

TURNABOUT PRESENTS

# THE CORSET

Stories of  
Transvestism



By NAN GILBERT

DOUBLE SWITCH ..... by Nan Gilbert

Bobby and Mary were twins, fourteen years of age, and the despair of their mother, who was at her wits' end in trying to deal with them. Instead of the sweetly demure daughter she had tried so hard to rear, Mary was an out-and-out tomboy and created an awful fuss when she had to lay aside her sweaters and blue jeans to wear frocks. And Bobby was forever getting into all kinds of rowdy mischief and was becoming the bane of his mother's existence.

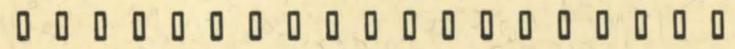
In sheer desperation, she asked for the advice of her sister Martha, outlining in detail the problems she was having with her children. After some thought, Martha said that if she could have control of the children for one year, they would return to their mother quite changed.

The twins' Aunt Martha owned a huge estate near a remote village. The people of the town were always intrigued when she did her weekly shopping, for she drove up the street in her long, sleek Rolls limousine which was chauffeured by a pretty young woman dressed in male livery. It always created a stir, but nobody had dared pry into the mystery since Aunt Martha owned most of the town's properties.

Bobby and Mary were met at the railroad station and promptly packed into the limousine. While they knew that Aunt Martha was a bit eccentric, the twins had not expected anything as strange as a woman chauffeur wearing male attire. Nor was Aunt Martha inclined to offer any explanation.

A TURNABOUT NOVELET

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As the limousine drew up before the steps which led up to the spacious mansion, two smartly uniformed maids hurried down the steps and gathered up their luggage. They were met in the hallway by a severely dressed, grim-faced (or so Bobby thought) woman.

"You will show the children to their quarters, Miss Ingrid, and see that they are properly --" Aunt Martha emphasized the word "-- dressed."

"Yes, Madame," the woman replied, her glance falling on Bobby. Her hard eyes sent a chill running up and down his spine and he almost shuddered. "Come, Master Bobby and Miss Mary!" she ordered in a tone of voice which left no doubt that they were expected to obey instantly.

Mary took hold of Bobby's hand as they followed after Miss Ingrid, as though she too sensed something strange about the atmosphere of Aunt Martha's household and was seeking comfort from him. At the top of the winding staircase was a long carpeted corridor with several closed doors leading off it.

They stopped in front of one of these doors, and Miss Ingrid motioned for Mary to enter. She gave Bobby a frightened glance before disappearing inside, and Bobby suddenly felt very much alone in the world. A few more steps and Bobby was shown into his room.

He entered it hesitantly, and then he shrank back as he found himself in the daintily appointed room of a young girl.

"But this is a girl's room!" said Bobby in protest.

"Nevertheless, it will be your room while you are here!" Miss Ingrid declared coldly. "Now undress yourself and prepare for your bath!"

"But I don't need a bath! I had one just this morning!"

"Young man, you will do as you are told, or I shall give you a sound switching!"

Her tone struck terror into his heart. "Yes, ma'am," he answered meekly.

Miss Ingrid went to the door and called: "Marie ... please come in here!"

A moment later a trim young maid entered the room, adding to Bobby's growing consternation. "You will help Master Bobby disrobe and then give him his bath. I will have his new clothes laid out upon his return."

"What new clothes?" cried Bobby, shrinking away from her.

"Come, Master Bobby, let me help you!" the maid said, smiling at him.

He continued to back away, protesting that he was fully able to undress himself and for her to leave the room this instant. She only shook her head and moved closer to him while Miss Ingrid looked on approvingly. "If he gives you any trouble, Marie, just call me," she said and left the room.

Despite Bobby's frantic struggles and

shouted protests, he found himself an easy prey for this determined young woman, and shortly afterward he was completely nude. He wondered, amid his shame, what Marie meant when she surveyed his naked form and commented that he had a very nice figure. With that, she marched him into the bathroom which connected with his bedroom and ordered him into the tub. The fumes of a heavy perfumed scent rose from the steaming water. In short order, he found himself being thoroughly scrubbed with scented soap. After his bath, he was towelled dry with a coarse terrycloth towel, dusted with fragrant body talc, and returned to the room.

His terror increased as he glanced hurriedly about for his male clothing, but it had disappeared while he was being bathed. In its place was an array of elaborately frilled girl's clothing. Oh, no! he said to himself. They couldn't do that. They couldn't make him wear girl's clothes! He'd die first!

"What are those ... those clothes doing in my room?" he demanded, desperately trying to make his voice authoritative.

"Why, they are for you to wear at tea time, silly!" the maid replied with a gay laugh.

"I won't wear them! I won't! You are not going to make me wear them!"

"Please, Master Bobby, don't be difficult! Your aunt has ordered you to be dressed in them, and I shall carry out her instructions."

Marie picked up a frilled pink silk vest and moved toward Bobby, who beat a hurried retreat, shouting protests. "Very well," she said, "if you're going to give me a hard time, I'll have to call for assistance. But into these clothes you are going, of that you may be certain!" She laid down the dainty vest and went to the door to summon another maid. Between them, in spite of his frantic struggles and sobbed pleas, they pulled the little vest over his head and then put him into a childish pair of matching panties. A flaring petticoat followed, and over that was a frilly little frock. He was finally led to the full-length mirror to view the results.

Horrified, he saw himself wearing a dainty childish frock which barely reached his knees. Sleeveless, fashioned with a triple flounced skirt of white eyelet lace, each hem beaded with narrow pink satin ribbon, with a bow just short of his left side, the frock revealed his lacy panties at every turn or movement. On his feet were white ankle socks and cross-strap girl's shoes.

"Doesn't he look sweet in a frock?" one of his tormentors commented.

Before the other could reply, he shouted, "I do not! I'm not a girl! I won't wear girl's clothes!" He matched his protest with action, desperately trying to tear off the dress. Only the swift action of the maids prevented it from being ruined. They grabbed his wrists, drew them behind his back, and secured them with a length of satin ribbon. His helplessness banished his bravado, and he burst into anguished tears.

"Why, he even weeps like a girl!" said Marie. Then both of them laughed gaily as he struggled vainly to free himself.

Before he left the room, his face had been prettied with cosmetics and his hair -- oh, why had he allowed it to grow long in the mod style other boys were wearing! -- was dressed in ringlets with little pink bows and a lace cap. It took the strength of both maids to drag him into the corridor, sobbing protests. Finally, however, he calmed down a bit and they were able to release his wrists from their silken captivity.

Marched down to the drawing room, where his aunt awaited his arrival, he was absolutely stunned to see Mary standing there dressed as a boy and sobbing her heart out at the short haircut she had been given.

"Well, children, how do you like your new clothes?" Aunt Martha asked with a gay little laugh.

Bobby was the first to speak, and he tried to make his voice sound authoritative. "Why have I been dressed in these silly clothes? I demand that you give me my own clothes back again!"

His aunt's laughter flooded the room. "Young man, I never wish to hear you use that tone of voice again. You demand -- humph! You will dress in the manner which I think best for you, so you might as well make up your mind to that this minute! Indeed, I shall curb your boisterous ways and your utter lack of manners. That you will soon find out!!!"



Then Mary spoke up: "But Aunty, why do I have to wear boy's clothes?"

"You seemed very happy to wear them at home, so I intend that you will wear them as long as I think necessary! Now, not another word, either of you." The firmness of her tone left them no doubts that she was in full charge of them. "You may both sit down," she commanded, pointing to two chairs placed directly before her.

Bobby slumped down on the cushion, only to be ordered to his feet once more and told that he must seat himself gracefully lest he wrinkle his pretty frock. This made Mary giggle. He glared at her, but he dared not defy his aunt. He had to rise and reseal himself several times before he was given any respite.

A further humiliation came when tea was served. He was obliged to remain standing while a maid fitted a starched white pinafore over his frock, fighting back the tears which came to his eyes because he was determined not to give his aunt the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

Days passed into weeks, Mary becoming quite happy with her boy's attire, but Bobby still detesting his elaborately frilled undies and dainty frocks. As he watched Mary romping about out-of-doors, his misery was augmented, for he had to content himself with quiet airings in the gardens while he dearly wanted to run and jump and climb trees. He was told that little girls are not allowed such tomboyish activities, that he must always act sweet and demure.

At the end of his first six months of girlish existence, his mother came to spend a few days at the house. Bobby was the first to greet her, as Mary was out somewhere, galloping about the countryside on horseback. He rushed into his mother's arms, pleading with her to let him have his trousers back.

"Why, Bobby darling! How can you say a thing like that? You look so lovely in your pretty frock." She kissed him, but he pulled away, wondering how she could say such things to him.

Mary hurried into the room in her smart riding ensemble and ran to her mother. "Oh, Mommy," she asked, pointing to Bobby, "can't Bobby please be my sister for always?"

"You shut up!" Bobby declared indignantly and moved toward her menacingly. Mary fled to the protection of her mother's arms in mock terror.

"BOBBY!" his aunt exclaimed angrily. "What is the meaning of this outburst?" The very idea, a sweet little girl like you saying such horrid things!" The women gave vent to peals of laughter as Bobby fled from the room, skirts fluttering about him, and dashed upstairs to throw himself down on his bed and sob into his satin pillow.

Downstairs, a serious discussion ensued. Mary suggested that she stay with Aunt Martha and continue to wear boy's clothes and that Bobby could go home with his mother. "Nobody would know he wasn't me," she said.

"Well, I don't know, dear. We'll see,"

her mother replied. When Mary persisted, she said, "Now, dear, no teasing. I will let you both know my decision at dinner tonight!"

"Run along, dear," Aunt Martha chided, "your mother and I have much to discuss."

That evening at dinner, their mother gave her answer. Mary was to be allowed to remain with Aunt Martha and Bobby was to return home with his mother as "Mary." The enormity of this decision brought on a flood of tears.

"Please, Mother. Please don't say that. Please don't do this to me!" he cried. But it was no use. Her mind was made up.

The next day, Bobby's pretty undies and frocks were carefully packed, and he left for home to commence his new life.

Did Bobby resent his girlish life? This question could be answered quite adequately if one could have seen him a year later, mincing daintily along at his mother's side on a shopping excursion to purchase a new frock or a new bit of lingerie ... or if one could catch him in his unguarded moments revelling in the soft luxury of his silken garments, tingling from head to toe at their touch.

The delighted smile on his face would be answer enough.

□□ THE END □□

## THE CORSET ..... by Nan Gilbert

Quite often during the days when I worked in midtown Manhattan as a lowly shipping clerk, I would go window-shopping on my lunch hours along Fifth Avenue where I could feast my tormented eyes on exquisite bits of lingerie or ravishing gowns and furs which were attractively, alluringly displayed in the show windows of exclusive shoppes.

How dearly I wished that I could possess a wardrobe of them for my very own. But, alas, I was in no position to purchase them!

On one such lunch-hour excursion, a fateful event occurred, one which was to change my life. I spied something which was the ultimate in femininity. There, in the window of a small lingerie shoppe, surrounded by exquisite wisps of silken undies, was a black satin wasp-waisted corset, bedecked with frothy lace set off with red satin bows.

I lingered there to feast my eyes on it, oblivious to the possible suspicions of other passersby and fairly twitching with excitement. Oh, I had to have that corset! I would never be happy again until I felt its embrace encircling my waist.

Summoning up all my courage, my palms damp with excitement, I hesitantly entered the shoppe. When a lovely, elegantly gowned woman stepped toward me to wait on me, I almost turned and fled. But the lure of the corset was too strong.

With a disarming smile, which did little to quiet my nerves, she inquired politely:

"How may I be of service to you, young man?" Her manner evinced no suspicion of my state of mind or my motives. Nevertheless, I felt my cheeks burn as the blood rushed to them.

"Er ... er ... that corset in the window. The one in the center ..." There, I had managed to get the words out and to mention the unmentionable. "My ... er ... sister would like it very much!"

"I am certain she would," the lady said. "It is a very lovely garment. May I ask you what her size is? Or perhaps she might like to come in and have it fitted on her." I was positive she suspected my intentions with the emphasis she'd placed on the pronoun "she." Still, that disarming smile played with her lips.

"I know that she takes a size 30," I said, already beginning to lose my fright.

"Size 30!" she exclaimed, her tone implying that anyone taking such a size was an oddity. "Come along with me, young man; I'll see if I have one in stock!" I tagged along after her, marvelling at the slimness of her waist, the lovely curves of her hips, wishing that I was so fortunate as to have a figure like hers. She led me to a glass display case in which there were several bits of intimate apparel and began searching through the rows of white cardboard boxes on the shelf behind the case.

When she turned to face me, she said that she simply did not have that size in stock but that she would be glad to place an order for me. I thanked her for her

trouble and started for the door. The corset still haunted me. I had to have it! Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw the proprietress disappear into a room at the back of the shoppe, and I could not resist the temptation to avail myself of this opportunity. I reached into the display window and plucked out the corset, hastily tucking it under my jacket. As I hurried to reach the door, I nearly fainted when I heard a woman's voice behind me.

"Just a moment, young man!" I found myself paralyzed, unable to move a muscle, as the tap-tap-tap of her heels thundered in my ears. What was I to do? Had she seen me? Or had she merely found a corset in the size I'd asked for? My mind was in a whirl as I awaited her approach.

One glance at the empty place in the window was enough, of course, and without a word she went over to the door and locked it, drawing the curtain down over the glass. She turned to face me, a knowing smile playing about her lips, her eyes mocking my consternation.

"Now, young man, will you please hand over that corset?"

"What corset?" I asked, pretending surprise and innocence.

"The one which you removed from the window display and are now hiding under your jacket." Her voice was firm and demanding, and my cheeks crimsoned with shame as I sheepishly reached under my coat for the garment and handed it to her with trembling fingers. She took it from me and replaced

it in the window, remarking, "You know, of course, that I should now summon the police and have you arrested for petty larceny?"

"Oh, no! Please don't do that! I promise to never set foot in your shoppe again! This is the first time in my whole life that I've ever stolen anything." It was true. Except for occasionally borrowing my sister's lingerie -- and carefully returning it -- I'd never taken anything that did not belong to me. But I knew that this terrible woman would not believe me. She'd call the cops; I'd be disgraced and would probably lose my job to boot.

She studied me for a moment or two and then said, more to herself than to me, "Yes ... why not! Rather too handsome for a man ... good figure too ... yes, why not!" I shuddered at what I thought was passing through her mind. Then her face brightened as she remarked, "I'll not turn you over to the police on one condition ..." Again she searched my face, as I looked at her in inquiry.

"Before I explain that condition to you, I shall wish some answers from you." I nodded eagerly. "Are you married?" I replied that I was not. "Do you live by yourself or with your family?" I said that I lived alone, that my family was far away from New York. "Good, you should do very nicely!" she exclaimed, smiling. "I shall give you a choice: You will become a part of my staff here in the shoppe and assist me in any way I see fit or I shall turn you over to the police!" Meekly, I told her that I would do anything she asked if she'd be

so kind as to spare me the humiliation of a run-in with the authorities. I had no idea of what I was letting myself in for.

"Very well, then, come along with me!" There was a marked note of authority in her voice. She turned on her heel and walked toward the rear of the shoppe. I tagged along, my mind in a whirl. I hoped that she would not keep me too long, since I was already late in returning to the office in which I worked.

We entered a delicately scented, rather small room, appointed with an ornate desk, several chairs, and a lush carpet on the floor. My eyes ran around the walls: They were covered with drawings of tantalizing feminine finery.

"Now, young man, you will please draw up the legs of your trousers!" Oh, no, I said to myself, she would discover that I was wearing sheer nylon stockings. I hesitated. "Please be quick about it!" she ordered, a trace of irritation in her voice. Blushing, I did as she asked, dreading her exclamation of amazement as she discovered my stockings. Instead, she remarked casually, "Just as I suspected. You like wearing women's nylons. I fancy you are also wearing frilly little panties?" A gay laugh escaped her lips, and I squirmed in shame. "Oh, well, that doesn't matter at present! Here is what I want you to do."

I listened as she instructed me to resign my job, return to my quarters to pack up all my belongings, give up my apartment, and move into hers. What did all this mean? I

was so utterly confused that I couldn't think straight. Oh, why had I allowed myself to be put in this dreadful situation? "Very well," she said, "I shall expect you to report to me tomorrow evening promptly at eight. Is that clear?" I nodded. "You may leave, now, but remember, I know who you are, so don't try to renege on our agreement or you'll be very sorry you did!" With that threat ringing in my ears, I departed, my mind filled with doubts, fears, and hopelessness. Either alternative I'd been offered was completely unnerving.

The remainder of that day and the next following was spent busily completing the necessary arrangements. I walked the streets in a daze, trying to make some sense out of what was happening to me. I presented myself at Madame's apartment promptly on the designated hour.

I was admitted by a pretty, tastefully frocked young woman who smiled knowingly when I gave her my name. "Madame awaits you in the drawing room," she announced, and the odd timbre of her voice made me glance at her a second time. It seemed to lack an expected softness and sounded like a well-modulated falsetto, but I was disabused of any suspicions as I followed behind her, marveling at her wasp waist and undulating hips.

"He is here, Madame!" she announced, leading me into a spacious drawing room. I spied Madame sitting in a straight-backed armchair looking for all the world like a queen on her throne. She deigned to greet me with a smile.

"So far, I am quite pleased with you. I demand promptness of my staff. Please come closer!" A wave of relief flowed through me. As yet, nothing untoward had happened, but I became uneasy again as she surveyed my face and body with a calculating expression in her eyes. It was as though she were mentally disrobing me and I felt naked before her gaze. I lowered my eyes.

After what seemed to be hours, but was actually just a few minutes, she exclaimed: "Yes, I think you'll do very nicely." She turned to the young lady who stood silently at her side. "Don't you think so, Alice?"

"Oh indeed, Madame!" Again that strange timbre to her voice.

"Yes, it will be nice for you to have a companion to share your duties with."

"Thank you, Madame."

What in heaven's name did this chatter have to do with me? My thoughts were interrupted by Madame's voice; "You may as well be acquainted with your duties immediately. Please go along with Alice, who will show you to your room and give you something to wear which will better fit your status." I dearly wished to question her further, but the finality in her tone precluded that. Alice came forward, slipping her arm under mine and propelling me from the room.

"You will like working for Madame as long as you follow her instructions to the letter. But don't ever cross her!" Shortly we entered a small, sparsely furnished room with bed, chairs, bureau, and dressing table.



Alice excused herself, saying she would return shortly with my uniform. I sat on the edge of the bed to wait for her, wondering what she meant about a "uniform." She returned soon, and I now knew what she meant: her arms were filled with an array of lace and ribbon-frilled garments. I jumped up, gasping in amazement, and she spread them neatly on the bed, turned to me, and said: "Please undress yourself!"

"Do what?"

"Get undressed, of course. How else can I help you into your new clothes?" I protested that I would do no such thing, even though I must admit the clothes were attractive to me. Here I was in a strange apartment, told I must disrobe in front of a strange girl so that she could dress me in feminine finery. It was too degrading. "Please do as I say," Alice requested. "I am just following Madame's instructions, and if you do not obey me, I shall have to tell Madame. And you will regret that."

I bolted for the door only to come face to face with a very grim-faced Madame, her eyes flashing in anger. "What is all this nonsense?" she asked. "Are you refusing to carry out my instructions?" I did not say anything. "Undress yourself this instant!" The unspoken threat of dire consequences removed all resistance from my mind. Madame sat down on the bed beside Alice as I obeyed her commands. When my shoes and trousers were off, she pointed to my silk stockings. "You see, Alice, he knows that silk gives his legs a pretty, feminine appearance." And they giggled when they perceived my pink nylon panties with the gaily ribboned suspenders peeking out from the hems, which

were frothy with lace. Removing my shirt revealed a matching brassiere, and the two of them laughed out loud. I was getting a little mad at all this hilarity, for I was proud of my soft skin and hairless body as well as my taste in lingerie. But I said nothing, and the laughter subsided.

"Must I remove my panties too?" I asked Madame. To my relief I was permitted to retain that shred of modesty, although the thin material was not much coverage.

"As you seem to have a considerable interest in corsets," Madame said, "you'll now learn the pleasures of tight lacing." I shuddered at the thought, but it was partly from pleasure. "Alice, escort him to the fitting room and prepare him."

I followed Alice meekly as she led me to a small room with a trapeze-like affair suspended from the ceiling. I was told to grasp the bar and hang on tightly to it so that the corset which Madame was bringing could be laced properly. When Madame entered, my heart leapt with a shock of recognition, for she held in her hand the very same corset which had been my downfall the day before. She handed the black satin garment to Alice, then sat down to supervise the proceedings.

Alice removed my brassiere, which was now superfluous, the new corset being well equipped to cup my breasts and push them up into a reasonable facsimile of femininity. She snapped the corset about my waist and began to lace it in. What had been a 30-inch waist was soon four

agonizing inches smaller, and I felt like my torso was being bisected. After the corset's suspenders were attached to my stockings, Madame removed the little garter belt from inside my panties and I was allowed to let go of the bar and assume a more normal stance. The pressure on my sides was so great that I blacked out for a split second and Alice and Madame had to support me to keep me from toppling over.

Madame's expression was one of satisfaction; Alice's was a little frightened; but I smiled wanly as I was led to a couch and allowed to lie down. I must have slept for a while, for when I woke, Madame had installed a gaily beribboned modesty device. I was terribly embarrassed. "Why have you done this to me," I asked.

"It is a badge of your service to me," she replied, and Alice flushed deeply as though she understood what Madame meant. She hastily averted her eyes to avoid mine. "You may dress Cynthia any time now, Alice," Madame said. It slowly dawned on me that my name was to be Cynthia. I must admit it wasn't too bad a choice.

Madame swept out of the room, leaving Alice to her task. She helped me up from the bed, and I found that the pressure on my sides was becoming more bearable now. Alice began to dress me.

Some time later, I found myself standing in front of a full-length mirror, staring at my reflection. Was it me? Or was I still dreaming? A pretty face with an ivory complexion, delicately rose-tinted cheeks, pencil-thin eyebrows, long gracefully curved

eyelashes, a crimson mouth perfectly shaped, and light tinted eyelids. I was dressed in a smart black taffeta maid's uniform, the snug-fitting bodice clasping two realistic mounds and emphasizing the narrowness of my waist.

The skirt of my uniform barely reached my knees and flared out prettily over layer upon layer of starched petticoats. Their lace- and ribbon-frilled hems peeked out provocatively with the slightest movement. The skirt was emphasized by the merest wisp of organdy for an apron, and a lace cap perched jauntily on top of my carefully coiffed hairpiece. My feet appeared much smaller than the size 8 I knew them to be, being imprisoned in pin-point-toed black satin slipper with stilt heels.

Surely I was dreaming, for I could not find a trace of my former self in the image in the mirror, except of course when I raised the front of the skirts to view my nearly transparent lace panties, through which showed the gaily decorated modesty device. Somehow, I was reassured by seeing it.

"Surprised, Cynthia?" I heard Madame's voice inquire. I turned quickly, nearly losing my balance on the stilt heels of my slippers and making my corset grip me savagely. Madame was surveying me with a pleased expression on her pretty face.

"But ... but ... Madame!" I stammered, embarrassed to be detected enjoying my frilly clothes.

"You should be very pleased, Cynthia,

for I must declare that your transformation even surprises me!" Madame said.

Alice remained silent, a sad little expression on her face, and I was positive I detected a trace of tears in her eyes. At least I felt I might have one friend in whom I could confide.

Madame seated herself comfortably and lit a cigarette. How I wished that she would have offered me one! It would have been so soothing to my frayed nerves. But alas, she entertained no such notion, for she gestured for me to stand before her. It was then that I learned what my duties were to be.

I was to do the tidying up in the apartment, make the beds, prepare the meals. I nearly sighed aloud when she added that Alice would assist me in that department, for I knew virtually nothing about cooking.

Another duty would be to serve as her personal maid. I thought I detected a bit of mischievousness light up her eyes as she mentioned this latter task. Perhaps that would be a more pleasant part of my work, for the both of us.

Later on, when I was sufficiently set in my girlish role, I would be used to model garments for her clients in the shoppe and to help out on sales and other tasks. This I looked forward to eagerly, for it would give me a variety of contacts with the garments I loved so much.

Finally, Madame beckoned to me to follow her to her bedroom suite, where I was to

help Alice prepare her for bed. The two of us waited on her hand and foot, helped her bathe, and clad her in an exquisitely pleated chiffon gown which revealed most of her considerable charms.

Throughout all this, Alice's face grew more and more morose, and the tears in her eyes trickled down her soft cheeks more than once. I wondered what it was that was troubling her so.

Reclining on the scarlet coverlet of her bed, Madame bade Alice depart, and she left the room sobbing audibly. I finally got up the courage to ask Madame what the trouble was.

"Why, darling, don't you see? You are taking her place tonight. She's a boy just like yourself, and she thinks she is no longer wanted."

"Wanted?" I asked, in all naivete.

"Wanted," Madame said in a firm voice, reaching out and clasping me to her in a manner which dispelled any doubt as to her intentions.

"Oh," I said, as I succumbed to her embrace. "Oh!" I exclaimed as I felt restless fingers on my person, tugging at my panties, loosening my modesty device. "Oh ... oh ... oh!"

☐☐☐ THE END ☐☐☐

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# The Corset

The publishers of TURNABOUT are privileged to present two brand-new stories of transvestism by the author of the famed 'Gilbert' novels:

■ DOUBLE SWITCH outlines the strange fate of Bobby and his twin sister Mary. Their mother decides that Bobby is too rowdy to handle and Mary is too much of a tomboy. She solves her twin problem by dressing Bobby as a girl - and Mary as a little boy, much to their chagrin!

■ THE CORSET depicts the tribulations of a TV who is caught in the act of stealing an irresistible satin corset from a lingerie shoppe. In order to avoid prosecution, he must agree to give up his masculine job and work in the shoppe as an exquisitely attired young woman!

*The w  
gave vent  
to tears  
of laughter*



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