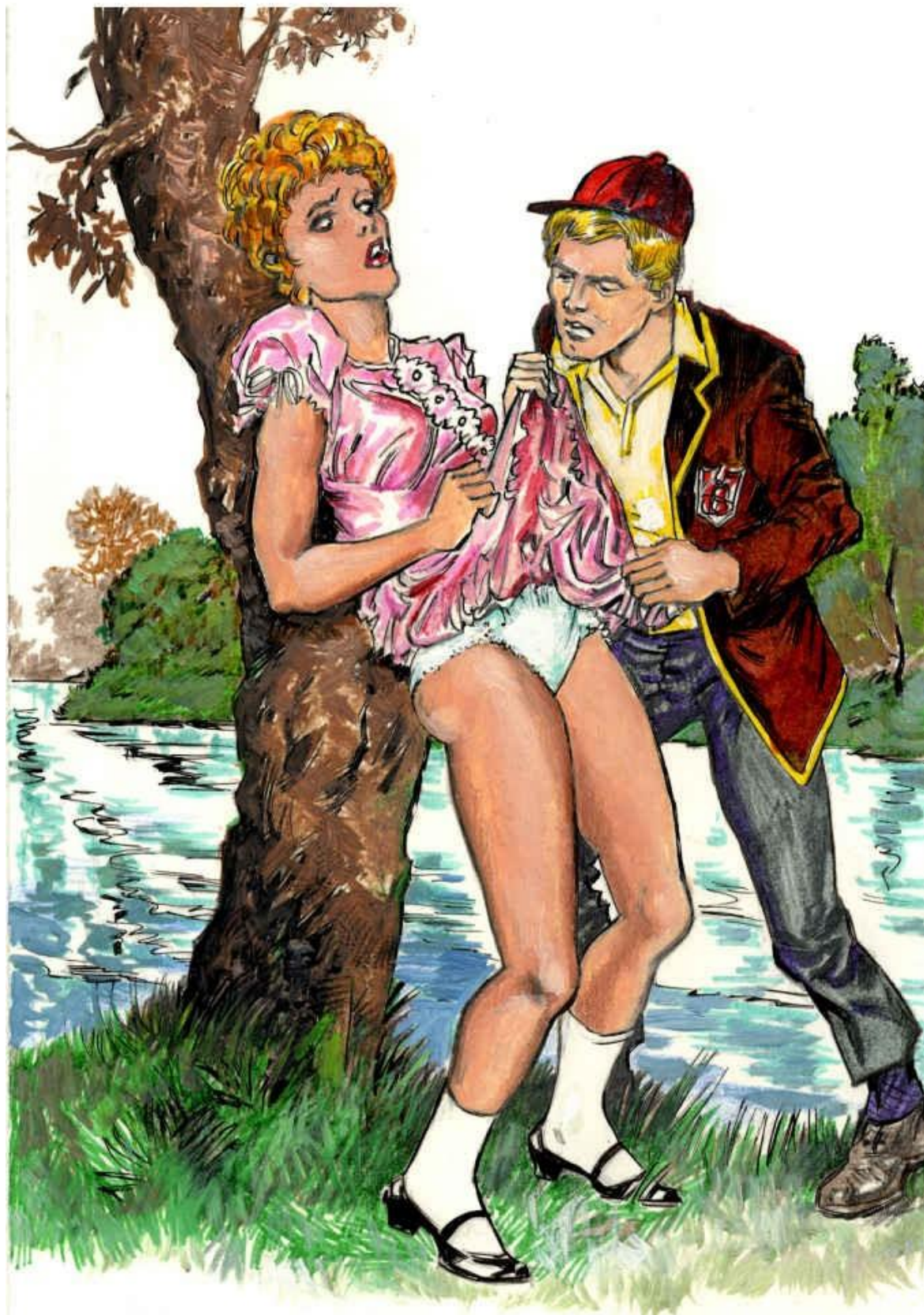


PETER'S VACATION Volume 4

By Carole Jean



PETER'S VACATION

VOLUME FOUR

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CHAPTER 15 - THE NURSERY DOLLS

Peter flung himself on his bed and sobbed bitterly. Would they never stop trying to humiliate him? Being introduced to English boys was bad enough, but for his governess to take down his panties and spank him as if he were a naughty girl was unbearable. He was so humiliated that he found himself unable to control his weeping.

Melanie came into the room. "Pricilla! Mon cher!" She lifted his head and gently brushed away his tears. To his surprise he found himself clutching her and sobbing louder than before.

Gratitude overwhelmed him. She was the only person in France who had offered him any solace. He tried to stammer out his thanks and apologize for his unkindness to her, but she silenced him and held him gently in her arms.

"Come Priscilla! Stand up please." He stood up, still embracing her.

Her fragrant perfume filled his nostrils.

"Are you sore here?" She lifted his skirt at the rear and gently began massaging his bottom. "Poor Priscilla!" she said, clasping his head to her bosom.

A strange tingling sensation began to spread round his loins as he buried his head in her breasts. The cache sex seemed tighter. His emotions were confused. She stopped caressing him.

"We must get you into a little girl's dress again."

Somehow the warm feeling remained and he did not protest as she slipped off his skirt and blouse.



“Thank you,” he said dreamily. Then she lowered his panties.

His mood suddenly changed. He wanted to hide himself. The cache sex was very tight as she slipped his panties off, leaving him in only the corset and nylons.

“Priscilla, sit down and take off your nylons. Be careful not to snag them.” Peter unhooked the suspenders, rolled the stockings carefully down his legs and handed them to Melanie. Out of the drawer she took a selection of ruffled panties. He stared at the delicate feminine finery.

“Come, you must select a pair,” she told him.

“Oh Melanie, please, I don’t want to wear those little girl’s things,” he sighed.

“You must!”

Reluctantly he got up and selected a simple little pair of peach colored silk panties.

“Tut! Tut! They are too plain for a party,” she waned.

A party! He hoped he had not heard correctly as he reached for another pair. These were white panties, elaborately frilled with lace at the legs.

“Very good! Now let’s put them on.”

He shuddered as she drew the lace panties up his legs. Then she had him sit at the vanity. Ugh! He swallowed hard when he saw his reflection in the mirror.

She combed back his curls and brought out a long blond wig. She put it on his head and went to work on his makeup,



giving him little 'Cupid's Bow' lips and rouge on his cheeks, just enough to suggest the fresh glow of a little girl's cheeks.

With the wig, he no longer looked like a boy of his age. He looked like a much younger girl.

"Now a few petticoats," she said, opening the wardrobe. "Come! You must choose!"

Reluctantly he picked a petticoat. She took it down. "Good! Now step into it please."

Disgusted at the light fluffy petticoat, he nevertheless obeyed.

"You must choose another," she said. Again he made a selection. "Hold up your arms, please." She slipped it over his head and set it round his narrowed waist. She put on his short white socks and black patent strap shoes.

He stood in his curls, corset, panties, shoes and billowing petticoats waiting for the final humiliation — a girl's dress. Melanie selected one suitable for a very young girl. It was very short with puffy lace-edged sleeves and a square shaped neckline edged in lace and set off with little bows. She drew it over his head. It slipped down and barely covered his short full petticoats. She tied a wide ribbon around his waist and fastened it into a large bow behind his back. Then she took him to the mirror so he could see the results of her efforts.

"This little dress looks lovely on you, non?"

The girlish image in the mirror shocked him. "Certainly not!" he said abruptly.

"Now! Now!" She warned with a smile, "Be a good little girl."

He dropped his eyes, trying to erase from his troubled mind the image he had seen in the mirror. She patted him gently on his pantied rear that was partially exposed by the short dress and petticoats.

“You must learn to play gracefully!” she told him as she led him into the nursery.

“Here is your lovely little doll,” she said holding it out to him. The doll’s dress was hardly any more juvenile and lacy than his.

“I don’t play with dolls! I am a boy!” he said smarting with embarrassment.

“What? Be polite, Priscilla,” she told him brusquely, “or we will go to the gym!”

Smarting at her continuing use of his feminine alias, and cowed by the threat, Peter reluctantly took the doll and sat down on the floor as Melanie directed.

“Your baby needs to be fed,” she said giving him a bottle. Awkwardly Peter tried to ‘feed’ the baby.

Melanie pointed to the two bulges on the front of his dress.

“Someday you may be able to try another way,” she laughed. He blushed angrily.

“Your dear baby is wet,” she told him, “you must learn how to change her diapers.”

He was furious, but she taught him how to do it and he followed her directions carefully as he did not want to risk another visit to the gym.





“Your baby is tired now,” she said and he had to pretend to

put it to sleep in its crib. As he leaned over to do so, Melanie giggled. “What a bold display of your panties.”

Flushing, Peter hastily straightened up and pushed down his dress. It immediately bounced up, held by the short and full petticoats. He dropped his head in shame and frustration.

Melanie made him play many girlish games with a number of dolls in the nursery. He had to change the little doll clothes — which looked remarkably like his own — he had to comb their hair and he had to have a tea party with several of the dolls and a little tea set. He struggled to hide his anger.

“Now,” she announced finally, “I must leave you here for a while. I would not like to come back into the room and find you not playing with your dolls!” With that warning, she smiled and left the room.

Alone, Peter angrily threw down the doll's teapot. CRASH! It broke with a loud sound. His heart stopped — Had she heard? — Would she come rushing back? — What sort of caning would he get for this? He waited uneasily, but no one came. He gathered up all the broken pieces and hid them under some other toys.

He would not be caught and punished, but neither would he play with the dolls. He sat near them with his ears straining, ready to grab one when Melanie returned. Many long minutes passed. Bored with just sitting, he began to fidget. Would he be caned if she found him just sitting there? He waited again, listening for her footsteps, but he realized that the heavy carpeting would allow her to come into the room's open door suddenly, without warning. He picked up a doll and began to feed it, and then he changed the doll's diaper. He waited for a time and then, frustrated, annoyed and nervous, he began the

whole routine again. As time passed, he became immersed in playing with the dolls. Melanie reappeared and he blushed at being found to be so cooperative.

“You like playing with your dolls, non?” She waited for an answer.

“Er, eh, yes!” Peter responded in the way he thought would please her.

“Good! Now we must go down to Paul’s birthday party. Get up and straighten your dress like a good little girl.

Blushing furiously, he stood and tried to adjust his short flaring skirt and petticoats. Melanie inspected him carefully, combed his wig and, as a final insult to his masculinity, sprayed him all over with a dainty scent. Then, taking him by the hand, she led him downstairs. At every step his petticoats rustled and his new patent leather shoes squeaked. He wondered about Paul’s birthday party as she led him to the dining room. He fervently hoped there would be no guests.

Only his aunt, the governess and his two cousins were in the room, but he was shocked nevertheless. Paul was dressed from head to foot like a beautiful little girl. He had long dark hair and was wearing an organdy frock with a wide sash. Peter stared as Paul flounced forward and planted a kiss on his cheek.

It was obvious that the boy was enjoying the role he was playing. How could a teenage boy grow so fond of masquerading as a girl?

“Paul is pretending to be a girl having her ninth birthday party,” Aunt Miriam said, “come to the table and we will have all the lovely things that little boys and girls like so well.”



“Sit here!” The governess pointed to chairs at the middle of the table opposite a huge birthday cake. She put bibs on all three boys.

“You would like some sweets?” Melanie asked Peter and quickly set a plate of gooey sweet mush before him. She started to feed him as his aunt and governess began to feed Paul and Jean.

There were many sweet things set before them and it was not long before the childish goodies had begun to upset Peter's stomach. Still Melanie kept spooning one mouthful after another into him.

Suddenly Paul grew pale and in another moment asked to be taken to the toilet. Jean too was pale, but remained grimly silent in his seat.

“Please Melanie,” Peter gulped, “no more, thank you.” However, Melanie persisted in stuffing him until he felt distinctly ill. Paul, white and shaking, was led back to the room.

“Tut, tut, Paul, you see how bad it is to be a glutton,” Aunt Miriam taunted. His makeup was quite messed up; even his wig was slightly awry.

Soon the ‘party’ was over and the boys were led upstairs to their rooms.

Peter was painfully aware of the nip of his corset and the queasy feeling in his stomach as Melanie slipped off his dress and petticoats. She allowed him to use the toilet and then had him stand while she removed his corset and replaced it with one of his waist cinchers. She dressed him for sleep in a dainty little lace edged nightie.

He dropped into bed exhausted, but deeply disturbed at the strange dress, play time and mock birthday party.

What was his aunt trying to do to him? Dimly he could guess. He had felt utterly helpless, totally subject to her manipulations. Well, she might weaken him with these tricks, but she could never make him want to be a girl! Even as he resolved on this, he could not resist feeling the delicate fabric of his nightie and touching the fragile lace at its hem. Troubled, he finally fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER 16 - THE PICNIC

The pattern of his life was now set. He would sleep in a nightgown, bra and cincher. Then, after his bath in the morning, he was dressed in a cincher or a beribboned corset. Then he would have to choose a pair of panties and a slip or petticoats and Melanie would choose a dress for him. Always he wore a tight cache sex.

For a while, he was allowed a smock for their outings to the park. The first time he was taken out in a dress, Melanie and M'selle had to drag him from the house.

Once they got him outside, he realized the hopelessness of his position, and he tried to act like a real girl in order to avoid discovery.

However, once he reached the park, most of the regulars knew him to be a boy and he blushed red and tried to avoid looking them in the eye.

As he was forced to appear dressed as a girl, he tried hard to rid himself of mannerisms that might disclose that he was a boy. To his relief and chagrin, he found that he could pass convincingly as a girl.

Melanie helped him develop girlish mannerisms and appeared to delight in dressing him up in dainty girls' clothes. She took him to the gym daily, where the strange exercises soon enlarged his pectoral muscles. Yes, he recognized that they were feminizing him, but he could see no way to escape. He had no clothes or money and they had those horrible pictures.







Sometimes Melanie beat him with the cane; a few times she gagged his mouth with a pair of panties during the beating. Despite his every effort to resist, he found himself looking in the mirror, concerned about how good a job he was doing of impersonating a girl. He was concerned because he feared both exposure and punishment.

At any sign of disobedience, M'selle caned him soundly. At first he was confused because Paul and Jean were seldom dressed as girls, but then he decided that his aunt probably wanted them to grow up as boys so she could enjoy changing them forcibly as she was him.

He wrote letters home, but they did not tell how he was forced to dress. The thought of his sister and his friends at school finding out always made him fearful and upset.

His cousin Jacques wrote of interesting trips with Peter's sister that it embarrassed him to read.

One morning as Melanie was helping him into a little lacy chemise, panties and petticoat, she told him, "Today we are going on a picnic."

"Where Melanie," he asked. He hoped it would not be a very public place.

"That will be a surprise, Priscilla."

He blushed. It was so embarrassing for him to be called by his girl friend's name.

"You know," she said feeling his waist, "one day you will be able to do without a corset!"

"You mean my waist will stay small?" he gasped.

"Yes, of course," she laughed.



His mind whirled. How would he be able to face his friends at school! He sighed — better not to worry about that now. There was nothing he could do.

He stepped into the petticoat she was offering. He hated being dressed up as a girl, yet somehow he found it a thrill to handled by this lovely maid.

Melanie suggested he put on his short white socks and his black strap shoes. He got into the socks and tight shoes with much rustling of his petticoats as he struggled with the shoehorn.

She held out his dress and he slipped his arms into it. He watched in the mirror as Melanie tugged it down and shook it out. Up to this point he had accepted the inevitable. However, as he stared at his reflection, he saw how much he had been transformed, and it angered him. The dress was so short and the petticoats so flared, that it would be impossible for him to keep his panties hidden.

Melanie combed his lengthening hair and dressed it neatly into curls and a young girl's ringlets. She freshened his make-up and sprayed him with perfume, then led him down to breakfast. His cousins, used to seeing him in a dress, were preoccupied with the coming picnic. Peter was irritated to see that they were both dressed in boy's clothes, but he silently ate his breakfast.

Aunt Miriam entered the room and glanced approvingly at her nephew.

"We are going to have such fun," she announced, "Simon is coming and Barrie too!" Peter grimaced; he remembered that Barrie had last seen him when he was being caned in girl's clothes.

“Some other boys are coming as well,” she added to his intense alarm. He lost all appetite at this announcement. He dreaded meeting other boys. He hoped desperately his girl's clothes would fool them.

They were readied for the outing and his aunt's car was brought to the front of the house. He was relieved that he would not have to walk far in public. The governess and his aunt reclined in the back seat. Paul sat in the front with the chauffeur and the maid. Peter carefully smoothed his his dress as he sat in one of the tip-up seats next to Jean. He was careful, but could not help the petticoat lifting his short dress in the front as he sat. In any case Jean took no notice, only the governess frowned as he struggled to pull the dress down to cover his panties.

They drove first to Simon's house, where his mother's car was waiting. Simon came to greet them. He was in a light silk flowered print frock without sleeves, which hung from his shoulders leaving a broad expanse of his chest and back bare. Peter could see the straps of his slip and brassiere and smell his perfume as he leaned into the car.

Before Peter could resist, Simon planted a warn kiss on his cheek. Peter drew away hastily. Simon smiled, and M'selle Faber frowned.

“Bon jour, Madame,” Simon gushed, then leaned forward to kiss Aunt Miriam. Peter noticed that Barrie was with Simon and he had to endure another feminine kiss of greeting from her. She smiled and winked at him. He was sure that she recognized him as the boy she had seen being caned.

Soon they were en route again, now with two cars. Peter realized the worst was yet to come, and indeed in a few minu-



tes they stopped to meet another car driven by a woman his aunt's age. Peter was horrified to see the two Stoddard boys from Hollymere School get out. They were in their school uniforms, wearing caps and blazers and long gray trousers. Peter swallowed hard and futilely pulled at his short skirt as the English boys came to shake hands.

Later, yet a fourth group was added, consisting of a lady and her husband with Patrick, their sixteen-year-old son. The boy was in the very short pants of a much younger child and he wore a beret set at a jaunty angle. The two English boys seemed vastly amused at the French boy's ensemble. Peter shuddered to think of what they would think of him if they knew he was a boy as well.

As the cars headed into the country, Peter worried, anticipating all sorts of embarrassments. They drove to a lake south of Paris and in all too short a time they were established on the shore. Peter watched the two Stoddard boys warily. They strode about in their long trousers and Peter was becoming ever more conscious of the oddity of his own costume and of his short mincing gait. They made sly comments in English about the French boy in the beret and very short trousers. Peter was full of anxiety of them discovering him to be a boy in girl's panties and petticoats. However, they seemed to be completely deceived by his disguise. No doubt his extremely girlish waist and long hair looked authentic.

Did Barrie recognize him? Did she know that both he and Simon were boys? He gritted his teeth, praying that she not give them away.



His two cousins were soon exploring among the bushes. Barrie, the French boy and the grown-ups fussed with the baskets and preparations for lunch.

Peter, Simon and the two English boys, Tom and Billy, sat and talked together while lunch was being prepared. Tom and Billy were paying most attention to Simon — or Simone as they called him. Peter noticed that Simon was presenting the most extremely feminine mannerisms. He would smooth his light summer frock elaborately before sitting down and he simpered and giggled coquettishly, attempting to carry off his disguise. This only gained him more of the English schoolboys' attention. Soon it was apparent the boys were vying for 'Simone's' affection!

Peter watched horrified as Tom finally won out and persuaded the girlishly disguised boy to go walking with him among the trees. Peter shuddered as Tom reached out and took 'her' hand.

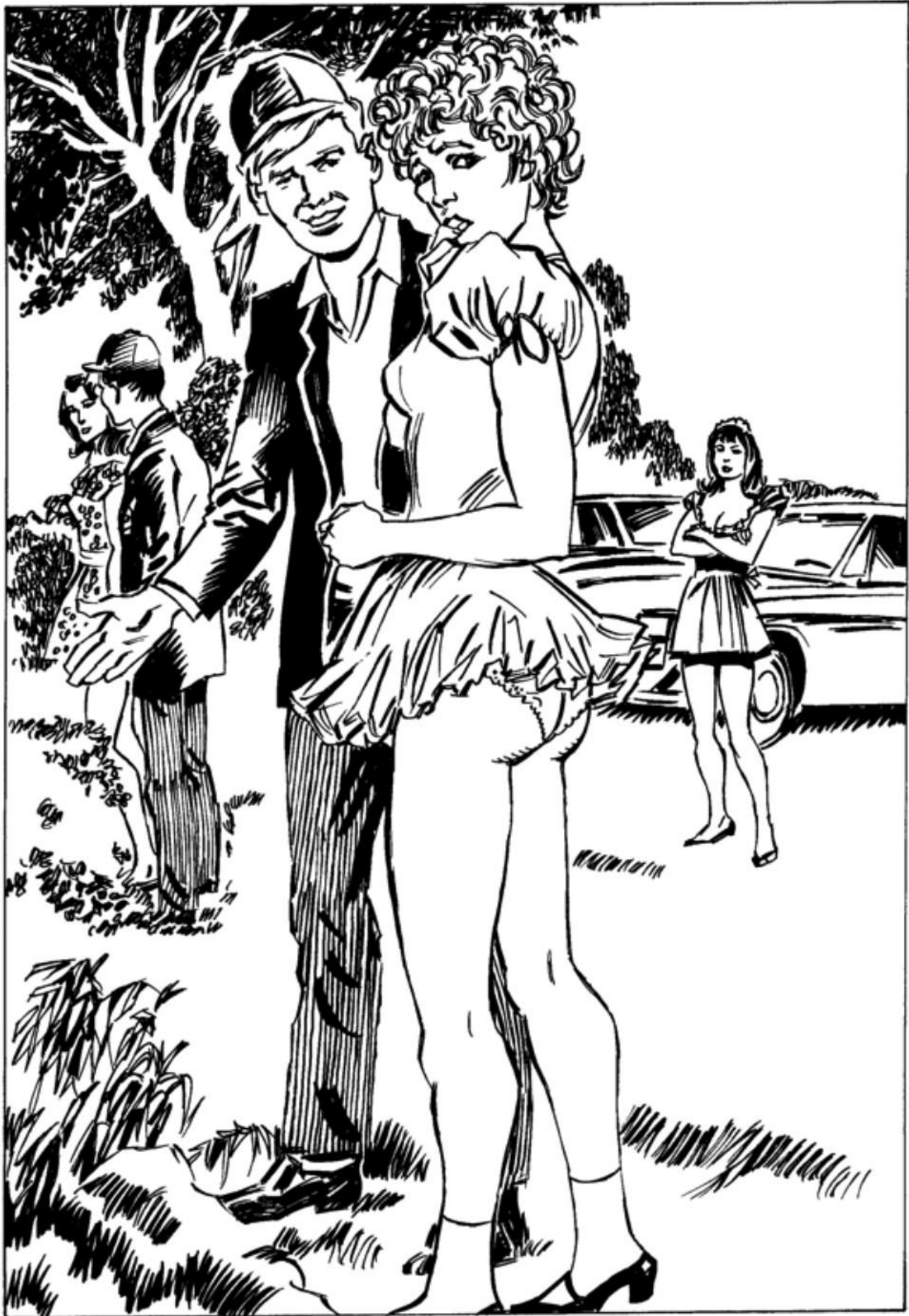
Billy turned his attention to Peter. Alarmed, he found himself using exaggerated feminine mannerisms as Simon had done. Billy was obviously intrigued by Peter and to his dismay said, "Priscilla, you seem much younger than when we last met." Peter blushed furiously and tugged down on the hem of his short dress futilely.

"That's a very pretty dress," Billy added, then glanced coolly at the short white socks and black shoes. Peter flushed and sought words.

"Aunt Miriam chooses my clothes," he did not add that he hated wearing girl's clothes either juvenile or grown-up!

"Would you care to go for a walk with me?" Billy asked, blushing a little himself.





“No thank you,” Peter said almost wrathfully.

“Priscilla!” Melanie’s voice sounded behind him. He was startled. “Priscilla, come with me, please!”

Nervously Peter got to his feet. “Yes, Miss,” he blurted, “Billy, excuse me please.” He wondered what Melanie wanted.

“Come along,” she said and led him back to where the cars were parked. She got into the car and beckoned him after her. “Come in here!”

Peter, puzzled, got in to the car.

“It’s not proper to refuse a young gentleman when he asks so politely!”

“Yes Miss!” he answered. She pushed the tip-up seats closed and made him kneel on the floor. She reached under his dress and he felt her tugging on his panties. He swallowed hard. “Please Miss, don’t spank me,” he pleaded, looking fearfully round as she lowered his panties to his knees.

“You must learn proper manners,” Melanie said. “Now monsieur, lie over my lap. Be careful not to cry and mess your makeup.” Peter lay over her lap quivering in frustration and fear. She gave him five hard strokes with her hand on his bare bottom as he bit his lip to keep from crying.

“Now get out of the car,” Melanie said.

“But my panties!” Peter responded fearfully. “I must put them back on.”

“You may put them back on after you get out of the car,” said Melanie with a grin.





Peter got out of the car, hastily retrieved his panties and pulled them back into place with a great display of petticoat hems.

He looked up as he finished and saw Billy watching him from the picnic area. Peter had never been so embarrassed. He dropped his gaze and wished he could die right there. What had Billy seen? He allowed Melanie to lead him back towards the picnic and to Billy's side. Peter continued to avoid Billy's eyes and stared at the ground his face blazing red.

"So glad you came back," Billy bowed gallantly. "Won't you join me for a walk, Priscilla?" he pleaded.

Melanie squeezed Peter's arm.

Walking with Billy was the last thing he wanted to do, however he simpered, "Oh Yes, thank you."

Melanie smiled as the boy took Peter's arm and led him into the woods.

"You are a very pretty girl!" Billy complemented.

"Thank you," Peter quavered hardly able to control his voice. What had Billy seen?

They came to a log. Billy sat, and to Peter's dismay, drew him down beside him. In minutes the flustered and frightened boy found that Billy was putting his arm round his waist. Peter shuddered with disgust as the boy moved a rough trousered knee against his own bare leg.

"Oh don't, please!"

"Let me have a little kiss!"

Peter's mind was in turmoil. He was repulsed, but he feared a scene and another spanking.

The boy's face drew nearer and his strong arms pressed him closer. Billy sought his mouth. Reluctantly, Peter allowed their lips to meet.

Billy put both arms around him and half kneeling pressed their mouths together tighter. Then to Peter's horror he forced his tongue right inside.

'Priscilla' was horrified, "Please don't!" he gasped pushing the boy away.

"But you are such a pretty girl," Billy said, and then dropped a hand to 'Priscilla's' perfumed knee. Peter was terrified. Billy's hand was reaching under his dress. He struggled, but Billy was strong and determined to force his hand under Peter's dress.

"Please Prissy," he whispered hoarsely, "please let me see your panties again!"

Peter closed his legs tightly. His head swirled. Billy had seen him putting his panties back on!

"Please, please! I have already seen them once. Just let me see them again."

"Oh no! Stop!" Peter begged as Billy forced his hand up his leg.

"I will if you let me see your panties!" Billy insisted.

Fearfully Peter wondered if the cache sex would hide his true sex from this forceful boy.





“All right, I will show you if you take away your hand,” he gasped.

He allowed Billy to pull up his dress and petticoats. The excited boy stared at Peter's lacy silk panties. His hand reached out to touch them.

“Stop now!” Peter exclaimed and pushed down the dress.

“Please just let me touch your panties,” the boy implored. His excited face was quite red.

Peter knew that this was getting to a critical stage, for he had attempted the same himself with his girl friends. He firmly pushed Billy's hand away.

Billy tried again to reach under his dress. It was with difficulty that Peter restrained the excited boy.

Peter restrained the excited boy.

“Please let me see your panties again, Prissy,” he pleaded.

Peter felt a strange thrill of power. “Will you behave?” he asked.

“Oh yes, yes! Please show me!”

Peter allowed the boy to lift his dress and petticoats.

Billy was bending down to peep, and then suddenly he was on his knees, gazing raptly at the exposed panties. Peter pushed down his dress, fearful of discovery. Still kneeling, Billy asked excitedly, “Just once more?”

Peter, feeling more in control, lifted his dress and Billy hastily lifted the petticoats. Before he could stop him, Billy had leaned forward and kissed the crotch of his panties.



Peter pushed the boy away in terror with finality.

Billy stood up breathing hard.

“Oh thank you Priscilla,” he said, “That was simply marvelous!”

Peter was utterly relieved. He had not been discovered.

Billy embraced him again and ‘Priscilla’ took a step back towards the path. Billy yielded to the suggestion and began to lead Peter back.

“Thank you,” he kept muttering. They returned to the picnic site, and in a moment, despite Billy’s obvious reluctance to part, Melanie took Peter aside and said, “See, we will make a girl of you yet.”

“Oh no, please Melanie, don’t even think such things,” Peter pleaded.

“Come my sweet ‘Priscilla’ we must get back.”

They rejoined the others. His emotions were in turmoil. Another boy had treated him like a girl. He had acted the role to protect his identity. It was horrible. Yet he felt a deep inexplicable excitement. The memory of the boy kneeling before him gave him a strange feeling of power. Older boys at his own school would only talk with him when he was up for a caning.

It was soon lunchtime and Simon returned with Tom. Peter noticed how red they both looked and how guilty. Peter had no appetite. He just played with his food. He shuddered to watch how Tom and Billy played with his food. He shuddered to watch how Tom and Billy tormented the immaturely dressed French boy. If they ever knew about him ...



After the others had finished eating, Simon took Peter apart and asked him if Billy had done anything to him. Peter hesitated, but he could not resist sharing his woe with someone sympathetic, even Simon.

“He was rough,” he whispered angrily, “he insisted on sticking his tongue into my mouth.”

“Oh! So did Tom!”

“He wanted to see my panties too,” Peter said, unconsciously pushing down on his short, full skirt.

“So did Tom! Did he find out?”

“No, he didn’t, even though he kissed me on the front of my panties!”

“Is that all?” said Simon surprised. “The older boys at the military academy make us ‘bend over’ quite often, and that’s what Tom Stoddard did to me.”

“You mean he caned you?” Peter was puzzled.

“No stupid, he took my panties down and took me from behind. Simon shuddered, obviously not pleased.”

Peter was aghast. Though he had heard of similar things at his own school, he had never experienced it. Such treatment was reserved for the worst sissies.

“Did he remove your cache sex?” Peter asked.

“No silly, mine is rubber with no back to it. He asked about it, but I told him I had to wear it for female reasons.”

“Did he find out you were a boy?”



“Certainly not!” said Simon angrily; “I wouldn’t let him touch me in front. I just took my panties down and let him do it even though it hurt terribly. It is fun though to make a big boy plead and beg.”

Peter caught his breath for he had felt that power.

“I’m sorry about taking your shorts in the park. Did you get punished for fighting with those boys?”

“Er, no!” Peter lied. He was not going to tell Simon everything.

M’selle Faber came over. “Simone, Priscilla, less whispering. We will have Simone over to lunch and you can gossip then — girls!”

She smiled sarcastically at Peter who squirmed at being referred to in the feminine gender. “For now, we must go home.”

Barrie came over and took Peter’s hand. “Let’s walk to the cars together, Prissy,” she smiled. So conditioned had Peter become at being bossed by females, he allowed her to lead him away.

“You look so cute in that little dress, Peter” she began. Peter’s heart sank — he was discovered. “I prefer it to those shorts velvet pants you had on the day we were first at your house. Though it is no nicer than the little dress you wore for your caning.”

Peter blushed scarlet, utterly humiliated.

“Do you wear dresses all the time now?”

“Nnoo!” Peter quavered.



“Do you like wearing girl’s dresses?”

“Certainly not!” Peter hissed emphatically.

“Let me see your panties,” she asked still grinning.

“No, I won’t,” Peter angrily stomped his foot. “That’s horrible, how can you even suggest such a thing.”

“Well, I heard Billy bragging that you showed them to him. I thought that if you didn’t mind showing your panties to a boy then how could you object to showing them to another girl.”

Peter was stunned. He didn’t want Barrie to see his panties, yet so used had he become to standing still for Melanie’s ministrations, that he did not move when she reached forward and pulled up his dress and petticoats.

“Prettier than Simon’s — your panties I mean.”

Peter stood horrified as she lifted his dress all round before letting it drop. She smoothed down the dress and petticoat.

“Lovely ‘Peter’ or should I say ‘Prissy’.”

She laughed at Peter’s distressed expression

“Never mind Priscilla! You’ll get used to it. You’ll get to enjoy it. Simon does but he wouldn’t admit it for a second.”

“I won’t like it,” Peter gritted determinedly.

“Yes you will,” said Barrie. They had arrived at Peter’s car and he was afraid to be overheard arguing, however, as he stepped in he whispered, “Oh no, I won’t.”



CHAPTER 17 - SHOPPING AGAIN

For days after the picnic, Peter wondered at his experiences and particularly the strange feeling of power they had aroused. His feminine mannerisms, under the governess's supervision, were becoming habitual, and he was becoming used to carrying off the deception with confidence. He could dress himself, except for the corsets and bras, and he had a wide variety of little girls' clothes to choose from. He was even beginning to like the feel of silk and satin, but he hated the inquiring looks of strangers who wondered why a girl was being dressed in clothes obviously much too immature for her. He smarted at the sly grins of his cousins and of the boys and girls in the park who knew his real gender. He was totally crushed by the teasing he received from Simon's little sister whenever she was in the park.

Many times he thought of the Stoddards and longed for a pair of gray school uniform pants like theirs. Even the cap that he used to consider a nuisance seemed desirable now.

He thought often of how Billy had treated him like a girl; it infuriated him that he had been so thoroughly trained by his aunt. Yet he was glad Billy had not discovered his real gender even at close quarters. It made his outings less embarrassing knowing that most people would accept him as a girl.

Bitter thoughts of his own school friends would assail him as he imagined them spending their holidays dressed casually in shirts and trousers and enjoying all a boy's pursuits. He recalled that one boy in his school, John MacNab, would not be in trousers, for he wore kilts for some reason. The idea that he was not alone gave him scant relief, for John MacNab was the object of many jokes and much ribbing about his kilt. If his school mates ever found out about Peter's dresses ...

He was left little time to ponder, however, as his return to England approached, the ladies worked him harder than ever to perfect his feminine disguise. In spite of it all, each day his excitement grew. Soon he would be back in pants!

It was only three short days before the end of his vacation that Melanie gave him with the news that he was to be dressed like a girl of his own age. The prospect delighted him. Peter knew that wearing clothes more fitting his age would make him less an object of curious stares on his public walks. She took him to his room and helped him out of his short juvenile dress, full petticoat, shoes and socks, waist cincher, lacy panties and training bra.

“You have few choices. You only have two skirts,” Melanie pointed out and took them from his wardrobe.

“Which will it be, the brown or the tweed?” she asked.

“The brown one,” he replied without hesitation.

“You will not be wearing a corset.”

“No, Melanie?”

“No, just a brassiere, panties and slip! Select undies that a girl your age would wear.”

“Yes, Melanie,” he pondered, and then took brief nylon panties from the drawer.

“Excellent,” she said, and produced a brief garment for holding up his stockings. “This is one of my own garter belts, so take care of it,” she warned.

“Oh, I will,” Peter promised.

“Your little cache sex must be changed too.”

“How do you mean, Melanie?” he asked anxiously.

She held up a rubber garment.

“This little rubber sheath, the color of your skin, is tighter and better concealing.”

He stared at the feminizing garment, “Tighter!” he said, dismayed.

She helped him struggle into the small rubber cache sex. It was completely seatless and backless, but for the thin waistband.

“You will find even the brief panties you’ve chosen will conceal it,” she pronounced. “Slip on your panties.”

He did so and he could see in the mirror his outline had been effectively smoothed. The new cache sex was like a second skin, fitting tightly and snugly.

“Now your brassiere. It’s time you learned to put it on yourself.”

“Yes Melanie.”

“You may need a few tries before you succeed. It is not easy at first.”

He tried several times to fasten the brassiere at the back and did at length succeed.

“You can adjust the straps.”

He fumbled at first, but learned how to do it. Even now in panties and bra with his long hair and make-up, he could see in the mirror that he could easily be mistaken for a girl. It was astonishing and infuriating, but it was quite apparent.



Mechanically he rolled on the stockings and, with Melanie's help, adjusted the suspenders of her garter belt through the legs of his panties until the stockings were tight and smooth.

“Now Priscilla — select your slip.”

He went through another drawer and selected a fairly plain satin slip and put it on. He got goose bumps as he pulled the delicate slip down over his chest and it settled around his waist and hips, barely covering his panties.

He opened the skirt and stepped into it. He pulled it up, and after straightening out his slip, he zipped up the rear zipper and buttoned the skirt at his waist. The summer of tight corsets and waist cinchers had left him with a greatly narrowed waist. Even without the corset, his waist looked petite and girlish. He wondered how he would fit into his school uniforms when he returned to England in a few days. He wasn't sure, but he was still very excited at the prospect of getting back home and into his own clothes.

“Would you prefer this or this?” Melanie held up two blouses. One was very frilly and ornate, the other quite plain.

Nervously he chose the plainer blouse. A frown crossed Melanie's face. Hastily he changed his mind and took the delicately frilled blouse and very reluctantly put it on. Once more he glanced at his reflection. The blouse clung tightly to reveal the slight mounds caused by his brassiere and the lace of his slip.

Melanie combed his longish hair into a becoming 'page-boy' style with a fringe over his forehead.



He could not deny he looked like a real girl of sixteen or seventeen, particularly after Melanie finished 'improving' his make-up.

She brought him down to the living room. The medium high heels she had put on him felt tight and awkward on the stairs.

"Priscilla!" His aunt greeted his entrance enthusiastically. "How splendid you look. Sit here beside me." Without giving it a thought, he smoothed his skirt under himself, and he sat down daintily as he had been taught.

"Priscilla, you will be delighted to know that I have decided to take you shopping again. Won't that be nice?" she asked.

Peter's heart sank. Why did he have to go shopping? Could she be planning to buy more girls' clothes for him to wear? Why did he need them? Soon he would be returning home, and he already had more than enough girls' clothes. He just couldn't stand the humiliation of having the young female sales clerks and the other shoppers know that his aunt dressed him as a girl. He sat sullenly silent.

His aunt frowned as he did not answer. "Won't that be nice?" she repeated. "You may select some clothes more suitable to your age." He hung his head in shame. She did plan to get him more girls' clothes.

"Won't that be nice?" Her voice was becoming menacing.

"Er ... he, yes Auntie," he blurted, "but please, I don't want to dress like a girl"

Aunt Miriam looked annoyed. "Have you forgotten your manners?"

He shifted uneasily in his chair. Mademoiselle Faber would undoubtedly have taken him for a caning had she heard his remark.

“Be careful of your tongue, young man!” his aunt said sternly. “You must try to enjoy the trip, so be on your best behavior or you will earn yourself another punishment.”

It was horribly unfair, but he had better do as his aunt wished. Glumly he ate breakfast.

M'selle Faber arrived and they went into the hall. Melanie touched up his hair and put a white straw hat on his head. Aunt Miriam was soon ready to leave and with M'selle on one side and his aunt on the other they made their way down the steps to the avenue. He shuddered as two boys glanced inquisitively at him.

He was very uncomfortable about his slip and bra being so visible through his sheer blouse. However, he soon regained his confidence and relaxed a little in the easy freedom of his plain brown skirt. The little panties felt very brief and his feet felt awkward and painful, but he felt enormous relief at being without a corset and in clothes fitting his age.

His aunt's warning still in his ears, he walked daintily, his hips swaying as Melanie had taught him. He could not help a strange feeling at the thought of getting ‘grown-up’ clothes. He wondered if he would have to select them all. With perverted pleasure, he thought how envious his horrid little sister would be of such an outing! The thought brought him an unpleasant reminder that he wasn't a girl, excited about a shopping expedition, but was a boy petticoated and pantied at the strange whim of his aunt.



They took a taxi from the Etoile to the Avenue St. Honore. Again they walked. Peter felt the pull of his stockings on his garter belt and the pinch of his shoes and once more mused on the way girls had to suffer for their pride. As they walked, his aunt insisted on stopping often, and Peter had to look with her at the elaborate Parisian fashions in the shop windows. Sometimes he caught himself wondering how this or that dress would look on him and he hastily put such effeminate thoughts from his mind.

At length they reached the special store. As they entered, Peter could not suppress a blush for he remembered vividly how furious he had been the last time and how he had rebelled in an attempt to preserve his masculine dignity. He also remembered how he had been punished for it and how he had ended up in dresses anyway. He felt angrily that they had indeed subdued him. He looked around and was dismayed at the number of boys who were in the store. Most of the boys had on pants or shorts and they were looking angry or embarrassed as girl's garments were held up to them.

Indeed the number of girls among the customers seemed few and he quickly discerned that at least some of these girls were boys dressed up like him. He was scarlet at the thought that others might be able to see through his disguise and know of his disgrace. Some boys did look knowingly at him and he shrank behind his aunt.

"Now Peter," his aunt brusquely addressed him, "you must choose some really pretty ensembles."

Peter was horrified to hear his aunt call him by his real name. He had hoped that he would be able to conceal his true sex from the clerks and the other shoppers. He looked around hastily to see who had noticed. Two boys were staring at him.



“Yes Peter, you must choose some really pretty girl's clothes to wear.”

There was no doubt that she was deliberately embarrassing him. He wanted to run out of the shop. He wished fervently that he could hide somewhere. He blushed to the roots of his hair. Some boys snickered and a little girl nearby whispered to her mother. He flushed red with embarrassment and lowered his eyes.

We will first look at some dresses.” She called over a young salesgirl. The French girl was very cute with a short skirt and tight blond curls. “This young man would like to select some dresses.” Peter winced as another boy looked round at him.

“Certainly! This way monsieur!” the smiling salesgirl said loudly. Her English was excellent.

Two ladies looked knowingly at Peter's aunt as he numbly turned and followed the girl to a rack of dresses.

Now all nearby had heard him addressed by a boy's name and the two ladies were even remarking on it to a young boy who was watching in bewilderment. Peter stood quietly as the young salesgirl took several dresses and skirts from the rack. He felt that all eyes in the store were on him.

“Come Peter! Select a few of these dresses and then you may try them on,” his aunt said.

Peter could not bring himself to select any of the dresses and his aunt said. “Miss, please hand Peter the dresses one by one and let him hold them up in front of himself before the mirror to help him with his choices.”





One by one Peter held the dresses up to himself. He was numb with humiliation and frustrated anger.

Finally his aunt said, "Peter which do you choose?"

"I don't want any of them!" he replied forcefully. "I will be going home in just a few days. What do I need dresses for anyway?"

"Peter, your manners," M'selle Faber said. "Perhaps you would like a spanking here in the store?"

Peter knew that she was capable of carrying out her horrible threat. He grabbed a few of the dresses quickly.

"Chose more carefully!" M'selle said.

Peter shivered and took his time, inspecting the dresses carefully. He gave several to the salesclerk. She smiled and indicated that he should remove his blouse and skirt. He looked at his aunt hopefully; however, she said, "Do what she says, dear."

To his dismay, Peter stepped out of his skirt and the clerk removed his blouse. He could hardly believe that he had been reduced to his lingerie in this store again.

The young clerk smiled as he flushed, then helped him into one of the dresses and zipped it up the back.

"It is lovely, but loose in the chest," his aunt said.

"Well he is underdeveloped for a girl his age," said the clerk holding out the material at the chest of the dress. "We really need to fill him out if these dresses are to fit properly."



She unzipped the dress and Peter removed it.

'Fill him out,' now what? He thought.

"I think you are right. What do you have?" his aunt asked.

"We have everything from simple pads to prosthetics which are virtually indistinguishable from the real thing," said the clerk.

"I am curious, let's see how real you can make them look," his aunt said.

The girl smiled, left briefly and returned with two breasts! "These are the latest. They are skin tone, they have realistic nipples and they attach to the chest with adhesive that will last for weeks. They look and feel like real breasts. Would you like for me to put them on him?"

Peter was terrified, "Oh please Auntie, don't stick those things on my chest. I couldn't stand it."

"You will do what your aunt says, you horrid boy!" M'selle Faber said angrily. "Your impertinence has earned you a spanking. Come here!"

This just isn't fair, Peter thought. She just can't spank me here in front of all of these people. However, he knew that the longer he tried to defy M'selle Faber, the worse his punishment would be. Humiliated and terrified he walked to his governess. She sat and reached up under his slip. OH NO! He thought, knowing what was next. Sure enough, she drew his panties down his legs and into view. Then she laid him down across her lap and she pulled up his slip.



By this time a crowd of curious shoppers had surrounded them. He could see their smiling faces and hear their cheerful conversations, however, he could understand little of their French. Blushing furiously and trembling with fear, Peter lay across her lap.

WHAP! Her hand descended across his bare rear. He vowed he would not yell out or cry.

SWACK! Again her hand fell.

Eight more times she struck him. His rear was on fire. “Now will you do as we ask, Monsieur,” M’selle asked with her hand raised in the air.

Peter could hear the laughter of the crowd as the governess mockingly referred to him in his proper gender.

“OH YES! I will do as you ask. I am sorry,” Peter managed to get out without sobbing.

“Very well then, since you objected so much to having these breasts stuck on, you can demonstrate your obedience by letting the clerk put them on you here in front of these people instead of in private behind a dressing screen.”

Were there no limits to this woman’s cruelty? He must get away. He couldn’t take off his slip and brassiere in front of all these people. He couldn’t allow them to see those falsies attached to his chest. They all knew he was a BOY! Peter started struggling, desperately.

M’selle gripped him harder and resumed the spanking. His self-control was completely gone. He cursed and kicked his legs and cried in pain. After ten more strokes, M’selle paused to say, “I will continue to spank you until you promise to obey.”



Peter's rear was burning with pain. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. He said, "I beg you please stop."

"Are you ready to try on the breasts?"

"YES! YES! Just stop spanking me!"

M'selle Faber let him go. He stood, rearranged his disheveled slip and rubbed his sore rear. He had lost his panties entirely while he was kicking and struggling. His aunt had them and she handed them to him.

"You may put your panties back on, Peter," she said to the great amusement of the shoppers.

"Yes Peter, don't cry," one young boy laughed, "You may put your panties back on now."

Peter glared at the mocking boy with pure hatred. He longed to give him a beating for his impertinence. However, he dared not fight for fear of another spanking.

"Now Peter," his aunt said, "Take down your slip and remove your brassiere."

She really intended to make him do it. He stood motionless, unable to follow her instructions. The sales clerk finally drew his slip off his shoulders. She left it hanging doubled up over his hips.

Peter looked at his aunt pleadingly, hoping for some pity. "Now take off your brassiere, Nephew," she ordered.

Furious, he reached behind and unhooked his bra. He took it off and quickly crossed his arms over his chest.





“Please put your arms by your sides,” asked the clerk. Peter dropped his arms and clenched his fists. The summer of rich foods, tight lacing and of Melanie’s massages and manipulations had made his chest swell slightly, and he was quite self-conscious about it.

“He looks like a natural AAA cup said the clerk. These will increase that to a C. He will need new brassieres.”

“Isn’t that exciting, Peter. We can buy you some new bra’s next,” said his aunt.

Peter was speechless. He didn’t want those things stuck to him.

“This adhesive will not dissolve in water,” the clerk said, applying it to his chest and the breasts, “you must use a special solvent in order to remove it. You should take them off at least once each week to let his skin breath.” She approached him with the first breast.

Peter raised his arms to fend her off, but his aunt and governess grabbed him and held him tight. The first breast was applied.

“They should be faded into his skin with make-up,” the clerk said as she applied the second. “You must do that at home with his own powder.” The breasts were heavy and had dark nipples with auroras around them. They looked absolutely natural.

“Voila, he is done.”



Peter's chest now supported a perfectly natural looking pair of breasts. The crowd applauded the young salesgirl's skill and Peter tried to stare at the floor without looking at his new chest.

"Look in the mirror at your fine new breasts, Peter," ordered his aunt.

Peter reluctantly looked up at his reflection in the mirror. He was shocked! He had breasts! They were bigger than his sister's, as big as his mother's. He put a hand to one. It felt as real as it looked.

The clerk got a new brassiere and helped Peter put it on and adjust the straps. Then she pulled up his slip, helped him back into the dress and zipped it up.

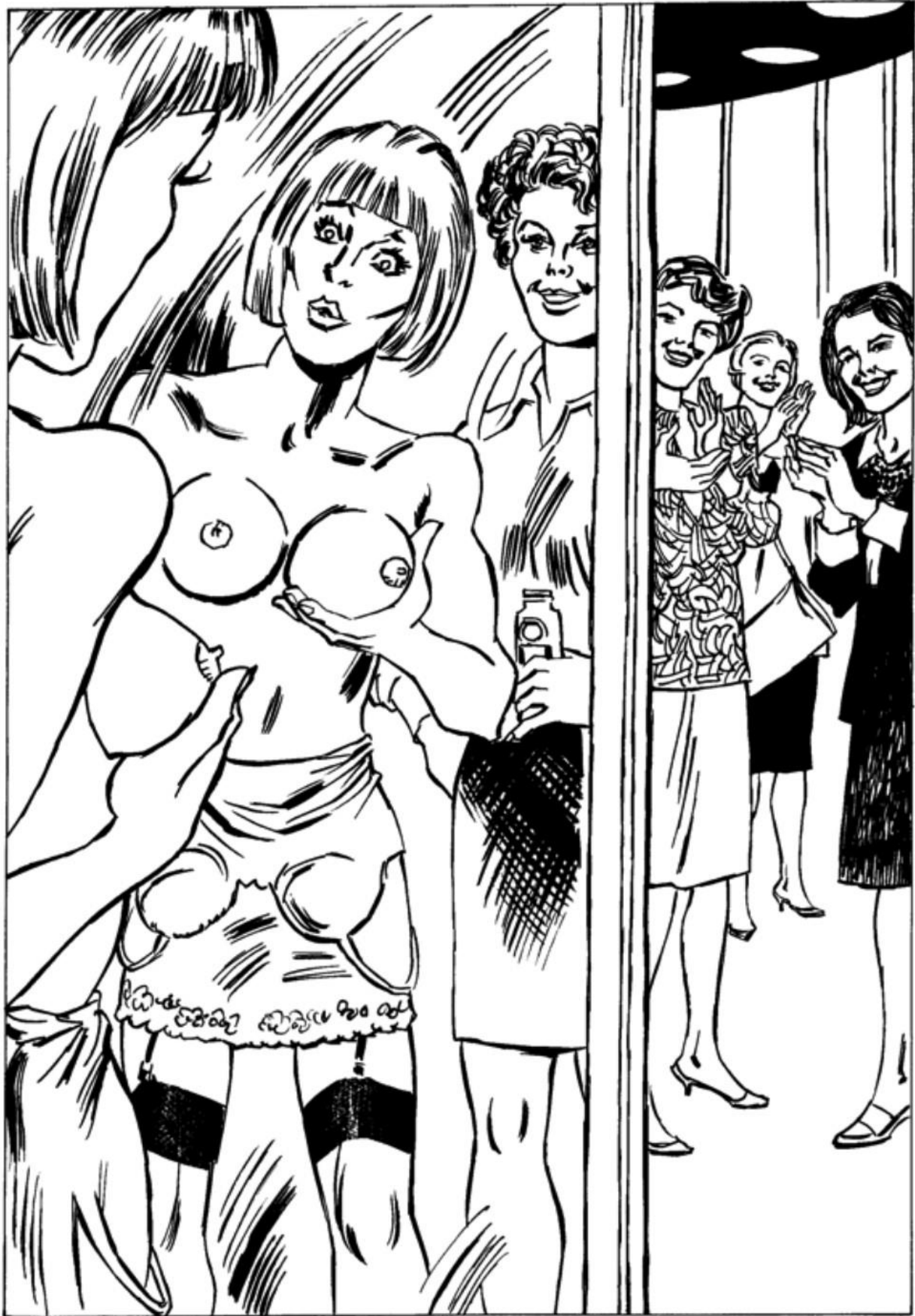
"Isn't that a much better fit?" she asked.

"That is just perfect. Don't you think so, Peter?" his aunt said with a smile.

"Yes, Auntie," Peter was beyond protesting. He was scandalized at his appearance. He couldn't believe that all these people had seen him, a BOY being fitted for breasts and a brassiere.

"We will take all of the dresses he selected. Please send them and his skirt and blouse as well. He will be wearing his new dress home."

His face and rear burning, Peter walked out of the store with his aunt and governess. He felt awkward walking because the heavy breasts changed his balance on the high heels. He had to walk with an exaggerated sway of his hips in order to not fall.





They got a taxi and returned home. As they arrived, he wondered how Melanie and his cousins would react when they saw how he had been changed. As he entered the house, Melanie stared at him and started gushing her approval. “Mon cher, you are très bon. You have the breasts of a real girl.”

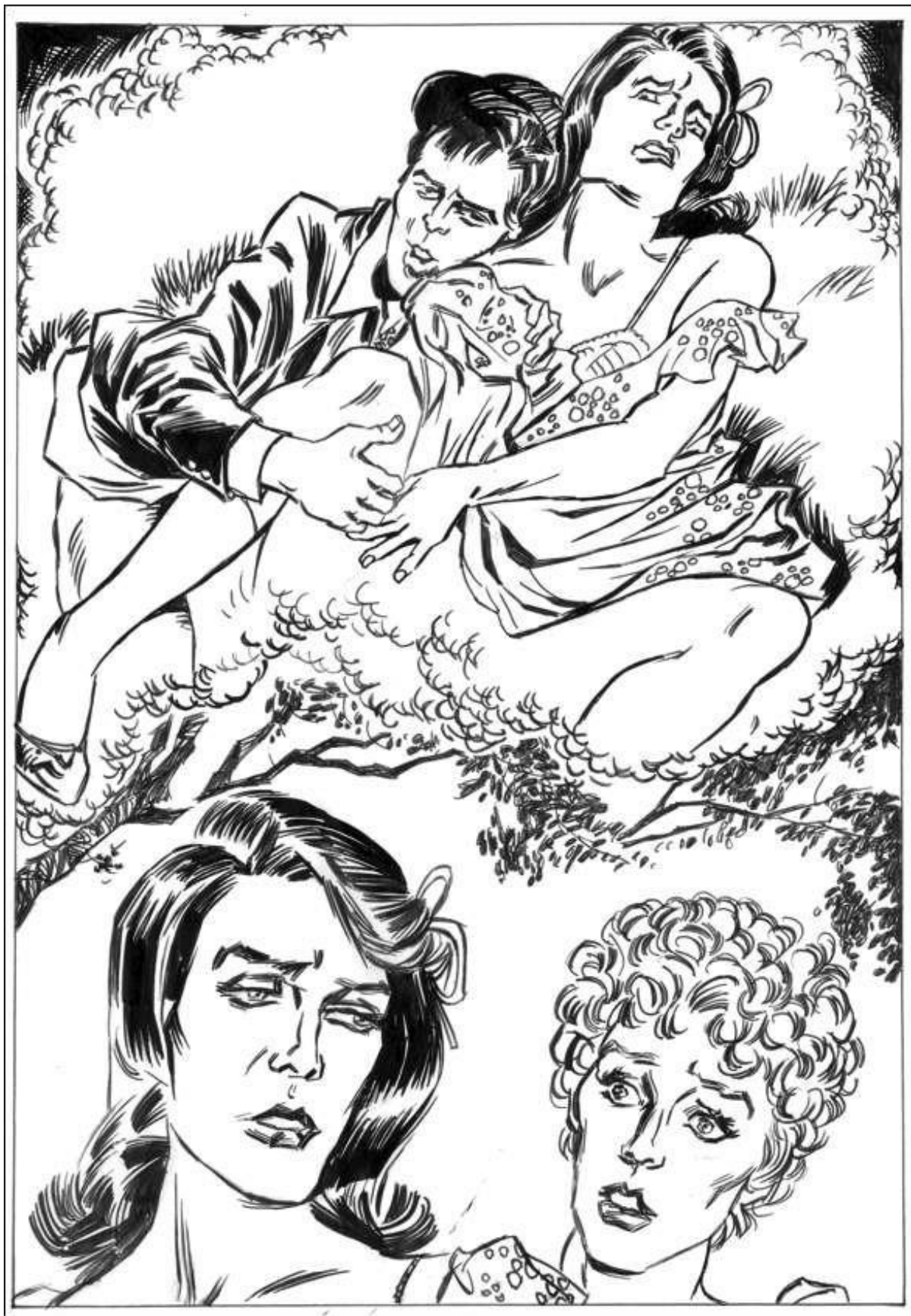
His cousins came to see as well. Peter feared that they would mock him, but they stared in an apparent mixture of fear and admiration. They had been taught all their lives to obey and respect women. Now that Peter looked so much like a real girl, they seemed to fear to tease him.

THE END OF VOLUME FOUR

**IF YOU HAVE READ THIS FAR, YOU
WILL SURELY WANT TO READ THE
CONCLUSION OF ‘PETER’S VACATION
IN PANTIES’ IN VOLUME FIVE.**



Peter dressing for the picnic by Puyal and BJ



Simon with Tom by Puyal



Barrie lifts Peter's dress by Puyal