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"HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

VOLUME 2



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.

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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
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CHAPTER 6 - THE REBELS ARE PUNISHED



The other boy threw the panties to the floor. Inspired, Henry threw down the blouse

The tall woman led the boy to the lingerie counter and said a few words to him. He gave a yell and angrily knocked some boxes of panties off the counter.

Henry, inspired, threw down the blouse as well.

The girls were dismayed, then furious. Everyone turned to stare. The tall woman and two girls quickly grabbed the other boy and carried him struggling to a door. The door closed behind them.

M'selle Faber seized Henry, and, before he knew what was happening, she placed him over her knees.

Henry felt his smock and chemise being drawn up. Then, to his horror, M'selle gripped his panties! She pulled them down! He squirmed and kicked but to no avail.

"How dare you throw a temper tantrum in public," said M'selle Faber. "Never have I seen such rudeness."

"WHAP!" Her hand descended with a fury against his naked bottom.

Henry begged and pleaded for her to stop but she was furious and her hand struck him again and again. "So," she said, "You don't like that blouse, eh. Well, as a result of your behavior, you will wear it tomorrow during your promenade in the park."

Henry cried in his pain and embarrassment. M'selle Faber was making him pay mightily for his small act of rebellion.

Finally she stopped spanking him, but his humiliation was hardly over. As he stood he had to retrieve his panties from around his ankles and pull them up into place in the full view of all of everyone. Never had he been so mortified.

"Henry!" M'selle said, "look at these slips."

"Yes, M'selle," Henry hastened to obey and was at pains to seem carefully selective, but his thoughts were on the closed door. The boy was about his own age and he had Henry's sympathy. He could hear a rhythmic sound and cries of pain. He tried desperately to concentrate on the piles of satin and lace, silk and ribbon before him.



Henry was horrified, his panties were down and his naked bottom was exposed to everyone.

Henry had to pull his panties back on in full view of the clerks and customers.



"Those will do," his aunt remarked as he laid aside several satin slips. "Now, Henry, you must select some brassieres."

Henry was shocked. These other girl's clothes were bad enough, but bras! His aunt couldn't plan for him to wear a bra! The salesgirls tittered as they measured Henry and brought lacy bras for him to select from. Henry could not meet their gaze as he quickly picked a few.

"Those are lovely, don't you think?" His aunt asked.

Henry nodded, afraid to speak. M'selle Faber said something to the French girls who giggled and began to wrap Henry's selections. Certainly, Henry thought, his aunt did not intend to buy them!

There were muffled sounds coming from behind the door. Henry's nerves began to tingle. He could hardly guess what was happening. The door opened and one of the girls came out. She selected several petticoats and quickly went back into the room. Sniffles could be heard as the door

closed once more.

Soon the door opened and the other hapless mutineer was led out. The teary faced boy was dressed in a red taffeta girl's party dress complete with ribbons and a white lace collar. The skirt was extremely short and was flounced out by the petticoats. The unfortunate boy's ruffled panties were clearly visible to everyone. The outfit was completed by short white socks and red patent leather Mary-Jane shoes. The boy was blushing almost as red as his dress and shoes.

The boy's governess took his shirt and pants and pointedly threw them in the trash. It was clear that this boy was going to be leaving the store dressed as a little girl.

Henry grimaced and hoped that his aunt wouldn't do the same to him.

He was startled when one of the young salesgirls gestured for him to undress once more.

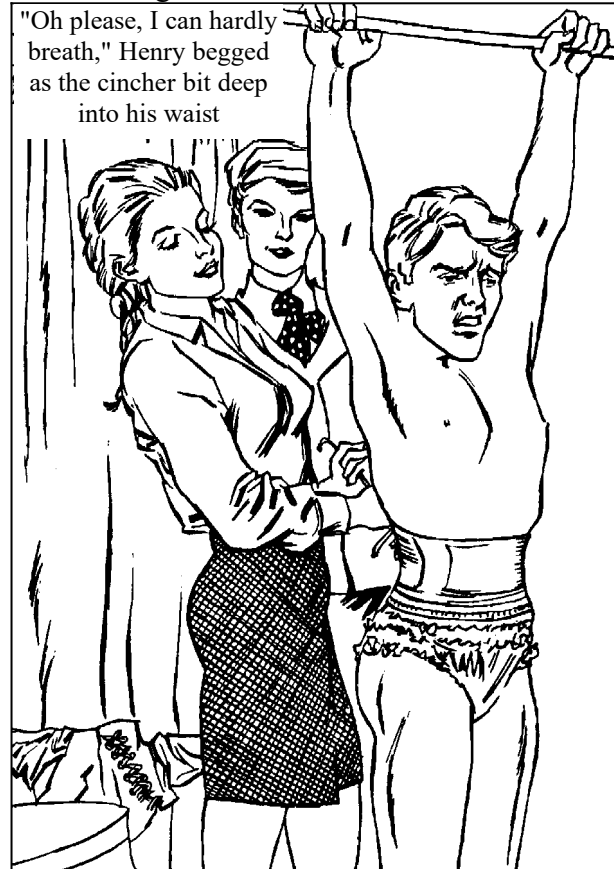
"Come along, dear, take your smock off," his aunt told him.

Helplessly, Henry removed the smock and his shirt. Once more he stood in his dainty underwear. He writhed with embarrassment

The other rebel was now wearing a red party dress flounced out with several petticoats.



as the salesgirls led them into the room the other boy had just come from. Now they showed



"Oh please, I can hardly breathe," Henry begged as the cincher bit deep into his waist

him corsets!

Soon he had 'selected' two full corsets and a little pale blue waist cincher.

"Henry come here and remove your chemise," his aunt ordered.

Henry removed the lacy top.

"Now hold on to this bar," his aunt instructed to him grasp a horizontal rod suspended from the ceiling. He stood holding onto the bar as the girl put the waist cincher round his waist.

It was his first experience with a waist cincher. He was sure that neither his sister or mother had one.

"We must have it very tight," his aunt was saying to his governess, "his waist needs to be trimmed down considerably."

Henry gripped the bar nervously. The girl pulled the laces. It felt like being squeezed by a giant hand.

"Oh please," he begged weakly, "I can hardly breathe."

"No dear, it's not tight enough yet," Aunt Miriam said gently. "Grip the bar, you need

to have a much smaller waist than that if those dresses are to fit you properly."

Henry almost screamed as the cincher bit deeper into his waist. Did all French girls suffer such agony?

"That's fine for now," the governess said and Henry gingerly released the bar. He felt stiff and breathless, but worse than that he could see that his waist was narrow like a girl's. Now he realized how helpless the other boy must have felt.

"Splendid, Henry," Aunt Miriam announced, "what a lovely waist you have now."

Henry squirmed and wriggled trying to ease the constriction.

"Any girl would be pleased with such a waist," M'selle Faber agreed. Don't you think your waist is pretty?" She asked.

"Yeeess," he gasped. He was completely at their mercy now.

Henry was released from the cincher and rubbed his aching sides with relief. M'selle was talking with the salesgirls and they were wrapping his selections. They clearly meant to buy these girl's things for him.



Furiously he determined he would escape before he was forced to wear them. M'selle Faber handed him his chemise, smock and shirt, and he hurriedly put them on again.

One salesgirl said something about petticoats and Henry found himself back in the lingerie department. There was another young boy at the counter. The boy's face was a mask of fury. He was arguing with a woman. Though they were talking in French, Henry could understand that the boy would not cooperate.

"Henry," his governess's tone was sharp, "look at these petticoats please." The salesgirl lifted up several flounced petticoats.

"You must point out the ones you like," M'selle told him grimly. Reluctantly he inspected several of the dainty garments. The boy beside him was watching the procedure with obvious contempt. Henry squirmed with embarrassment. The other boy was at least fifteen and was dressed as a young man in shirt and pants. He was scowling and arguing loudly. The woman took a thick leather belt from her bag and drew back her arm. There was a sickening pause, then she swung the belt and it landed across the boy's bottom with a smart whack! The boy's gave a shuddering yelp.

The woman said something peremptorily and the boy began selecting hastily from the pile of petticoats.

Henry's heart sank. They could persuade even this unruly boy to do what they wanted. He did not feel so rebellious now. Meekly Henry allowed the salesgirl to hold some of the petticoats up to his smock as he was forced to select several of the lacy feminine garments.

Finally his aunt said something to the salesgirls in French and turned to Henry, "That will be enough for this trip. It's time we went home."

Henry had never been so anxious to leave any place in his life. The salesgirls smiled and wished him 'Bon jour' He could not face them but kept his eyes glued to the floor and followed his aunt and M'selle Faber to the street door. His mind was in such a turmoil of emotions that he hardly noticed the curious stares his little boy's smock was drawing. Dazed, he allowed them to lead him up the street. The breeze lifted the short skirt of his smock, but each of his hands was being held by one of the women and he could do nothing to conceal his lacy panties. Girls sometimes snickered or pointed; some boys sneered openly and many ladies smiled knowingly at him. It was a grim walk home.



CHAPTER 7 - MEETING SOME GIRLS

It was a relief to get inside off the street, remove the smock and get short pants on, but Henry was not looking forward to being pulled and pumped by Melanie in the gym or being strapped down across the leather horse.

"You must go to your room for your nap," his governess told him. He went upstairs, relieved to miss the gym session.

Melanie arrived shortly afterwards with his two exhausted cousins.

"You went to the shops?" Paul asked.

"Did you get clothes?" Jean asked.

Henry blushed a deep red at the recollection. "Nnoo!" He mumbled.

"You are not being true," Melanie smiled and wagged her finger. "You will be punished if you don't tell the truth."

Henry was too exhausted to rebel. "Did you get clothes?" Jean repeated.

"Yes!" Henry said through clenched teeth.

"What?" Jean asked directly. Melanie stood attentively by.

"Dresses and things," Henry growled at his cousin.

"Pretty things as well?" Jean persisted. Melanie coughed discretely.

"Yeees," Henry grudgingly admitted. To his relief Melanie guided the boys to their rooms.

"You need not sleep," she smiled, "you have to write a letter to your cousin Jacques and your home."

"Thank you," Henry blurted out, grateful that he would not have to nap like a small child, then he realized he would rather not write about his experiences. If his little sister even suspected...

"M'selle will read it; she thinks it is so important you tell everything." She smiled again at the expression on Henry's face, then added, "She would not like anything omitted."

"You mean I must tell about the shop!" Henry gasped.

She considered a moment. "A shop you visited for new clothes, but that might be enough." She put paper and pen before him.

"Remember, M'selle will read it," she cautioned, and left him.

Furiously he tried to think of ways to hide what was happening; the little smock, the girl's underwear, the dress shop, the spankings. Tears of embarrassment came to his eyes as he began to write a brief and ambiguous account of his humiliating experiences.

He wrote of his arrival, of his aunt and his cousins. He mentioned going to the park, but omitted the smock and the boy wearing a dress. He described the food, but not the childish bib. He told how his aunt and his cousins' governess took him to a shop, but he did not tell about the dresses and the lingerie they had forced him to wear. The gym he told of was lacking the presence of Melanie, though he mentioned her elsewhere. Finally he noted his aunt was very nice, but he did not tell of her strictness or of the spankings he had received.

He fervently hoped the letter would satisfy his governess. It did not occur to him how completely he had changed since his arrival, no longer was he a proud young man, but a meek obedient boy. He had been thoroughly manipulated into compliance with his aunt's wishes.

The door opened. Melanie entered with a small pair of black velvet pants and a white blouse.

"Ah! You have finished the letter?" She took it from him, "Now stand." She undressed him, taking off his shirt and short pants. Silently she slipped down his panties. He waited in horror and shocked embarrassment as she selected a pair of lace-edged drawers from the bureau. Submissively, but with a fast beating heart, he allowed her to pull the drawers up his legs. He watched helplessly as she drew up a ribbon that was woven around the outside of the leg. This was somewhat of a relief, for it was apparent that the drawers would be longer

than the velvet pants. She made a dainty bow with the ribbon. She drew up the other panty leg in a similar way. Gratefully he got into the neat little shorts, though he hated the childish velvet.

Melanie held up the blouse. It had lace on the collar! "C'est jolie, non?" She asked.

"Er yes!" Henry mumbled, loathing the girlish garment. Quietly he allowed her to put it on him. His velvet shorts, like a small boy's, had a flap in front that she fastened with two white buttons. She was careful to allow the ribbon bows from the legs of his drawers to show! Henry was quite furious at being dressed in these childish clothes.

Reluctantly he stood still while Melanie combed his hair. His mother had often reminded him before his trip to Paris to get a haircut. He did not like to visit the barber and now, as he watched Melanie's handiwork in the mirror, he wished that he had listened to his mother. She drew his hair forward over his ears and across his forehead. The effect was decidedly feminine.

Henry was dismayed. His 'sissy' clothes and hair made him look quite effeminate. She exchanged his shoes for black patent pumps with elevated heels. He felt awkward and uncomfortable as Melanie led him into the nursery. He stopped in shock and surprise.

Jean and Paul stared at him and him at them, for the young boys were wearing long trousers with shirt and tie! Though years younger, they looked thoroughly grown up and masculine compared with Henry. It was just a further way of humiliating him, he thought furiously. How could his aunt allow his cousins to dress in long pants while he was subjected to this sissy attire.

M'selle's voice called up the stairs and they all descended to the living room.

His appearance brought an exclamation of pleasure from his aunt. He felt miserably uncomfortable. Jean and Paul were clearly delighted to be dressed in long trousers like grown up boys, particularly as Henry was so childishly attired. They chuckled at Henry's obvious discomfort. He glared at them but didn't dare speak.

"Henry, you look very attractive," his aunt told him, "your cousin's clothes fit you well."

Henry wondered about Jacques in England and envied him dressed like a grown-up. Then he recalled the letter with Jacques's description of how much he enjoyed wearing Beatrice's school uniform and his own lacy panties. His aunt interrupted his thoughts.

"We are having a visit this evening," she announced, closely watching his expression.

"Yes, three young neighbors of ours..." she smiled, "...three sisters!" She watched Henry wince then turn bright red.

"Th.. That will be nice," he managed to stammer. He felt beads of perspiration forming on his forehead.

"One is two years older than you, one is just your age, and a little girl is the same age as Jean."

"Mai Non!" Jean groaned. His reaction came as a surprise to Henry. Now the two young boys exchanged nervous glances. Henry was glad to see that they too were alarmed. He dreaded meeting girls in this costume and squirmed at the thought of their amusement at his sissy appearance.

"They are eager to meet a young English gentleman," his aunt commented wryly. Henry gritted his teeth.

There were sounds of arrival in the hall and Henry backed up against the side of the piano wishing he could make himself invisible. Melanie went to the door and ushered in three girls. The older two were very attractive young women. Under different circumstances Henry would have been quite happy to meet them. However, dressed as he was, he just wanted to hide.



Henry's head was swimming, The French girls were examining every detail of his sissy attire

All three girls spotted him and each smiled. Henry self-consciously pulled at his shorts, trying futilely to hide the ribbons of his drawers. He was so ashamed that he wished that he was dead.

"My dears," Aunt Miriam waved them in and began introductions.

Henry found himself shaking hands with each of the girls, as they smirked at him and examined every horrible detail of his hated sissy attire. Henry writhed in anguish. He felt faint, his head swimming. To his surprise the girls spoke perfect English, except for the little girl who stumbled her greetings.

"And how do you like our city?" Colette, the eldest, a lovely blond, inquired politely.

Henry forced a smile. "Oh! Very much," he paused. They waited. "It is very interesting!"

"What have you seen?" Barrie, a brunette who was about his own age, asked.

"The Bois du Boulougne... the park,"

he mumbled, reddening at the thought, "and... uh ... the Etoile..." He told them reluctantly.

"And!" His aunt prompted. He was too embarrassed to say more.

"And!" She persisted, "A very famous clothes shop!" Henry could feel his knees weakening. She couldn't tell, he thought, oh no!.... To his relief the youngest girl distracted their attention by giving Paul at that instant a hearty smack across his face.

"Tut Tut!" Aunt Miriam hissed, "what have you done Paul?"

"Rien! Rein!" He cried, outraged. Henry was confused; he thought it was the fault of the girl.

"You would care to be punished here - now?" Aunt Miriam asked. Paul backed away, a hand to his reddened cheek.

"You behave! Or the governess will take your long trousers off and punish you right here!"

Paul shrank away from the little girl. "Yes, Mama!" He said meekly.

"Ah yes!" The eldest girl, Colette, turned back to Henry with a smile. "Tell me if you like playing with girls?"

Henry stammered in confusion, "Nnnnoo! - That is - I mean..."

"No?" Barrie teased, "we are not good enough to play with?"

Henry sensed a warning and said, "I mean not at boys' games."

"You hear that!" Barrie turned in pretend indignation, appealing to Aunt Miriam.

"You would not like to be a girl?" Colette giggled.

Surprised, Henry almost growled, "Certainly not!"

"Wouldn't you like prettier clothes?" she persisted, glancing down at his short velvet pants.

"Prettier," Henry flushed, fully aware of the implication - "PRETTIER!" He was angry enough to hit her and frustrated enough to cry.

"Girl's clothes are much prettier, aren't they?" Barrie asked slyly.

"Eh... Eh... Yees... I guess," Henry said, blushing with confusion.

"Then you would like to wear them?"

Henry only too vividly recalled his feelings in the store. "Oh no! I wouldn't!" He said emphatically. "I would hate it!"

Barrie smiled, "But you are prettily dressed now!" she remarked.

Henry was close to tears, praying that his aunt would not tell them about his lacy underwear.

"Few boys dress so nicely as you!" Colette teased.

Henry squirmed and blushed scarlet. She must only mean the blouse and short pants he told himself fervently, though he felt as though the ground was slowly crumbling under him.

"But you would not care for even prettier clothes?" she asked.

"NO!" Henry responded furiously.

"Don't shout, Henry," his aunt warned.

"Would you like to be a girl?" Colette inquired.

"Certainly not!" Henry answered bitterly.

"Why? Barrie asked, "Don't you think that they are superior to boys?"

"Of course they are not superior."

"You think boys are?" She goaded.

"Boys are superior," he told her flatly.

"How impolite!" His aunt said quietly.

He regretted his remark, but it was too late.

"You are not as intelligent as most girls," Barrie said icily. "Do you have a sister?"

She smiled at his pained reaction. His sister did indeed get better marks at school.

"You are not as strong as I am," Colette remarked. "I could easily overpower you!"

He was so exasperated, "You could not. I would beat you to a **PULP!**" He shouted the last word and immediately regretted it.

"Such rudeness!" Aunt Miriam was on her feet. "Mademoiselle Faber - the cane!"

Henry stood aghast. A cane! His aunt intended to beat him now in front of these girls. NO! He would not allow that. Melanie stood at the door; the governess reappeared with a cane!

He clenched his fists. He could not escape, but he would not submit to a caning without a fight.

Aunt Miriam brought forward a chair and came close to him. "Your pants will be taken down if you struggle!" she hissed in his ear.

He realized that would be worse - much worse; his dainty underwear would be revealed. He couldn't let these teasing girls see his panties.

His aunt pressed him over the back of the chair. "Hold on," she told him. He gritted his teeth in fury, but obeyed. Deliberately she whisked the



cane in the air.

Henry stirred uneasily; would this be as bad as a caning at school? His grip tightened on the chair. He tensed his muscles for the first stroke. The cane whirled down straight and even across the middle of his velvet pants.

"Ouch!" He yelled in surprise. This was going to be tough.

"Don't move," Aunt Miriam instructed.

Whoosh! The cane descended a second time.

"Wow!" Henry yelped as it cut a little lower forcing his flesh into a ridge between the welts.

Aunt Miriam calmly raised the cane, "Zzzip!" Neatly it struck the aching ridge.

"Oh! Ow!" Henry groaned as he writhed in pain.

"Steady please!" His aunt warned and the girls tittered. Tears came to Henry's eyes as the cane came down again with a sharp CRACK!

Aunt Miriam again took aim and, "WHAP!" the cane landed on the bare skin of his legs just below his shorts.

"Oooh!" He gasped, "Please, please! No more!" He was begging.

"That will be enough, I think," his aunt announced, but she could not resist another stroke on his pants as he rose. "Now tell the girls you are sorry for your rudeness."

Henry gripped his seat and fought to hold back his tears. "I ... I apologize," he said. This was so unfair. He tried to avoid wriggling with the pain and to look indifferent to the caning.

"That was severe punishment," Barrie commented. "However, boys often need such discipline," she added tauntingly. "They must be trained properly."

Henry was in too much pain and too humiliated to raise to the bait. He ached with pain and embarrassment. He had been whipped before these girls. Indeed, he had submitted

meekly to his aunt in front of them.

"Girl's endure pain much better than boys," Aunt Miriam remarked coolly. "It is a medical fact."

"Oh yes! Of course this is true," Colette agreed. Furiously Henry wondered if she could still stand after such a caning.

Just then Paul yelped with pain as the little girl tweaked his hair. Yet he stood still and did not try to retaliate. Henry realized now why the boys had seemed so concerned at the announcement of the little girl's visit.

"You must admit that girls have greater endurance than boys," Barrie said to Henry.

"Oh yes, it may be," Henry managed to say.

"They are prettier than boys," she commented.

"Oh yes, they are," he hastily agreed.

She looked across the room at her sister, Matilde. Jean was squirming as the little girl pinched his behind again and again. He didn't dare complain or strike back.

Aunt Miriam continued the



conversation and Henry was forced to concede to her statements about the superiority of the female. He was being forced to say that men were inferior to women in every way. He was thoroughly humiliated and did not notice little Matilde coming up behind him.

"What are these ribbons for?" she asked suddenly, taking hold of one of the ribbon bows of his drawers. He tried to grab her hand away, but it was too late. She had pulled open the bow.

"It's nothing," he said hastily, but he could feel the leg of his panties slowly descending.

"**STOP IT!**" he shouted as she tugged at the other bow. What he had dreaded more than the caning was happening. The lace of his panties would soon peep out below his short pants if he moved about. He stood absolutely still.

"Henry, dear, come here," Aunt Miriam told him. Reluctantly he moved to her side. He could feel the lace slithering down his legs. There was a noticeable silence as all eyes were on him.

"Henry, will you bring me a pastry?" Colette asked innocently. He could not refuse. As stiffly as possible he carried the pastry plate to her.

"How lovely," she cried. His heart missed a beat. "I mean what lovely pastries," she added slyly. He dared not look down to see if the edges of lace had appeared.

"Your short pants look very sweet," Barrie commented. "More boys your age should wear little boy shorts like yours." She reached past Colette to run her hand down the leg of his velvet shorts. His face was bright scarlet. He dared not move as she fondled one of the two large white buttons that secured his pants.

He was beginning to realize that his aunt and these girls were deliberately humiliating him. Barrie pretended not to notice his embarrassment and toyed with the shorts. He felt the lace on that leg edge down even further.



Henry's panty leg dropped into view. He felt as though the ground had been pulled from under him

The young girl, Matilde, grabbed his other shorts leg and impatiently shook it until the lacy leg of his panties dropped into view. Henry felt as though the ground had been pulled from under him. His panty legs were now clearly in view. Worse still, he had submitted to caning to prevent this.

"Pour les Jeune Fils," Matilde giggled. Henry stood red with embarrassment as the girls noisily admired the lace edges of his drawers.

It was almost an anticlimax when Barrie finally unbuttoned his pants and she and Matilde pulled them down to his ankles.

"My, what pretty underwear for a boy," Colette laughed.

"Yes," said Barrie, "they have more lace and frills than my panties. Do you like wearing pretty undies, Henry?"

Henry stood, his face burning and tears rolling down his cheeks. Somehow he endured the comments of these girls patiently until his aunt allowed him to



Barrie unbuttoned his pants and she and Matilde pulled them down to his ankles.

retrieve his short pants and button them again. The edges of his frilly drawers were still in plain view.

"Melanie, it is past the boys' bedtime," Aunt Miriam said. This was another terrible indignity, as Henry and his two little cousins were gathered up and led to bed by the cute young maid while the three girls continued their visit. Melanie undressed him, helped him don his nightgown and put him to bed. In the darkness of his room, Henry wept bitter tears of humiliation and determined that tomorrow he would find some way to escape.

CHAPTER 8 - HENRY'S ESCAPE

The morning soon dawned. Melanie was in his room fussing and after his bath she rubbed him roughly with a towel. She presented the hated girl's vest and panties to him and he submitted without a murmur. He would play along until an opportunity to escape appeared.

He was not pleased when she produced a waist cincher; however, again he again submitted meekly. She tightened it until it was quite uncomfortable. It certainly narrowed his waist like a girl's. She adjusted the lacy panties to sit outside the cincher. Inwardly he groaned at his sissy appearance, but he would show them - just wait!

A fear was growing within him. Could she possibly be thinking of putting him in a dress - he just couldn't let her do that to him!

The governess appeared carrying a silky white blouse covered with pink ribbons and lace. It was the one that Henry had thrown down to the floor yesterday in the shop. She had said that he was to wear it on his walk today, but he had hoped that she would forget.

Melanie watched smiling as Henry put on the totally feminine garment. Henry's lacy vest was clearly visible through the thin material of the blouse. He felt sick.

Melanie gave him his short trousers. It was only two short days ago that he was furious at having to wear these shorts. Now he knew that things could be worse, much worse. He put them on and short lace trimmed white socks and black shoes with little bows. Then she carefully combed his hair into a fringe over his forehead and covered his ears as well as she could. He was ready for breakfast, and she led him downstairs.

"There you are," his aunt exclaimed with pleasure. "You do look nice in your new blouse."

"Thank you, Auntie," he answered. He would hide his intentions carefully.

"You feel comfortable with your waist narrowed?" she asked pointedly.

"Er... yees," he lied, determined to act cooperatively for the present.

"Your hair is nicer that way, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, Auntie. I like it," he lied.

"You will like your visit to the park today?" she asked in a deceptively mild voice.

"Certainly I will." He thought that his best opportunity of escape would be on one of their walks.

"No need for your short pants on such a fine warm day," she remarked casually as Melanie tied on his bib. Henry was distressed; he needed those pants for his escape.

"Of course not." Melanie began to feed him. As he swallowed, he tried to think of a way of getting his short pants to the park. Melanie stuffed his mouth so quickly it was hard to think. Nonetheless, he had an inspiration.

The governess entered the room as they finished breakfast. His heart missed a beat.

"Are we ready for our walk?" she asked.

"Yes, M'selle Faber," chorused Jean and Paul. Henry hesitated.

"Oh yes, M'selle." He turned to his aunt, "Perhaps I should take off my trousers, Auntie." The words almost choked him, but he had to try it.

"Of course, dear," his aunt smiled with satisfaction.

"Come, put your smock on first," M'selle told him.

The boys were brought into the hall and quickly arrayed in their smocks. Henry lifted his smock and slipped off his short pants. He folded them neatly and turned away, pretending to lay them at the back of the closet. While the governess fussed with Jean and Paul, he slipped them up under the front of his smock. His heart was thumping as he looked to see if the governess had seen the maneuver. She showed no sign of noticing.

M'selle suddenly approached. "Are your panties straight?" she asked. Henry

branched.



in pale yellow flowers and was so loose and light that every breeze wafted the dress up and showed a delicate short satin slip and matching panties. He was obviously furious at being seen by Henry in this costume. However, Henry was too busy keeping his shorts out of sight to enjoy Simon's discomfort. He hoped desperately they would send him walking with Simon again. That would be his opportunity to escape.

They did direct that the two 'children' go for a walk together, and Henry strolled innocently away with Simon.

"You rotten bastard!" Simon hissed angrily as soon as they were out of earshot. "I wish I could get you alone. I would knock you silly."

"You wouldn't dare. Besides, you don't look so tough in your sweet little girl's dress and undies," Henry jeered, delighted at the excuse to get out of the women's sight. "Let's walk over there," he suggested, pointing to a clump of trees. "If you want to fight, we can, but you must promise not to cry like a girl after I finish with you."

"Oh yes, M'selle," he said fervently.

"We may go then," she said, and Melanie came to open the door.

In the cab, Henry held tight to the smock, gripping the shorts. When they arrived at the park, he left the taxi with great care.

She led them toward the horseshoe of seats. Henry held the waist of his smock tightly, but he could not also hold down the hem in the stiff breeze. Laughter and pointing followed him; however, he was only concerned about his escape. Soon his chance would come!

M'selle Faber introduced him to several ladies who were seated with their charges. He was infuriated and embarrassed by their comments about his girl's blouse. He was shocked when one of them lifted his smock and complemented him on his lacy panties.

Simon arrived with his mother and looked daggers at him. Apparently he too had been punished for their fight. The summer dress he was wearing was patterned





and look towards the trees. He was desperate. Pants or no pants, he had to go now! He dashed across the park and out on to a street. He did not know where he was going. He just ran.

Five boys about his own age came into view. His French was bad, but he needed directions. He needed help.

"Can you tell me please..." he began. An outburst of laughs and jeers burst from the boys at his strange and sissified appearance. They surrounded him, talking rapidly in French. He understood few of the words, however, he did make out 'sissy' and 'girlish'.

They tired of jeering and moved towards him menacingly. One of the boys pushed him and the childish smock flew up exposing his lacy panties.

They closed in and grabbed him, pulling him off the street into the park where they tore his smock and blouse away. Terrified and humiliated, Henry stood in the dainty vest and lace panties. They hooted with laughter and fingered his underwear. Two held his head down and despite his struggles held him for a target for the other boys to spank. He yelled and squirmed, trying to escape. Henry was sobbing aloud

"Certainly! I told you I hated these clothes," Simon said, "the day will never come that you could beat me in a fight. I am a military cadet, you know."

They neared the trees, Henry decided that when he was hidden from M'selle, he could put on his shorts, take off the smock and be on his way. Simon might see his panties, but he would be gone for good.

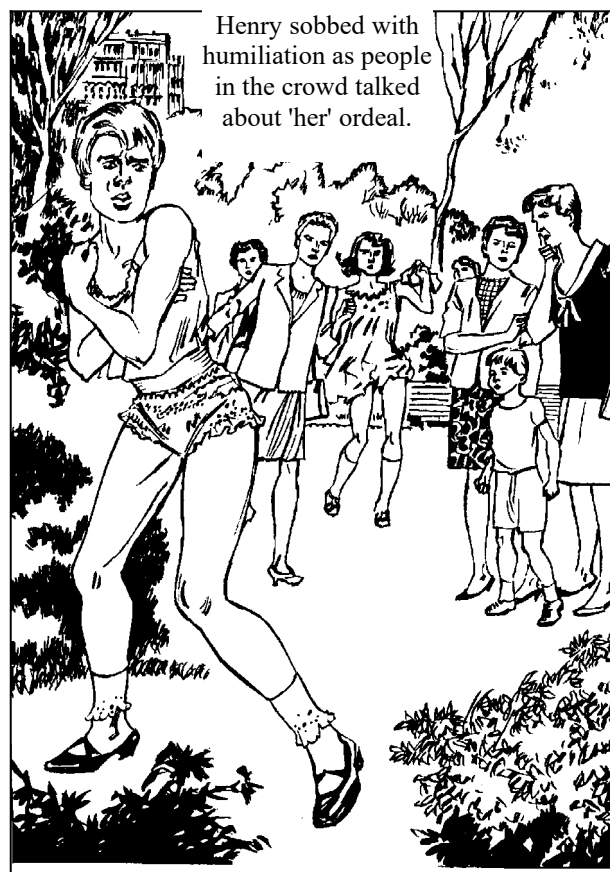
"Just wait there," he said and hurried behind a tree, pulling the pants out from under his smock.

"Oh no, you can't get away from me," said Simon. Henry was about to step into his shorts when Simon ran to his side. "You aren't supposed to have these, are you," he said, grabbing the shorts from Henry.

"Give those back!" Henry grabbed desperately for the shorts. Simon ran from the trees waving them over his head and shouting:

"Henry's pants, Henry's pants!"

Henry saw M'selle Faber stand up



Unrestisting, his spirits crushed, Henry put on his torn blouse and smock.



when his governess arrived with some of the other women from the park.

The boys hastily ran. Simon, still clutching Henry's pants, came with his mother to join the staring throng. What a scene! A fifteen-year-old boy in dainty girl's underwear. The crowd stared at Henry's panties, torn vest and girl's socks and shoes. Some spectators appeared to think that he might be a girl as evidence of his masculinity was still concealed. The panties ran smoothly between his legs and his waist was tightly nipped with a pretty satin cincher. Could these wicked boys have cut this girl's hair?

He heard the comments about 'her' ordeal and sobbed even more wildly. He could hardly bear the humiliation. He looked for his smock, but he could barely see through his tears. His escape attempt had failed miserably. He could only stand there in his girl's underwear, sobbing in utter despair.

M'selle Faber sent some of the other women to catch the boys. She gave Henry the blouse to put on and someone else discovered his torn smock. He wanted to cry out for help, but his spirits were too crushed. Unresisting he struggled into the clothes.

Henry was led to a taxi and Jean and Paul got in, grinning maliciously. What would be done to him now, Henry wondered. He would surly receive a severe spanking at the least.

CHAPTER 9 - HOME AGAIN

Henry ached in every muscle and he was trembling with fear. His escape attempt had led to disaster. He had been seen in his lingerie by dozens of people including that awful Simon and both of his small cousins. He had been mistaken for a girl by several strangers and he was sure that, at the very least, he would be receiving a caning as well.

"Your aunt will probably send you home for this," M'selle Faber told him. "She will have to tell your mother that you tried to run away."

Somehow, even though getting home was just what Henry had been trying to do, the prospect of being sent home in disgrace was horrifying to him. Would his aunt tell him mother what he had been wearing when he tried to run? Would his mother tell his sister? She couldn't. She wouldn't! If his sister ever heard about this he might as well be dead! Henry worked himself into a total panic. He was so weak with fear that, when they arrived home, M'selle Faber had to help him out of the cab. As he entered the hall in his tattered smock and blouse, Melanie spotted him. She looked surprised at his torn clothes and tear-streaked face. M'selle led him into the living room where his aunt was reading.

Aunt Miriam took in his appearance at a glance, but maintained a quiet calm. "Ah! Children, you are back," she smiled icily at them. A chill ran down Henry's spine. His knees felt weak.

"Melanie, take Henry upstairs and freshen him up," she ordered.

"Come along, Henry." Melanie took his hand. He let her lead him like a child to the bathroom.

She quickly stripped and bathed him, removing even his cache-sex. She handled him roughly, but he was too scared to protest. She towed him dry and led him into his room. He stood naked as she searched through his drawers. She found another cache-sex and handed it to him, watching while he tucked his organ between his legs and secured it in place. This new cache-sex was even more painfully constricting than the old one, but he did not dare complain.

Then, to his utter horror, Melanie returned to the dresser and took out a brassiere.

"Melanie, what are you doing?"

"Your aunt asked that I dress you in some of the pretty clothes you chose at the shop," she responded with a smile.

"But Melanie, a BRA! I am a man! Men don't need brassieres!"

"But Monsieur," Melanie said sarcastically, "you selected this pretty brassiere yourself. You must want to wear it. Your aunt would be very disappointed if you didn't."

Henry wanted to refuse, but the prospect of his impending punishment and the very real possibility that he would be sent home caused him to hold back his rising anger and frustration. Close to tears, he stood still as Melanie slipped the totally feminine garment up his arms and across his chest. He felt her secure it behind his back, adjust the straps and then move the cups

"Please Melanie," Henry begged, "please don't make me wear that slip. Don't dress me like a girl."



carefully so that they were centered on his flat chest. He looked down with total revulsion at this new insult to his masculinity. Never had he felt so totally helpless and ashamed. She continued by taking a waist cincher and tightening it around him until he could hardly breath.

She selected a pair of panties which were pink with a series of blue ribbon bows running down each side and several rows of white lace round the legs. She held them out to him with a smile. Avoiding her gaze, he reluctantly took them. He had difficulty stepping into them because of the painful pinching of his cincher. The touch of their lace as he drew them up his now hairless legs gave him goose bumps all over his body. He thoroughly hated getting into girl's panties and these were the worst yet. He was sure that they would be shown off to embarrass him just as all the others had been. He was furious with himself for allowing this young girl in her frivolous French maid's costume to dress him in these horrible garments, but he said nothing, fearing his aunt and governess.

He stood fuming while Melanie adjusted the panties over his waist cincher and gave him a playful pat on the behind.

"Melanie, don't!"

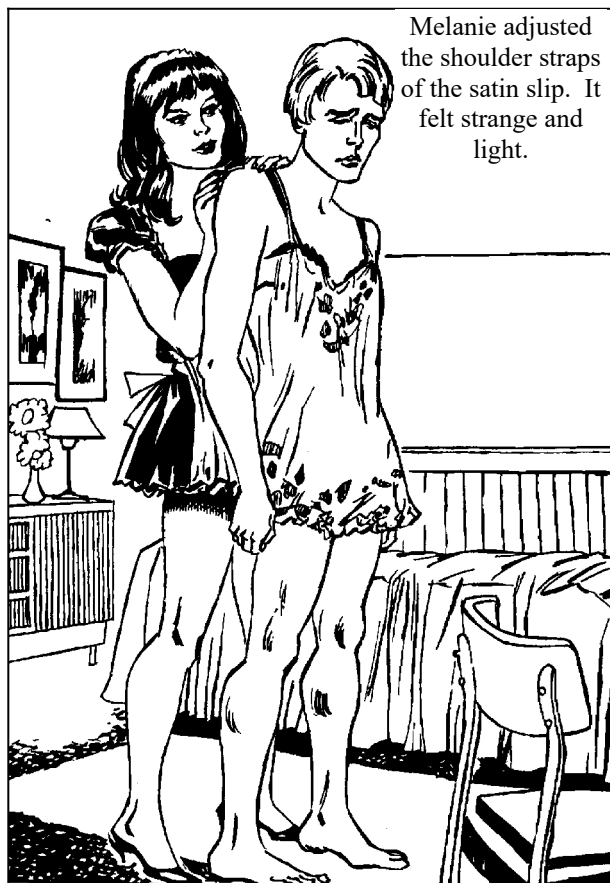
She smiled and he returned her smile with a forlorn expression. She returned to the dresser and looked carefully through the drawers. What could she be looking for now? Finally she made a selection. With some care, she removed a satin slip. He stared at the little lace edged garment with fear and disgust. A girl's slip! Henry's heart raced... it couldn't be... This couldn't mean that he was about to be put in a dress! He wouldn't allow it! NO! NEVER!

She walked to him holding the slip before her.

"Melanie, no!"

"Come along, Henry," Melanie said holding the slip for him.

"Please! Melanie," he begged, "Please don't make me wear that slip. Don't dress me like a girl."



"You should not object," she said a little harshly, "This slip is lovely and I will find you a very pretty dress!"

Henry's worst fears were confirmed. She moved towards him with the slip and he backed away.

"Must I call M'selle to help?" Melanie threatened.

Henry was afraid to resist and held up his arms as Melanie drew the hateful satin slip down over his head. It felt very strange and light. She slipped it into place and adjusted the shoulder straps pulling the silky material tight across the tiny mounds of his brassiere. It felt slippery against his hairless skin, which was softened from the daily applications of creams. He wondered if he would be taken to the park to meet Simon in this garment. He prayed that he would not be made to do that!

He stood shivering in the slip while Melanie looked through a number of dresses. He stared at the light little summer dress she chose. He was furious as she brought it over to him, but he meekly held out his arms as she

slipped the little dress over his head. He felt awkward and absurd standing in these flimsy girl's garments. He hardly believed that this was happening to him. He was a man not a girl! As much as he had hated the childish smock, now he wished that he could have it back. At least it was something worn by boys, unlike this dress! A pair of white ankle socks with lace trim and girl's strap shoes completed his sissy outfit.

Melanie prettied his hair and led Henry downstairs. He was feeling sick and faint at the prospect of appearing before the others in a dress. The strange feel of the bra, slip and cincher unnerved him even more.

"Come to lunch, Henry," his aunt called from the dining room. "Sit here, please," she selected a chair at the table near her.

He sat down as ordered.

"Please!" she ejaculated, "Don't sit down that way!" He shuddered at her tone and hastily stood up.

"Your dress! Fold it under you with your hands before you sit down."

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," he said meekly. With Jean and Paul watching in amusement, he carefully held his dress and sat down again.



However, his aunt was not satisfied, and, in a voice that sent chills up his spine, she told him to try again. "Your dress must be smooth when you sit. You wouldn't want to wrinkle it, would you?" she demanded.

"No, Aunt Miriam," he said wretchedly and tried again. This time his aunt was satisfied.

Melanie did not put on his bib, and he was allowed to feed himself.

"Your manners are too rough," Aunt Miriam told him. "I want to see you eat daintily."

"Yes, Auntie," he said meekly.

"You have already misbehaved today and I don't want to see any more of your rough ways."

She wanted him to eat daintily and act like a girl just like that sissy Simon he thought in silent fury. Perhaps he could escape a caning if he tried very hard. He hated to act girlishly, but he decided he had better try.

"Your behavior today warrants the cane," Aunt Miriam told him. "Just watch your actions or you will be sent home dressed just as you are."

Henry was shocked. He had thought that he might be sent home, but never in a dress! The thought appalled him. He could never let his sister know that he had been forced to dress like this. She would tell everybody! He determined to try to act girlish to appease his aunt.

"You will get help from Melanie with the proper deportment for a young lady," she said grimly.

"Yes Auntie, I will," he murmured respectfully, hiding his loathing at such a proposal. After lunch Aunt Miriam left the room.

"Henry is so pretty," Jean giggled.

"Pretty Henry your dress is tres jolie," Paul tittered.

Henry clenched his fists in exasperation.

"You will get to like wearing dresses as Jacques does," Paul suggested.

"I certainly will not!" he hissed at the younger boy.

"Henry will love his pretty dresses," chanted Jean.

"No, I won't, you little..." He stopped himself. His aunt would not consider this tone 'correct'.

"You have a girl's waist already," Paul taunted.

Henry's blood boiled at the teasing. "I'll get you," he warned between clenched teeth.

"Melanie will soon have you walking like a girl too," Paul told him.

"Shut up!" Henry growled out furiously.

"That's not how a girl talks," Jean smiled.

Henry was ready to choke the

"Shut up!" Henry growled out furiously.
"That's not how a girl talks," Jean smiled



younger boy for such a remark. However, he recognized the truth of it and glanced hastily over his shoulder at the door.

Melanie entered smiling. Henry's heart sank for she was carrying a cane.

"Please come with me to the exercise room, children." Daintily as he could, Henry descended the stairs.

"That is not how a girl walks, Henry" Melanie laughed as she ushered the boys into the basement room. Paul giggled and Henry reddened at her remark.

She laid the cane on a bench and took Jean to a chair where she stripped him to his underpants (Henry eyed the younger boy's cotton briefs jealously). She massaged the boy briefly and as usual draped him astride one of the horses. "Hold very still," she told him, securing his wrists and ankles. Then she picked up the cane.

To Henry's surprise she began to tickle the little boy's feet with the end of the cane. Jean giggled helplessly, but held still as long as he could. Finally he began to struggle, whereupon Melanie stepped back

and brought the cane down sharply on his bottom. Jean gasped and clung helplessly to the leather horse keeping deathly still.

"You must not move," she told him with a sly glance in Henry's direction.

She began tickling him under the arms until again he squirmed. Again she gave him a hard cut on the seat of his underpants.

Henry was scared watching such torture, but he could only stand there in amazement.

She turned to Henry, "Henry, undress please!"

With trembling fingers he unfastened his dress. It was difficult to remove the unfamiliar garment without help, but he got it off and stood in his slip. "Your slip too, monsieur," she smiled.

He smarted at her teasing, but lifted the delicate satin slip and eventually slid it over his head with difficulty. He hated letting his cousins see him in his bra. He knew that they would taunt him about it later.

Now it was Paul's turn and soon he too was astride a leather horse, but no amount of tickling or pinching would make him budge.

Henry's mind was a chaos of confusion and fear as Melanie draped him over the horse.

She fastened the straps around his wrists and drew his arms down tight. His chin pressed against the leather. She fastened his ankles so that his thighs too pressed against the leather. Strangely his narrow cincher nipped less, however, his panties pulled tightly at his widened seat. The cache sex also gripped tightly.

Never had Henry felt so abjectly helpless as he did under this girl's control. She left him to his thoughts and began to massage Paul.

Henry's mind was in a turmoil. Here he was on a visit to an aunt and he was being constantly humiliated and caned, dressed up in girl's clothes or as a little boy. He had been shown off in girlish and juvenile clothing in front of boys and girls his age and forced to say that boys are inferior to girls. Now he was trussed up at the mercy of a young maid servant.



It was totally confusing and infuriating. It was utterly incomprehensible, except that his aunt seemed to want him to behave like a girl. He thought of school and his friends at home. Even being with his nasty little sister seemed preferable to all this. Pain and titillation mixed weirdly and he felt a little panicky. What was all this doing to him? How would it change him? A shudder of fear ran through him. The cincher was still uncomfortable. The lace on the edge of his panties began to itch. His brassiere rubbed harshly up against his nipples. The smell of the leather horse filled his nostrils. He was a normal fifteen-year-old boy, he kept telling himself. He would soon find a way to escape.

Melanie was supervising Paul's exercises with weight pulleys, occasionally urging him on with a flick of the cane. Henry worked out some in the gym at school, but these pectoral exercises were strange to him.

Henry's arms began to ache. He

wished that she would just cane him and get it over with. He did not realise that the painful position on the horse was designed to stretch and round the muscles of his buttocks and chest and that the creams, which softened his skin, also retarded his hair growth.

How glad he would be to get away from this strange household. Thoughts of his escape attempt and the results drowned his enthusiasm. He was still thinking furiously about new escape plans when Melanie, leaving Paul, began to undress slowly in front of him. Wow! If his friends could see this! Despite the restricting garment he wore, excitement rose within him. She slipped off her dress, slowly unfastened her stockings and coyly slipped them off. Then she removed her several petticoats with many an engaging swish. Weaving sensuously she took off her brassiere and then her delicate lace panties.

Henry tingled in every nerve. It was a boy's natural reaction to such a display. He had never seen a girl naked before except for the times he had peeked at his rotten little sister and Melanie looked nothing like Beatrice! Jean and Paul were too young and apparently too used to her exposure to take much interest. Melanie approached Henry.

These French! He thought in amazement. She ran her fingers slowly down his back, then delicately touched him in every sensitive part. He was in a turmoil of conflicting emotions. Helpless he quivered at her touch. She tapped the seat of his panties lightly with the cane. Pain mingled with his excitement and he ached for release. In just a few minutes he was sweating and shuddering.

He knew what was happening, but he could not help it. Strange sensations robbed him of the power to fight back. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he realized that he could be so manipulated. Nevertheless, he swore to himself he would never yield. They would never change him!

The strokes of the cane cut a little sharper. His excitement waned and the pain across



his backside engaged his full attention. She suddenly ceased. Then slowly she dressed again in front of him. Despite his pain he became excited once more as he watched her teasingly adjust her stockings and play with the lace of her panties. Even her dress she slipped on with a sensuous grace.

Releasing him from the horse, she ordered him to collect his clothes and carry them to the nursery. It was terribly embarrassing for him to walk through the house in bra, panties and cincher carrying a dress and slip over his arms. He was in a state of nervous collapse when they arrived back at his room. His governess was there and she told Melanie to put away his dress and slip. M'selle loosened his waist cincher a trifle and told him to remove his panties but leave on his bra. Melanie returned carrying a girl's baby doll nightgown. The two women watched as he put on the bloomer panties and the short top with its little puffed sleeves. They put him to bed where he fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion. It had been an eventful morning.

CHAPTER 10 - A SUITABLE PUNISHMENT



M'selle Faber shook him awake. "The boys who attacked you are downstairs. Get dressed!"

daring to disobey, he pulled the frilly dress over his head. The full realization came to him that the boys downstairs - his own age - would see him dressed as a girl! Not just in the smock, but in an actual dress! He stood there sick to his stomach as she tidied his hair roughly with a comb. Then she dragged him downstairs.

Henry could hear many voices coming from the living room. The thought of facing a group of boys dressed as he was in girl's clothes was unbearable. He wanted to run, but M'selle held his arm in an iron grip. M'selle propelled him into the room. A gasp escaped Henry. Five boys were there, but they too were wearing dresses. They looked angry and sullen and quite obviously their girlish outfits were hurriedly adapted from the wardrobes of their sisters or girlfriends. Though two of the boys' wore summer dresses like Henry's, they had on their own boy's shoes. Henry's flesh crawled; were they too wearing lacy girl's underwear? He could feel his own panty lace touching his thighs and his brassiere straps cutting into his

The governess shook him awake.

"The boys who attacked you are downstairs. Get dressed immediately," she said in a tone that demanded instant obedience.

"Yes, M'selle Faber." He slowly sat up in bed, still not quite awake. He was very self-conscious about being seen in a girl's nightgown. Embarrassed, he glanced at M'selle to gauge her reaction to his appearance. What he saw jolted him instantly awake. She was grinning at him and holding up a girl's dress! She couldn't intend that he appear before the boys wearing that!

"Please, M'selle..." he began. But she cut him short.

"Get up," she ordered.

He hastened to his feet and removed his nightgown. M'selle tightened his cincher and handed him a pair of panties and then a slip that he put on over his bra. He put on his shoes and socks and M'selle handed him the dress. Furious and heartsick, but not



She was holding up a girl's dress! She couldn't intend that he wear it!



Furious and heartsick, but not daring to disobey, he pulled the frilly dress over his head

crimson as his father pushed up his short dress and exposed a bright pink pair of panties! They were every bit as frilly and lace trimmed as Henry's. It was clear that he would have difficulty regaining the respect of his friends as several of the boys snickered at him openly.

Their mirth was interrupted as their parent's hands began to descent on their upturned rumps. Soon all of the young toughs were squirming and several had tears streaming down their cheeks. Finally, they were allowed to stand and they hastened to pull down their sissy dresses as they stood ashamed, rubbing their sore rears. Their leader stared at Henry with a look of utter hatred. Henry shuddered and hoped that he would never see this French boy again. The spankings over, both embarrassed parents and boys were ushered out.

Henry faced his aunt, despair seizing him.

"I have been considering how many strokes of the cane you should receive," she mused. "Certainly you need a severe lesson, don't you?"

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," he mumbled meekly. She knew how to reduce a boy's spirits. He quaked at the coming punishment.

shoulders. He felt naked, as if these boys could see his underwear right through this light summer dress.

Aunt Miriam was speaking rapidly to them in French and Henry could not follow all of what she said, but he gathered she was threatening legal action unless the boys were 'appropriately' punished. Aunt Miriam apparently used every opportunity to feminize and humiliate boys.

"Now for the spanking!" Aunt Miriam concluded.

Henry jumped, terrified at the prospect of being spanked in front of these ruffians. To his relief, however, Aunt Miriam's comment was for his attackers, not him.

They glared at Henry furiously as each of them lay across the lap of one of their parents who, at Aunt Miriam's prompting, lifted their dresses for the punishment.

All of the boys were wearing normal boy's briefs except the leader. He blushed



The leader blushed crimson as his father pulled up his short dress and exposed a bright pink pair of panties

"Well, I will have to consider it! I am strongly thinking of giving you a through caning and sending you home dressed just as you are in your pretty clothes." Henry longed to go home, but he could not face arriving there dressed like a girl. The thought of his friends hearing about it sent shivers up his spine and the idea of his sister seeing him like this made



him dizzy!

"Please don't send me home, Aunt Miriam," he pleaded.

"Well, we will see," she smiled triumphantly. "Come here Melanie," she called in the maid.

Melanie entered the room with a camera!

Henry's eyes widened in dismay but he had little choice but to pose in his dainty dress as his aunt directed. For several pictures, she even ordered him to lift the hem of his dress to expose his slip and his lace trimmed panties. His cheeks flushed as red as the ribbons on his drawers.

As Melanie left with the camera, his aunt turned to him. "You shall behave from now on or I shall not only send you back to England dressed as you are but I will also send copies of these pictures to the head boy at your boarding school."

Henry's heart fell. Not only would she send him home dressed as a girl, she would also make it impossible for him to hide the fact from his friends. The thought

of these pictures being passed around the school was horrifying. It was bad enough if you were considered weak or a 'sissy'. He could not even imagine the harassment or abuse he would be subjected to if his schoolmates learned that he had spent the summer in Paris wearing dresses!!

"Oh please! Not that!" he begged. "I promise to be good! I will do whatever you say."

"I will consider it," Aunt Miriam smiled. "For now, go upstairs and ask Melanie to dress you prettily for your afternoon stroll."

For a moment rebellion surged within him, then he turned and ascended the stairs to the nursery. He was horrified at the thought of going out in a dress. Could they possibly intend that? He found Melanie with Jean and Paul in the nursery.

"Melanie, Aunt Miriam told me to ask you to get me ready for our walk," he mumbled in embarrassment.

"Ah, Tres Bon! Fetch your shirt and smock."

Much relieved, Henry rushed down and returned with his clothes. "Take your dress off," she ordered. He gratefully slipped it off. However, if he had presumed that this meant a return to yesterday's procedure, Melanie quickly disillusioned him. "Put on your shirt," she said.

He was shocked. "Melanie, what about my slip?"

"Leave it on, Monsieur, your aunt has decided that you should wear it for your walk today."

Melanie fetched a large pink ribbon which she tied round the waist of his satin slip



Horrified, Henry put his shirt on over the slip and buttoned it closed. He thought that he could see the lace of the slip right through his shirt, but it probably was just his fear and embarrassment that made his shirt seen so transparent. Melanie helped him into his smock. The slip extended well below the hem of the short garment. Henry was horrified. He couldn't be seen like this! Melanie smiled at him and fetched a large pink ribbon which she tied round the waist of his satin slip so that the lacy hem was just hidden by the hem of his smock.

They went down to join M'selle and his cousins who were already dressed in their smocks. Outwardly Henry looked just like a boy of fifteen quite oddly attired in a very young boy's smock, his hair dressed in a rather feminine fashion. However, he was very aware that just beneath the short smock, he was totally dressed as a girl. He couldn't let anyone know.

They began their walk. With every move he made Henry felt the smooth friction

of his slip rubbing against his skin and the gentle scratching of its lace against his chest and thighs. He also felt the pull of its shoulder straps and those of his bra. He was in misery. How could this be happening to him? Despair was beginning to overwhelm him.

To Henry's horror, there was a brisk breeze that afternoon. On several occasions he had to grab for his lightweight smock to prevent it from blowing up.

He was very careful entering the cab, and sat holding his smock down and with his knees pressed closely together.

When he arrived once more at the park, boys whistled and girls snickered at his appearance. He was beside himself with anger, and yet fully aware of the even more terrifying possibility of having a little lacy edge of slip drop below the hem of his smock. He walked very carefully and acted very restrained in order to avoid that disaster. Even though he succeeded in keeping his smock down, he was sure that the people who were laughing at him must all know his guilty secret.

M'selle led them to the usual horseshoe of benches where they found Simon and his mother waiting for them. Simon was wearing a dress, wig and makeup, but he still grinned at Henry, knowing that he had ruined his escape the day before. Henry was made to apologize to the hateful Simon and shake his hand, though he would have preferred to smash the boy's prettily made up face.

By the time they returned home from the park, Henry's nerves were frayed to the breaking point. He had behaved, done everything that was expected of him, so that his little slip remained unseen. What were they doing to him? He realized that he was actually proud that he had made it all the way through the walk without having his slip show. As if that was something a fifteen-year-old BOY should be proud of!

Melanie took them upstairs and took off Henry's smock and shirt. She untied the ribbon around his waist and let the slip fall down about his legs.

"Tres Jolie," she smiled and smoothed the slip over his hips.

Henry cringed. This cute young maid seemed to love to humiliate him. He had to find a way to end this horrible embarrassment.

"You will select a pretty outfit to wear at dinner," she told him and left him alone in his room.

Miserably he looked in his closet where all he found were girl's dresses. He ran to his bureau and opened all the drawers. There were no shirts, pants or smocks to be seen. Melanie obviously intended that he select and wear a dress to dinner. Henry stood in the middle of his room in a rage. Three adult women might be able to force girl's clothes on him, but he wouldn't select and put on a girl's dress by himself. He would refuse!

If you are interested in finding what happens to our 'hero' Read 'Henry's Vacation In Panties' Volume Three.