt Eula would not take such a drastic course of action as that! As they lowered him from the lacing bar and freed his arms from the ribbons, he pleaded with them: "Please, please, it isn't decent to expose me in this shameful fashion!"

"Madame instructed us as to how to afford you some degree of modesty, Master John," Suzanne said, giggling. From her bodice she withdrew a frilled pink satin sheath-like device. Dangling it teasingly before his eyes, she said, "I showed this

little item which I picked up on my Paris vacation to Madame, and she approved of its use. It is a very popular item in my native country."

"Oh, no! Not that! Please!" he begged as Suzanne advanced on him. But Martha held his arms as Suzanne knelt before him.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in mock distress. "It won't fit this little person; he's so excited!"

"Well, you know what to do," Martha replied with a smirk on her face.

In spite of Johnny's protests, the deed was soon done and the modesty device was firmly in place. He buried his face in his hands and wept in bitter humiliation. That night he slept in a girl's frilled satin nightie, lent to him by Suzanne. He imagined that the warm scent of her body clung to the soft garment, and this somehow gave him some comfort.

The following morning, Suzanne served him breakfast in bed, finding his abashed countenance quite amusing. Then she bade him rise, accompanied him into the bath, and bathed him in scented water. At the appointed hour, the seamstress arrived to take his measurements. Suzanne fitted him into a pair of skin-tight, flesh-colored lastex panties, which kept him in a proper state of modesty and girlish flat-frontedness during the prolonged fitting.

It seemed as if the seamstress was bent on measuring every square inch of Johnny's

crawling flesh. She announced the results to Suzanne, who jotted the figures down on a small pad. Then he was obliged to listen while his aunt gave the seamstress detailed instructions about the garments she was to make for him. He shuddered at the images of garments which were conjured up in his mind — frills, frills, and more frills; lace ruffles here, pert ribbon bows there; satins, silks, organdies, organzas, taffetas, crepes — there seemed to be no end to them as he listened in stunned silence.

Finally, he was put into his nightie and returned to bed. His aunt and Suzanne conversed as though he were not present. He winced as his aunt said, "I wonder if that old child's outfit of mine — the one which I wore to the masquerade — would be suitable for Miss Joanne to wear while her outfits are being prepared."

Being referred to as "Miss Joanne" completely destroyed what was left of Johnny's peace of mind. "Yes, Madame," Suzanne replied. "I'll bring it down from the attic." With that they departed, leaving Johnny to stare at the ceiling with tearful eyes.

The sibilant whispering of stiff taffeta soon floated in from the hallway, and soon his aunt and Suzanne entered the room, arms laden with an array of frilled garments. One after the other, they were held up before his anguished eyes. A more firmly boned satin corset; a pink silk vest, lace dripping from the bodice; long-legged silk panties which gathered at the knees, where they were set off with eyelet ribbon bands; long flesh-colored stockings; a series of

short flouncy petticoats in light shades of pink and white; black patent Mary Jane shoes with two-inch heels; and a white organdy frock with a bow at the neckline, little pink rosebuds embroidered on the bodice, and a flaring frock which could be counted on to come only halfway to the knees. Johnny thought at first that it was a miniskirt, but it was obviously the kind of frock worn only by little girls.

His aunt ordered him out of bed, and he stood trembling while Suzanne fitted the satin corset around his waist, pulling the cords tightly enough to make him gasp. She then knelt in front of him and drew the stockings up his legs, gartering them to the six ribbon-frilled suspenders which dangled from the bottom of the corset. "Miss Joanne has very pretty legs, hasn't she, Madame?" Suzanne commented, and they both laughed at his chagrined expression.

He then stepped into the silken petti-pants she held out for him, and she drew them up with purposeful deliberation, the silken caress of the fabric rousing him into a tense state. The frilled vest was then pulled over his head and tucked into the waistband of his panties with what he thought was unnecessary fiddling around.

The shoes were then forced on to his feet with the aid of a shoehorn. Unused to even two-inch heels, Johnny staggered around for while trying to keep from falling flat on his face. Finally, with his aunt's help, he was able to manage them, albeit shakily. The layers of petticoats followed and were arranged at his waist.

The pretty organdy frock was then pulled up over his head and tugged into place at his waist, where it fit almost perfectly as a result of the tight-laced corset. As Suzanne buttoned the dress up his back, she swished his skirts to and fro, creating a delightful and unnerving frou-frou. His aunt eyed the bodice of the frock intently, as if something were missing. Suzanne saw the deficiency as well, for she remarked, "With Madame's permission, I think we can remedy the situation."

"Please do, Suzanne!" his aunt replied.

She disappeared for a moment, then she returned with two small foam-rubber objects in her hand. His frock was lowered to his waist with great care, so as not to damage the delicate fabric. The pads were inserted in little lace-frilled pockets in the front of his silken vest. The frock was returned to its proper place, and he could see that the pads simulated the nascent mounds of a young pre-teenage girl.

"Thank you, Suzanne," Aunt Eula said. "They make a substantial improvement in Miss Joanne's figure. Perhaps some day..." A wistful look crossed her countenance, and Johnny winced at the implications of what his aunt said.

What were these monsters planning to do to him? Did they really plan to change him into a girl? His scalp prickled in horror at such an idea. It seemed somehow a drastic punishment, when all he did was give a pretty French maid a complimentary pinch on the rump.

There had to be some deeper motive for Aunt Eula's treatment of him. But what could it possibly be? Did she really want a daughter to fuss over? Or did she get her kicks from transforming a boy into a girl? Johnny was in no position now to judge the situation, so he gave it up for the time being, resolving to escape Aunt Eula's clutches at the first opportunity which presented itself.

His aunt rose to her feet, saying to him, "Come, Joanne dear, let us look into the mirror and see what a lovely change we've made."

Johnny dearly wished to shout defiance at her; instead, he meekly allowed himself to mince daintily along at her side, his resistance drowned out by the sound of court heels clicking on the parquet floor and the terrible rustling of taffeta petticoats.

Unaccountably, the feel of the taffeta against his silken panties brought his masculinity to a state of frenzied tension, each step adding to the sensation until relief came spontaneously.

Johnny's momentary hesitation and the crimsoning of his cheeks did not escape the women's notice. They made no comment, but if he could have seen the knowing look they exchanged, he would have burst into new tears of shame. What was happening to him to have such a reaction from being dressed in girl's clothes?

As he pondered this new development in

dismay, his thoughts were rudely interrupted by his aunt's remarking, "Look into the mirror, Joanne. See how lovely you are!"

Johnny raised his eyes slowly, and what he saw in the full-length triple mirror chilled the very marrow of his bones: the waspish waist; the flouncing skirts which did not entirely conceal the lacy hems of his petticoats; the knee-length pettipants billowing slightly away from his lower thighs and ending in plain view in ribboned gathers; the tight bodice outlining what appeared to be a realistic bosom.

As he looked at his face in this unaccustomed context, it looked distressingly feminine, and he cursed the impulse which had led to his keeping his hair in the longish style affected by his contemporaries.

Aunt Eula had noticed the striking congruence of his face and hair with his new attire, and she picked up a comb and set about to enhance it. Soon his dark locks were arranged in a very girlish bob. Then she used a light dusting of face powder, a few subtle strokes of eyebrow pencil, and a dab of light pink lipstick to bring out the potential beauty in his features.

Johnny was completely crushed by these new developments. Just when he thought he had sunk to the nadir of his existence, his aunt pushed him to new depths of misery. "Why are you doing this to me?" he cried out in mental agony.

"It's for your own good, Joanne dear,"

his aunt replied in a soothing tone which was not really calculated to soothe him.

Later on, Johnny was informed that he would be obliged to wear his dainty outfit until his new wardrobe had been made ready.

"And when you prove to me that you are grown-up enough to warrant clothes more in keeping with your age," his aunt pointed out, "we shall see that you are given them to wear."

As Suzanne was preparing him for bed that evening, she fitted him with a new modesty device before attiring him in a pink silk nightie. He lay awake for hours attempting to analyze the situation and rationalize his reactions to it.

Finally, Johnny decided that escaping from the hands of his captors would not be very practical, since he had nothing by way of masculine attire to wear in any flight to freedom and the childish attire which had been given him would attract far too much attention in public. He was as thoroughly trapped as if he were being held captive in a prison.

His only hope lay in behaving himself, submitting to his fate, and giving the appearance of adjusting to his new clothing, so that Aunt Eula would be persuaded to buy him more adult clothing in which he might then make his escape. After having seen himself in the mirror that day, he had no doubt that he could masquerade effectively in more adult attire.

The days which followed were nightmarish ones for Johnny, and he was sustained only by the determination that one day he would make his escape. He was constantly reminded of his new status by the excruciatingly tight lacing of his corset — which became more bearable as time wore on — and the loud frou-frouing of his skirts at every movement, no matter how slight. The rustling and swishing came to exert a powerful effect upon him, keeping his masculinity in a constant state of tension, in spite of Suzanne's morning and evening ministrations.

In spite of the trials to which he was daily subjected, Johnny bore the burden of his new life without complaint — which he knew was useless anyway — and without indicating his distress to his tormentors. His stoicism, he hoped, would take some of the fun out of what they were doing to him, and he determined not to give his aunt or her henchmen the satisfaction of witnessing his tears.

The morning on which the new garments were delivered, he endured the ordeal of having an endless array of dainty frocks and lingerie fitted on him, then inspected by his aunt, who insisted upon perfection. To Johnny's surprise, there were but a few minor alterations for the seamstress to make.

Late that afternoon, he was dressed for the evening in his new childish garments: the usual tightly laced stays; a pair of lavishly frilled pink satin drawers, the hems dripping with lace and ribbon bows; childish white ankle socks; black patent-

leather Mary Jane shoes; and a pink satin vest with little lacy pockets at the bodice for the tiny bust pads. On Suzanne's instruction, Johnny obediently held up his arms over his head while she slipped layers of satin and taffeta petticoats sewn to a common waist-band down into place, after enveloping his head and shoulders in their scented folds and allowing them to slither down around his middle. They flowed out from his waist to just above his knees.

Johnny felt utterly silly wearing such childish garments, but he knew his feelings were given scant notice. He felt he was trapped in a silken web.

"Joanne, please walk back and forth in front of me," his aunt requested, "as I wish to make certain that your pretty petties have the proper sway and swish."

Once again, he experienced unfeminine tensions in his modesty sheath, and he tried to move with the daintiest of steps to control the unnerving swish of the petticoats.

"Now, undulate your hips in a ladylike fashion," his aunt directed. It was obvious to Johnny that she was attempting to eradicate what little masculine ego she had left him, but he did exactly as she told him, no matter how dear the cost to his peace of mind.

Suzanne was then instructed to put him into his little frock — white slipper satin, the snug-fitting bodice decorated

with embroidered forget-me-nots, the short puffed sleeves daintily trimmed with lace ruffles and pert pink satin bows, a wired skirt to float over his petticoats with hem barely covering the frills on his petties and panties so that they would be teasingly exposed with his every movement, and a wide pink satin sash arranged about his waist, the ends gathered in a huge bustle-like bow in back.

Johnny's face was prettied with makeup; his hair was coiffed into a becoming style topped with a pink satin bow; and he was then presented for his aunt's inspection.

"How lovely," she exclaimed with genuine delight. "Now I have the darling little girl I have always wanted. She really is sweet, isn't she?"

"Indeed, Madame," Suzanne replied, her small hands clasped over her bosom.

In order to keep from shouting out his protests at their words, Johnny balled his hands into tight fists, a gesture which did not go unnoticed.

"Goodness," said Aunt Eula, "little girls never do that! Suzanne will encase those naughty fingers in gloves which are tight enough to prevent such actions."

Soon a pair of long white glace gloves were kneaded on over his fingers, encasing his hands and wrists so tightly that he dared not bend a finger lest he split the seams. He wondered how soon they would be cutting off all circulation.

Ordered before the full-length mirror to view himself, Johnny stared once more in disbelief at the vision of girlishly attired loveliness which peered back at him from the glassy depths. But he did not let his face reflect the horror this vision instilled in him. He even managed a wan smile.

Months passed during which Johnny's feminization progressed to an alarming degree under the watchful eyes of his aunt and Suzanne.

He was taught proper mannerisms and gestures and to speak in a softly modulated tone. Everything was done to erase the masculine past from his mind and his body. Figure training reduced his waist to feminine slimness without further need of restriction, and the corsetting also rounded out his hips and buttocks to more girlish contours. The pressures of the corset, along with massage, created surplus flesh on his chest which gave the promise of girlish breasts. His hair was allowed to grow out to a length where almost any coiffure was possible, although it was usually arranged in ringlets with bangs over the forehead.

His aunt delighted in having Johnny accompany her on shopping excursions or to visit her friends, who found her scheme to feminize him delightful — so delightful that some of them began dressing their male offspring in similar fashion. There were special parties held at which these ladies vied with one another to make their youths appear prettiest dressed and most

girlishly mannered. But Johnny was always judged the ultimate in such competitions. He was the darling of his aunt's social set.

Deluged as he was by things feminine, Johnny somehow kept the small spark of masculinity which burned in his heart from being drenched and put out. It was no easy task, for a part of his psyche was responding to the daily association with dainty lingerie and lace. In spite of himself, he was enjoying the soft thrill of silken clothing next to his skin, the voluptuous swish of lace hems around stockinged knees, and the delicate scent of feminine clothes. The pretense he kept up for his aunt's benefit — that he didn't mind girlish attire — became less of a pretense day by day. Soon, the major objection to his way of life was his aunt's insistence upon his wearing the fashions of a ten-year-old, and he lived for the day when she would relent and allow him more up-to-date attire, even if it were the clothing of a sixteen-year-old girl.

Finally, after a week-long campaign on his part to convince his aunt that he loved being a girl and wanted only to be a girl who dressed more in keeping with her age, Aunt Eula decided that her little Joanne deserved a new and up-to-date wardrobe.

An eventful trip to a teen-age girl's boutique followed, with Johnny appearing in public for the last time in his outlandish little girl's attire. Once inside the fitting room, this was removed by the sympathetic proprietress of the boutique,

and a large sampling of modern dresses, lingerie, stockings, shoes, and accessories were brought in for his aunt's inspection. Surprisingly, she allowed him the privilege of selecting an outfit for the day.

"Now that you've shown me that you are willing to be the daughter I've always wanted, I'd like to see if your taste in clothes is satisfactory," she said, with no trace of the usual mockery in her tone.

Concentrating on the task at hand in an effort to please his aunt, Johnny decided upon a pair of white panty-hose with a sculptured lace effect embroidered in them from waist to toe. Slipping into them with the help of the proprietress, he was pleased to note that, thanks to the unique construction of his modesty device, the garment quite effectively concealed any tell-tale signs of masculinity.

Johnny next selected a pair of white lace-trimmed bikini briefs and a matching uplift brassiere which made the most of his small bosom, which was further enhanced by the addition of foam-rubber bust pads. After the panties had been pulled up into place and the bra snapped up in back, he sneaked a look into the mirror and was both thrilled and amazed at the feminine effect which had been created. It was also clear that his aunt approved of his selections thus far, as the expression on her face was truly ecstatic.

Johnny then picked out a short chemise slip which was frilly with lace at both

bodice and hemline, the latter coming just to mid-thigh as was current fashion. The choice of a suitable frock posed a bigger problem, but he finally solved it by favoring simplicity -- a white nylon sleeveless A-shape dress with gently flared, permanent pleated miniskirt. The neckline showed a hint of cleavage, and the low-hung belt set off his hips tastefully.

A pair of white patent ankle-high boots with pointed toes and three-inch heels was next. After an experimental turn about the room, he found he could manage the heels quite nicely. Finally, he picked out a light pink cardigan sweater of virgin wool set off with tiny sequins, a small purse in white patent leather to match his miniboots, and a pair of white knit wrist-length gloves.

After the silly ringlets in his hair had been combed into a more grown-up style, he and his aunt stood before the mirror to admire the outfit he had selected. She was so pleased with his good taste that she rewarded him with a kiss on the cheek, the first sign of affection she'd bestowed on him since he came to live with her.

As they left the boutique, they were followed by stares of admiration, which Johnny found strangely exciting. Similar stares followed them down the street to the next stop in their day's itinerary -- the beauty salon. There Johnny was awarded a full treatment -- facial, the latest in hair styling, and an expert makeup job and manicure. While he was in the salon, his aunt went out to the jeweler's and bought

him a pair of gold earrings, a matching necklace, and a matching bracelet "as a reward for your excellent deportment," she said on giving them to him.

Back in the car once more, she seemed deep in thought for a time, then appeared to have made up her mind about something. She instructed the chauffeur to drive them out to the edge of town. When they arrived at that destination, she turned to Johnny and spoke, measuring each word carefully. "It has occurred to me that your apparent acceptance of femininity may have an ulterior motive to it — one of leading me to allow you enough freedom to escape from my household, something which was not possible until now because of the ridiculousness of your little-girl attire."

Good heavens, thought Johnny in panic, has she been able to read my mind? As he started to deny it, she put a hand on his arm in restraint. "I don't want to hear any denials of what I just said, nor any affirmation of it, either. Actions speak louder than words, you'll agree, and I'm now going to give you a chance to either prove or disprove my hypothesis. You are free to leave the car right now, and I insist that you do so." She reached into her purse and brought out a bill. "Here is twenty dollars. It is enough to take you back to your former home or to pay cab fare back to my home. It is not sufficient to enable you to purchase male trousers, shirt, and shoes should you be so foolish as to think you can change back into male attire again." She tucked

the bill into his little purse. "Whatever you decide to do is entirely up to you, as I cannot make you stay with me any longer against your will. You will have two hours to make it back to my house, and I hope it will be spent in profitable thought as to the status in life you really wish to attain. Now, go along — and good luck."

Before he quite knew what was happening, he was out on the sidewalk looking at the rear end of his aunt's car retreating down the street. When he recovered from the shock of being out in public by himself in feminine attire for the first time, he began to weigh the alternatives in his mind, knowing that his aunt had effectively called his bluff.

On the one hand, this was the moment he had planned on for all the many months of his unwilling subjugation to his aunt's wishes. He was free to make his escape once and for all, even though it meant he would have to appear at one or the other of his parents' doorsteps in feminine clothes. On the other hand, he knew deep within his being that he had become at the very least attached to the lovely clothes he wore and that changing back would rob him of his newfound pleasures.

Deciding that he could not very well stand there on the sidewalk without attracting undue attention, he started walking in the general direction of the nearest major street while he made up his mind. Several times cars slowed down while the male drivers stared and whistled at him, and these incidents helped him realize the folly of

trying to make his way very far on foot. Arriving at a major thoroughfare, Johnny hailed a passing cab, got in as daintily as he could, and, deciding between the bus station and his aunt's home as a destination, gave the latter address to the driver.

As he walked up the long sidewalk from the street to his aunt's front door, a vagrant breeze caught the hem of his miniskirt and sent it and the lace of his chemise swirling around his thighs. The delightful sensation of freedom this gave him erased any doubt from his mind that he had made the right decision.

At the door, Aunt Eula was all smiles, quite a charming contrast to his first meeting with her. She hugged his lightly clad body to hers, kissing him on the lips, and he knew he was home at last.

When he went upstairs to freshen up for dinner, Suzanne met him in his room, where the new wardrobe he and his aunt had selected was being put into closet and bureau drawers.

"I was hoping that you'd decide to remain with us, Miss Joanne," she said as she took him tenderly into her arms. "It was a wise decision and one you'll never regret."

Then she hugged him to her and carried him in a manner which promised even greater delights in the days to come.

*** THE END ***

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MINISKIRTED MALE

When teen-aged Johnny comes to live with his strict maiden aunt, his high spirits and bad manners clash with her ideas of proper behavior. And when he makes a pass at the pretty French maid, it is the final straw. His aunt has the perfect solution: She dresses him as a young girl his own age, miniskirts and all!



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