

PETER'S VACATION Volume 5
By Carole Jean



PETER'S VACATION

VOLUME FIVE

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KINDLE EDITION

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CHAPTER 18 - MELANIE'S PUNISHMENT

Peter spent the remainder of the day going through the routine that had become so familiar to him, however, the two very unfamiliar additions to his chest made everything seem very different. He kept glancing down at his breasts. He just couldn't believe how real they looked. He felt off balance when he walked, and, when he sat to eat dinner, they blocked his vision of his plate. After eating he went into the living room where his cousins played on the floor like children and Peter was allowed to sit and talk with his aunt as a young adult.

They talked about Peter's entire trip to Paris that summer - the people he had met and the things that he had done. He was quite uncomfortable talking about the Stoddard boys, Simon and the French girls, but he was pleased when he was allowed to remain and talk even after his two cousins were taken off to be readied for bed.

Finally, over an hour later, Aunt Miriam announced that it was time for Peter to be prepared for bed as well. Melanie went upstairs with him and helped him off with his clothes and into his nightgown. His dark nipples peeped through the gown. He could not find a comfortable position in which to sleep. His breasts always seemed to be in the way. He passed a fitful night.

In the morning Melanie woke him and took him to the bathroom. As always she stayed in the room and drew his bath as he used the toilet and as he took off his clothes. She smiled as she bathed him, humming cheerfully to herself. After he dried himself off, she took him back to his room, applied just a touch of lipstick and helped him into his cache sex. Then she handed him a pair of frilly white lace panties that Peter did not

remember wearing before. He was curious about them, but, conditioned as he was to following orders, he meekly put them on.

Melanie opened the door of Peter's bedroom that led to the hall and cooed, "Follow me Monsieur Peter, today you will be dressing in a new place."

Peter was startled. "Melanie, I always dress in my room."

"Not today, 'Priscilla'"

Peter glared at her for calling him by that hateful name. He didn't want to leave his room like this, but, when she held out her arm for him, he allowed her to lead him out of his bedroom and into the hall. When they passed the bathroom, Peter could stand it no longer. "Where are you taking me, Melanie?"

"Your questions will all be answered soon enough. For now, just follow me."

Peter felt terribly embarrassed to be walking through the house wearing only panties. He crossed his arms over his artificial breasts and looked around nervously.

"Melanie, I am almost naked. Can't I have a robe or a towel?"

"Don't worry. We will be there soon."

She led the puzzled boy through the halls to the servant's quarters. She opened a door and led Peter into a small room. It was very feminine. It smelled of perfume and was clearly decorated for a young woman. It was painted a pale pastel and was filled with lots of lace, ruffles and satin.

"Where are we, Melanie?"

"This is my room, Monsieur. You will be dressing here today."

Peter didn't understand. "Why will I be dressing here?"



"Don't you like my room?"

"Yes it is very lovely, but my clothes are in my room, not here.

"Just wait and you will see."

Melanie left the panty-clad boy and drew some garments out of her drawers. "First let's see how my bra fits your new chest," she said as she selected a brassiere. She brought it to Peter and watched as he put it on. To his dismay, it was a perfect fit.

Melanie smiled and said, "Your breasts are just like mine, now try my garter belt." She handed him one of her garter belts and he fastened it around his waist. It too fit him just fine.

"All the months of tight lacing have given you a waist as narrow as mine," Melanie said. Now put on a pair of my stockings."

Peter pulled the stockings up his legs and fastened then to the garter belt.

His senses were filled with the smell and feel of her things. He was embarrassed, as always, to be made to wear these feminine things, but he did find it curiously exciting for this beautiful and sexy maid to be dressing him in her own undergarments. What did she have in mind? He had plenty of girl's underwear in his room. Why was she dressing him in hers?

Melanie brought over several short petticoats and attached them around Peter's waist. He could stand the suspense no longer, "Melanie, what are you doing."

"Peter, your new breasts inspired me to choose your punishment."



Peter had almost forgotten that his aunt had directed Melanie to come up with her own punishment for his rudeness to her.

“You said that there was no way your figure would ever be like mine. Now you see that my undies fit you perfectly. I am sure that when you put on one of my uniform dresses soon, it will fit you also.”

Peter was startled. He had put on Melanie's lingerie - but her uniform - she couldn't intend that!

Melanie continued, "You said that you would never look like a jigging, mincing little French maid because you were a man and not some foolish little girl. I have decided on your punishment. Today, you will be a maid, just like me! You will wear my clothes and do my work. This should teach you not to look down your nose.”

Peter couldn't believe his ears. “I am no domestic servant,” he protested. "Certainly I am no MAID!”

This violent reaction appeared not to bother Melanie in the least. She said, “If you do not put my clothes on right now, M'selle will cane you, and then you will put them on. After I dress you, if you do not try your best to behave as a perfect maid, M'selle will cane you until you do. So you see,” Melanie chirped, "today you will dress just like me! Today you will be a maid.”

Peter was horrified. For his entire time in Paris he had been sneaking looks at the sexy and feminine Melanie. He couldn't believe that he could ever look like that!



Melanie led him to a stool and started to apply her makeup to him. She took great care applying her face powder, eye shadow, mascara and lipstick. He watched in the mirror as she made his face into the image of her own. Then she combed back his hair, went into her closet, and returned with a wig. She shook it out and Peter could see that it was just the color and style of Melanie's hair. He sat, watching in fear, as she placed the wig on his head and brushed it out.

Checking the mirror, he saw that in her make-up and with hair just like hers, he did look a bit like Melanie. She looked him over and went, "Fooey, I have forgotten your bosom." She took off his bra and applied make up to blend in his artificial breasts.

Restoring the bra, she brought him a pair of her high-heeled shoes. They were a little snug and much higher than he was used to. "Walk about the room, Peter; I must check to see that your petticoats have the proper sway."

She watched him try to walk on her heels and giggling added another petticoat to those already around his waist. She went to her wardrobe and returned with one of her black satin uniforms over her arms.

Peter was revolted at the sight of her dress. How could this be happening? "No, Melanie," he pleaded. "Don't make me do it."

She just smiled, held the short dress up to him and cooed, "Oh you will be très gentil!"

Peter clenched his fists and twisted away from her, "NO! Melanie, Don't!"

"Yes, Peter. Now don't make me call M'selle."









Peter was ready to rebel. He would rather take a caning than put on that uniform. However, it was not so simple. He knew that it was not a choice between dressing in Melanie's uniform of getting a caning. As Melanie had said earlier, he knew that he would be caned and then forced into the uniform anyway. What could he do against the combined strength of all of these women?

"Well?" Melanie asked, "Shall I call her?"

Peter's shoulders slumped and Melanie smiled and raised the dress over his head.

She put the uniform on him and zipped the back. She found a small lace apron and tied it with a bow about his waist. She fixed one of her little caps on his head. Peter was fully dressed. He was also fully disgusted.

Melanie drew him near to her and together they looked into the mirror. Peter could not believe what he saw. Their makeup, their hair, their clothing, even their figures were identical! There was no way anyone could tell which was not a real girl!

"Now Peter, Mon cher, let us go down to breakfast."

Peter allowed himself to be led, but she suddenly stopped and ran back to her bureau. Peter waited as she returned with a little bottle of perfume.

She sprayed it liberally over his dress, arms and legs. "Silly me, I almost forgot your perfume! Now we look and smell just alike! Now let us go downstairs so that everyone can see."





Peter's nostrils were full of Melanie's scent, only now it was his scent as well. He thought of his cousins. He couldn't let them see what Melanie had done to him! Then a horrible thought came to him, what about others? Would there be others who would see him like this as well? His mouth was dry and there was a sick dread in the pit of his stomach. "Melanie, I feel sick."

"Do you need to use the bathroom?"

"I don't know. I feel sick to my stomach."

"We must go downstairs to serve breakfast. If you feel that you must go to the bathroom, then do so now."

Peter had not felt so terrified since the first time they had taken him out to the park in a dress. He was afraid that he would throw up, however, he tried to control the feeling. "Give me just a minute. I may feel better."

"All right, but just a minute."

Peter sat down and tried to compose himself. This was certain to be one of the worst days of his life. The only good thing about it was that there was so little time left in his vacation for these horrible people to humiliate him. Soon he would be returning home to his parents and school where no one would know the terrible things he had been forced to do in Paris. He even thought that he could stand his little sister. After this, he could stand anything.

He began to feel less sick. He was still apprehensive about being seen. He knew that it would be horribly embarrassing. However, he decided that it would all be over soon. He just hoped sincerely that he would never see any of these people again after this summer.

"I'll be all right now," he told Melanie.

"Très Bon! Let us go then."

They left the servants quarters and went downstairs. Aunt Miriam and M'selle nodded good morning treating Peter's appearance as nothing unusual. Peter's cousins were noticeably amused. Peter diverted his eyes from them to avoid seeing their smirks.

"Priscilla," Aunt Miriam said, "please get me my coffee." Peter turned and started for the kitchen.

"Priscilla," M'selle said harshly, "you forgot to curtsy."

Peter turned back and hastily dropped an awkward curtsy. Paul started giggling. M'selle shot him a withering glance. "Paul, you know it is difficult to curtsy well. It takes practice. After breakfast you will change into a dress and curtsy for me until you can do it perfectly."

Peter smiled as he turned back to the kitchen. He would soon be home, but Paul and Jean would be here all year. He almost felt sorry for them.

He had not met the cook previously, but she obviously expected him. Melanie must have told her the punishment she intended for him because she took one look and started to laugh uncontrollably. Peter blushed and shifted his weight uncomfortably from foot to foot.

"My . . . don't you . . . make a pretty . . . little . . . maid," the cook managed to choke out in the midst of her laughter.

"I am here for Aunt Miriam's coffee," Peter said.

"It is here. Come and get it." She watched intently as he swayed over to her and picked up the cup. As he turned to go, she reached out and lifted up his dress and petticoats. "Woo Woo!" she said, "like zee Can-Can!"



Peter left the kitchen to the sound of her laughing and saying, "Woo," over and over.

He and Melanie fed the boys their breakfast and then cleaned up as Paul practiced his curtses. Soon it was time for the daily trip to the park.

"Would you and Priscilla like to take the boys out this morning?" M'selle Faber asked Melanie with a smile.

Peter's heart stopped waiting for Melanie to answer. She never went to the park! She just couldn't decide to go today and make him go with her. He couldn't go out and let Simon and the others see him like this!

Melanie appeared to consider the proposal seriously and then said, "Non, merci."

Peter could have hugged her. He was so grateful not to have to go to the park.

Melanie continued, "We have much work to do. We must prepare for our lunch guests."

'Lunch guests'! It could only mean more people to embarrass him in front of. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists in frustrated anger as they helped the boys into their smocks and opened the door for them and M'selle.

"Now," Melanie said, "We must dust and fluff the pillows." She gave Peter a feather duster and told him to work in the living room. She left him and he tottered around the room dusting and fluffing until he heard the doorbell.

"Please get that, Peter," Melanie said, "and don't forget to curtsy."

Peter went to the door and just stood there, afraid to open it.

DING! The bell rang again.

Peter felt faint. He just couldn't let anyone else see him like this. Who could it be? He gripped the door handle partially to open it and partially to keep from falling.

"Peter, open the door!" called Melanie. Peter turned the handle with a sick feeling in his stomach. He opened the door and saw the mailman.

"I have a package," he said in French, "you are not Melanie?"

Peter recognized some of the postman's words, and he curtsied, "Juis suis Priscilla."

He took the package quickly and closed the door hoping that the postman didn't realize that he was a boy. It wasn't right! He was a man! He shouldn't have to curtsy to another man!

His cousins returned from the park and he and Melanie met them in the hall and helped them off with their smocks. Jean smiled, "Simon asked where you were, Peter. I told him you were helping Melanie today."

Peter shuddered; Simon just couldn't find out about this!

Melanie took Peter to the dining room to help set the table for lunch. They prepared seven places. Who was expected?

The doorbell rang and Melanie sent Peter again to answer it. He opened the door and almost collapsed. There on the steps were Colette, Barrie and Matilde. He stood aghast. These three girls must be the expected lunch company! He hung on the doorframe unable to move.





Colette said, "Melanie, are you well? What is the matter?"

She had mistaken him for the maid! This was even worse than her recognizing him immediately. He looked so much like Melanie that Colette thought that he was really her.

They looked concerned and Peter replied, "Yes, I am fine."

That did it! He might look like Melanie, but he sounded nothing like her.

Barrie stared at him intently. "No! It cannot be! Peter?" she said.

Peter dropped his head and stared at the ground.

"Yes! Yes it is Peter. Oh how perfect," Colette said. "I never would have known until you spoke."

"I was completely fooled as well," Barrie said. "What a wonderful masquerade. Now I can see a bit of difference between his face and Melanie's, but his figure! However did they make him look so like her?"

"Well, are you going to invite us in?"

"Oh . . . Yes . . . Come in," Peter said.

The girls entered the house and Peter closed the door behind them.

"Should you not curtsy?" asked Barrie, "Melanie always curtseys."

"Um . . . I guess," Peter said and performed an awkward curtsy. This was horrible. These three girls all knew that he was really a boy and they were taking in every detail of his feminized appearance.

Matilde came over to him and rudely lifted his dress and petticoats. The other girls stared at the display of Peter's panties and giggled. "He looks just like a girl to me."



“Are you sure that this is the boy we saw here before who insisted he would never wear girl’s clothes because boys were superior to girls?”

“Yes, dear, this is that boy,” said Barrie.

“Do you still think that boys are better than girls?” Matilde asked.

Peter had learned his lesson well and responded, “No, they are not.”

“Well are boys smarter?”

“No.”

“Don’t you prefer your panties and dresses to your boy’s pants?”

“If you say so,” Peter was trying his hardest not to get into trouble, but each answer was more difficult and demeaning for him.

“Do you plan to dress in girl’s clothes always?”

“No!”

“But why not? You are very pretty.”

Peter was unnerved being referred to as pretty. He led the girls into the living room where his aunt was waiting.

“Welcome ladies,” Aunt Miriam said. “Priscilla, Melanie, ask our guests what they would like to drink.”

The girls giggled and Barrie said, “Priscilla? What a lovely name for such a lovely maid.”

The girls sat while ‘Priscilla’ and Melanie served them. Matilde suddenly pointed at Peter and laughed. “Look! You can see his panties when he bends over. He is une coquette, n'est pas?” She asked her sisters.



Peter blushed red, knowing that she was calling him a flirt. He also knew from his own peeping at Melanie that these seated girls would have no trouble seeing up his short skirts.

“It is almost time for lunch. Melanie, please prepare the boys. Priscilla, you may continue to serve the girls.”

Paul and Jean arrived with M'selle Faber and they all moved into the dining room. Peter was finding it easier to move in the high heels, but he was terribly embarrassed playing maid for these girls.

“Priscilla, come here, your bow is coming loose,” Colette said and Peter had to stand by her while she redid the bow of his apron.

“Priscilla, your petticoat hems need straightening,” Barrie said.

Peter stood blushing with her hands under his dress adjusting his garters.

They ran him from one servile function to another keeping him busy and nervous throughout the meal. After they finished eating, Colette said, “I am stuffed, let's go for a walk to help the food settle.”

“That's a good idea,” Barrie agreed. “May Priscilla and Melanie go with us?” she asked Aunt Miriam.

Peter hoped desperately that she would say no; however, she said, “Just give them a few minutes to clean up and then we can all go out.”

Peter helped Melanie clear the table. In the kitchen under the gaze of the smiling cook he said, “Please Melanie, don't make me go out like this. It is too embarrassing.”





Melanie scowled, "What do you mean, embarrassing? I often go out dressed like this."

"But you are a girl, Melanie. I am a man!"

"Mon cher, no one would ever know that from looking at you."

The nine of them were shortly on the avenue. Aunt Miriam, his governess, the three girls and his two cousins followed Peter and Melanie who walked hand in hand down the street. Peter felt every eye was on him and his brief maid's uniform.

They walked towards the Eiffel Tower. Several men gave appreciating whistles as the two maids minced by.

Near the tower, Melanie saw a photographer and gushed, "Peter, we must have our picture taken together."

Peter was very reluctant, but Melanie insisted and they stood together while the photographer took several pictures of the two maids with the tower in the background.

Aunt Miriam arranged with the photographer for delivery of the prints and they turned around and started to walk home when Peter heard someone call his name. "Peter."

He ignored the call and walked on hoping that there was some other Peter.

"PETER," the call came again.

He walked on his eyes glued to the sidewalk.

"PETER! It is I, Simon"

Simon and his mother came running up.

"Peter, you look so cute," Simon said breathlessly. "You have breasts and you look and smell really sweet."







Peter looked around fearfully. The worst was happening; several curious walkers were gathering round to look more closely at the maid with the unusual name.

“Please Simon,” he said, “My name is Priscilla.”

“But Peter, that's not your name” Simon told him.

Peter looked at him pleadingly and said, "Please don't call me Peter."

“Oh well,” Simon tossed his head, “if you want to go by a girl's name, I guess that is all right, ‘Priscilla’.”

Several of the onlookers started to smile and to talk with each other about to which of the several sexes Peter and Simon belonged. Peter turned and tried to move away as quickly as possible before this disaster became even worse. Catcalls followed his departure as his high heels clicked and the pavement and he swayed down the boulevard.

At his home, the girls told Peter what a success he was as a maid. They asked his aunt if he could wear his maid's uniform for parties at their house. Peter could have kissed her when she said that Peter would have no time for that before he returned home to England. The girls seemed disappointed, but they thanked his aunt for including them in the day's outing.

That evening, Peter and Melanie served dinner. They ate in the kitchen under the amused gaze of the cook. When they finished eating, they put Paul and Jean to bed.

Jean winked at Peter, “You are just as good a maid as Melanie.”

Peter could have killed him. However, with just one day left he did not want to get another caning.

Melanie led him back to her room and helped him remove her clothes. When he was reduced to his cache sex she said,

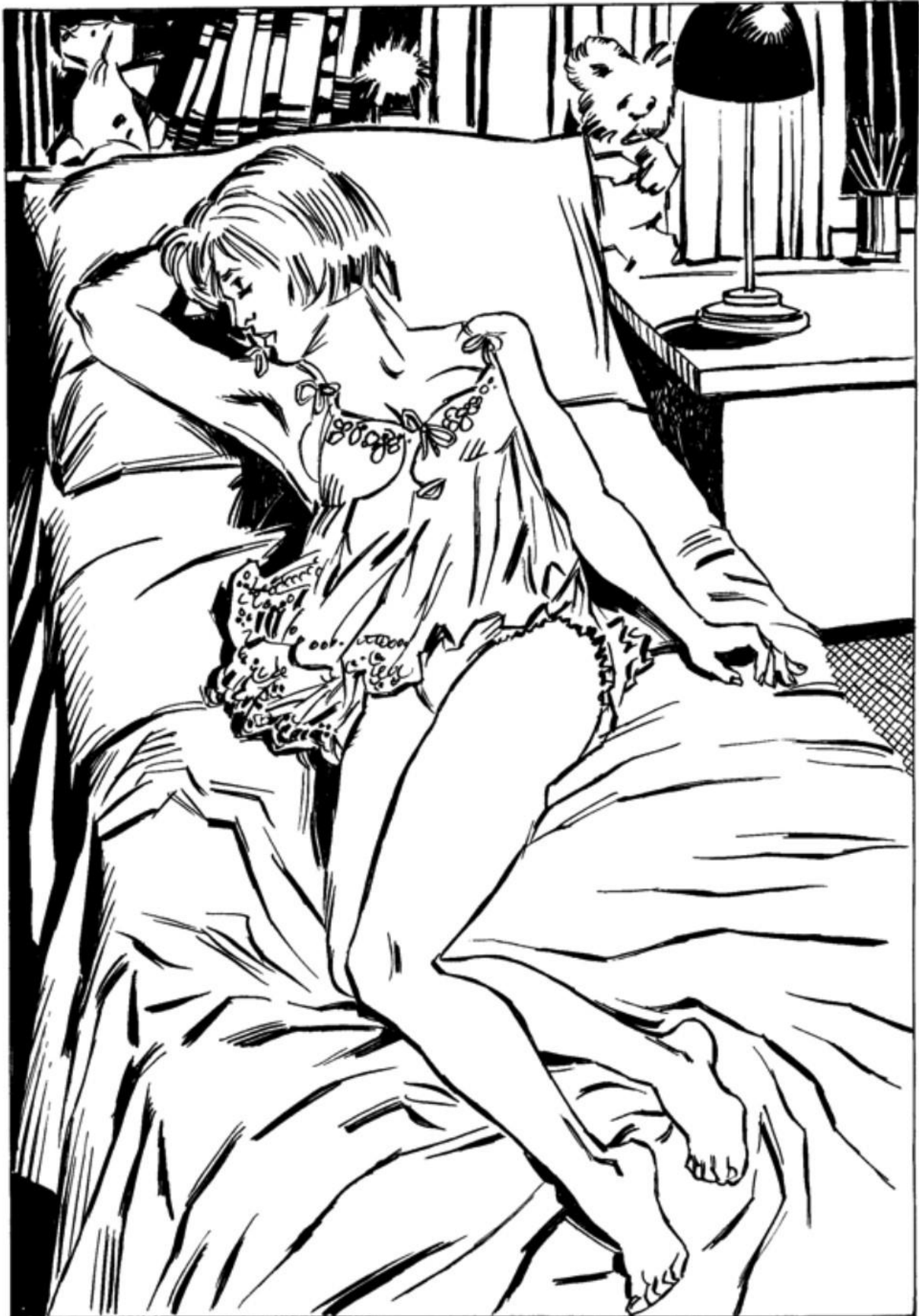
“Peter, mon cher, you did such a wonderful job of helping me. I will let you wear one of my nightgowns tonight.”

Peter's was relieved to be out of her uniform and happy that she was pleased, but he was dismayed that the best reward that this beautiful girl could think of for him was to let him wear her nightgown to bed.

Melanie helped him into one of her short and lacy gowns and, giggling, sprayed him again with her perfume. She led him back to his room. Peter was grateful that his cousins were in bed and could not see him in Melanie's gown, which did little to conceal his jiggling breasts.

Melanie waited for him to crawl into bed and then planted a kiss on his cheek. “Sweet dreams mon petite.” Peter was exhausted by the continuous embarrassment he had faced that day. He fell asleep almost at once. He slept soundly, his dreams full of the lovely Melanie.





CHAPTER 19 - GOING HOME AT LAST

The next morning Melanie was back to wake him. She looked and smelled wonderful to Peter. She helped him out of her gown and his cache sex. As she bathed him he was both excited by her beauty and embarrassed by the realistic breasts attached to his chest.

After the bath she left him to dry himself and went into his bedroom to prepare his clothes. He came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his chest.

Melanie was waiting in his room. His school uniform was spread out on the bed and a jar of solvent to remove his artificial breasts was on a table nearby. Peter's heart filled with joy. Then he saw the lingerie and the dress that was also on the bed, and he shivered. He was afraid after all of the shopping and the artificial breasts he still wore, that his aunt was going to make him go home to England in dresses. He feared that more than anything. He couldn't let his sister see him like this or his friends hear about it. He would rather die.

"Set your towel on the chair, Monsieur, it is time to dress to go home. Peter dropped his towel and walked toward the bed.

"Your aunt has decided that you are to choose the way you dress for your trip home. Which shall it be, pants or panties."

Peter sneered and said, "Why on earth would she think that I might want to dress as a girl when I could dress as a boy. Help me get these damn breasts off!"

"I thought you had such fun in your dresses this summer," Melanie said. "I will be sorry to see you in your pants again. The Stoddard boys will be sorry as well, your aunt invited them to see you off."





Peter gasped. Tom and Billy Stoddard knew him only as 'Priscilla'!!! They thought he was a girl! Billy would kill him if he discovered that he had kissed a boy!

Melanie smiled, "You may wear what you want, Peter. Your boy's clothes or if you prefer, and ask me nicely, your pretty dress!"

Peter's cheeks turned crimson but he knew he had no choice! He must continue the deception. He couldn't meet Tom and Billy as a boy. He had to go home as Priscilla, the English school girl.

Tears of shame and humiliation welled in his eyes. "May I please wear a dress Melanie?" His heart felt like lead. He had been forced to beg to wear girl's clothes home to England. What was going to happen to him when his family met him at the airport?

Melanie smiled in delight. Peter hung his head in shame and defeat. "But, of course, 'Priscilla', the Stoddard boys will be so pleased," she purred picking up the cache sex from the bed and handing it to him.

Peter took the garment from her and put it on. Then he picked up the dainty panties. They were lace trimmed and pink in color to match the lightweight floral dress.

He was disgusted with himself. He hated putting on these girl's things. He looked longingly at his pants and jacket on the bed as he stepped into the panties.

How had this all happened to him, and why? He reached down for the bra. It was pink and lacy just like the panties. He put it on and adjusted it sadly over the swelling mounds on his chest that looked so real. Next he got the lacy full slip, lifted it over his head and pulled it down over his body. It was very short, barely covering his panties. He fastened the garter belt



and, sitting, he smoothed stockings up his legs, fished the garters through the legs of his panties and attached them.

Melanie styled his hair — curling it neatly into a short but girlish fashion, and then carefully applied just a touch of makeup.

He rose and picked up the dress. He put it on and Melanie helped him zip it up the back. It was so flimsy and of such light weight material to be almost transparent. Just wait until his sister saw the lace of his slip through his dress. Wait until she saw the swell of his bosom! He felt sick. He would have to think of something.

He stepped into the high heeled shoes, and, taking a sad and longing final look at his pants and jacket on the bed, he let her lead him downstairs.

They entered the living room where his aunt was sitting. She was delighted to see him and said, "You look stunning. That dress is perfect for you."

"He insisted on wearing it, Madam," Melanie told her.

Peter was disgusted with himself and terrified of going home like this. He just wished that he had the nerve to face the Stoddard brothers dressed as a man.

"What an improvement in just one summer, Peter. You are quite a cute girl," his aunt continued, "If you are able to come next summer, we will be able to do ever more."

Peter prayed that they would not have the chance. Melanie said, "Peter, you are très bon. You may borrow my clothes any time." Peter blushed and avoided her eyes as she gave him a kiss on his cheek.

His aunt and governess took him to the front gate where the chauffeur was waiting for them. Melanie waved good-bye as he walked to the car.





On the way to the airport they stopped to pick up the Stoddards. The boys were flying back to London the next day and were talking with excitement about returning home to their friends and school. This conversation made Peter terribly sad and uncomfortable. The boys no doubt thought him just a moody girl as he sat in silence wondering what he could do.

He couldn't hope to change clothes in Paris. He was sure that his aunt would see him onto the plane. Even if he could find some other clothes, he needed the special solvent to remove his breasts. How could he avoid meeting his family like this? If they saw him in a dress he would have to come up with some reasonable explanation, but what? He was sure that his sister would be coming to the airport to meet him. She would see! He was in despair.

The chauffeur stopped at the air terminal. Aunt Miriam said, "Let's all see Priscilla safely on the plane." Peter was totally trapped. He would be boarding the plane in this dress.

They walked together to the airline ticket counter where Peter's aunt took care of his ticket and baggage. Then they went to the waiting room where Billy gave Peter his address and said, "Please write to me Priscilla."

Under his aunt's watchful gaze, he promised, and gave Billy his address as well. Then, before Peter could react, Billy bent forward and gave him a kiss. Peter was startled, but kept silent.

Passengers started to board the plane. Aunt Miriam gave him his boarding pass and documents and a kiss. "Have an exciting return home, dear." Peter was sure that it would be all too 'exciting'. He gave his boarding pass to the gate attendant and climbed the stairs to the airplane as his aunt, M'selle Faber, and the Stoddards looked on.







Peter's seat on the airplane was on the aisle and next to him were a mother and her young daughter. They were English and delighted to talk with someone from home. The young girl wanted to know all about 'Priscilla's' vacation and share hers as well. She spent the trip gushing about fashions and complementing 'Priscilla' on her clothes and figure.

Peter tried to pretend interest so as to not arouse her suspicions, but he was feverishly thinking, trying to come up with a plan. Perhaps if he could get his bags he could change somewhere and hide his breasts until he could take them off. A glimmer of hope began to form.

He got off the plane and walked to the baggage claim area with the rest of the passengers. He got a luggage cart, found his bags and started towards customs. BUT WAIT! His passport was for Peter, a boy! He did not look the least bit like a boy. There was no place to change before customs. How had his aunt gotten him on the plane in Paris? What could he tell the agent here?

He reached the line to clear customs and found his passport among the documents his aunt had given him. He waited anxiously for his turn. He couldn't admit to being a boy in a dress. It would be too humiliating. He gave his passport to the officer who looked at it and him. "This is not your passport, Miss."

"Yes, I know. I have my brother's passport by mistake. My name is Beatrice, not Peter. I live in England with my family and I go to school here. I was just visiting my aunt in Paris."

The agent looked at the documents carefully and smiled at the young 'girl'. "I can see that this boy must be your brother, you look like him but much prettier of course. You must be more careful in the future."





Peter squirmed at being called 'pretty' but was relieved at not being discovered. "Thank you sir," he said and took back his passport.

He wheeled the cart into the reception room. He could see his mother and sister waiting for him. He steered the cart to the lady's room, quickly took one of his bags and, embarrassed, he entered. He took the suitcase into a stall, closed and locked the door and opened the case to get some of his clothes. The suitcase was filled with GIRL'S CLOTHES! Terrified, he dug through finding dresses, panties, brassieres, nightgowns, and dainty lingerie of all types.

These were the clothes his aunt had bought for him last week. His clothes must be in another case. Could he sneak out of the ladies room, get another suitcase and return without being noticed by his mother and sister? He must try! He closed the suitcase and opened the stall door.

His sister was standing there staring at him, "Peter?" she said.

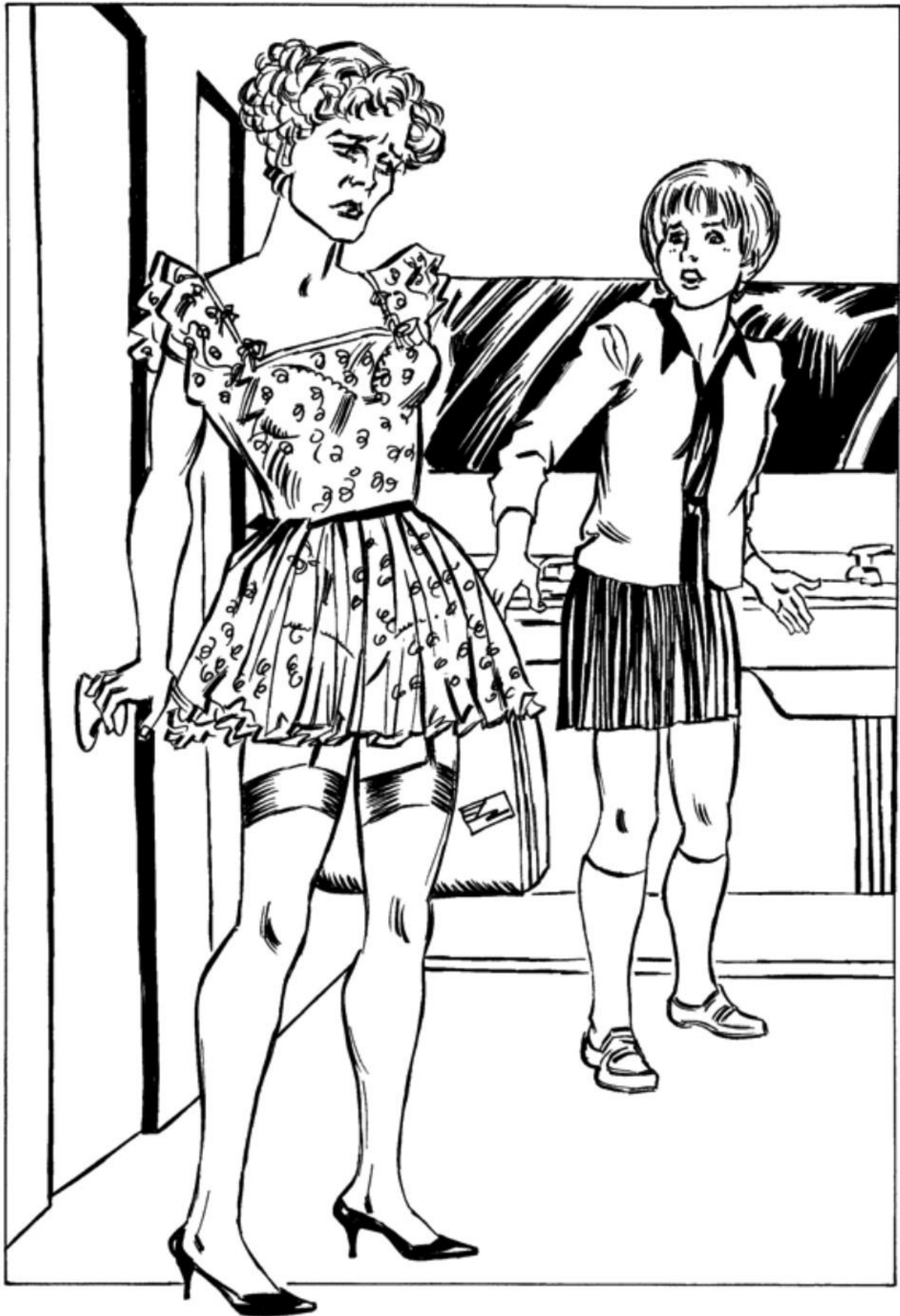
He was caught! The floor sank beneath him. He was sick to his stomach. What worse place was there to be discovered than in the toilet stall of a ladies restroom? How could his horrible sister have found him here?

There was no use denying his identity. "Hello Beatrice," Peter said.

"Peter, what are you doing in that dress? Why are you in the ladies room?"







Peter could think of nothing to say that would make things any better. He stood on the verge of tears. His worst nightmares had come true. His sister was sure to tell everybody where she found him and what he was wearing. His friends would all know. He wished that he were dead.

"Beatrice, this is all a big mistake," he began to explain.

"What 'mistake' could possibly result in you looking like that?" Beatrice asked. "You look more like a girl than I do for God's sake."

That shut Peter up. He did have a better figure than his sister and was dressed in a more feminine outfit. He stood, thinking frantically.

"Well, come out of there," Beatrice said. "Mother is waiting for us."

Peter walked out of the ladies room with his sister. He got his luggage cart and went to where his mother was waiting.

"Hello Peter, my what a lovely dress," his mother said. "Your hair and makeup are just perfect as well. My sister has done a wonderful job with you."

You mean you knew she was sending me home in . . . in . . . like this?" he stammered.

"Oh, yes, she told me that you went shopping with her to purchase an entire wardrobe of girls' clothes and that she thought that must mean that you wanted to come home dressed as a girl"

"But I don't want to buy those things and dress as a girl," Peter blurted. "She made me do it."



“She said that you would chose whether you came home as a boy or a girl. Is that true?”

“Well I guess, but I really didn't have any choice. Billy would have seen that I was a boy and . . .”

“You don't need to explain anything. You make a lovely girl and I am very happy that you chose to come home in a dress.”

“No, please Mother. I hate being a girl. Let me be a boy again.”

“We will see. But for now, you must come home with us as you are.”

“But I don't want father to see me like this!” Peter pleaded.

“Miriam told me you could be a trial. If you do not follow my instructions, I am prepared to cane you just as she did.”

Peter was shocked. He had never heard his mother talk like that.

“My sister has convinced me that feminization is good for young men. A few years in dresses will make you a better person.”

“A FEW YEARS! What about my friends?”

“Well of course you may see them whenever you wish. Your sister even wanted to invite them to a coming home party. However, your circumstances have changed so much that you may chose to make new friends. Your old friends might be cruel to you about your new mode of dress.”

Peter shuddered; they certainly would be cruel if they ever saw him dressed as he was now. That must never happen!

“But my school.”

“You will be going to a new school. One that is more suitable for you. The best news is that you will be going with your sister.”

His sister! That must mean a girls' school! His mother couldn't send him to a girls' school! He just couldn't stand it. He just couldn't wear dresses all of the time in front of his horrid little sister!

“Mother! That is impossible. I can't go to a girl's school with a bunch of real girls. They would discover me for sure.”

“You must try to see that they do not. If you are discovered, you will be returned to your boy's school wearing your schoolgirl's uniform.”

Peter shivered. He would be teased, beaten and worse if he showed up at his school in a girl's uniform. “But how can I possibly fool them?” He was close to tears.

“You already look quite feminine. However, you will need to work on your voice and manner of speech. Your sister will help you. I have arranged for you to share a room and go to the same classes. You will be in the fourth form at the Langley School in Sussex.”

“But I have finished the fifth form and was to enter the sixth this year, and I am two years older than her. How can I pretend to be a fourth former?”

“Once I heard you were returning as a girl, I prepared documents for Langley that explain everything, Priscilla. You are Beatrice's older cousin.





You were in a serious auto accident in which your parents perished. Your social and educational progress was delayed by a lengthy hospital stay and rehabilitation. I explained that you are quite shy, afraid to speak in public and need constant family support. The admissions staff was quite sympathetic. It is true that you already studied the academic lessons of the fourth and fifth form that should make it easier for you to concentrate on your deception and to learn many things that were not taught at your school. You will concentrate on improving your grace and demeanor. I want you to fully accept your new life and to be certain that you do, I have given Beatrice permission to discipline you as she feels necessary.”

“Wa . . . What do you mean . . .” Peter was shocked. “What do you mean she can discipline me?”

“I have given Beatrice permission to spank you if you don’t behave in a proper feminine manner.”

Peter could not believe his ears. He couldn’t survive the embarrassment of being spanked by his little sister. He knew that she would love to take him over her knees and warm his panties. She would invent opportunities to do so. He couldn’t let this happen! “That is terrible! You can’t let her do that to me! I am older than she is! I am a boy!

“She must have control of your behavior in order to help you be a convincing girl. If you don’t want your friends at your own school to see you in your dress, slip, bra and panties, you had better do what she tells you.”

“Yes,” Beatrice grinned, “mother says I can select all of your clothes. You can even share mine! When we get home, I want you to try on my dresses to see how they look on you. Won’t that be fun!”



He shuddered. He couldn't let her dress him in her clothes. "No, I don't want to," he protested weakly."

"It doesn't matter what you want," she responded evilly, "I want you to try on my dresses and you will!"

Peter imagined that she would truly enjoy forcing him into her things. Then he thought, wait until she saw what was in his suitcase! She would have him modeling dresses and lingerie for hours. He trembled with frustration and fear. This was horrible! He must find a way out. "What if I refuse?"

His mother replied, "In that case we would distribute copies of the pictures your aunt took of you this summer. If you don't cooperate with us and pretend to be a girl, then we will expose you as a boy who secretly likes to wear dresses. The picture of you and Melanie in your maid's uniforms together in front of the Eiffel Tower is one of my favorites but I also like the one of you holding up your dress and showing off your panties. I am sure that your friends and school mates will love them too."

Peter was stunned. They had seen all of the pictures that his aunt had been threatening him with. They must have had a good laugh at his letters, knowing as they did what really was going on. "Why you knew all along what Aunt Miriam was doing to me," he said angrily.

"Yes, I talked with her and with Simon's mother about their methods before you ever left for Paris. I didn't tell your father until he got used to Jacques in his dresses. He was opposed at first, but once he saw what a wonderful well behaved boy your cousin was and after a few weeks of my persuasion, he said that if you wanted to dress up like a girl, he washed his hands of the matter."



Peter's heart sank. He had hoped that his father might put a stop to this.

"Beatrice began a correspondence with Simon's sister. They have developed a close friendship."

Those two terrible girls were corresponding and giving each other ideas. He was sure that they would both try to outdo the other in the humiliations they heaped on their older brothers.

"But why, Mother? Why are you doing this horrible thing to me?"

"I thought that you had learned your lesson when your father punished you for taking Bea's bra, but after Christmas, when you returned to school, she complained that some of her underwear was missing. I searched your room and found several pairs of her panties and a bra in your hiding place. Bea was very upset, and I didn't know what to do. I talked with my sister and we agreed that you needed discipline. She described how she had made her own children more gentle. At first I resisted her suggestion that you be put into girl's clothes, but Bea persuaded me that the punishment would fit the crime. Therefore, we planned this summer exchange.

Peter looked at Beatrice. She assumed her most innocent expression, but he knew. All of this was her fault! She had been furious with him for taking her bra and using it to make a water balloon launcher. She had said that she would get even and she sure had! "MOTHER! I didn't take her things. What would I want with her panties? She put them in my room herself to get me in trouble."

"How can you say such things about your sister? Why would she do anything like that?"



His head was swimming. He felt faint. Just then his sister lifted his frock and slip high above his waist.

Shocked, he pushed them back down, but not before several people had seen his slip and panties. He blushed red as his sister giggled.

"I heard that you were wearing luscious lingerie. I just couldn't wait to see it. Don't worry about having to wear the plain knickers that you took from my room. I know that boys like you should wear more interesting underwear."

Peter blanched.

His mother said, "We can't continue to call you Peter. It would be totally inappropriate and would cause people who heard it to wonder about your gender. Beatrice suggested to your Aunt Miriam that they call you Priscilla or Prissy, and I understand you have been going by that name for the summer. I think that you should continue to do so."

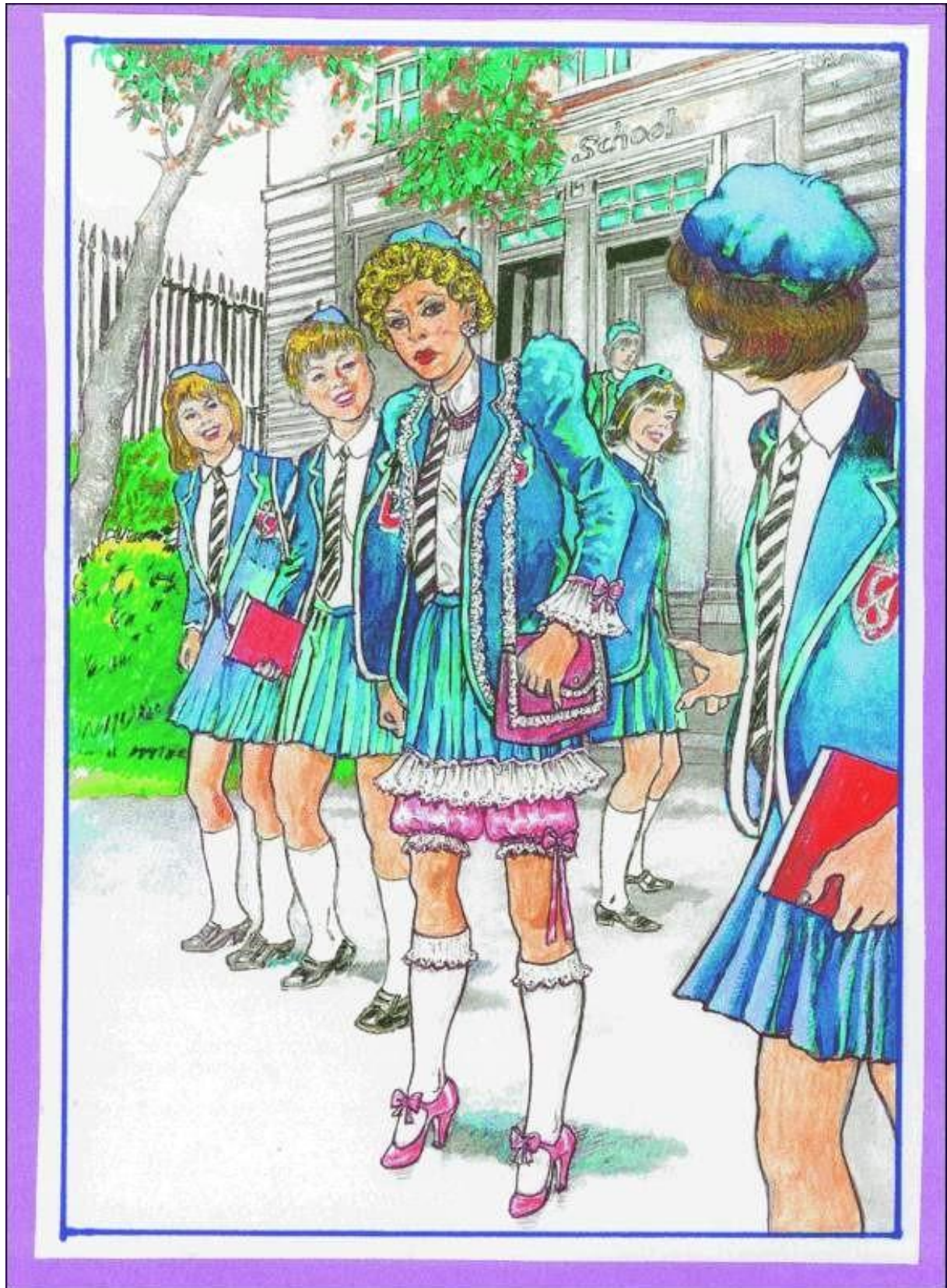
Peter glared at his sister. She had a cruel smirk on her face. Priscilla was his girlfriend's name. It was cruel of his sister to choose that name for him. She must know that every time he was called Priscilla it would bring back bitter memories of his lost manhood.

"Not that name, Mother, please don't call me that."

"Dear," said his mother, "we wouldn't want to confuse your boyfriend Billy Stoddard. You will be Priscilla and you will become the English schoolgirl he believes you to be. You will learn dancing, sewing, cooking and other feminine skills. You will visit your aunt in Paris each summer for additional training. In a few years, we may give you another chance to decide whether you will be a boy or a girl, but for now Prissy, take your sister's hand. We are going home."

THE END





Peter's school uniform by Puyal and BJ

