

SERIALS

ILLUSTRATED

"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

VOLUME I



SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

VOLUME 4



"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

VOLUME 5



FROM SANDY THOMAS

TV FICTION CLASSICS # 40 is **"GIRL BY CHOICE."** Pat refuses to get his long hair chopped by a barber so his mother takes him to a beauty parlor. This is a racy story of Pat learning to fit in as a girl.

I have never published anything like **"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES."** Years in the making, this very long story spans five books (72 pages each) and over 150 detailed illustrations. One on every other page. Several people who have read it, gave it a ten! This series may be the most "classic" since Gilbert's illustrated series and Stanton's drawings. This series was the most expensive I've ever created but for a short time I can offer all five for \$35.00 (7.00ea.) or \$8.00 each. I'm sure you will enjoy this unique story.

Your direct support is my lifeline and is greatly appreciated. Thank You!

SANDY

2-96



Henry's Vacation In Panties

Volume One of Five

By Anon & Bill
Illustrated by Puyal

OUR CAST OF CHARACTERS



PAUL & JEAN



AUNT MIRIAM



M'SELLE
FABER



BEATRICE



HENRY



MELANIE



SIMON

Published by
Sandy Thomas Adv.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 1996 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**No part of this book may be
reproduced in any form
without the express prior written permission
of the publisher.**



MOST ORDERS SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!

SEND ORDER TO:
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

CHAPTER 1 - A PARIS VACATION

The taxi stopped in front of a majestic home. Henry decided that his Aunt Miriam must be very rich to live in such a grand place. He had never visited her before, however, she, and his mother had agreed that he and his cousin Jacques would both benefit from exchanging homes for the summer. Hence he was in Paris, and his eldest cousin was in England. Henry felt that he must have gotten the better of the exchange. Jacques had two younger brothers while Henry had an annoying little sister.

Henry was fifteen, and this was his very first trip abroad. He was nervous but felt quite manly in his school blazer, tie and long trousers. He carried his suitcases to the front door and rang the bell. As he waited he looked around. The house had an imposing entrance. Beautiful shrubbery and trees screened it from the adjoining mansions. There was a clicking of locks and the door opened slowly.

"Bon jour," an attractive young maid smiled as she welcomed him in with a gesture.

"Bon jour, Madam," Henry said in his poor French. The girl appeared to be just slightly older than himself. She wore a short French maid's uniform that displayed her lovely legs and arms; she was quite attractive.

She closed and locked the large entry door behind them. "Tout droit, Henry," she said, pointing toward another set of doors at the end of the long hall. Henry was surprised at the maid's use of his first name. He didn't expect such familiarities from domestics. "Merci," he said with a condescending glance and walked through the doors into a magnificent drawing room.

"Henry! Splendid! You are most punctual." Aunt Miriam held out her hand in greeting but did not rise. He crossed the room, set down his suitcase and shook her hand. He noted two younger boys seated near her.



"These are your cousins, Paul and Jean," she said.

He had expected older looking boys since Paul was thirteen and Jean was eleven.

"How do you do," they each said. They spoke English well, that was to be expected as Aunt Miriam was English. However, Henry was very surprised by the short smocks they were wearing.

"Jean and Paul are about to go out for a walk, but they will rejoin us soon," Aunt Miriam explained.

Henry noted that both boys wore calf-high white socks and black shoes with their childish outfits. A tall woman in the uniform of a governess entered the room, and both boys rose to greet her.

"Ah, M'selle Faber, this is my nephew Henry who has just arrived."

Coldly the young lady shook his hand. Henry noted her severe manner.

"You must not be delayed," Aunt Miriam remarked. "Jean and Paul are ready." Henry watched in amazement as the two boys dutifully followed the governess

out of the room. Their brief smocks were so short that he wondered how short their pants must be, or if they were wearing any!

He had not yet seen French schoolchildren, or he would have known that this was an accepted form of dress for all boys, even as old as twelve years of age, and extremely short shorts were commonly worn by boys as old as thirteen.

Aunt Miriam asked him to sit and, after many inquiries about her sister and his father, she said that his cousin Jacques had probably arrived in London by this time. She told him what a wonderful opportunity this exchange was for both boys.

She chatted on, telling him that he would have to follow the rules of the household. Any transgressions, she warned, would result in a spanking.

A spanking! Henry was amazed at such a suggestion. He had not been spanked at home since he was ten years old. It was extremely embarrassing that she even suggest such a thing. Of course he was occasionally caned at school, but every English schoolboy was accustomed to that.

Aunt Miriam described some of the rules, and ended by telling him that he would be dressed like his cousin Jacques for the summer. His long trousers, school blazer and cap would be stored.

This too was a little disturbing. Why couldn't he wear his own clothes? Well, he thought, his sixteen-year-old cousin's clothes probably wouldn't be very different from his own and they would be in the French style so that he would fit in better. Also, whatever his misgivings, he was eager to be respectful and obedient to his aunt as his mother had warned him to be.

The boys soon returned from their walk and Henry noted how readily they followed M'selle Faber's commands - all in English too. They were told to remove their berets and smocks.

Now Henry could see that they had on very brief short trousers. They were shorter than Henry had ever worn as a young boy in England.

Time passed quickly and at six they had a brief meal. Jean and Paul then went upstairs with the governess and aunt Miriam busied herself asking Henry about himself and his opinions.

He was pleased to tell her of his school. It was one of the more prestigious boy's schools in England. He had been going there for two years now, and he was quite proud of it and his school uniform. He told her that he was a star on the school soccer team. That was a bit of an exaggeration, but he was a member of the squad.

"And your sister, how is she doing?"

"Fine, I guess," Henry responded. He hated his sister. Unlike Henry, she was neat and never got into fights. She tormented Henry, tattling on him whenever he did anything wrong. She even made up things and got him punished when Henry had done nothing at all. He complained about this to his mother, but she didn't believe him. Mother thought that his little sister was just perfect. He wished that he could put her in her place, but was afraid of the consequences.

They continued to talk, about Henry's school and his friends until the governess led his two cousins back into the room.

"Excuse me, Madam," M'selle Faber interrupted, "but it is bedtime."

"Good gracious!" Aunt Miriam exclaimed, "Why, is it eight o'clock already?" She rose and held out her hand to Henry. He took it and stood up.

"Good night, dear," she said, giving his forehead a loud kiss. She also kissed little Paul and Jean.

"Come boys," M'selle Faber said, including Henry in her gesture.

Henry followed her from the room with Jean and Paul bringing up the rear. It was puzzling and embarrassing, but he didn't feel that he could refuse. He was furious at being treated like a child, and he wondered if Jacques went to bed this early.

They reached the bedrooms on the second floor and M'selle Faber hustled them each into their respective rooms, all of which opened onto a child's nursery complete with stuffed bears and a rocking horse.

Henry was surprised that the governess did not leave, but beckoned him to undress in front of her. His blazer and shoes he didn't mind so much, but he hesitated to unfasten his trousers, until M'selle impatiently unfastened them herself and even helped him take them off. Then she waited for his shirt and tie, which he reluctantly removed and handed to her.

Henry was down to just his underwear, but even this she insisted on him removing. He wanted to refuse, but the stern governess looked more than capable of handling a fifteen-year-old boy. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stripped and waited naked before her until finally she handed him a short cotton nightshirt. She gave him a loud kiss, then tucked him, angry but frightened, into bed and left, turning off the light.

Lying in the dark room, Henry was furious and confused, not sleepy. However, annoyance and puzzlement finally yielded to an exhausting day and he drifted off into a deep sleep.



Henry reluctantly removed his shirt and tie

He woke with a start. The clock showed six o'clock and his stare met the governess standing waiting at the door. M'selle Faber had him remove his nightshirt and brought him with his two equally naked cousins to the bathroom where she ordered them all into the tub. Henry angrily sat still while the governess bathed them.

She towelled them down roughly and brought them through the nursery to their rooms. She got a small pink rubber garment from Henry's dresser, which she gave him with instructions for putting it into position. Furious he tugged on the cache sex, pushing his private parts between his legs as she instructed. It was tight and uncomfortable and, to his dismay, it gave him a smooth front that looked more like a girl's than a boy's. He waited nervously while she found him a very brief pair of white underpants. The underwear fitted smoothly over his retainer. To his dismay, they had no fly so they looked like girl's panties. M'selle Faber handed him a shirt and tie which he quickly put on. She then produced a pair of short pants, quite as brief as Jean's or Paul's.

"I don't want to wear those," he blurted out.

"Indeed!" Her eyebrows rose. "Your aunt would then require a spanking!" Horrified at the thought of being spanked like a small child, and aware that M'selle was quite capable of carrying out her threat, Henry glumly put on the little shorts and held still while she buttoned them about his waist. They only reached to his thighs, barely covering his underwear. Worse yet, like the underpants, they had no fly. Henry felt utterly foolish in the little shorts and wondered if Jacques and other French boys of fifteen wore such short pants.

White socks and black shoes followed and M'selle Faber led Henry into the nursery. His cousins showed no signs of surprise or amusement as they wore the same juvenile outfit.



Melanie snickered and Henry blushed deeply at the girl's amusement

Presently they trooped down to breakfast.

Melanie snickered at his appearance, and Henry blushed deeply at the girl's amusement. "Melanie, stop that!" his aunt told her.

After breakfast, M'selle Faber led the boys up to the nursery and began giving them lessons in French. The lessons were difficult and Paul soon made a mistake. The governess tweaked his ear and, motioning him to bend over his desk, gave him a sound slap on the seat of his pants. Henry began to worry about receiving such a swat himself, so he applied himself diligently.

After lessons, they went downstairs and again aunt Miriam warned Henry that any breach of the rules would be severely punished. Henry was now thoroughly cowed and confused.

"Time for our walk," M'selle interjected. Aunt Miriam paused and smiled. Horrified, Henry looked at the two determined women.

"Go out dressed like THIS!" he gasped.

Aunt Miriam's expression hardened. "Please put on your smocks, boys."

Oh no! Henry thought. To be taken out walking in a short smock and these juvenile shorts was terrifying. He trembled at the thought and his face became a sickly white; his knees felt weak. The governess brought him a smock and, dejectedly, he allowed her to put it on him. She settled a beret on his head and then arranged Jean and Paul.

The maid opened the front door, and before he could protest, the governess swept them past the grinning girl and out into the street.

Henry was red with embarrassment. As the soft morning breezes played round his bare legs, he stumbled rather than walked beside the others. He felt so awkward in his smock and shorts with a strange feeling beret on his head.

Other governesses were out with their charges, and to his dismay he noted that little girls were wearing short blue smocks and berets just like him! There were also a few boys similarly attired, but they were much younger.

To his relief, the governess hailed a taxi and he scrambled in hastily, grateful to be out of public view. They were whisked to a park. They got out of the taxi, and Henry to his horror saw three boys about his own age walking towards him. These boys all wore long pants.



They spotted him and grinned, saying something in rapid French, then whistling in an internationally recognisable manner. Henry quickly followed M'selle Faber through the park entrance into the 'Garden of the Infants'.

Out of the frying pan into the fire, the 'Garden' was full of nannies and mothers with their charges, but he could see no other boy his own age. Some of the older girls giggled and pointed at him and he began to feel faint.

M'selle led them past a small zoo to the swings and seesaws and told the boys to play. At first Henry held back. However, M'selle gave him a stern look, and he joined Paul and Jean on the swings and other equipment. He felt horribly conspicuous.

Jean bumped into a little girl and knocked her over. M'selle immediately laid Jean across her knees and, in front of the assembled children, slapped the seat of his short pants severely. For the first time Henry saw Jean blush.

At last the governess led them to a sheltered area with a wide horseshoe of park benches. Here at last Henry saw a few boys his own age dressed as he was.

Another lady joined them with effusive greetings. Accompanying her was a girl of Henry's age and he hastily stared at his feet embarrassed by his attire. The greetings continued to include an introduction of the girl to M'selle and her charges. Henry was bewildered by the name that the lady unmistakably pronounced, 'Simon'.

He watched the girl curiously as she talked to the ladies and answered their questions. Something about the girl was strange. Then, like a thunderbolt, it struck him he realised that the 'girl' was indeed Simon, a boy in dresses! Henry was shocked and looked more closely at the long hair that he now decided was a wig. With a dizzy feeling Henry wondered if Simon had girl's things on underneath his light summer frock. Jean and Paul showed no surprise, as if they were used to these things. Simon looked most unhappy. There was a pause and Simon's mother made some comments accompanied by a gesture, and Simon, obviously very embarrassed, reached down and lifted his frock a little. The ladies laughed and his mother impatiently reached down and lifted Simon's frock up over his waist. Henry saw the answer to his question as Simon blushed with shame and hastily rearranged his dress to hide his delicate pink slip and lacy pink panties.

Another lady arrived. She was accompanied by a girl and a boy who appeared to be twins. They were dressed alike in berets and smocks and frilled girl's blouses. Henry was bewildered. Was all this typically French? It was all too bizarre. He wished desperately that he could leave the park and go home - all the way home to England! The boy smiled and said something to Henry in French that he did not understand. Then he reached out and lifted Henry's smock. He seemed disappointed at the shorts that Henry was wearing, but grinned as if it was all a big joke. Henry felt distinctly uncomfortable with these strange French people.



He would have run away then and there, but he did not know where to go and at least there were boys who were dressed in even a sissier fashion than him. He looked round at the other children in the park, but they were just playing and their mothers and nannies and seemed to be oblivious of anything strange about this isolated horseshoe of benches. There was much shrubbery but nothing very secret about it. In fact, it was in the open in the middle of a park out in the Parisian sun. He was flabbergasted. M'selle finished chatting, and rising, she led them to the park exit.

Henry dreaded being seen by more girls and boys and hoped she would get a taxi immediately. However, she did not and strolled down the crowded street at an agonisingly slow pace. Boys passed by, but only a few paid much attention to Henry in his smock. There were some on bicycles who wore pants as short as his, but they were not wearing smocks. Several boys older than himself wore berets. He could not remain forever at such a pitch of fear,

and he began to be thankful that at least he was in trousers, however short. Some boys started staring at him. In order to remove any doubt in their minds as to what he was wearing under the smock, Henry deliberately raised it to display his short pants. As he did so, He glanced nervously at his governess.

She smiled with some secret amusement. "Pas gentile," she admonished, and Henry wondered uneasily if that hinted at punishment later. He decided that he would not allow himself to be spanked here in public. He would return to England rather than that, however furious his mother would be after all the trouble and expense and no matter what his father's punishments might be. Finally they got a taxi. As they rode home, he wondered where his suitcases were being kept and how he would get his return tickets. Doubts began to assail him.

Upon their return, M'selle and the maid helped the boys off with their smocks. Henry was assigned several tasks and the governess made constant demands. Without realizing it, Henry was becoming as obedient as the two younger boys.

CHAPTER 2 - HENRY IS SPANKED

Soon it was time for lunch and M'selle Faber and the boys joined Aunt Miriam in the dining room. M'selle directed Henry to his place. He was disturbed to find a bib folded on his plate and after an anguished pause and a glance from his Aunt he tied it round his neck as Jean and Paul had already done. Melanie served his Aunt wine and a plate of bread and cheese, but she put a glass of milk and a dish of something that looked like a sort of egg mixture before Henry and his two cousins. There was no spoon or fork and he wondered how he was supposed to eat it.

The question was quickly answered as the governess brought a spoon and began to feed Jean like a small child. Jean glanced in Henry's direction, and, for the second time, Henry saw him blush. Would she try to feed him the same way? She couldn't! He noted Melanie smiling at him and uneasily began to fear the worst.



The cute little maid grinned, very deliberately picked up a spoon from the sideboard and approached him. This was too much. The very idea of this maid being allowed to feed him as if he were a child was preposterous. She was barely any older than him. She dipped the spoon in the dish and brought it to his mouth. Furiously he pushed it away. She grinned even more broadly, and, picking up the dish, she took his food away.

Henry sat glowering. He was furious and determined more than ever to seek some way home. A silence came over the lunch table, but Aunt Miriam calmly finished her lunch. The governess finished feeding his cousins and glanced in Henry's direction. He felt a chill. He had broken one of the rules. Well, he vowed, they were not going to spank him! A curious weakness glued him to the seat. He began to have that uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach that waiting for a caning by the headmaster would bring on. The tension at the table mounted. Finally, his Aunt pushed back her

chair and rose. Henry felt a little weak at the knees, but rose respectfully. The governess took his hand and followed Aunt Miriam from the room. They ascended the stairs. He wanted to pull his hand away, but meekly allowed himself to be led into the nursery.

Aunt Miriam seated herself. M'selle Faber stood behind her.

"You know I warned you," Aunt Miriam's tone was exactly like a headmaster's.

"Perhaps we should give you a thorough spanking and then send you home." Somehow she made being sent home sound like an awful threat. Indeed, he thought again of his father and how angry he would be.

"You have been naughty, but you are new here and have much to learn. After your spanking I will see how well you behave." She made him feel that this was very generous. His resolution began to sag. Perhaps this once he should take the spanking and hope things would improve.

M'selle Faber gripped his arm and he realized that though he was fifteen and strong and athletic for his age, they could spank him whether he was willing or not. Again that queasy feeling before a headmaster's caning returned. It also struck him that the spanking might be a lot tougher on him if he attempted to struggle. As though in some bad dream he allowed M'selle to guide him to a chair. She sat down, and he was at her side, his heart thumping with fear. Her hands reached out. Horrified he realized that she was unfastening his shorts. He stood still, shocked to the core, as she rapidly finished unfastening his pants and then swiftly pulled them down, dropping them around his ankles.

A yell almost escaped him, but weakly he just stood there in his underwear while she picked up a broad flat hairbrush.

He gritted his teeth as she pulled him down across her lap. He hadn't been forced to lie across his father's lap for a spanking since he was ten and he couldn't ever remember his mother spanking him. Never had he felt so awkward as in these brief underpants with his little shorts round his feet. Quite calmly M'selle settled him, making sure his underpants were tight across his seat. For a moment he was thankful for the small pink rubber retainer, but then M'selle brought the brush down.

Whack!

That hurt! He realized with an agonized groan that neither the undershorts nor the retainer would be much protection. He tried to clench his teeth and grip the legs of the chair with his hands as he did when being caned. However, his position across the governess's knees made this very difficult. Her hand gripped him firmly at the waist. He wanted to squirm but he held still and determined not to cry.

Whack!

Down came the brush flat across his behind. How many strokes would he receive? He wondered if this would be as bad as the canings he received at school.

Whack! Whack!

The brush landed again and again.

By the seventh stroke he was gasping and squirming about on her lap. He was deeply ashamed of being spanked like a child and of his own inability to stand the pain. Three more times the brush came down with loud whacks. After the tenth stroke M'selle Faber paused. Tears streamed down Henry's cheeks in spite of his resolve, and he was squirming shamelessly. This was worse than any caning, he thought.

His Aunt Miriam looked pleased as she said, "Two more, M'selle, he squirmed about so much."

Henry was sobbing out loud as the final two strokes descended. M'selle Faber released him and he got to his feet. His shorts fell off as he rose, but all he could think of was the terrible pain in his backside. He clutched his seat and wiggled in agony.



Henry was sobbing out loud as the final two strokes descended.

Aunt Miriam seemed almost amused. "The next time we spank you, I must seriously consider sending you home."

The humiliation, the embarrassment, was forgotten for the moment as he stood there rubbing his sore behind.

M'selle gathered up his shorts and gave them to him, warning him to stop sniveling. He awkwardly stepped into them, and she fastened them up quickly. He was in agony, but tried to control himself as the governess led him downstairs.

On the ground floor they entered a fairly dark room, for which Henry was grateful. Melanie was there with his two cousins. Jean and Paul looked up and snickered. Melanie, to his surprise, looked at him sympathetically.

She was in the process of massaging some cream into Paul's face. His shirt was off. Melanie told Henry to move some heavy padded leather objects that looked like low gymnasium vaulting horses to the center of the room. Meanwhile, Melanie was removing Jean's shirt and was putting cream on his face. The governess began instructing Jean on finger movements for rubbing in the cream. When the task was done, Melanie came over to Henry and started to unfasten his shirt. He was furious, but his behind still ached painfully so he stood rigidly while she slipped the shirt right off.

Henry watched her take up a dollop of cream that she dabbed onto his face. Red with embarrassment he stood there while the teenage maid massaged the fragrant cream on his face.

M'selle was now watching Paul and occasionally correcting his technique for applying the cream. She came to Henry and with Melanie's help showed him how to massage the cream into his skin.

Melanie went back to Jean and wiped off the excess cream. She was getting another jar when Jean looked over at Henry and again began snickering. Melanie pinched Jean hard. He continued his snickering at Henry. The maid pinched him even harder, but he still did not stop, so she slapped the boy hard across the face. He stopped abruptly.



She gave him some cream from the new jar and he began spreading it on his hands and arms. He looked over at Henry and a small grin reappeared. Melanie gave his ear a sharp twist. He grimaced, but did not cry out or attempt to get away. Henry was delighted that his cousin was being punished for laughing at him, but wondered why an eleven-year-old boy would not attempt to fend off the petite maid.

Henry watched uneasily while Melanie unfastened Jean's short pants and took them right off. She spread cream on his legs and showed him where to massage it in. She moved to Paul, and, with mounting uneasiness, Henry watched uneasily as she worked with him just as she had with Jean, only pinching him once.

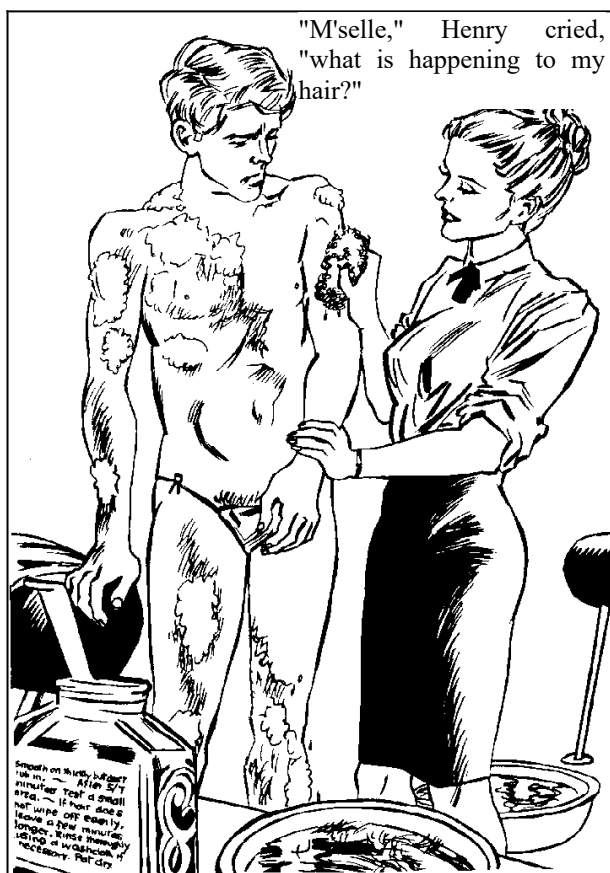
As she approached him, Henry's heart thumped madly. He knew what was coming. Being undressed by his Aunt or the governess was very different from being undressed by this young maid, but he dared

not protest. Red with shame, he stood quite still as she undid his shorts, slid them down and removed them. He stood in his underpants, shoes and socks before her and he wondered if she would twist his ear or pinch him. Instead, she patted him on the cheek kindly, gave him some cream and went back to Jean.

He spread it on his legs, arms and chest as he had seen the younger boys do. Henry noticed that his two cousins appeared to have no hair on their arms, legs or chest. He felt quite grown up in comparison as he had grown quite a bit of hair in the past few years. M'selle waited and watched while Henry spread the cream.

His body began to feel warm where he was spreading the cream. At first it was a pleasant glow and a distraction from his sore rear, but it became warmer and began to sting. He started to shift and twist around uneasily. He could see nothing he could use to remove the cream.

Finally M'selle came with a two pails of soapy water and a sponge and began to wash him off. Henry was horrified to see that his hair, of which he had taken such pride, came off with the cream. It was as if it had dissolved.



"M'selle," Henry cried, "what is happening to my hair?"

"The cream is a depilatory. Your Aunt doesn't like little boys to be too hairy."

Henry was horrified. He had welcomed the growth of hair on his arms, legs and chest as a sign of his new manhood. His girlfriend, Priscilla, said that she really liked it. He hoped that it would grow back before his friends saw him that autumn at school.

She finished cleaning off the cream, and his hair, and apparently satisfied that Melanie had things under control, left the room.

The maid began massaging Jean. Henry watched with awe as she moved the boy this way and that. She was arranging him in all sorts of positions while she rubbed, pummeled and slapped him. Finished at last, she draped the exhausted boy across the leather horse and slipped his wrists and ankles into small leather loops on the wooden legs. She left Paul shortly

afterwards, also tied across a horse, and turned to Henry. He wondered if he could face such a humiliating procedure. His heart was in his mouth.

She took his elbow and pressed him forward over the side of the leather horse. He felt her hands slip into the top of his underpants. Oh no! he thought in alarm. He did not dare move. He felt his underpants and retainer being pulled down to his knees. Before he could protest, his bottom had been bared.

Terrified he lay still. To his surprise she began to massage his bottom gently with a soothing cream. Strange sensations of pain and pleasure welled dizzily within him. He wondered at the gentleness of her hands as she had delicately ministered to his tender behind. A shudder ran through him as he recalled the jokes at school about getting caned on 'the bare'. What would his schoolmates think of him if they could see him now! Another thought struck

him. Was Melanie sorry for him or did she feel this way because he was a boy. His chums would be impressed by his stories about the beautiful French maid. Of course some details like his short trousers and the spanking would have to be omitted!

He could see her long legs in their nylon stockings as she gently massaged his tingling behind. His excitement grew as he watched her and felt her hands on his bare bottom. Finally she finished and made him stand and adjust his retainer. Then she pulled up his underpants as M'selle had done that morning.

His massaging began. It infuriated him, but he allowed her to grip and pull him about. She pulled his arms out with the elbows raised and proceeded to tug and twist them about. He was bewildered. He did not know what the massage was to achieve. She forced him into many awkward and bizarre positions. When he was slow to move, she pinched his still tender behind. She turned him over on his back. Draped as he was over the low horse, he could see a wealth of petticoat hems and panty lace under her short skirt. She was so close that he became aware of her heaving breasts and delicate perfume. The exercises were demanding and, with his sore behind, painful. Some of the positions he was forced into were embarrassing in the extreme. Inevitably he often glimpsed her dainty panties again and his emotions were very mixed by the time she was finished with him. Her hands left no part of him sacred and he was out of breath as she positioned the straps around his wrists and ankles drawing them tight and forcing him to lay flat on the horse.

Now he had time to think. It was well his friends could not see the way he had been handled by this young maid.

But why all this? Were the French crazy? Or was there something he did not understand? It was most puzzling.

M'selle Faber came in and carefully inspected the boys on their horses. She prodded here and there and Henry felt her hand running smoothly over many parts of his body, but was hardly in a position to object.

Melanie finally released him and drew on his short pants. Roguishly she patted his bottom but he did not complain at this intimacy. He dared not risk another spanking. They were brought upstairs and made to sit for lunch. Melanie first put on his bib and then spooned the food into his mouth without a murmur from him this time.

She marched them up to the nursery and said it was time for their afternoon nap. Henry was even more bewildered and furious. He lay down on his bed but he did not sleep. He began searching his mind for a means to get his own clothes and escape. Quite suddenly he recalled that about this time yesterday he and his cousins had been taken out for a stroll. He would not do that again. He would not appear in public again in these silly little shorts. He would not put on the little dress-smock and go out to be jeered and laughed at.



Henry could see a wealth of petticoat hems and panty lace under Melanie's short skirt

He tossed about until M'selle Faber appeared. A chill of fear went through him. He quickly got out of bed and with Jean and Paul was brought to the living room where his Aunt Miriam was drinking tea.

"Ah! Children, you look rested. How do you feel?" She asked.

"We feel very well," his two cousins responded.

"I feel fine," Henry echoed hesitantly.

"It is time for your little promenade," she said watching Henry closely. His fists clenched, it was 'now or never', but helplessly he watched as Jean and Paul were helped into their smocks. The governess approached him with a smock obviously intended for him. He cursed silently, but allowed her to pull it on him.

As before, Melanie stood at the door. She was grinning as M'selle hustled them through the hall; but it was more intimate than mocking. With a gulp Henry followed his cousins out and down the steps to the avenue. It was quiet, but Henry was on pins and needles lest other boys and girls his age should spot him in his short smock. Miserably he walked beside M'selle who took his hand as she would a child's. He was too afraid of her to pull it away. He longed to be back in the house. Some older girls about Melanie's age approached and laughed outright when they saw Henry. He blushed. A glance from M'selle Faber silenced them, but after they passed, Henry could still feel their eyes on him. He dared not look back. No doubt they were still grinning and giggling.

They walked up the avenue towards the Arc de Triomphe. It was hard to bear. Henry thought that he spotted Simon with his mother, but it might have been a girl or another boy wearing a dress. It was all so confusing. He was immensely relieved when M'selle turned and they walked sedately back to the house.

Melanie took the boy's smocks as before. His Aunt Miriam greeted them as well. She was very kindly to Henry but he was afraid that some new shock still awaited him.

Dinner was served, but consisted mostly of big gooey cakes with lots of icing. Jean and Paul were delighted. Henry was allowed to feed himself and he ate ravenously. Melanie gave him several friendly glances and he began to feel much better, recovering from the embarrassment of his walk in public.

Indeed, he took the opportunity to watch Melanie more closely as she minced jauntily about. His boyish instincts had been aroused during his humiliating massage, and he watched for glimpses of her petticoats.

She seemed aware of his attentions and leaned close to him when serving at the table giving him looks down the top of her low-cut dress. His Aunt caught him staring at Melanie as she bent down to pick something off the floor, her short uniform rising high to reveal her panties. Henry was overwhelmed with embarrassment at being caught peeping. A chill of fear ran through him. Would this mean another spanking? His Aunt merely smiled.

Henry stared as Melanie bent over, her short uniform rising high to reveal her panties



After dinner M'selle led them upstairs to the nursery. She gave Henry a teddy bear and a wooden train. With great reluctance he made a show of playing with them for he was still very much afraid of the governess's hairbrush. His cousins also played with their toys. Bitterly he thought of his friends. If they could see him now! He fought back his anger, determined to figure out a way to escape.

Melanie came up and led him to his room. Once more she undressed him, even removing his underwear. It was humiliating, but he felt a strange excitement at her closeness and her delicately perfumed body. She put on his nightgown, and suddenly embraced him closely. He went to bed in a turmoil of emotions. If only he dared pull down the restraining rubber garment, but he could not risk falling asleep and being found that way by M'selle in the morning.

CHAPTER 3 - PANTIES IN THE PARK



Melanie turned holding a dainty garment. Could it be... panties?

It was a bright sunny morning when M'selle shook him awake and pulled down the bedclothes. He was listless for he had hardly slept. In a daze, he allowed her to strip, wash and dry him and put him back into the rubber retainer.

She led him back to the bedroom. Melanie was there and M'selle left him in her care.

Melanie was smiling a secret smile as she pulled open a drawer. She turned holding in her hands a dainty garment. It had lace edging and pretty pink ribbons. Could it be? Could it possibly be girl's panties?

Instantly Henry was wide-awake. Once more his emotions were in turmoil. Are those her panties? What did she intend? She did not intend putting them on HIM! Yet he knew the answer. He wouldn't. She couldn't make him put those things on.

Melanie stepped up to him smiling and gently held the panties out. He stared at the dainty underwear. He would not

wear those - never! He would face another spanking! Then, as he determined not to, he found himself stepping into the panties. Melanie slowly drew them up his legs. He was helpless with embarrassment. She pulled the delicate little garment in place. He felt the edging of lace on his newly hairless thighs and blushed to his ears. His legs felt weak, but as her fingers smoothed the delicate panties in place, he felt a strange excitement. The panties were horrible, but she was lovely and her touch gentle and sensuous. He stood there watching her closely as she went again to the drawer. A grim premonition brought an icy calm. She reached into the drawer and pulled out another garment. She started back to him and Henry could see that she was bringing a lacy chemise that matched his panties. Mechanically he allowed her to put it on him. She left him standing in his lacy lingerie and went to the closet. Henry was in a state of shock. This was too much to



She was bringing a lacy chemise which matched his panties

bear. He was no sissy! It was bad enough that his aunt had made him wear a childish smock and shorts, but panties and a chemise... what would be next, a dress?

To his intense relief Melanie returned with a shirt and shorts. He hastened to get into them. Though the short pants were juvenile, at least they covered the dainty girl's lingerie.

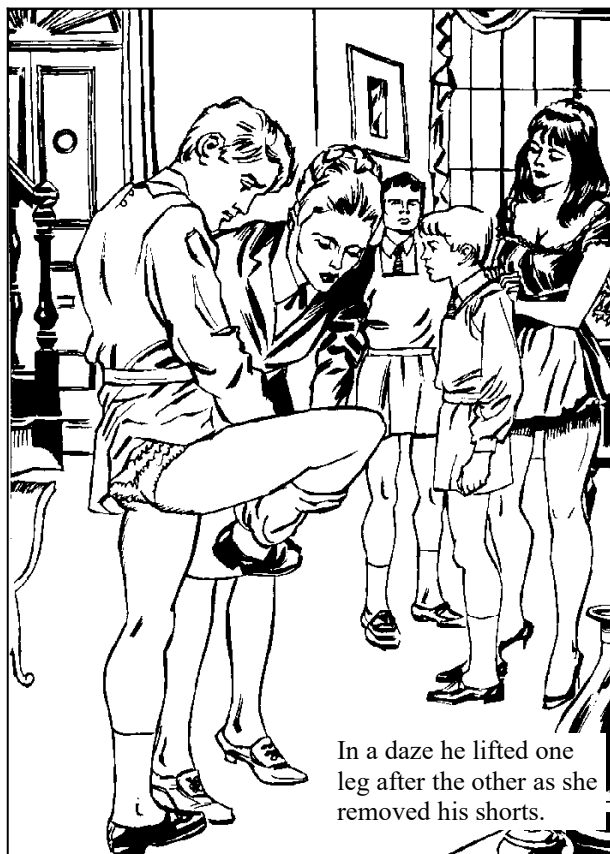
A necktie, white socks and black shoes were added, and, extremely shaken, he followed Melanie meekly down to the breakfast table. Seeing Jean and Paul embarrassed him. The thought that they might find out what he was wearing made him cringe inside. Fearfully he glanced down to see if the chemise showed through his shirt, but, thankfully, it appeared not to. Numbly he put on his bib and allowed Melanie to spoonfeed him.

Lessons were a nightmare. M'selle Faber had occasion to punish Paul, and without hesitation, she slipped down his short pants before applying a long ruler. Jean showed no surprise. Henry dared not risk having his pants lowered. He applied himself diligently, but he was distracted. With every movement, he could feel the lace of the chemise on his chest, its straps on his shoulders and the elastic waist and legs of the silky panties.

Somehow he struggled through the lessons and it was not until the governess put down the ruler that he breathed easier.

Never in his life had he experienced anything like this. Recollections flooded over him. His first day at public school, how terrified he had been! How embarrassed he was when a prefect had told him to bend down for his first caning. Then how he had watched with beating heart as boys were selected for the annual play. How relieved he was when he had not been chosen for one of the 'girl's' parts and how he and his friends delighted in mocking the hapless boys in their dresses; but even they didn't have to wear girl's panties. Yet here he was in the daintiest of girl's lingerie and little short trousers. He had been turned over his governess's knees and spanked. He had been undressed and dressed by a maid barely older than himself. What would his friends think if they knew?

His bitter reflections were interrupted, "Come along boys," the governess ushered them downstairs.



In a daze he lifted one leg after the other as she removed his shorts.

Aunt Miriam stood in the hall with Melanie. "Time for your walk, young man," she said with a hint of irony.

"They are ready, Madame," M'selle Faber said firmly, reaching into the closet for the detested little smocks.

"Can I help, Madam?" The smirking Melanie asked.

The sly grins of the pretty little maid were particularly embarrassing for Henry. He blushed as he considered the fact that she knew just what he was wearing under his shirt and shorts.

M'selle replied, "Look after Paul and Jean, I will attend to Henry."

He shuddered at her tone. He was surprised that before lifting out his smock, she unbuttoned the top of his short pants. Perhaps they had seemed too tight. He dared not protest. She helped him into the short smock that just reached the middle of his thighs. When it was adjusted she reached up under it. A chill ran through

him. Her fingers slipped open the top of his shorts and to his horror she pulled them down. In a daze he raised first one foot and then the other as she removed them. The full horror of the situation was slowly dawning on him! They were going out walking and he had nothing on underneath his short smock but a dainty pair of girl's panties! What if the wind blew his smock up? What if someone spotted his girl's underwear? Numb with shock he allowed M'selle to guide him through the door and down the steps. The smock felt much shorter now that it was the only thing covering his panties, and he walked with the shortest possible steps. He was terrified. This was worse by far than wearing the smock with short pants. How had he let this happen? What could he do to persuade his aunt never to do this to him again? She must be punishing him for his behavior earlier. He would try to be so good that she would never want to punish him.

Henry's thoughts were interrupted by a sudden gust of wind, which blew his smock up. In a panic, he hurriedly pushed it down to cover his embarrassing undies. Horrified he looked around. A small boy smiled at him and Henry shook with fear. Had the boy seen?

As they walked on Henry kept his hands by his side holding down his smock. How he wished he still had the short trousers.

"You seem uncomfortable!"
M'selle smiled icily.

"I miss my shorts."

"I thought that you did not like wearing your short trousers."

"No! No! M'selle," Henry said embarrassed, "I do like wearing them!"

"But your panties are much prettier, aren't they?" She teased him in a loud voice. Henry winced, looking around to see if there was anyone near enough to hear.



A sudden gust of wind blew his smock up. In a panic, Henry hurriedly pushed it down.

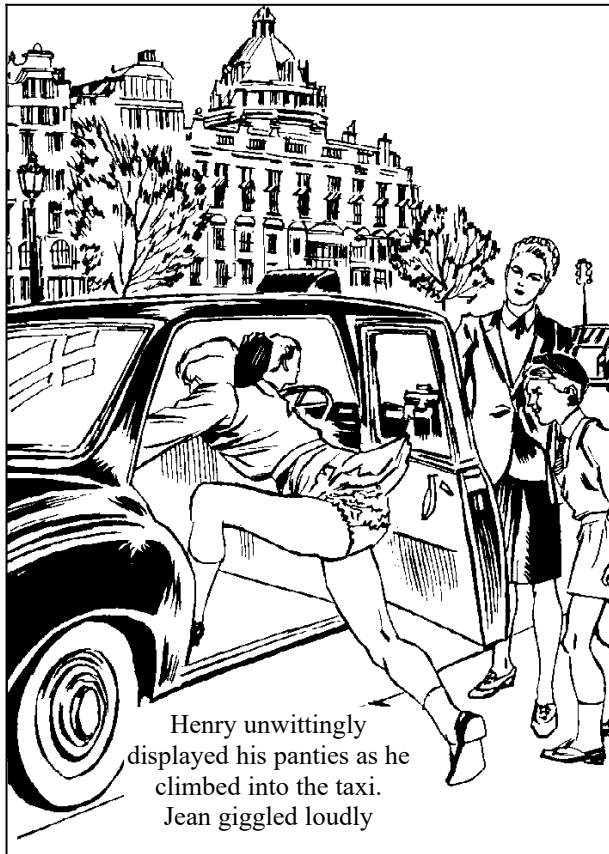
"Oh yes! I mean no!" He blurted out in confusion. "I do like the short trousers really," he protested hopefully. M'selle only smiled and his two cousins snickered, now they were both aware that he was wearing panties. Henry walked on with his eyes glued to the ground trying to avoid seeing their knowing smirks.

At last she hailed a taxi.

Anxious to get out of public view for at least the length of the ride, Henry hastily got into the cab, almost losing his beret in the rush. Still unfamiliar with wearing a smock, he unwittingly displayed his panties. Jean giggled loudly at the sight. "Paul," he asked, "Did you see Henry's pretty panties?"

Henry quivered with frustrated rage at the boy's teasing. At school, no younger boy would dare insult him.

M'selle Faber directed the driver to take them to the park, and soon Henry was again at the large horseshoe of seats in the garden. Today, however, he really had something to hide. Grimly he determined to avoid the boy who had peeped under his smock the day before.



Simon soon arrived with his mother. He was wearing makeup, a long dark wig with a pink bow in it, a dainty white blouse with more pink bows on its puffed sleeves and a dress which ended high above his knees and was flounced out with petticoats. Furiously Henry wondered if this sissy's underwear was any worse than his own. He would die if Simon knew that he was wearing girl's panties. This was so unfair. Henry found himself staring at everyone in a dress to see if they were really boys like Simon. They all appeared to be real girls which upset him even more. While he stood stiffly holding his smock down, Jean and Paul played around boisterously. He wished he felt so comfortable.

M'selle Faber introduced Henry to Simon's mother. He greeted her politely and shook hands contemptuously with Simon who looked utterly miserable in his dainty clothes and long hair.

"Simon, take Henry across to the statue," his mother ordered.

"Go ahead," M'selle told Henry. They strolled away, followed by the amused glances of the two ladies.

Simon's English was excellent. He explained that he had been raised in England by an aunt. Henry could not control a shudder thinking of his own aunt, however, he had no sympathy for Simon. Any boy who allowed himself to be so thoroughly turned into a girl clearly had no pride or backbone.

Henry could not resist asking, "Do you like being dressed like... like a... that way?"

"NO!" said Simon vehemently, "certainly NOT! **I HATE IT!**"

Henry was surprised by the sudden sharpness. For a moment Simon dropped his feminine pose and a very angry boy stood there. "Mother makes me do it!" Simon almost cried, and, looking furtively over his shoulder, he again became girlish in his gestures. "She beats me when I complain and threatens not to send me back to boy's school in the autumn if I don't act like a girl all summer!" He was still angry, but he gestured daintily like an angry girl.

"My sister tells my mother everything, and she's always watching." Again he glanced back furtively. Henry thought of his own sister. He shuddered to think what she would do to him if he was in Simon's place. However, he never would allow it. He said contemptuously, "Simon, If you weren't a sissy, you would never let this happen."

"I'm no sissy, but I don't want to be kept from going back to school with other boys," he added defensively.

"I wouldn't stand for that no matter what my mother tried," Henry said heatedly.

Suddenly Simon smiled - a malicious feminine smile - "Wouldn't you?"

Henry was furious. "**Certainly not!**" he said loudly.

"I should tell your governess," Simon smirked maliciously, "she would probably spank you!"

Henry turned to go, but Simon reached out suddenly and pulled his smock up

Simon lifted Henry's smock revealing his panties, Henry hit him and soon they were fighting furiously.



revealing the dainty girl's underwear. Henry stood horrified for one moment exposed to the world, then he struck out at Simon. Simon took an energetic swipe in return and in an instant both boys were fighting furiously. Simon's petticoats were flying and Henry no longer cared about holding down his smock. Quickly Simon's mother and Henry's governess reached them and pulled them apart.

"Henry, this is disgraceful!" said M'selle Faber, gripping the boy firmly by an ear. "We will return home at once!" Henry's heart sank. This would certainly mean another spanking.

"Simon!" said his mother grabbing him by his shoulders and shaking him, "I warned you that you must behave as a proper girl at all times. Fighting is completely unacceptable. I wonder if this summer is long enough for you to learn manners. I may have to send you to a girl's school this autumn."

"Mother, please!" Simon wept,

"Don't send me to a girl's school. It was all his fault!"

"We will see," she replied. "In the meantime, I will have your sister warm your panties thoroughly for you when we get home!"

Henry was terrified not only of his own inevitable punishment but also by the horrible thought of Simon's little sister being permitted to spank him. Without delay both boys were led away. Henry's cousins were grinning. It was infuriating. They must enjoy the prospect of his being punished. Henry searched his mind. How could he avoid a spanking? Escape home? How could he get clothes and a ticket?

CHAPTER 4 - A LETTER FROM HOME

It was a silent journey home in the taxi. Melanie let them in and his Aunt came to greet them. She kissed the two other boys and looked askance at Henry's disheveled appearance, then at the governess. Henry's heart sank, but his governess remained grimly silent.

"A letter was delivered for you from England. It looks like my son's handwriting," Aunt Miriam said, handing him the letter and waiting. Henry opened the letter. It began:

"Mon Cher Henry, I hope this finds you enjoying your stay at my home as good as I am enjoying my vacation with your parents. "

Henry winced. Aunt Miriam interrupted, "You will have to write a reply, of course." Henry had not met his cousin. They had crossed the channel at the same time. He read on:

"Your sister was entranced with my long hair style as it is the rage with teenagers just now."

Henry winced again; he knew his sister. She was obviously tittering at Jacques' long hair. He hated his younger sister quite thoroughly.

"When I dressed up for them, your mother was entertained, but your father wanted me to change back into boy's clothes whether I had such beautiful hair or not. Your sister, Beatrice, was delighted and helped me. Your father finally allowed me to wear my girl's clothes."

Henry's face turned crimson. Was this possible? What on earth was his cousin doing wearing girl's clothes? He dared not look at his Aunt. Shocked, he read on:

"I showed Beatrice all the pretty lingerie in my suitcases. She was jealous and showed me her dark blue knickers and the gym frock she wears to school."

Henry was speechless. His sister showing her knickers to a boy! He could hardly believe it:

"I tried on her school uniform. She thinks that with my long hair, we could bring off a masquerade, maybe to see her school - great fun, no? She wanted to know if many French boys dressed as girls, and I told her only a few. She says no English boy would do that. I told her not to be too sure and she laughed and told me that perhaps I was right. She said that you have borrowed her clothes and perhaps you secretly like to wear them."

"She is lying!" Henry burst out.

"What do you mean?" asked his Aunt.

"My sister told Jacques that I borrow her clothes. That is a lie! The only time I ever took any of her clothes was last December. I was home for school vacation and I used one of her bras to make a water balloon launcher. Some of my friends and I were playing with it when Beatrice caught us. Billy thanked her for having breasts just the size we needed for our balloons. Beatrice was furious. She ran off and told father. He gave me an awful beating, but



her humiliation made the whole thing worthwhile. She was so angry and embarrassed. She swore up and down that she would get even, but nothing happened and in a couple of weeks I returned to school."

"It sounds as if you did borrow her clothing so you can hardly say that she is lying. Continue reading the letter, please."

Henry read on:

"We have gone driving and walking and soon we will visit the shops in London! What a joy that will be. We agreed I will go with your sister dressed as another schoolgirl, but I insist on my own pretty lingerie, not her dull knickers. I tease her about her plain lingerie; she laughs at my lacy panties. It is amusing. Please write and tell us if you like my governess! My brothers are too young for such pranks, but soon they will join us."

Henry involuntarily sat down, uncomfortably aware of the fringe of lace on his panties. He would die if his sister had the slightest inkling of what was happening to him. And his friends! What if they met his cousin. It would be all over school the first day of the term. He seethed at the thought. Now if he escaped home, his mother and sister would be told all - the governess, the spanking, the smock and panties, everything! In a trance he read on:

"Some of your fiends called and I was introduced to them. The boys are nice, but very rough. Your sister dislikes them for that reason."

Henry almost retched. Was his cousin in dresses at the time? Desperately he hoped not:

"Your girlfriend Priscilla is very attractive and well dressed. She was surprised at my attire but was more amused than upset. I think that she will go shopping with us."

How could his sister have involved Priscilla in this? Henry thought of his girlfriend, Priscilla, and the good times they had spent together. What would she think of him if she knew how he was dressed now?



"Your sister showed me your school uniform. She put on your blazer and cap and then your gray pants and we laughed."

How could she? Henry fumed at his sister's impudence. Getting into his clothes! He'd get even with her when he returned:

"We dressed up completely. I got into her school uniform again. Her gym frock just fits but is a little short. She put your clothes on - but completely even the underwear! She has short hair and your cap looked all right on her. The trousers were the right length, but too wide around her waist. She had to tighten the belt. Your shirt and tie with the blazer looked fine, but your shoes were too big, so she wore her own school uniform shoes which looked just the same. Whatfun we had!"

Henry fumed. Wait till he got home:

"Your mother and I talked about you quite a lot. She thinks you are too rough - like your boyfriends. We agreed you needed more discipline and your attitude to your sister must be changed. Your mother told me that she wished that you were sweeter

like your sister and your girlfriend Priscilla. Perhaps you should be better dressed, like me. "

Never! Henry told himself, furious at the insolence of his cousin discussing Henry's discipline with his mother.

"Your father does not like me yet, but your mother has much influence with him and I think she and I together can win him over. Please write to us soon. We are anxious to hear from you. Love, Jacques."

The letter left Henry confused and disturbed. Would he have to write a reply? What would he say?

The governess advanced towards him. All his plans for rebellion were now of little use. He was faced with the immediate threat of a punishment and he knew full well what it would be. He handed back the letter and clinched his fists. M'selle Faber beckoned him to follow her. His Aunt watched intently. If his friends at home even suspected what was happening to him, he never wanted to go home. He was scared stiff. He hesitated.

"Come Henry," the governess said in a quiet voice. He followed her. His determination not to allow himself to be humiliated was giving way to his fears - both of a spanking and of his friends at home learning about him wearing girl's panties.

As they ascended the stairs, M'selle Faber left him no doubt as to how severe the spanking was going to be.

"Your conduct was disgraceful. You will have to apologise to Simon," she told him. "You want to apologise, don't you?" She stopped for an answer.

"Yeees," Henry mumbled, hastily adding, "Madam."

"You may have torn his dress," M'selle added as she led him into the nursery playroom. Miserably, Henry followed. To his mortification he could hear Jean and Paul following him. He blushed crimson when he also saw Melanie coming into the room.

"Over here," M'selle said, seating herself. "You will learn better manners, I hope."

"Yes M'selle," Henry mumbled, thinking that only thin little panties were to protect him from the coming blows. M'selle gripped the hairbrush firmly.

"You should be an example to your cousins, not give them rough boyish ways." She touched his backside with the hairbrush to prompt a reply.

"Yes, M'selle," Henry was furious but terrified.

"You will learn daintier manners?"

"Oh yes!" Henry clenched his fists - NEVER! he thought fervently.

"You must be punished for your misbehavior, correct?" She paused again.

"Yes! Yes! I must," Henry answered fearfully. He knew just how that hairbrush felt.

"You would prefer to keep on your panties?" She asked ambiguously.

"Yes, please!" Henry bleated to the giggles of his cousins.

She merely pointed to her lap and Henry found himself meekly bending down over her knees. A fifteen years old boy in panties being spanked in front of his little cousins and the maid; he was ashamed, but he knew it would be worse if he hesitated.

"Tighten up a little," she ordered. He obliged. She folded the smock back, and made sure his panties were smooth and tight. Henry could hear Melanie giggle and he could have died of shame to have his panties on display before her and his two young cousins. Why they had even taken off their smocks and had their shorts on! He was older than them; it just wasn't fair.

M'selle Faber pressed him firmly down and raised her left hand with the hairbrush above her head. SMACK! The hairbrush descended. Henry yelped with pain. Systematically she smacked his panty-covered seat again and again. Henry felt searing pain. He struggled to stay still. He didn't want his cousins to have the satisfaction of seeing him cry. He quivered from head to toe at each stroke. Finally tears streamed down his face.



Melanie. His Aunt said nothing, but looked amused. This infuriated Henry; he saw no mercy in that quarter.

The rest of the day continued the same as yesterday. Once again Melanie creamed, massaged and manipulated Henry and his cousins over the leather horses. M'selle took them out for another brief walk on the boulevard. This time she left Henry's shorts on him. Perhaps, he thought, she had decided that it was too cruel to make him wear just the panties under his smock. Their dinner of gooey sweets and an early bedtime followed.

Henry was sobbing and gasping. "Please! Oh please no more! I'll behave."

"Indeed you will!" She paused with brush raised.

"I'll behave prettily! I'll be daintier!" he gasped, sensing her wishes. "I'll be as good as a girl," he sobbed, without realizing quite what he was saying.

M'selle Faber appeared pleased. "That is enough then. See that you behave or you will be sent home with a note describing your behavior."

Henry struggled up. His cousins and the two women watched with open amusement as he rearranged his smock and massaged his pantied bottom.

M'selle allowed him to put on his short pants and take off his smock. She led the way downstairs.

Henry gulped and tried to brush away his tears. Each step made him wince and he held his bottom till they came to the dining room.

Henry was fed lunch by a gentle

CHAPTER 5 - A SHOPPING TRIP

The next morning the governess woke him, bathed him and helped him into his retainer. To his great distress and discomfort, Melanie again was waiting for him in his bedroom. She said, "Bon jour Mon cher," and handed him a pair of lacy pink panties. He hated putting them on but he knew what punishment awaited him if he showed any rebellion. She helped him into a matching chemise and patted him gently on the cheek, "Tres bon." Henry stiffened and clutched his fists together to control his fury. This little French maid was clearly mocking him and there was nothing he could do about it.

She waited while he hurriedly dressed in his short, pants, shirt, tie, shoes and socks and then led him down to breakfast. His Aunt and cousins were already there. He sat down uncomfortably aware of the elastic and lace of his girlish underwear.

He quietly allowed Melanie to feed him as his Aunt told him, "You will not be going for a walk this morning, Henry. We are going shopping. Aren't you excited?"

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," he said meekly. Inside he churned. Did this mean going to the busy shopping section of the city in the little boy's beret and smock?

"We have to get you some clothes," she told him. Henry guessed this meant a busy thoroughfare. A shudder of apprehension ran through him.

"Get your smock and beret," M'selle ordered. He hastened into the hall; her manner brooked no argument. As he pulled on the hated smock he was glad he had short pants on - it would not be so bad as yesterday in the park. His happiness was short lived for the governess followed him into the hall.

"Just a moment!" She looked him icily up and down, then she reached up under his smock, and, as Henry stood rigid with horror, she unfastened his pants.

"We don't need these," she said grimly and Henry found himself stepping out of his short trousers.



"But M'selle, aren't we going to the shops?" he asked incredulously. His voice was a hoarse whisper. He again felt the lace tingling at his thighs. His legs felt naked despite the smock.

"Oh yes, indeed we are going to the shops!" she answered, smiling. Aunt Miriam entered with hat and gloves. She too smiled. Henry stood there, his mind in a turmoil. They wanted to take him shopping dressed in a short little boy's smock that barely covered his lacy panties. He could not believe it was happening. Yet he found himself being shepherded towards the door between these two formidable women. As Melanie opened the door a great surge of rebellion almost overwhelmed him, but, meekly, he walked out with them.

The ladies were clearly enjoying themselves. Henry knew that he was a fresh challenge, a new plaything for them to break to their will. He was allowing himself to be publicly humiliated.

Many of the customers appeared to be boys, and they were all looking at or trying on girl's clothes



him absorb the full shock of realization, then propelled him in. Henry looked around with amazement. Many of the customers appeared to be boys, and they were looking at or trying on girl's clothes. Two attractive girls of seventeen or so came to assist the two ladies and their charge. Henry was aghast as the two girls closed in. He was ready to fight, but his Aunt and governess were watching him closely.

His Aunt spoke to the girls in rapid French. They grinned at Henry and led them to a part of the store filled with a variety of dresses and smocks. Henry stood fuming with clenched fists as selections were made. The two smiling girls moved towards him and he lifted his arms to fend them off.

"Don't!" Aunt Miriam warned him with a single word, "or you will be punished right here in the shop." With a shuddering sigh Henry dropped his arms limply.

The girls removed his smock, tie and shirt and left him standing in his underwear. Some boys scrutinized his panties and frilled chemise, but their own dress was equally feminine and Henry returned their stares with furious embarrassment.

Walking up the broad avenue towards the Etoile, the merest breeze might expose his girl's lace edged panties. Aunt Miriam and M'selle Faber smiled openly, returning the looks of amusement which many cast in their direction.

Henry wished he could die as he saw the sly grins of passersby. He reddened as some boys laughed outright. Had he been alone he would gladly have given them black eyes and bloody noses. How could he have allowed his Aunt to take him out here into the busy streets? He hung his head in shame trying not to see people's amusement.

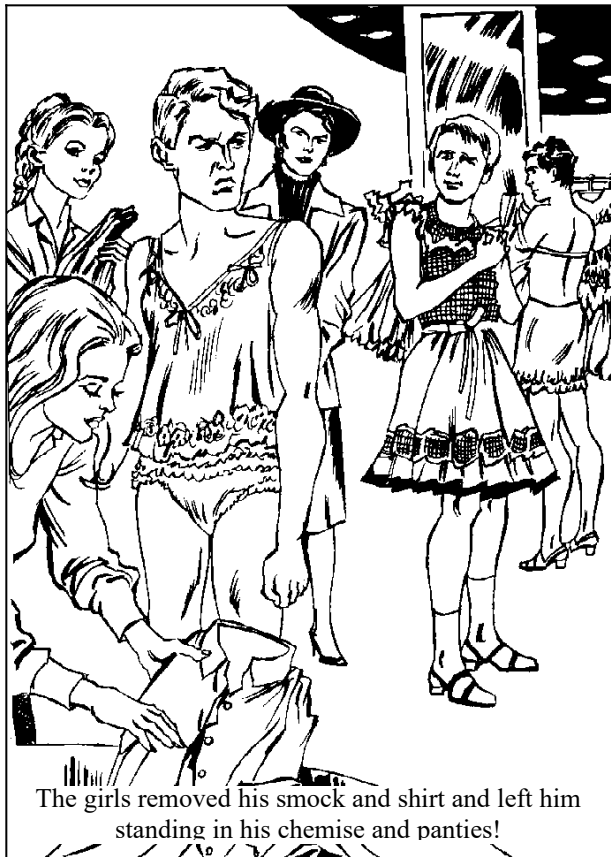
At last they reached the relative quiet of the Rue St. Honore, the center of the fashion world. They stopped in front of one of the boutiques.

"We have arrived," his Aunt announced.

He stared at the store in disbelief; the window was filled with girl's clothes. There were little frocks, white smocks and a huge array of girls' underthings. Aunt Miriam let



Henry was aghast as the smiling young French girls moved toward him carrying dresses!



organdy dress.

"Of course, the waist is too tight for him," M'selle remarked, "we must correct that."

"Yes, indeed!" Aunt Miriam gestured for the girls to remove his dress and Henry stood once more in his dainty lingerie. The girls gave him his shirt and smock and Henry hastily covered his girl's underthings.

"Come along," said M'selle, indicating an archway to another section.

"Now we will have to find you a proper set of underwear," Aunt Miriam told the bewildered boy. They led him into the department where girls' underwear was displayed. An older girl appeared from behind of the dressing screens. Henry was astonished to see her wearing bikini panties and an almost transparent brassiere.

"You see," M'selle turned to Henry, "he really likes dressing as a girl." Henry was shocked. Could this really be a boy? He stared at the developed breasts; they were almost as big as a young girl's. He could understand how the panties ran smoothly down and back between his legs, he himself wore a retainer that achieved the same effect, but the breasts! He felt dizzy.

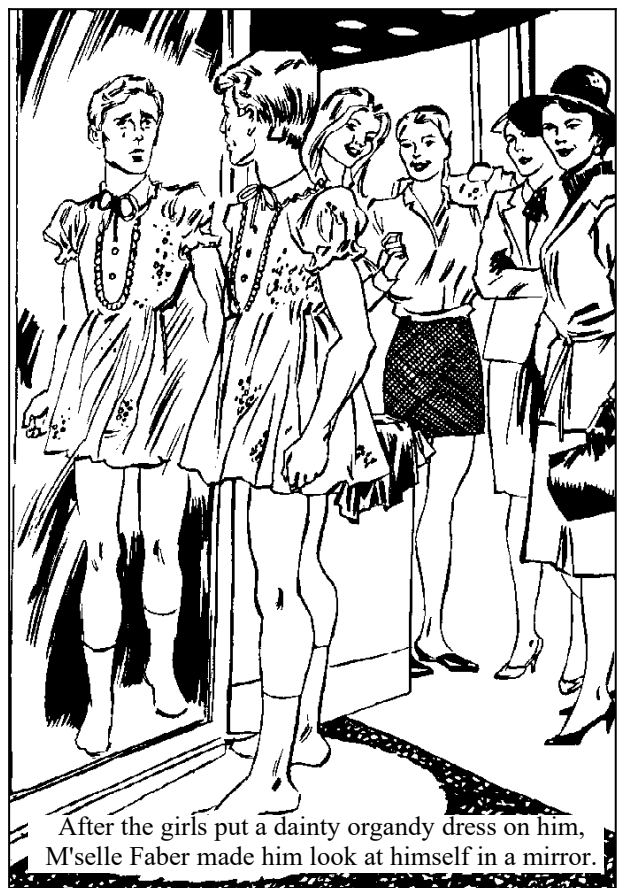
He stood as the two girls lifted his arms and pulled on a dainty organdy dress. It was a nightmare! M'selle Faber compelled him to walk before a mirror to make sure he would know what he looked like. He felt tears running down his face, but he complied with their commands. They put him into one dress after another.

"Don't you like this?" Aunt Miriam asked, as a little silk summer frock was slipped over his shoulders.

"You must like that one," the governess said in a grimly quiet tone.

Clenching his teeth, he determined more than ever to plan an escape. The girls waited. Aunt Miriam looked at him menacingly. He capitulated. "Oh yes, this dress is nice," he blurted out nervously. He did not want a spanking in public.

"Try the organdy dress again," Aunt Miriam told him. The girls did not understand English, so he had to go to the rack and pick the dress out from the others. They smiled and helped him into the peach





The sales girls grinned as Henry picked out the organdy dress.

"You should like to grow so pretty?" M'selle smiled at his alarm.

"Never!" Henry answered determined that they would never do that to him. M'selle said nothing but the smile lingered on her face.

This section displayed lingerie unlike any Henry had ever seen at home. Delicate, fluffy, sheer or brief, it was exquisitely ornamented with lace. Ribbons were woven in and rucking sometimes gathered the fine sheer materials.

Panties were displayed, both brief and with longer frilled legs. The prettiest colors were on display. Some knickers were satin. These panties were completely unlike the plain blue knickers worn by his sister. They were even different from the pink knickers he had sometimes glimpsed on older girls. Lovely satin slips were there and silk and satin petticoats were displayed.

He gasped, surprised for a moment into gazing at girls' lingerie, then he looked away hastily and guiltily. The older boy was examining brassieres.

"You will first select some slips and panties," Aunt Miriam told Henry, "then we will see about your waist."

"Select carefully," the governess warned.

"Yes, M'selle," he answered meekly. The quicker he selected the quicker all this might end, he thought, suppressing his anger.

The sales clerks were already laying out girls' underwear along a counter. He knew what they must think of him, but he determined to make his selections and get this over with. He quickly picked several of the simpler panties in plain white silk.

"Pick them up and examine them carefully," his Aunt warned. The girls smiled without understanding. Reluctantly he picked up a pair of white silk knickers. The girls smiled knowingly at one another to his intense annoyance. He selected some more knickers, then a longer pair of frilled panties. The girls took them up as he selected. They showed him delicately laced chemises. He selected from them, loathing every delicate handful.

The older boy with breasts came



The older boy with breasts smiled knowingly, and the two girls were giggling gaily as he selected panties

over to look and smiled knowingly. The two girls were giggling gaily. They never imagined Henry's embarrassment, noting only his careful selection.



The lingerie chosen, Henry's Aunt handed him a silky white blouse with pink ribbons and lace. Henry hated it, but, at her order, he held it up to his chest in front of the mirror. Just then, another boy was led into the department speaking angrily in French to a tall severe looking lady dressed in the uniform of a governess. The boy glared at them all, his gaze finally stopping on Henry who was selfconsciously holding the delicate blouse up to his smock.

The boy sneered at Henry who dropped his eyes in embarrassment. He couldn't believe what was happening to him.

If you enjoyed Volume One of 'Henry's Vacation In Panties', you may enjoy reading his continuing adventures in Volume Two