

TURNABOUT PRESENTS

PETTICOAT PARADISE

A STORY of TRANSVESTISM



By Siobhan Fredericks

A TURNABOUT BOOK

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

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The warm sunshine felt good on Simon Garret's shoulders as he stood by the mast of his thirty-foot sloop which was knifing through the impossibly blue waters of the Caribbean. He savored the clean salt air in his nostrils and delighted at the way the wind whipped through his skirts, sending them swirling lacily about his nylon-clad legs, an occasional gust ruffling the frills on his sheer panties.

For Simon, a young man of twenty-five, this was as complete freedom as he could ever wish for. Whenever he was able to tear himself away from his typewriter for a week or so, he'd abandon his beach-house in Antigua for the open seas. Since Simon was a free-lance writer and a successful one, these outings occurred with satisfying regularity.

Simon's custom was to start each trip in his usual male attire, then, as soon as practical, anchor his boat offshore, go below decks and change to his beloved female frills — bra, panties, chemise-slip, stockings and garterbelt, and miniskirt, topped off with a realistic hairpiece and a flawless makeup job. He was slight of build and fair of complexion; his transformation was such that it could fool anyone.

Then would follow several glorious days of cruising through the crystal waters of the Leeward Islands, sometimes putting in at one or another out-of-the-way isle and

going ashore á la femme for dinner or an overnight stay. On such occasions, Simon would keep mostly to himself and ignore the blandishments of the various attached and unattached males who tried to accost him. That part of the masquerade was one in which Simon had no intention of letting himself become involved. Behind his feminized façade was a strong current of latent heterosexuality.

On this particular day, as he stood enraptured by the wind rushing through his skirts, his only regret was that there was nobody to share his simple pleasures with — such as an understanding woman who herself was so cognizant of the joys of femininity that she would not begrudge his sharing in them.

Simon's wistful reveries were suddenly interrupted by the appearance, seemingly from out of nowhere, of a dark cloud over the sea amidst the scattered fleecy ones he'd been watching. Experience with the vagaries of tropical weather patterns dictated quick action, and he moved back to the sloop's rudder, unlashd it, and prepared to come about if a squall developed. If there was a chance of outrunning it, he wanted to be in a position to take that opportunity.

The wind velocity had now increased to a stiff breeze, and as he fought the rudder through a section of choppy water, his skirt blew up and temporarily distracted him. By the time he got his mind back on the business at hand, the squall was nearly upon him, and it was too late to come about or do anything but drop his sail and

brace himself for a storm. Among the rush of thoughts which coursed through his mind was the worry that the rough weather would probably wreck his carefully coiffed wig, and somehow this trivial concern was more distressing than the possibility of his being involved in a maritime disaster.

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After what seemed like a century of black oblivion, Simon awoke to find himself clutching the hot white sand of a beach and his head throbbing with pain. As he sat up and shook the cobwebs out of his mind, he was vaguely aware that he'd had a blow on the head, probably from the sloop's boom, and had been knocked into the churning waters of the sea. Then he remembered a long period of semiconsciousness while he instinctively swam for where he thought the nearest land might be.

He peered groggily up and down the beach hoping that his sloop had been blown landward with him, but it was nowhere to be seen. He struggled to his feet to get a better vantage point, but his legs were like rubber and refused to support him, so he ended up in a crumpled heap on the sand. As he went down, he noted that his clothing was in tattered strips and only his panties and bra were intact enough to afford him modesty. Before he passed out again from exhaustion, the wild idea went through his mind that maybe his inflatable bra had saved his life by giving him added bouyancy.

When Simon woke again, he became aware that he was not alone, for two pairs of

legs had intruded upon his view of sea and sand. And they were delectably feminine legs at that. Simon was about to pass an appropriately masculine comment about that fact when he realized that his attire was in no condition to make such comment very appropriate. He felt a blush creep up from his throat to the roots of his hair, still covered by the matted and soggy wig.

"Look, Delia, she's waking up!" said a voice coming from above one pair of legs.

"I didn't think she was hurt badly," said Delia, who apparently owned the other pair of legs. "But she's in a shocking state of undress. That is, if she really is a she!"

Simon's blush deepened, for he knew full well the jig was up. Oh, well, he thought, it would have been only a matter of time before they found him out.

"The tides have washed some odd bits of flotsam and jetsam up onto the shore of our little island," Delia commented, "but this is certainly the oddest."

"All right, all right," Simon replied. "There's no need for sarcasm. You might as well know that I am really a man ..."

"... And you were the victim of a fraternity initiation where they dressed you in girl's clothes and threw you overboard to swim for your life. Is that how the story goes?" Delia inquired, chuckling.

"Well, not exactly," Simon answered, realizing that this lovely girl was some-

how not going to believe anything he said unless it were the absolute truth.

"Not exactly is right?" Delia snapped. "You should know that Janet and I found what's left of your boat in a cove down the beach a ways. Below decks was the remains of a rather expensive female wardrobe and several items of literature of a rather odd type. You seem to be a subscriber to a magazine called Turnaround or Turnover or something ..."

"Turnabout," Simon muttered.

"Yes, that was it; Turnabout. Very interesting reading material, I must say."

Simon was getting a bit angry. Delia was enjoying twisting the knife a little too much. "Look here," he said. "I don't really give a damn if you approve of my taste in literature or clothing or anything else. I didn't ask to be cast up on your miserable island, so, if you don't mind, I'll just swim off to another one." He lurched to his feet and started toward the gentle surf, but halfway to the water his legs gave out on him again. Delia's sister Janet ran to him and placed an arm about his narrow waist to steady him.

"Don't pay any attention to Delia," Janet said. "She's just teasing you a bit. You're perfectly welcome to stay with us until your boat can be salvaged. We don't care if you're a ... a ..."

"Transvestite," Simon said. "TV for short." He found himself very grateful to this sweet, apparently unspoiled girl, and

he was suddenly conscious of the warmth and fragrance of her young body against his own.

"Well, it doesn't matter what you call yourself," Janet continued. "All that matters now is that you survived your run-in with the storm and need sleep and hot food."

"That's right," Delia chimed in. "You may stay with us as long as necessary. In spite of my teasing you, I'm not really a monster. In fact, I think you have every right to dress any way you damn well want to." She smiled capriciously at him and continued: "After all, every boy should have a hobby."

Simon relaxed and let the two sisters help him over to the sand-buggy parked nearby. Delia started the engine and the vehicle gathered momentum and charged over the soft sand at a startling speed. But Simon was too exhausted to care how she drove and fell into a deep sleep on the bouncing cushions of the back seat.

Later on, he was groggily aware of being carried up the steps of a large white house by two native servants, then being fed a large bowl of chowder, and finally tucked into bed.

Many hours later, Simon woke up in the huge soft bed, conscious of an almost voluptuous sensation of utter luxuriousness. From the daylight streaming in the windows, he judged that it was about ten in the morning. Then he realized that while he was asleep someone had removed his wig and the tattered clothing he'd been cast ashore in

and had bathed him from head to foot. What was even more fascinating was the fact that he was now clad in a soft white nylon nightgown which was lavishly trimmed with lace. For a moment, he wondered if he'd died and gone to some part of heaven reserved for transvestites.

Slowly, Simon swung his legs over the side of the bed and slipped his feet into a pair of white satin mules waiting there for him. A white nylon peignoir hung from the bedpost at the foot of the bed, and since it matched his nightgown, he assumed he was intended to wear it. Moving to the bathroom which adjoined the bedroom, he stared in the mirror at his face, wincing at the incongruous growth of light beard on his cheeks and chin. An electric razor was waiting on the shelf, and he soon had eradicated the telltale stubble.

Returning to the bedroom, Simon sat down at the vanity table and made good use of the makeup he found there. He decided not to do an elaborate job, for he really wasn't sure if he could expect to remain in feminine attire for the rest of the day. But a light dusting of powder, a few dabs of lipstick, and a touch of eyebrow pencil sufficed to make his face at least consistent with the clothes he was wearing at the moment. Just as he was trying to fluff out his own rather longish hair, Janet entered the room, paused, and then apologized for not knocking.

"I thought you might still be asleep," she said, "and I just wanted to see if you were all right." Then she smiled a dazzling smile at Simon and added, "I see that

you found the things we laid out for you. I hope they're satisfactory."

"Oh, they're fine. Just fine," Simon replied. "You're very kind. But is it all right for me to dress this way? I mean, the servants and all."

"As far as I can tell, the servants assume that you are a girl. And even if any of them were to be suspicious, they are quite discreet and loyal to us. Anyway, we are the owners of this island and its only residents, except for the few natives who have worked for our family through the years. Delia and I want you to know that however you decide to dress, it's entirely up to you. So why not keep up the masquerade until your boat can be repaired?"

"Well, if you really don't object ..." Simon answered. Then he remembered that his wardrobe must be in rather bad shape, what was left of it in the cabin of the sloop. As if sensing his concern, Janet assured him that he was welcome to borrow her clothing, since they were nearly the same size.

"What about the boat?" Simon inquired. "It must be in rather bad shape."

"Well, there's an ugly gash in the hull and the mast and bowsprit were broken off when the boat was dragged over the reef by the waves. But the engine wasn't damaged, apparently, and I think some sort of temporary patch can be put on the hull to allow it to be towed over to the mainland. A man came over from the shipfitter's to take a look at it this morning, and I'll

tell him to go ahead with whatever needs to be done, if it's all right with you."

"Great! Just tell him to send the bill to Simon Garret, Antigua, and I'll pass the joy on to my insurance company."

"He seemed to think that it might take several weeks to do the work," Janet said. "Unless you have other plans, why don't you stay here with us? We love this island but it does get a little lonely."

"I'd really love to stay," Simon said wistfully. "The only problem is that you might not like my eccentricity once the novelty of it wears off." Simon thought for a moment. "Why don't we give the idea a few days trial? And if my way of dressing gets on your or Delia's nerves, I promise to leave gracefully. Or change back into male attire, if that will suffice."

"I doubt if any problems of that kind will arise," Janet said. "Delia and I are living on this island because we detest the mindless conformity with which life is lived in more civilized places. You have as much right to your lack of conformity as we have to ours." Smiling, she added: "But I do appreciate your concern for our feelings."

"In that case," Simon said cheerfully, "I'll take you up on your offer to lend me some clothes. It will be a real treat for me, just so long as I'm not imposing too much on you."

He rose from the satin-padded bench in front of the vanity table, and Janet led

him into her boudoir. She then opened the various closet doors and bureau drawers to show him her huge and varied wardrobe. He thrilled in anticipation as she told him he could go ahead and select anything he wanted to wear.

"I hardly know where to begin," Simon replied. "There's so very much to choose from that my head's in a whirl."

"Then why don't I go ahead and choose for you?" she offered, and he hastily nodded his assent. "You may dress behind the screen over there by the window," she said as she moved toward the bureau.

Soon Simon's negligee and nightgown were draped over the top of the screen, and he stood there in expectant nudity as Janet brought him two fluffy bits of white satin and lace which turned out to be a pair of delectable panties and a matching brassiere. Handing them around the side of the screen, she then took the negligee and nightgown back to the closet to hang them up. When she turned around to move to the bureau once more, she had a bit of a shock. Outlined in silhouette against the thin silk material covering the screen could be seen Simon's profile, thanks to the bright rays of the sun streaming in through the window behind him. He was holding up the pair of panties in front of him, and there was considerable evidence of the excitement the garment was eliciting from him.

Recovering from her surprise, Janet found the spectacle most thrilling. There was certainly no doubt of Simon's essential

masculinity left in her mind, at least not if she could judge by the intriguing shadow play she was surreptitiously watching.

Behind the screen, unaware that he was causing his benefactress any undue titillation, Simon drew the soft silky panties shudderingly up his legs and into place. Then he eased his arms expertly into the brassiere and snapped it together behind his back. Janet roused herself out of her appreciative reverie long enough to hand him the inflatable breast units she'd removed earlier from his waterlogged clothing. And soon Simon was equipped with a realistic amount of curvaceousness above the waist.

Janet then handed him a waist-cincher and garter-belt combination of white lace spandex. Taking a deep breath, he snapped it together about his waist and marvelled at the way it accentuated his silken-clad hips. Then came a pair of whisper-sheer stockings which felt like gossamer when Simon smoothed them expertly up his legs, securing them fore and aft to the ribboned suspenders of the waist-cincher.

A short lacy white slip, almost brief enough to be a chemise slip, came next. Its top was camisole styled, with wide lace shoulder straps and elaborately frilly bodice. Simon marvelled at the feel of the wide lacy hem which swirled around his thighs at every movement.

"Now that you're more modestly attired, come on out and let me see you," Janet suggested. "Don't be bashful. You're among friends."

In spite of her admonition, Simon felt a wave of shyness sweep over him as he came out from behind the false security of the screen. This was the first time he had ever dressed up with the aid of a young woman, and the fact that she was a breathtakingly attractive young woman added to both his embarrassment and his pleasure at revealing himself.

"Why, Simon, you're positively lovely," Janet cried in all sincerity. Impulsively, she ran to him and gathered him into her arms, intending to bestow a sisterly kiss on his cheek. But somehow the touch of his lightly clad body to hers affected the aim of her kiss and it landed on his lips, giving off some very unsisterly sparks in the process. When Simon realized which way the old ball-game was going, he responded by hugging her close to him and returning spark for spark.

On her part, Janet became aware of the pressure of his surprising masculinity against her and pulled away laughingly. "Whoa, there!" she cried. "We have a house rule against orgies before breakfast!"

"Sorry about that," Simon replied.

Giving him a bold caress, Janet said: "There's nothing sorry about it that I can determine. But we'd better keep the old and hallowed passions in check until we get to know each other better."

"You mean, like after breakfast," Simon replied with a sly grin.

"For a sweet young thing, you're rather

forward. Maybe you're a wolf in she's clothing," Janet said.

"Touché, my dear!" Simon answered. "I don't think I can top that one."

Janet smiled and they walked hand in hand to the closet where her sports clothes hung awaiting Simon's pleasure, which was, by this time, rather acute. As much as he loved frilly lingerie and silken hose, he was especially fond of the casual outerwear affected by young women in these times. And he never felt completely dressed until his external image was as perfectly feminine as clothing, makeup, and hairpiece could make it. Because of this streak of perfectionism in his nature, Simon had been able to stay out of trouble with the law on his sorties in public.

After some discussion, Janet and Simon decided on a deceptively simple-looking blue silk shirtwaist dress with a pleated skirt which reached to an inch above the knee. Simon took good care of his legs, and they were feminine enough in looks to allow him to get away with such brevity.

As Janet helped him into the dress, she moved around behind him to adjust the waist and fluff out the skirt over his short slip, while he buttoned it up in the front. Suddenly she was seized by a wave of tenderness for him and hugged his body to hers, reaching up and cupping his realistically swelling breasts in her hands. Then she kissed him on the back of the neck and sighed: "I don't know what's come over me, Simon. I'm not usually this helpless to control my feelings."

"Well, I don't think it's wise to take things too seriously at this point," Simon replied thoughtfully. "It may just be the novelty of seeing a man wearing feminine attire -- and enjoying it without fear or shame. I got over that old guilt bit some time ago. Anyway, after the novelty wears off, you'll probably hate the sight of me."

"Oh, I doubt that," Janet protested. "I admire anyone who has the courage to try to live the way he wants to live, no matter what the world thinks about it. And I do sense a gentleness about you that I find most appealing." She gently turned him around to look into his eyes. "Maybe this shared understanding will lead to something more lasting than just a masquerade lark."

Simon seated himself at the vanity and began repairing his makeup and bringing it slowly to the level of perfection he insisted upon. He didn't trust himself to reply to Janet's suggestion, for he might make a bloody fool of himself and start weeping with joy. Years of the kind of isolation and loneliness only a TV knows had worn down his defenses against forming a romantic attachment with an understanding woman.

When he was finished with his makeup, Janet came over to the vanity and placed a lovely blonde hairpiece, carefully coiffed and mounted on a wigblock, on the table. "What's mine is yours," she said, as she unfastened the T-pins, picked up the hairpiece, and adjusted it expertly over his own hair. It was so light and airy, Simon could hardly believe it was not his own golden locks which tumbled softly to his

shoulders. Janet made a few minor swipes through the hairpiece with a comb and stood back to admire her work. "You look simply ravishing, darling," she commented. "Simon must now be called ... Simone!"

"My French is a little rusty, but I'll try to live up to the name as best I can," Simon promised. But the prospect of acting the role of femme fatale did not quiet the very masculine stirrings he felt beneath the soft lace of his panties.

Janet busied herself in her jewelry chest and came up with a pair of pendant earrings, a simple strand of pearls, and a charming little charm bracelet. When these were affixed to the appropriate places, the picture Simon presented was complete except for a pair of casual, stacked-heel shoes which were light blue to match the color of his dress. As she knelt to slip them on his stockinged feet, she steadied herself with a soft hand on his knee. Getting back up, she was reluctant to remove her hand and let it slide upward to his thigh on the pretext of adjusting his garter. The touch of her hand made him tremble with pleasure, and he controlled himself with a herculean effort.

"I think we'd better go down to breakfast," Simon said huskily. "Delia must be wondering what's going on up here. I'd hate to have her break out the family shotgun and defend your honor."

"I'm quite capable of defending my own honor, what there is left of it, and Delia has all she can do to keep hers intact without worrying about anyone else's." Janet smoothed out a few imaginary wrinkles in his

skirt and bade him get up, which he did a bit gingerly considering the state of his barely contained excitement.

At Janet's suggestion, Simon walked a few turns around the spacious bedroom to get used to the medium height of the heels of his shoes. He moved with a kind of understated grace born of long practice, and the effect was one of casual femininity rather than swishiness. Janet looked on with approving eyes.

"Very well done," she commented. "You seem to have worked hard in developing your hobby." She took his hand in hers once more, and they went downstairs for breakfast.

Delia was seated at the table in the spacious dining room, sipping coffee and reading the mainland newspaper which the weekly supply boat had just delivered. She was dressed in hip-hugging jeans and a knit jersey top which did little to conceal her opulent beauty. Her dark hair, which was a decided contrast to Janet's natural blondness, was brushed back and tied in a ponytail.

As they entered, Delia looked up from her paper and did a double-take. "My God," she cried. "What have we here? Our young castaway will put us both to shame!" For once, there was no sarcasm in her tone, just friendly jocularly.

"Delia, let me introduce you to my new friend Simone," Janet said. "She has agreed to stay with us while her sloop undergoes repairs."

"I'm delighted to hear it," Delia replied, a ring of genuineness in her voice. "She has certainly improved in appearance since her soggy debut on our beach."

"Thank you," Simon said. "I had some expert help. Your sister has been more than generous, and I don't know what I can do to show my appreciation to you both."

"Oh," Delia said, a slightly lecherous glint in her eye. "Maybe we can think of something." The implications of what she said and the way she said it made Janet and Simon burst into laughter, with Delia joining in.

When the cook came in to bring Simon and Janet their ham and eggs, she gave him a stare of appraisal, smiled mechanically, and returned to the kitchen.

"Well, Simone," Delia said. "You got by your first test with a perfect score. Martha is a sharp old girl, and if she was the least suspicious, she didn't show it."

"There's really no way for the servants to know anything about Simone's real gender," Janet pointed out. "After all, you and I bathed her and put her to bed."

This candid admission brought a deep blush to Simon's face, and he stared out the window at the sea to mask his embarrassment. "I hope I didn't cause you any difficulty," he said finally. "I'm not sure how I might have reacted while being ministered to by two such lovely creatures."

"You were a perfect gentleman," Delia

replied. "Or should I say you were a perfect lady? It's a bit confusing."

"Under the circumstances, it didn't seem to matter much," Janet laughed. "The experience was about as sexy as washing dishes, as far as I was concerned."

Simon was by this time too involved with his ham and eggs to participate in this profound discussion. His experiences of the day before left him ravenously hungry, and he was working through his second plateful before he was able to make casual conversation.

By the end of the meal, however, the three of them were chatting away as if old and trusted friends. Simon found himself discussing his passion for feminine attire as well as other aspects of his life with complete freedom. He found this intimacy as rewarding as anything he'd ever felt in his life. And it seemed as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders, a burden of nagging self-doubts and feelings of inadequacy, just because he had the chance to verbalize his situation for the first time in the presence of understanding individuals like Janet and Delia.

Finally, the meal and their talkfest drew to a close, and Delia got up from her chair and stretched lazily, the svelte muscles of her legs and thighs rippling under the tightness of her jeans. What a magnificent woman, Simon thought, as he eyed her figure appreciatively. Delia noticed his gaze and dropped her eyelids in an uncharacteristic modesty. Then she recovered her aplomb and stared back at him. "Why don't

you show our young guest around our little island?" she asked Janet. "You can take the beach buggy, since I won't be needing it today. Take some sandwiches along and make a picnic out of it."

"Won't you come along?" Janet asked, more in politeness than in enthusiasm for the idea. She was not offended when Delia refused, saying she had letters to write before the supply boat left for the mainland that afternoon.

As Simon and Janet got into the stubby little vehicle, she handed him a kerchief to tie around his head so as to keep his hairdo in place. "Hang on tight, now," she cautioned as she released the clutch and let the buggy leap into action. He was convinced that the vehicle had only two speeds -- dead-stop and go-like-hell. But Janet handled the beast like a professional and he found himself enjoying the wild ride through the dunes, especially with the wind whipping up under his skirts and making magic with the lace of his undies. If she wrecks this buggy, he thought, at least I'll die happy.

Finally, Janet headed the buggy up the slopes of a hill which turned out to be the highest on the island. The view from the top was breathtaking. The island appeared to be in the center of a blue bowl, what with the sea all around, and the few clouds scudding around above the horizon resembled bits of whipped cream. Janet reached in the back seat of the buggy and took out a blanket which she spread out on the soft green grass. Simon took off his shoes to shake out some sand, then decided

to leave them off entirely. From the vantage point on the top of the hill, he could see that the shipfitter had managed to get his sloop patched and afloat, with the help of a tug by the supply boat. Dismasted and battered, the sloop was a dismal sight, and Simon closed his eyes to blot it out so as not to spoil an otherwise perfect day.

At Janet's invitation, he stretched out on the blanket beside her, being careful not to rumple his dress in the process. She took his hand in hers, and they lay quietly while the bright sun warmed their bodies, offsetting the slight chill of the sea breeze. Then Janet turned onto her side to look at him. "I just don't understand it," she said. Before he had a chance to reply, she went on. "Why is it that I am so attracted to someone who looks as female as you do right now?"

"I don't know," Simon replied gravely. "Maybe it's because you are aware that a paradox exists here -- the contrast between a feminine façade and the masculine being which is concealed behind it. You feel a need to challenge this paradox, to find out which rôle I play is the real one for me."

"That may be the answer," Janet said, "and it should prove a lot of fun to explore the matter with you, whichever way it turns out." When Simon answered with an encouraging smile, Janet snuggled up to him and let her hand fondle his knee. He decided to play it cool and allow her the first moves. They were not long in coming, for her hand moved inexorably up the soft silk of his stocking, toyed with the garter tab a moment, and foraged upward. He gasped as she

worked her fingers under the lace hem of his panties and found what she was seeking. Meanwhile, her other hand was busy caressing his breasts, toying with the buttons of his dress, and starting to undo them. She apparently was trying to make love to him as one would a girl by seizing the initiative and whatever else was available.

While he was both titillated and flattered by her attentions, he felt that it was getting about time to make his own move and assert himself. He waited until Janet finished undoing his buttons and had worked his dress down around his waist and finally off entirely. Then, clad only in chemise slip, bra, panties, and stockings, he took a more active part in the proceedings by caressing her boldly through the sheer blouse she was wearing. He thrilled to the softness of her young breasts and took particular delight in the fact that they were warm and real and alive and, now, virtually crying out for freedom from their confinement and the touch of his hands and lips. He soon freed Janet from the restriction of her blouse and the filmy brassiere, and his lips found their twin targets, one then the other, as his hands foraged lower down her slim body. She was wearing a belted flannel skirt which was soon dispensed with and it was his turn to work his hands into her panties in search of the very mysteries of her sexuality.

Janet sighed as he delighted her with the touch of his fingers and lips. She had by this time allowed her own explorations to abate to a bare minimum, and her last willful act was to slide his panties down his thighs and legs, leaving him un-

encumbered for his coming offensive, which she eagerly awaited, her naked shoulders firm against the blanket and her hips lifted slightly to welcome his invasion.

She did not have to wait long. The onslaught was gentle but masterful, and she responded with cries of delight as he made his presence inside her felt. She was no longer in any doubt of how the paradox would be resolved, and she reached the peak of her climax as he pressed his lipsticked lips against hers. They lay together for sometime afterward, not wanting to put an inch of space between them lest they lose something precious. Janet's hands were on the backs of his thighs, toying with the soft lace trim of his chemise skirt.

When he realized what had happened -- that he had actually made love to a wonderfully desirable woman while clad in his beloved lingerie -- Simon's passions mounted again. Janet felt him growing inside her and marvelled at the sensation. To what new heights of delight would he carry her now, she wondered. She soon discovered that what had transpired before was only a beginning and that there were new vistas of voluptuousness to be opened for her.

Simon now performed at a more leisurely but more penetrating pace. It seemed to him as if his awareness were split into a number of disparate fragments, functioning on their own. He aware of the clutching of Janet's fingers tugging the soft silken skirt of his chemise; he was also aware of the delightful pressure of her softly yielding breasts against his pneumatic ones; he was overwhelmingly aware of the fragrance

of her young body and the gentleness of her hair as it brushed his cheek; and he was at the same time aware that his hair was soft against her brow. But now, most of all, he became aware of a maddeningly delightful urgency, and he gasped as he gave completely and totally in to it and into her.

Some time later -- was it a few minutes or an eternity? -- the two of them were lying side by side, fingers entwined, glorying in the warm sun, and Janet broke the silence. "Thank you," she said, "for clearing up the paradox and letting me know who you really are: Simon, not Simone."

"Not ever Simone," he pointed out. "Not really. Simone is only a facile façade, a charismatic charade, a meaningful but non-committing masquerade. Simone is never really me."

"I think I'm glad of that," Janet replied. "Simone is cute and charming, but I might eventually tire of her exclusive company. And I'm not at all sure that I could ever feel with her what I felt when Simon took over just now."

Slowly, happily, they prepared to leave their hilltop trysting place. The trip back to the house was somewhat gentler than usual as a result of a certain tenderness in the driver's nether regions.

Delia met them on the verandah of the big house, and her sharp eyes noted a certain rumpled quality of clothing and smeariness of lipstick. Janet blushed a little under her direct gaze, and Delia jumped to the correct conclusion.

"Did you enjoy your picnic, girls?" she asked innocently.

Janet's blush deepened. "Very much. It was delightful -- more delightful than you'll ever guess."

"Yes," Simon said, smiling wistfully. "Delightful is the word for it, all right."

"You seemed to have neglected to eat your lunch," Delia pointed out, glancing into the picnic basket. "You must have been somehow distracted."

"Hmmm," Janet replied, "distracted is an even better word for it."

"I see," said Delia. "It appears that picnicking has suddenly gained in popularity on this island. Maybe I'm missing out on a lot of fun."

"Could be," Simon averred.

"Well, in that case, maybe our lovely Simone and I will go tomorrow to a nice little grove of trees at the other end of the island so that I might find out what fun picnicking can be," Delia stated.

Janet smiled at Simon. Simon smiled at Delia. He knew now that the wind which had blown him ashore did not qualify as an ill wind. He had found his petticoat paradise, indeed.

But he couldn't help wondering if his strength would hold up under the stresses and strains of island living.

□□□ THE END

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P. O. Box 4053

New York, New York • 10017

PRINTED IN U.S.A.