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## "HENRY'S VACATION IN PANTIES"

VOLUME 3



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.

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

SANDY

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# 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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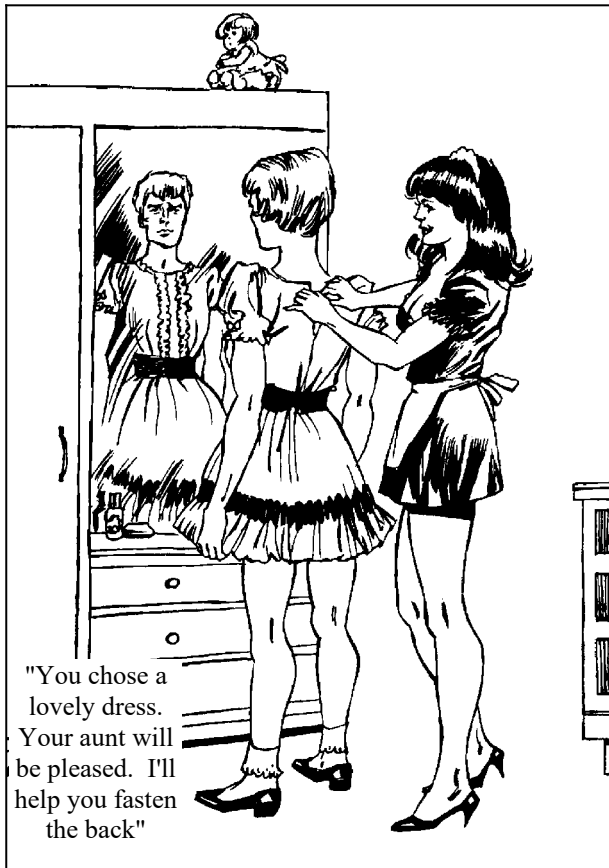
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## CHAPTER 11 - CHARADES



Henry stood alone in his bedroom clad in his girl's lingerie. Melanie had left him there to select something to wear for dinner. All he could find were girls's dresses. He would not put on a dress voluntarily! Then it came to him, the pictures! If he refused to obey, his aunt had said that she would send those horrible pictures home. He couldn't stand for his sister to see them, and if they got to his school as his aunt had threatened, he would be as good as dead. He knew how sissies were treated, and he would be known as the biggest sissy in the school. He would be off the soccer team for sure. He would get all the girls parts in the plays and the upper classmen would do horrible things to him. Utterly dejected he returned to his closet and picked out the plainest dress he could find. He started to put it on, and then, thinking of his aunt's reaction, selected another.

It was a bright pink and white summer dress - very feminine - it might

Jean worked hard at the charade. He did a good job of imitating a girl putting on her makeup.



mollify them, he thought. Getting the dress on was difficult as he could not close the catches at the back. He smoothed it as best he could before the mirror, detesting the girlish reflection. The delicate dress and his sissy girl's underwear made his skin crawl.

The door opened. Melanie smiled as he hastily turned away from the mirror.

"You chose a lovely dress. Your aunt will be pleased. I'll help you fasten the back, but you must learn how to do it for yourself. I won't always be available."

He choked back a retort. They could not keep HIM in dresses. She arranged the dress carefully, then his hair. Henry was only grateful she did not put makeup on him. He looked almost like a girl without it. The thought brought him close to tears.

They descended to dinner. He was again allowed to feed himself, while Melanie fed his two cousins.

"We must play some games after dinner," his aunt announced, "wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," he answered meekly.

She led them into the living room. "We should play charades, I think," she suggested.

"Oh! How wonderful, Mama," Paul chortled. Jean too appeared delighted.

"Now first - Jean." She called Jean to her and whispered in his ear the charade he was to perform.

Jean walked to the middle of the room and opened an imaginary purse. Henry watched as the boy's actions suggested putting on makeup. Jean worked at it energetically. The boy really did a good job of imitating a girl putting on her makeup.

"A girl," Paul guessed loudly.

"Yes a girl, but what is she doing?" Aunt Miriam asked.

"She is putting on her makeup," Paul said confidently.

"Very good. Now Paul, something for you." Paul listened as she whispered in his ear.

He sat down on a chair, seemed to gather an object into a doughnut shape, then carefully slipped it over his foot, and drew up an imaginary long stocking.

Henry was amazed that his aunt was making these young boys imitate the actions of girls, poor kids, she was subtly stripping them of their manhood. His aunt interrupted his thoughts. "Henry, guess!"

"A girl putting on her nylons," he said hastily.

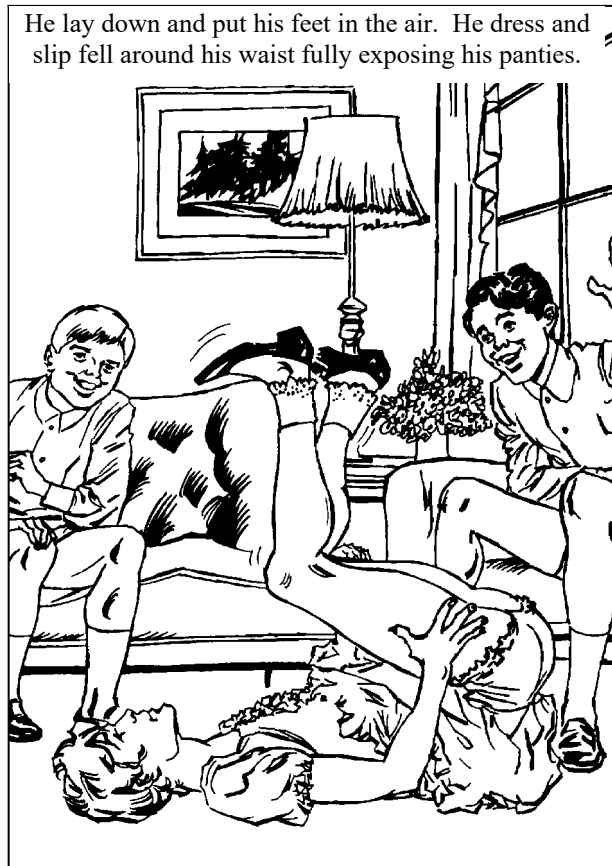
"Good! You are so right! But watch!"

The boy carefully adjusted his imaginary stockings, attaching them to imaginary garters then smoothing his legs just as a girl would. Henry winced.

"He is arranging the stockings," he hesitated, "so that they look neat." He finished, blushing to the root of his hair. What would she make him do, he wondered.

"Come here," Aunt Miriam told him. He walked with rustling dress to her side as Jean

He lay down and put his feet in the air. He dress and slip fell around his waist fully exposing his panties.



and Paul watched attentively. "Pretend you are playing cricket at school," she whispered. Henry was surprised and relieved. At least he didn't have to imitate the actions of a girl.

Henry went to the center of the room and began to pantomime playing cricket. He felt awkward going through the familiar motions with his waist cincher pinching his waist, his bra straps pulling at his shoulders and his lightweight dress swishing about his legs.

Worse yet, Jean and Paul couldn't seem to guess the charade. Unfamiliar with the English game, the boys couldn't understand Henry's actions. Minute after agonizing minute, Henry twisted and bent and displayed his frilly slip and panties while the boys tried to guess.

He thought bitterly of the absurdity of his playing cricket in a dress. It was cruel of his aunt to remind him of his school pals while he was dressed as a girl and his least movements were displaying a satin slip and lace edged panties.

"He is a cricket player," Aunt Miriam finally announced. "Henry, I will give you another charade, since your cousins couldn't guess that one."



Aunt Miriam beckoned Henry to her. "Pretend you are balancing a ball on your head, then lie down to balance it on your toes."

Henry knew how silly he must look, his dress twisting, as he pretended to carry a ball on his head. Then, disgusted and humiliated, he lay down and put his feet in the air moving his toes up and down. His dress and slip fell around his waist fully exposing his lacy panties. Jean and Paul tittered at this display of Henry's girlish underwear and purposely delayed guessing.

"He has a ball on his toes," Jean finally announced, still laughing at Henry's obvious embarrassment.

"Very good," Aunt Miriam joined the boys in mocking amusement as Henry blushed.

"It's almost eight, time for just one more charade before bed. Henry, this time you chose something."

Henry was by now humiliated and confused. He wanted more than anything

for this game to end. He decided that they would easily be able to guess playing soccer.

With rustling skirts he pretended to kick the ball and bounce it with his head, but Jean and Paul remained silent as the embarrassed boy dashed about the room, his dress and slip swishing about him delicately.

He realized how ridiculous he appeared, but was afraid to stop. His legs felt horribly exposed in the little dress and he knew his girl's lingerie was being prettily displayed, but he continued until Paul guessed, "BOY'S soccer!"

Henry acknowledged that his cousin was correct and stopped his charade. He was tired from all the running about and terribly humiliated at appearing before his young cousins in this disgusting costume. He had heard about boys being punished by being forced to wear girl's clothes, but it didn't happen at his school. The only time boys wore girl's things was for the school play when it was necessary in order to portray female characters. The boys who had the misfortune to be cast as girls got a terrible teasing.



M'selle Faber entered the room and directed the three boys to come with her and prepare for bed. She led them upstairs where Melanie was waiting. The maid said, "Come my cute monsieur and I will help you out of your dress."

Henry wanted to hit her for her impertinence, but M'selle Faber was nearby and he didn't want another whipping.

Melanie helped Henry off with his dress, slip and panties. She loosened his waist cincher and, leaving his bra on, helped him into his baby doll nightgown. The delicate freedom of the loose and diaphanous material of the short top and bloomer panties contrasted strangely with the still painful constriction round his waist and the tight press of the cache-sex between his legs and the brassiere across his chest. Melanie put him in bed, and turned out the light.

The events of the day, including Melanie's bizarre striptease, crowded his tortured mind. Why was this happening? How could he escape? Where would he go? The strange humiliations his aunt was forcing on him made him cry with frustration. He became determined on one thing - they might force him to wear girl's things, even to imitate a girl, but they would never make him like it! His fists clenched and he grimaced at the thought of his friends at home. He wondered if they would let an aunt treat them like this! He knew that if they found out about it, they would have no sympathy for him. He cried again. His aunt would never break his will, of that he was determined. However, Henry realized in his own mind that she had already forced him into obedience and that further humiliations would beset him before his visit was finished. His last thought was about the promised caning - how many strokes would his aunt decide and would they be as bad as at school? Exhausted he slept.



## CHAPTER 12 - HENRY IS CANED



Melanie laid some pairs of panties on the top of the dresser. "Which do you think?" She asked Henry

Henry suffered many bad dreams during the night and was still very tired when he jolted awake. He sat up, relieved to be released from his nightmares, but depressed at the possibilities of another day at his aunt's house.

Melanie entered, "Come to your bath."

"Yes, Miss," he found himself meekly replying.

"Be quick, please," she warned and indeed he hastened out of bed. As he removed his nightgown and awkwardly removed his bra and cincher, he observed that virtually all of the hair on his body was still gone. After bathing he put his cache-sex back on.

"Madam has decided the number of strokes," Melanie announced. His heart sank. He was to be caned after all!

"How many?" He managed to ask hoarsely.

"You ran from your governess and you got into a fight - she has decided on nine strokes."



As Melanie increased the tightness, Henry's bottom was forced out. It became rounder and fuller.

Henry gasped. At school, six was the normal maximum and in extreme cases six with your pants down! Nine! He wondered if they would be as tough as the strokes at school.

"M'selle Faber is going to give you the caning," she added with a strange gleam in her eyes. Henry shuddered.

Melanie laid some pairs of panties on the top of the dresser and hesitated over her selection.

"Which do you think?" she asked Henry coyly. There was a lilac satin pair of little girls knickers; beside them a brief gossamer thin pair of panties with fragile lace edging in white; another pair was of pima cotton with old-fashioned lace round the legs. There was a plain blue silk pair, a peach nylon pair with lace edging, dainty bows and an elaborately embroidered crotch.



Henry hesitated. He didn't want to wear any of these disgusting girl's things. He detested choosing a pair.

"If they are thin she may not make you take them down, but they would not be much protection," she appeared puzzled.

The thought of selecting a pair of panties suitable for his caning made him cringe. However, he was too frightened to protest. He picked up the plain blue panties.

"Non! Non!" She exclaimed. "They will not be pretty enough. We will take the little delicate ones." She picked up the gossamer thin nylon panties with ruffled lace around the legs and handed them to him.

He blushed scarlet, furious that she had forced him to chose and then made him wear this awful pair anyway. They would have been his last choice!

"Nine!" Melanie reminded him. He stepped into the delicate little panties. They would be no protection he thought as he drew them up. The touch of fragile lace on his legs

a curiously sinking feeling. Your waist must be very good for this occasion," Melanie told him. She behaved as though the event was some splendid affair. The thought occurred to him that maybe it was - for her!

She brought one of the corsets he had 'selected' at the store. She was obviously going to put him in it. His flesh crawled.

She slipped it round him. The cups projected out in front - like a girl's breasts! He felt it tighten about his middle. Gradually his waist narrowed, the constriction gripping him in a painful bite. As Melanie increased the tightness, Henry's bottom was forced out. It became rounder and fuller, filling out the thin delicate panties.

His back arched under the pressure. He gasped; he could hardly breath. He wriggled like a fly impaled on a pin, but he could not ease the tightness.

Henry watched as she selected a flared petticoat. She lifted it over his arms and dropped it around him. With little drawstrings, she closed it about his nipped waist. Curious sensations swept through him as the petticoat brushed delicately round his legs. He did not appreciate the way his narrowed waist helped it to flare out prettily. He wondered again about the nine cane strokes. Could he stand the pain without crying? He would stay silent as long as he could. At school the boys tried to take 'six of the best' without a murmur - but nine! Unconsciously his hands sought the seat of his panties. They were very thin! He found himself wishing he could wear



At the gym door she paused then waved him in



"Oh no!!!" pleaded Henry. "No! Please don't let them in! They can't see me this way, please!"

the pair with all the lace round the legs. At least they would have protected his thighs.

Melanie sat him at the vanity and combed his hair roughly. His anger rose as she knotted a little pink bow in his hair. She adjusted it carefully until it was 'just right'.

"Doesn't that look cute?" she asked.

He hated the look of the girlish ribbon in his hair. He only wished that he had the nerve to tear it out, but he meekly replied, "Yes, Melanie, it is very cute."

The maid smiled and went to his closet. She returned carrying a little girl's organdy frock with an extremely short skirt. Henry could see this dress could easily be kept 'out of the way' of the caning. He was getting angrier

at each new step of humiliation. Melanie smiled at his clenched fists as she pulled the dainty frock into place and tightened the ribbon sash round his waist.

Dressed this way and wearing short white socks with a pink lace fringe and black girl's pumps with elevated heels, she led him out of his room.

Melanie took him to the breakfast room where his aunt was already eating with his cousins Paul and Jean. The boys looked at him and grinned. He hoped that they would not notice his swelling chest, but Jean stared at him and bust out, "Henry, you have breasts."

Paul snickered and Aunt Miriam said, "Oh please, Aunt Miriam, please don't send these h photos to England, please, I beg you."



you both as well." Henry noted the scared looks of Paul and Jean. The boys were silent at once

Carefully he tried to smooth the hated dress and petticoats beneath him as he sat down. They were too short. He had to sit with his panty-covered rear directly on the chair with the full dress and petticoats spread out all around him. He felt exceedingly foolish. He caught Paul grinning at him and he shifted uncomfortably on his chair.

"Henry, you have been very naughty," his aunt intoned, "I have decided on nine strokes." He winced although he had already heard the sentence.

"Boys have to be trained, no doubt your masters at school and your mother and sister have told you that." Mention of his sister brought a flush to his pale cheeks.

"M'selle Faber decided against sending you home this way." He shuddered at the horrible thought of arriving home 'this way'. "She feels you can learn better discipline and obedience here."

He hated his governess, but he was relieved not to be sent home. "Yes, I am sure that I can, Aunt Miriam."

"I want your behavior to improve. Your rough manners and lack of delicacy must end - do you understand?"

He understood she meant he had to behave more like a girl than boy. "Yes Auntie," he



said genuinely subdued by the thought of the approaching caning.

He was miserable, and so apprehensive that he could not eat. He almost jumped out of his chair when M'selle Faber strode into the room. "Come along with me, Henry," she ordered, and the terrified boy followed her out of the room.

At the gym door she paused. The light was very bright. In the center of the room stood one of the leather horses. She waved him into the room.

"Select a cane from over there," she pointed to a drawer. Shivering slightly he looked at the long quarter inch canes. They were quite as bad as his headmaster's and he reluctantly selected one of the springy canes.

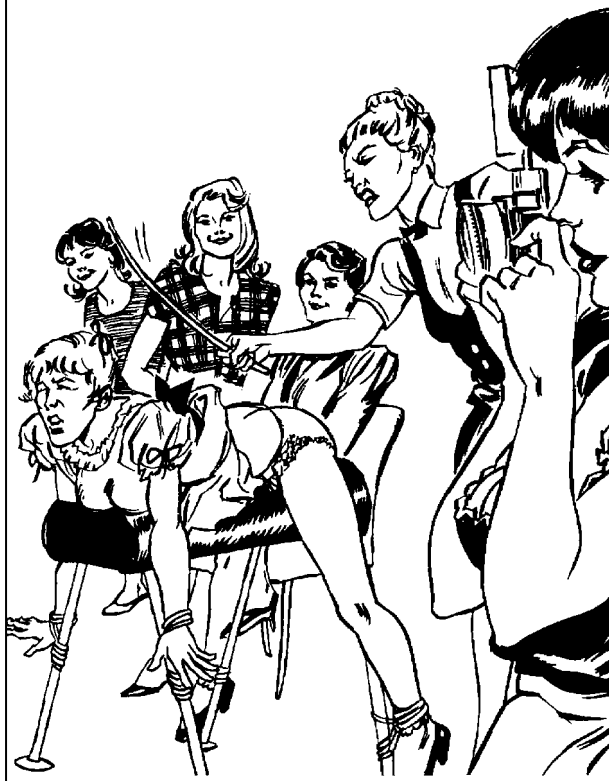
"Lie on top of the horse, please," she ordered. "Be careful with your dress," she admonished as the boy mounted the leather horse. He smoothed the dress, carefully under him and lay down on the horse. The swelling bust of the corset pressed against his chest. At least it was hidden from view. M'selle fastened his wrists securely to the legs of the horse, then she took one of his ankles and began to fasten it as well when Henry heard the door open behind him.

"In here, girls," he heard his aunt say.

"Oh Barrie, C'est tres jolie!" exclaimed a girl's voice. IT WAS COLETTE AND BARRIE! The French girls were back!

"OH NO! NO!! Don't let them in! They can't see me this way PLEASE!" With a

"Wow!" He yelled as the cane landed diagonally across his bottom. He sobbed and wriggled helplessly.



yell Henry began to struggle, his flying dress and petticoats making quite a display. He didn't care; blinded with rage, he kicked out with his feet. Colette and Barrie giggled in delight as the struggling 'girl' was subdued and 'her' ankles bound to the horse. M'selle raised Henry's dress up above his waist exposing his dainty panties.

"Nonsense Henry!" said his aunt. "It is perfectly appropriate for the girls to observe your punishment. You were rude to them and you lied. You claimed you didn't like pretty girl's clothing like the ones you are wearing today! Moreover, you brashly claimed that boys were stronger and more capable of withstanding pain. No, Henry, you must learn that if you don't behave properly you may be punished anywhere, anytime, in front of anyone and wearing anything I wish for you to wear." She took a seat on the other side of Henry from M'selle Faber.

Tears of rage and shame began to form in Henry's eyes. He clenched his fists and struggled against his bonds, but to no avail. He was about to be caned while

dressed as a little girl in front of two attractive girls his own age!

"Your aunt is quite correct, Henry," added M'selle Faber. "However, before your punishment begins we intend taking some more photographs for your sister and your friends at school."

Thoughts of his sister and his friends seeing his photograph in such an outfit and in such a position were vividly before him. Henry moaned in dismay. Melanie entered with a

camera.

As the camera clicked, he begged his aunt to let him off. "Please, Aunt Miriam, don't cane me. I promise to do anything you want me to do."

"You insulted these girls, you tried to run away and then you got into a fight with those untidy boys," she paused. Henry squirmed, still shattered by thoughts of his sister and friends seeing the photographs.

"Oh PLEASE, Aunt Miriam, please don't send these photos to England, please, I beg you," he said, sobbing at the thought. If his friends once glimpsed these photographs he would be tormented for the rest of his school days. He knew how cruel his schoolmates could be.

"You must learn obedience; your posture must improve; your manners, your roughness must be changed. You are a trial to your sister and mother."

Henry cringed at the mention of his sister, but he responded, "Oh yes! Yes! Aunt Miriam, I will improve. Please don't send them. I'll do anything you tell me. Please! I will be obedient!"

"Not just to me! But to all girls?" Aunt Miriam demanded.

"Yes! Yes! I will! But please don't send the photographs."

"We will see! However, your kicks and struggles have earned you more of the cane."

"Sorry Auntie, I'm sorry! I'll never do it again." He had almost forgotten the caning.

"You must hold very still."

M'selle Faber examined critically his smooth upturned bottom. Melanie watched with interest. Colette and Barrie appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Aunt Miriam said, "Please begin. I will soon decide the number of extra strokes."

Henry's heart sank. Nine strokes he might hold still for - but more! He clenched his teeth. He would hold still at all costs.

M'selle Faber raised the cane and brought it whistling down.

**Smack!** He silently gritted his teeth as the pain seared across the middle of his behind.

The delay was agonizing, then the cane zipped down and landed once again leaving an excruciating weal.

Henry choked back his tears.

The delay seemed endless as he watched the governess's feet bracing for the next stroke.

**Whap!** The cane landed again.

"Yow! Oh! Ow!" he squealed, shocked at the searing pain. He could not stop the tears.

"Steady please!" the governess ordered.

This was worse than any caning he had received at school.

**Whop!** The cane struck the tender area at the top of his thighs near the bottom of his panties. Henry gasped with the pain, but tried not to cry out. He saw M'selle's feet move to one side as she adjusted her stance. He clinched his teeth.

**Zzzip! "Wow!"** He yelled as the cane landed diagonally across his bottom, painfully



nicking the top of his right thigh. He sobbed and wriggled helplessly, but the corset cocked up his behind as an easy target. His legs were closely pressed to the leather sides of the horse. There was a moment of silence, broken only by his sniffles and gasps.

He could see the flashes of Melanie's camera as she recorded each horrible part of his punishment.

By the time M'selle finished the nine strokes his bottom was on fire and the sounds of his sobs filled the room.

"Three more perhaps will do,' Aunt Miriam mused, "but possibly his panties cover him too well. Three more might do if his panties are taken down. Do you think your panties should be lowered?" she asked the sobbing and moaning boy.

"Yes Auntie,' he gasped, dreading worse.

"Should Melanie or one of our guests give you the rest of your punishment?" she demanded.

"Melanie please," he sobbed. The thought of being caned by one of these sassy young French girls was somehow unbearable to him, though Melanie was barely any older than they were.

"Very well, Melanie it will be."

Melanie came over to Henry and took the cane that M'selle Faber offered her. She tugged down the thin panties that she had selected for him only a short time earlier. Henry



could hear the tittering of the two young French girls as she exposed his bare bottom. The delighted maid grasped the cane, and Henry watched in awe as she swished it experimentally several times in the air. Then she stood back.

**Twack!** It landed leaving another searing diagonal weal. Henry gulped.

**Zzzip!** He felt the cane land right across his thighs. He writhed in agony. She must want the weals to show below his shorts! Once again he saw her raise her weight on her toes.

**Zipp!** He yelped as the cane landed even lower on his thighs, below his rolled down panties.

Henry had never before received such a caning, and he cried and sobbed unrestrainedly.

Her work with the cane done, Melanie got the camera again and took more photos including close-ups of Henry's tearful face and of his rolled down panties and the marks from the cane. He cried bitterly in pain and frustration. His bottom and thighs throbbed

and burned.

Melanie untied him from the horse and helped him to his feet. Henry could see Barrie and Colette smile as he pulled up his panties. The girls watched with obvious amusement as he rubbed his bottom and writhed with pain. What a caning it had been - the worst he had ever had by far. He had never even heard of anyone receiving twelve strokes. Tears streamed down his face and he squirmed without caring.

The three women, two girls, and the caning would remain seared in his memory. Even the humiliating little dress and sheer girl's panties were forgotten as he clutched and rubbed the aching welts.

With bitter tears he saw that they had the situation well in hand and were even a little desirous of his fighting for his pride and masculinity. It suited them. From that day he vowed he would yield to every demand no matter how embarrassing. It was a cruel lesson he had learned, but his vacation had just begun. He knew that he was still to suffer much before returning home.

"You told me that you would not like to wear girl's pretty clothes. Did you change your mind? Did you decide that you wanted to be more feminine, like your sister?" Barrie teased.

Henry cringed at the mention of his sister but he did not respond. He would not give these women any excuse to punish him any more than they already had. He had recovered to the extent that he glanced down at himself to see how he looked. He was upset to see that the 'breasts' given him by the corset were quite obvious.



Evidently Colette noticed the objects of his concern, as she came over and cupped her hands over them. "What lovely little breasts. Would you like to be a real girl?"

Henry turned away from her and sobbed more in humiliation now than in pain.

"Such a sissy!" smirked Barrie.

His spirit was broken. Thoughts of resistance or escape were gone. He knew he would do anything to escape another caning or the horrible pictures being sent home.

He hung his head, tears of shame and defeat streaming down his red cheeks.

He was led to the hall where he docilely helped Colette and Barrie into their coats. They both eagerly offered to help Aunt Miriam with Henry's training.

Melanie led the weeping boy upstairs to his room and calmly stripped off his clothes - all except the tight corset, cache-sex and brassiere. She put his dainty baby doll nightgown on him and put him to bed. He cried bitterly until exhausted he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER 13 - DRESSED FOR VISITORS

In the morning Henry woke with a groan for the welts from his caning were still very tender to the touch. His waist hurt from the compression of the corset and his cache-sex was terribly tight on his genitals. He looked down with disgust at the feminine night gown he had been forced to wear. It was pink and lacy and the stiff bra cups of the corset made it swell out giving the appearance that he had real breasts. As he looked at himself, he became more and more angry at his aunt for forcing him to dress like this. He was no sissy! He longed to take off these girl's clothes and return to being a boy. He removed the top of the nightgown, but then he remembered - the pictures! Those horrible pictures of him when his aunt forced him to raise his dress and display his panties and the other ones that Melanie took that showed him being caned in a dress with his panties lowered! He could not do anything that would cause his aunt to send those photos home. He abandoned any hope of rebellion. Fearful of being discovered, he hurriedly put the nightgown back on. He lay in his bed dreading what his aunt and her capable helpers had planned for him today.

Melanie entered with a cheerful smile; and, after his bath, laid out his modesty device, a pair of ruffled panties, a corset, lacy socks and black shoes. "Your corset, young man," Melanie held it up. "Does it not have a tiny girl's waist and a girl's pretty bosoms?"

"Yes, Miss," he mumbled, he was frightened by the garment, its narrow waist and swelling chest.

"Yesterday I was in a hurry to dress you for your punishment. Today I must take care to teach you how to put your corset on properly."

"Yes Miss," he murmured resignedly.

"First put these other things on. You will find it difficult to bend over after your corset in on. Then put this talcum powder inside and on your waist. It will help us to get it very narrow." She handed him the container.

He put on the other items as ordered. Then, reluctantly and clumsily, he followed her embarrassing instructions regarding the corset.

She led him to the tall wardrobe. "Now you must stretch up high and hold on to this," she told him and pointed out an adjustable bar which Henry had assumed was some sort of rod for hanging clothes.

"Your toes should just touch the floor," she added, adjusting the bar till Henry could just manage to grip it with both hands.

She deftly slipped the corset round his waist, then began pulling its laces tight. He could feel his back being arched forcing his rear end to protrude backwards. The upper part caught him sharply at the bottom of his chest and he could feel his muscles being pressed up into the cups. His form was undergoing a change, he thought. He was being molded like putty into the form of a girl! It struck a note of panic inside him as Melanie drew the laces ever tighter causing his waist to grow narrower and narrower, his chest and bottom to become more and more pronounced and girlish.

"That is lovely," Melanie pronounced, softly caressing his accentuated curves. "You may let go!"

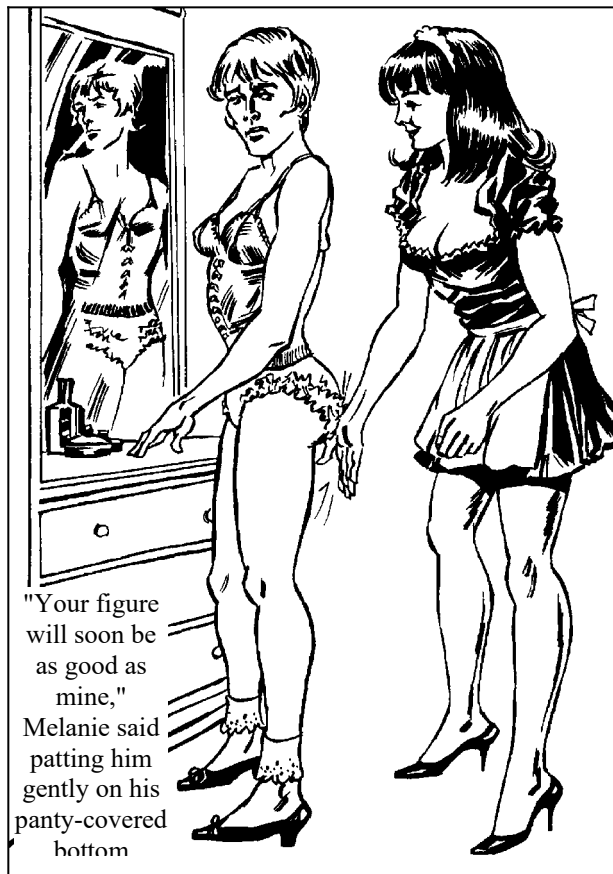
"Yow! It's hurting terribly," Henry burst out, as he lowered his arms. The corset bit even harder than the cincher.

"Now take a look," she said, leading him to the mirror.

He saw his full bosom and tiny waist and nearly cried with shame. He was being made girlish. He was utterly dismayed - was his form being permanently altered?

"Your figure will soon be as good as mine," Melanie said patting him gently on his panty-covered bottom.

Henry looked at Melanie and himself with horror. "NO WAY!" He spat out. "I will



never look like a jiggling, mincing little French maid. I AM A MAN! I am not a foolish little girl like you!"

There was a moment of silence. Melanie looked genuinely hurt. She quietly picked out a little nylon slip with a wide prettily worked hem of lace. Sullenly Henry raised his arms, and she slipped it into place. It was so short it barely reached to the bottom of his panties.

In the mirror he could see the corset suggesting the developing bosom of a young girl through the dainty slip.

He dreaded wearing a dress again, but Melanie gave him a plain silk blouse and one of the smart little white smocks they had bought at the store. It was made of a very light and delicate material.

His boyish spirits had been quelled but not entirely extinguished, and he hated the smock almost as much as the frilly dress he had worn yesterday for his caning. His panties scratched his still tender bottom, his waist ached, his chest was pushed harshly

into the cups and his little shoes hurt. He was so extremely uncomfortable that as he descended to breakfast, he hardly thought of the possibility of being taken out in such an outrageous outfit or what his cousins would think or say about his new figure.

His aunt looked pleased when she saw him, "Henry, we must forget yesterday. Will you try to behave?"

He started to worry, what if Melanie told his aunt that he had shouted at her? What would his aunt do to him? "Yes Auntie," he replied so very meekly that one of his cousins snickered.

"That white smock is nice, isn't it Paul?" she asked his grinning cousin. "You must wear yours today when you go for your walk." Paul's grin faded for he did not like to be seen in a white 'sissy' smock. Jean remained quiet for he remembered the awful caning Henry had been given yesterday and he did not mind the little smock or any of the other things older boys sometimes had to wear.

After breakfast, M'selle Faber took the boys upstairs for lessons and seemed thoroughly dissatisfied with their performance. Both Jean and Paul received whacks on the seat of their pants with her ruler, but she put Henry over her lap and slapped his still tender bottom with her hand, making sure to show off his dainty girl's panties.

It was gradually dawning on Henry, despite all his other aches and concerns, that he would soon be walking in the park. Everyone would see his panties and slip and this smock that did not conceal the fullness of his busts. He sat stunned waiting for the ordeal, for he was going to risk no more canings or being sent home as a girl.

Bitterly, Henry resented his being forced to wear a corset and panties while his young cousins still retained their boys' pants - however short. He was also horribly self-conscious about the swelling of his bosom and afraid of what Simon and the others in the park would say about his sissy appearance. He thought about refusing to go, but his bottom was still sore from the beating that his last act of rebellion had brought on.

They took a taxi to the park. Several French boys his own age spotted him climbing out of the cab. Still unaccustomed to feminine apparel and the stiff corset, Henry unwittingly gave them a good show of his frilly panties and lace trimmed slip. He avoided looking at the boys and scurried into the park amidst a chorus of wolf whistled and calls of "Belle" - "Tres Beau." His cheeks reddened and tears of shame formed in his eyes.

He followed M'selle Faber to the hated horseshoe of benches. Of course, Simon was there - dressed in a light blue nylon-silk dress well fluffed out with petticoats. It had short puffed sleeves, a childish outfit for a boy or girl of fifteen. His younger sister was also there and she wore a simpler, less frilled frock than her brother.

Two boys, also his own age, were there with their mothers. They were formally attired in ties and short pants but appeared a little frightened and subdued. They looked with curiosity at Henry in his white youngster's smock, white beret and obvious

Several French boys his own age spotted him climbing out of the cab. Henry unwittingly gave them a show.



"Let's see what you are trying so hard to hide," Simon's sister said as she lifted his smock high

breasts. Henry tried to hide the swelling by crossing his arms his chest. His face was red. It became even more so when a gust of wind lifted the hem of his smock. He dropped his arms and tried desperately to keep his panties concealed from prying eyes. Simon's sister smiled at his struggle to keep his lingerie hidden. She came close to Henry, "Let's see what you are trying so hard to hide," and lifted his smock. "Why these are lovely panties," she said loudly. Horrified, Henry pushed down his smock. She was dreadful, just like his own sister.

To Henry's dismay he was introduced to the two normally dressed boys. Despite their obvious nervousness, they gave him looks of sneering contempt. It was infuriating that these boys could see the mounds on his chest, suggesting girls' breasts. He longed to take a punch at either of them and prove that he was no sissy. However, even if he dared, his ability to fight was limited by the restraint of his corset and his desire to keep his lingerie hidden. Both boys' mothers praised Henry's



ensemble in rapid French, and, though he could hardly follow it, Henry could see the two boys growing quite agitated. Something was said to make one of the boys flush a deep red and Henry wondered how he was being threatened.

M'selle Faber finally led them out of the park and Henry was once again being stared at by passersby. Some French boys followed them jeering at Henry. M'selle ignored the boys and led Henry grimly by the hand. They eventually caught a taxi and sped home.

Melanie helped his cousins remove their smocks in the hall and looked coldly at Henry. "Your aunt was not amused by your behavior towards me this morning."

Henry shook with fear. He was in for it. His aunt surely would feel that his statements to the maid were not appropriate. Whatever would she do to him?

He was taken in to lunch still in his smock.

His aunt said nothing about Melanie and appeared cheerful. They passed an uneventful lunch and then Aunt Miriam announced, "Henry dear, I'm having some visitors this afternoon. You will have to be on your best behavior."

Henry's heart sank. More people would see his disgrace. "A very nice family with two boys about your age," she added.

Henry winced. The two boys today in the park and the other boys on the street had already made him suffer humiliation - now this!



"Melanie will get you ready for our guests." He followed the pert maid up the stairs, taking the opportunity to look up her dress and petticoats. She was so feminine and her mincing walk was so sexy. How could she say that he would ever look like that. The very thought was absurd. He was only fifteen, but he was all man.

"Take your smock off, please," she said, helping him out of it. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and shuddered. What would she dress him in to meet this company? He hoped he would at least be able to get out of this corset. It would be difficult to hide the swelling of his breasts under even a boy's shirt.

She seated him, fetched a basket of supplies and began with his hair, now grown rather long. Before his eyes, he saw her transform it into girlish curls. She took a can from the basket and skillfully sprayed it set. Then, to his annoyance she put cream all over his face and neck. It stung his eyes, he was already close to tears for he knew she was going to make up his face and

complete his shameful transformation. All the time he could envision the visitors seeing and laughing at the sight of him dressed as a girl. She took a tube of lipstick from the basket. He turned his face away in anger and fear, but she grasped his chin in one hand and with the other applied the lipstick to his mouth with a flourish. He felt sick to his stomach as the bright red color covered his lips. She then powdered his face with a large powder puff.

"Hold still," she ordered the miserable boy, "keep your eyes open while I put mascara on your eyelashes."

"Yes Miss," he answered and made every effort to hold open his eyes while she touched and stroked on the mascara. He had already made her mad at him once today and his aunt already knew about it. He didn't want to do anything more to get in trouble.

"Tres bon," she commented.

"Yes Miss," he responded, watching his reflection in the mirror. No doubt the lipstick and mascara coupled with his dressed-up hair was making his face appear more like a girl's. He choked back a complaint.

"Have you worn nylons?" she asked innocently.

Henry could hardly control his quivering voice, "NO, Miss!"

"What a pity, well you must learn how to handle them."

Henry clenched his teeth grimly, "Yes, Miss!"

"These are expensive and your aunt would be most angry if you were to tear them!" She smiled at his angry glance. She was clearly enjoying tormenting him after his comments about her.



She selected a pair of fine stockings and expertly rolled each of them into a doughnut - he recalled Paul's imitation during the charade.

"You see you must have the toe in front and the heel behind - otherwise!" Her tone made further comment unnecessary and in spite of himself Henry watched attentively. She handed a rolled stocking to him.

"Now my proud young 'man'," she grinned, "these will beautify your legs."

"Yes Miss," Henry said sadly, and he rolled the stocking up his leg. He could not help feeling that the tight stocking as it encased his hairless leg was indeed somehow molding it into a more feminine shape.

"Here is the other; presently you will become more skillful," she taunted.

He drew the other stocking tautly up to his thigh.

"Now to tighten them. Draw your hands up your legs." Henry reluctantly obliged.

"Very good, excellent!" Melanie

tittered as Henry awkwardly smoothed the stockings.

"Your legs look lovely," Melanie pointed to his reflection.

Henry noted in dismay the sleek nylons, the ruffles of his panties, his dainty corset and molded figure, the makeup and the carefully set curls - all almost deceived him into thinking it was a girl reflected. No, he thought, it's impossible; he would deceive no one. It would only lead to more humiliation and embarrassment.

"You are looking like a pretty girl, no?"

"Eh No! I mean yes!" Henry corrected quickly as he saw Melanie start to scowl.

"Now you must attach your stockings to the suspenders of your corset." She fastened one for him and watched in amusement as he twisted and wrenched to follow her example with the other.

"Beautiful!" Melanie chirped, "if only our visitors could see you like this - dressed in your lovely undies!" Henry positively shuddered at the thought.

"They will only see your pretty skirt - pity! At least I will know how girlish you look underneath."

Henry felt his heart thumping fast. Was he really to be exposed dressed and made up like a girl? His heart sank - two boys his own age would see him like this! - What would they think of him submitting to these humiliations? They would never understand. He could imagine how contemptuous he would feel if he saw a boy thus reduced. He could never look them in the face. He was becoming desperate. What could he do!

"We have a lovely blue skirt," Melanie mused sorting through a wardrobe. She took out a simple pleated skirt, carefully tailored.

"You will have to take care sitting down," she teased, "all these lovely pleats." Melanie helped him to step into it and drew it up round his waist.

"Now a blouse - but not too frilly, just tight enough to show - " She drew her hands with a gesture across her breasts.

Henry dropped his glance at the humiliating suggestion. Tears came to his eyes and he could almost feel his chest muscles being formed into a girl's breasts by the ruthless pressure of the corset. This cute little maid appeared determined to mold his figure into a girlish shape.

Melanie gave him a blouse. He struggled into the tight fitting white garment, which seemed almost transparent, and he quailed at the thought of the boys getting glimpses of his feminine underwear.

"Look at that attractive young lady," Melanie laughed at the reflection in the mirror.

Henry could see how the skirt fitting snugly round his diminished waist, the blouse drawn revealingly over the girlish mounds, the stockings, his hair, the makeup all added their touch. He tried not to recognise how real he looked as a girl. Curious sensations within him made him feel faint. Was it possible for these cruel women to take him - a fully-fledged fifteen year old boy, member of his school soccer team - to docilely change his appearance



and look completely like a girl?

"Nice girl," Melanie interrupted his thoughts, "simple, but pretty, no?"

"Eh, yes! No! I mean..." Henry was horribly confused and embarrassed.

"Shoes!" Melanie produced a pair with high heels.

"I won't be able to walk," Henry blurted out, but Melanie quickly forced his feet into the rather small high-heeled shoes.

"You'll learn," she laughed, as she forced Henry to walk unsteadily round in the shoes. The heels felt very awkward and pinched his feet.

She had dressed him rather like any girl of his age in a simple skirt and blouse. He began to realize that he might well be mistaken for one. He looked again in the mirror. It was a galling thought. Infuriating to think the visitors might really think he was a girl. However, it would be horrible for them to know of his humiliation. Perhaps - bitter though it might be - it would be better to be mistaken for a girl.

Melanie watched as he again stared at his reflection. "We will not call you Henry, for we would not wish them to know, would we?" she asked coyly. "What is your sister's name?"

Henry was jolted at the thought. To be called by his rotten little sister's name, what a horrible idea!

"Her name?" She repeated relentlessly.

"It's, it's..." he stopped.

"Come on," she ordered briskly.

"It's Beatrice!" he murmured, his voice barely audible.

"Beatrice! Splendid! So very English," Melanie remarked happily. "And is she older or younger?"

"Younger, a year," Henry mumbled, scarlet at the thought of adopting her name. "Melanie, I don't want to be called Beatrice."

Melanie took up a large hairbrush, an obvious threat. "Beatrice," she said.

Henry clenched his teeth.

"Beatrice, try to walk with more grace. Come now, walk towards the mirror and back."

Angrily, Henry tried advancing towards his reflection. He couldn't help comparing his appearance to his younger sister. There was definitely a family resemblance which was emphasized by his dress and makeup. He was furious, "Melanie, you must not call me Beatrice. I simply won't answer to that name."

"Shall I call your aunt?"

"Call her if you must," Henry said feigning bravado even though his knees were weak. "I will never answer to that name."

"I will be back soon," Melanie said and scurried out of the room.

Henry started after her, however, unfamiliar with his new shoes, he fell to the floor. By the time he rose, she had returned with his aunt.

"What's this?" asked his aunt, "Have you so soon forgotten your promise to be good?"

"Melanie wants to call me Beatrice. Please, call me anything else, just not that," begged Henry in fear.

Melanie said, "That is his younger sister's name and it is beautiful, no?"

"Why yes, Beatrice is a perfect name for such a lovely young lady," his aunt said. "Don't you think so, Beatrice?"

Henry swallowed hard, but he responded, "Yes Aunt Miriam, but isn't it confusing for my sister and me to have the same name?"

His aunt thought for a moment, "Melanie, it might best for Henry and his sister to have different names. Could you possibly chose another?"

Henry began to feel better, his aunt had seen the reasonableness of his request and was

complying with it.

"But, Madame, I don't know names in English."

"How about the name Jacques mentioned in his letter? I think it was Priscilla. That sounds very English."

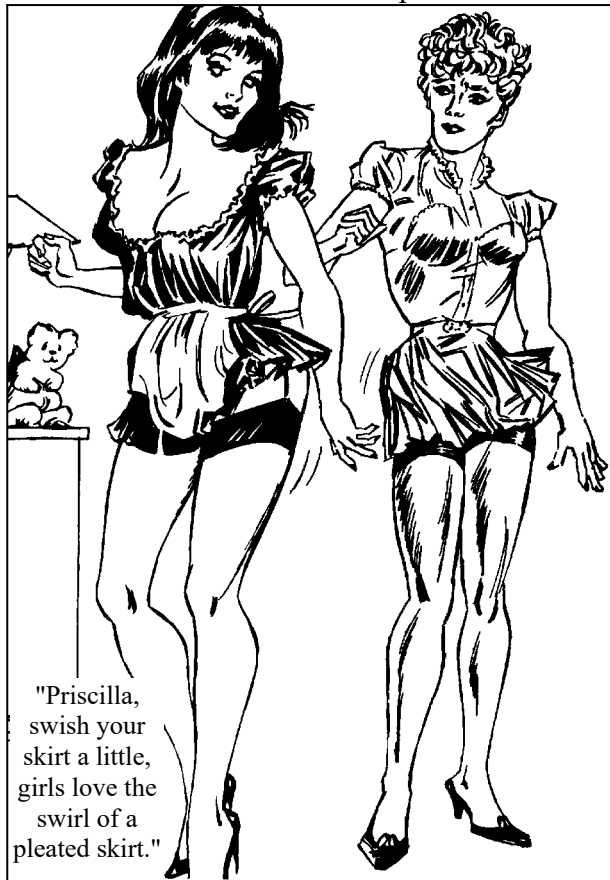
"NO! not my girlfriend's name," Henry protested.

"Very well, I will call him Priscilla," Melanie said ignoring Henry's objection.

It was almost as bad to be called Priscilla as Beatrice. It was horrible to be robbed of him manhood and to be reminded of it so vividly by being called by his girlfriend's name.

"That settles it then. Henry will be 'Priscilla', Prissy for short," his aunt said and left the room.

Melanie resumed her work at once. "Priscilla, walk this way, and swish your skirt a little. Girls love the swirl of a pleated skirt. Watch me and do as I do."



Henry watched the way that Melanie swayed her hips as she minced across the room. He saw how sexy she looked as her short dress moved as if it was alive. He tried to imitate her walk. He could see her smile as his own swaying hips made his short pleated skirt dance. He was terribly ashamed. This young maid was teaching him to walk like a girl just as his cousin had predicted. Henry stopped. He was on the verge of tearing the skirt off and just running out - anywhere.

Melanie shook the hairbrush at him. His spirits quelled. He knew that she was angry, now she seemed almost looking for an excuse to use the brush on him. He swished about daintily.

"Your hands - your hands!" She cried, "watch me" Desperately he tried to follow her feminine gestures.

"Sit down!" she ordered.

He flopped into the chair, grateful to have the pressure of the high healed shoes off his feet.

"Priscilla!! Not good! You were shown how to sit down. But perhaps you are too comfortable!" She was gripping the hairbrush in a meaningful way.

Henry hastily rose and sat down again as gracefully as he could, now watching his reflection in the mirror.

"Naughty Priscilla is not trying!" Melanie took him by the arm and raised him to his feet. She stood behind him and ordered. "Look into the mirror, Priscilla."

He looked at his reflection in the mirror and watched as she reached down and grasped his skirt, slowly raising it till he could see the tops of his stockings. Then as he stared at his reflection, he saw as well as felt her lift his skirt in back to reveal his panties. He gritted his teeth.

"Now Priscilla," she spoke to his reflection, enjoying the scared look in his eyes, "you can see that you are dressed as a girl. You must learn to behave like one." He felt her hand on his neck and could see himself yielding to the pressure as she made him sit and bend over. She brought the brush down hard across his bottom.



"You can see that you are dressed as a girl. You must learn to behave like one."

"Ouch!" The pain was sharp for his behind was still tender from the terrible caning he had received the day before. Melanie smacked his bottom soundly.

She allowed him to stand up. He wriggled pressing his hands to his bottom. Tears glistened in his eyes.

"Now, now Priscilla, stop ruining your makeup," she ordered angrily.

Henry tried to stifle his tears.

"Now we will try again."

Again he tried walking and sitting down, but assuredly with more effort and less recalcitrance.

"Good, Priscilla! Good!"

"Yes Miss," he was relieved at the praise and had almost forgotten the ordeal he was about to face.

Finally Melanie seemed satisfied that he wouldn't make a bad imitation of a girl. "Now I think you are ready to meet our guests," she said.

Henry reluctantly allowed her to lead him downstairs.

## CHAPTER 14 - THE STODDARD BOYS

Henry held the handrail as they descended the stairs. He feared that otherwise he would fall as he was still unsteady on his new high-heeled shoes. They entered the living room. "Ah Henry!" His aunt greeted him. "You look splendid. You are also moving much more gracefully in your dress. You really must thank Melanie for helping you to look so natural as a young lady. Without her help you would have no hope of fooling our guests."

Holding back his fury, He said the words he knew his aunt wanted to hear, "Thank you for helping me to look like a girl and teaching me how to walk properly."

"Oh, you are very welcome, Priscilla. I loved doing it," Melanie said with a sparkle in her eyes.

Henry was apprehensive about his approaching introduction to the boys. He only hoped that they would not be able to pierce his disguise. "Aunt Miriam, you won't tell our guests that I am a boy also?"

"Not if you are obedient and behave as a proper girl."

Henry shivered at the thought of being a 'proper girl', but he was hopeful that he would not be exposed.

"Do you like your long stockings?"

"Er, em. No ... I mean yes," he answered, but involuntarily his fists clenched.

"Did Melanie show you how to tighten your suspenders well, Priscilla?"

He meekly answered, "Yes, Auntie."

"Let me see."

Blushing furiously Henry drew up his skirt before his aunt. She smiled. He felt crushed.

"Lift it higher please. Let me see your new panties."

Henry obliged, loathing the obvious pleasure in the women's eyes as they humiliated him.

"How nice your stockings look. Did you put them on yourself?"

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," Henry admitted. He felt very uncomfortable holding his skirt up displaying his hateful garters and panties. His aunt's cheerful reaction to this scandalous display only served to upset him more.

The doorbell rang!

Henry dropped his skirt hastily.

"I did not tell you that you could lower your skirt, but we will discuss it later! Stand over here in front of the fireplace, Priscilla," his aunt commanded.

Henry dutifully stood by the fireplace. He suddenly felt weak inside. He was quite pale as two boys were ushered in.

"My dears!" Henry's aunt embraced the two boys, causing them obvious embarrassment. Henry stared, for the boys wore English school blazers and long gray trousers - they were ENGLISH!! His heart sank. He felt about to faint.

"Priscilla!" His aunt's voice sent a cold shiver down his back. "Priscilla, I want you to



meet two charming English boys."

The boys were roughly sixteen or seventeen and were staring slightly. Henry's knees felt weak. He felt sure they would see through his disguise. How could his aunt have brought English boys!

"Billy Stoddard, this is my niece Priscilla. She is from England as well."



The boy stepped forward and extended his hand.

"How do you do!" Almost dizzy now, Henry weakly held out his hand in response. The boy's clothes and manner sent a shudder through him, recalling school and his friends with sudden clarity.

Surely the boy was not deceived! Henry felt he would die when his aunt announced his real identity.

The other boy held out his hand. "And Tom Stoddard, Priscilla."

"How do you do!" he said and Henry found the boy's eyes searching his face inquisitively. He took care to keep his hand as femininely limp as he could. His heart was in his mouth, but the boy simply smiled as though he had noticed nothing unusual.

Both boys seemed, if anything, shy. They did indeed take him to be a girl, at least so far.

Henry was angry that they thought of him as a girl, yet he was terrified that they might discover that he was not.

"Prissy is staying the summer," he

heard his aunt announce. Henry looked at the floor embarrassed for he wondered how he could disguise his voice. He thought back to his arrival in this house. He looked much like these boys did now, so masculine and full of confidence. He wondered if either Tom or Billy Stoddard could have resisted the combined efforts of these three determined women. Would they have ended up in dresses and panties like he had?

"Are you boys staying long?" Aunt Miriam broke the silence.

Tom Stoddard said, "We're here for the summer too."

"Indeed! How splendid! You must come visit us often. I'm sure Prissy will be happy to entertain you. Wouldn't you Prissy?"

"Yes, Aunt Miriam," Henry said making his voice as soft and high as possible. He was furious that his aunt was inviting these two boys to visit again, but he dared not display his anger.

"Come, no need for us all to stand. Let's all be seated."

Henry smoothed his skirt under himself as he had been taught, and lowered himself into the sofa with extreme caution, trying not to display his underwear. His skirt was so short! He was sure that the boys could get a good view of his garters and stocking tops, but he didn't dare look down and call attention to them.

"What is your school, Priscilla?" Billy asked him politely.

'Priscilla' blushed scarlet for a moment. He was dumbfounded for he could not tell them the name of his boy's school. There was a pause. The name of his hated sister's school



sprang to his lips.

"Langley School in Sussex," he squeaked.

"We're neighbors then," Billy told 'her', "we are at Hollymere, in Devon."

"Oh," Henry could hardly trust his voice. Hollymere! He saw the boys of that school several times a year for competitions. Now not only would Henry be ruined if his disguise was discovered, but his school friends would never forgive him for demeaning their school by appearing dressed as a girl in front of their rivals! So far they did not seem to be aware of the deception.

"Do you like it here in Paris?" Tom Stoddard asked diffidently.

"Oh yes!" Henry answered reluctantly. There was a silence. "Yes, it is pretty," he added lamely.

"Tell the boys of all the fashionable dresses you bought," Aunt Miriam said determinedly. Henry shuddered inwardly.

"Oh! We bought a lot of clothes," he managed to say almost calmly in a high voice.

"It's the center of the fashion world of course," Billy put in helpfully.

"Yes indeed," Henry said squeaky. He was suddenly conscious of his corset; He was now glad of his nipped-in waist and the girlish busts that helped his disguise. He was also grateful for the job that Melanie had done 'prettying' his hair and face. He might yet pull off this charade.

"Girls must love Paris because of all the fashions," Tom Stoddard said, trying to help the conversation along.

Henry was forced to seem enthusiastic. "Oh yes, there is such a wonderful variety." He managed a quick glance towards his aunt.

"Prissy prefers all the daintiest things. She is so tired of her plain schoolgirl's uniform," his aunt suggested maliciously.

"Yes, schoolgirls do have to wear such dull uniforms," Billy remarked awkwardly, "What is your uniform like?" he asked, "I can't seem to recall the Langley school colors."

Henry, though he loathed the idea, was forced to describe his sister's school uniform as if it was his own. What a horrible disgrace this was to his own school.

"For the first two years, we wear light blue gymfrocks," he paused, "we also wear short sleeved white blouses and our school tie." He tried to sound convincing. "The last two years we wear pleated skirts and blazers."

The boys nodded. "Yes, I remember now," Billy said, "you wear blue hats also, don't you?"

"That's right, Henry replied feeling the long curls brush his neck and ears, "but actually, it's more like a beret than a hat".

"White calf length stockings, too" Tom sneaked a smile.

"Well, now she can wear long stockings," Aunt Miriam remarked.

For a moment all eyes went to Henry's smooth knees. Embarrassed, Henry pulled in his daintily clad feet. The boys smiled at this



gesture of shy modesty.

"We will be visiting Sussex at Christmas," Billy Stoddard remarked. "Perhaps we can see you there?"

"Oh!" 'Priscilla' was alarmed and paused not knowing how to respond.

"Of course!" Aunt Miriam interposed. "It would be wonderful of you to visit and I know how pleased my sister would be." She referred blithely to Henry's mother without any regard for Henry's feelings or the horrible predicament that such a visit would cause him. "Don't you think so?" she added.

"Er um, yes," Henry answered quite flustered. The appalling vision of the two boys confronting him at home and tumbling to the whole game came to Henry in a flash. They would be looking for him as 'Priscilla'. They might not recognize him as Henry, but he could hardly pretend that 'Priscilla' was just not home. How could he ever avoid being found out? There would be no way. His humiliation would be spread through their school and his. He gulped back tears of distress.

Billy was eyeing her carefully up and down. "It doesn't matter, of course," he bantered, "we would only come if you wanted us."

"That's right," Tom laughed, "your niece is not so sure, I think!"

"Nonsense," Aunt Miriam looked quickly at Henry. "She would be delighted to have you visit and of course you must come here often during your stay in Paris."

"Oh yes!" Henry stammered "I'd be delighted to see you." The two boys stared at 'Priscilla'. "Actually our school's not far from yours," Billy remarked. "Some of our chaps have friends there."

"I'm sure some of the girls have relatives in Hollymere," Aunt Miriam suggested. Henry was sure that his aunt was quite amused at his discomfort.

"We'll ask," Billy remarked.

In an agony Henry sat, hoping they could not penetrate his disguise. If they found anyone who knew Beatrice they would also find that she had no sister, but rather a brother who was spending the summer in Paris with his aunt.

Aunt Miriam brought the visit to a close and called Melanie to escort the two boys to the door.

Henry rose with the boys and accompanied them to the door with his aunt. He wished them good-bye. As the door closed behind them he felt an enormous release of tension. He had pulled it off! They didn't know!

Henry and his aunt returned to the living room and sat down again.

"That was very good, dear," Aunt Miriam told him, "however, you still have much to learn." Henry slumped, miserable and dejected. The two boys actually believed that he was a girl. He wanted to run after them and say that it was only a prank. However, he could not risk the news getting to his school.

"Now we have some other things we must attend to. Melanie tells me that you were rude to her this morning, trying to act as if you were superior to her because you are a boy. I won't tolerate such behavior. You will be punished, and I have asked Melanie to determine how."

Henry slumped into the chair in distress. What more would they do to him? Did this mean another caning?

"Henry, do sit up in a ladylike manner," she chided, "and don't pout."

Henry sat up straight, very aware of the two bosoms projecting at his chest. He scowled.

Aunt Miriam said, "Henry, as you are fully dressed as a girl, this is an excellent time for you to improve your style. I will call your governess."

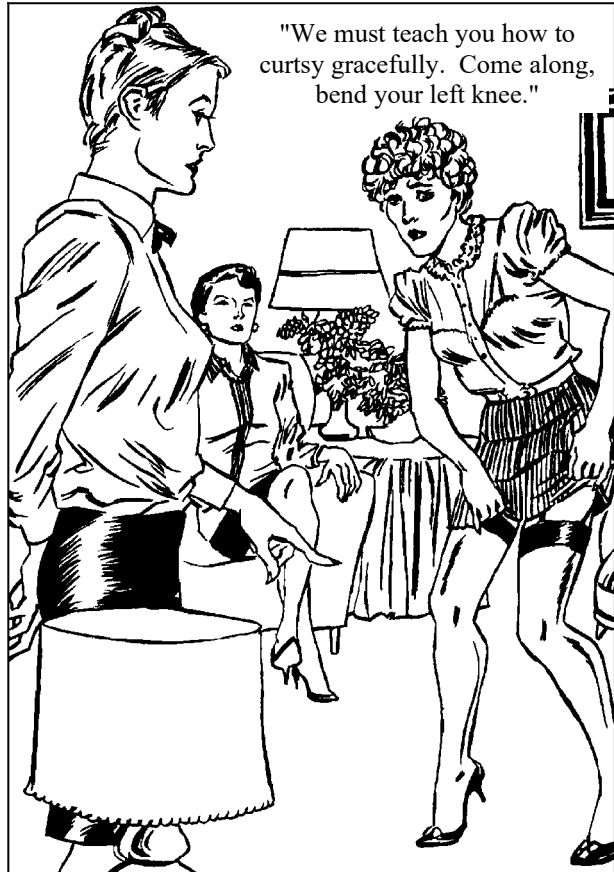
Henry winced. He was afraid of M'selle Faber. He knew nothing would please her

more than to administer another caning. He fidgeted nervously as Aunt Miriam called her. M'selle Faber came into the room.

"Stand up Henry," she said coldly.

"Yes M'selle," he said, standing at attention.

"Not so stiff, please." She shook him vigorously causing his short pleated skirt to fly every which way.



"We must teach you how to curtsy gracefully. Come along, bend your left knee."

Henry tried to comply. She gave him a chilling glance.

He felt extremely nervous. His clothes felt strange, loose and free, yet his waist hurt with the tight corset and his feet pinched. His panties were tight and uncomfortable too, as was the cache sex. He had just had a grim experience. Two boys from a rival school had nearly discovered his identity, and his aunt had invited them back! He sweated at the thought! He must learn to be convincing as a girl before their next visit. So, strangely enough, he was tensely cooperative. He tried to master the curtsy. He tried to be girlish standing up and particularly sitting down. He tried to disguise his walk and he followed his governess's instructions with urgent desperation. He did not enjoy it when she ordered him to toss his head like a girl or to giggle in a feminine way, but he tried.

"Now walk back and forth. Mince nicely! Come now, swish your skirt." He tried.

"Sit carefully. You don't want a crease in that nice skirt."

Shamed, he sat carefully on a chair.

"Your hands please, keep them at your sides and move them more daintily! Imagine you are picking up your fine lace panties or your delicate nylon stockings!" Anger gripped him, but his hands moved as he had often seen his sister's move.

"Come now, a boy has been too fresh; you toss your head like this to show annoyance!"

He WAS annoyed, but he tried to copy the mannerism. Bill and Tom Stoddard must not know. He had to continue to convince them that he was an English schoolgirl if he was ever to have any chance of returning to his friends with his reputation intact. Although he tried hard to follow her instructions, inevitably he made mistakes with the unfamiliar feminine movements.

"Really 'Priscilla' you are being naughty," the governess told him. "Mince over here please so I may box your ears."

Meekly he minced to her side. "No, on second thoughts, you will get a spanking!"

"Please M'selle..." he begged vainly.

"You bold girl! I shall take your panties down because of your protests."

He stood helplessly while the governess reached up under his skirts and pulled his panties down around his thighs.



"Come! Over my knees," she said and the humiliated boy complied. She lifted up his skirt and slip, leaving his bared bottom exposed. She slapped his rear with her hand, obviously enjoying the effect. His bottom quivered at each blow. He shook and wriggled as her hand continued to beat down. She smacked it a deep red before allowing the embarrassed boy to stand up.

Very deliberately she pulled up his panties. Not pain alone, but also humiliation brought tears to his eyes and thus ruined his makeup.

"I have a good mind to give you a thorough thrashing," she said angrily. "Your makeup is spoiled. Go to your room at once!"

Fearfully he minced out the door and made his way up the stairs.

***Henry's Adventures Continue In  
Volume Four, Don't Miss Them.***