

PRETTIER IN PINK I

SANDY THOMAS ADV. – 1

TITILLATING TV
TALES

Volume 12

“PRETTIER IN PINK I”

By Alice Trail

Illustrations by Puyal

For lulu.com

Published by

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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

QUOTE BOARD

I love dressing up like someone else. It is so much more real than my own life.

“American Boy in England” continued
as

“PRETTIER IN PINK I”

By Alice Trail

Overview of Original 1960’s Story

Jack Simon, a seventeen-year-old boy, is forced to spend a year with his cousin, Paul, in England while his mother serves an overseas assignment. He was upset about having to leave his friends, but because Paul always been popular with girls, he looked forward to meeting some hot birds, as Paul called them. Instead of the swaggering ladies man he remembered, his cousin had become a total sissy *wimp* and was under the strict influence of his mother. So firm was her control, she made him wear dresses, skirts, and lacy pinafores to do housework and kilts in public.

Under his mother’s strict authority, Paul became quite proficient at tasks like washing and ironing clothes, setting tables, serving tea, and making beds. His leisure time was spent sitting quietly in a dress or skirt practicing sewing or embroidery. If he wasn’t completely obedient and docile, he was punished with painful spankings on his exposed panties or embarrassed with public exposure as a boy who *liked* to wear girl’s clothes!

When Jack protested Paul’s bizarre treatment, he found himself in the same boat, only worse! At the hands of Aunt Julia, he was forced to wear skirts and girlish panties along side his cousin. When he summoned his masculine courage and demanded the return of his pants, adamantly proclaiming that he would no longer wear sissy girl’s clothes, he was shown photographs of himself in skirts and frilly blouses. He remained defiant until she threatened to send the damning photos to his mother unless he agreed to dress as a girl full time! He was brought under her control more completely than Paul when additional photos were taken with him wearing dresses, makeup, lipstick, and nail

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polish!

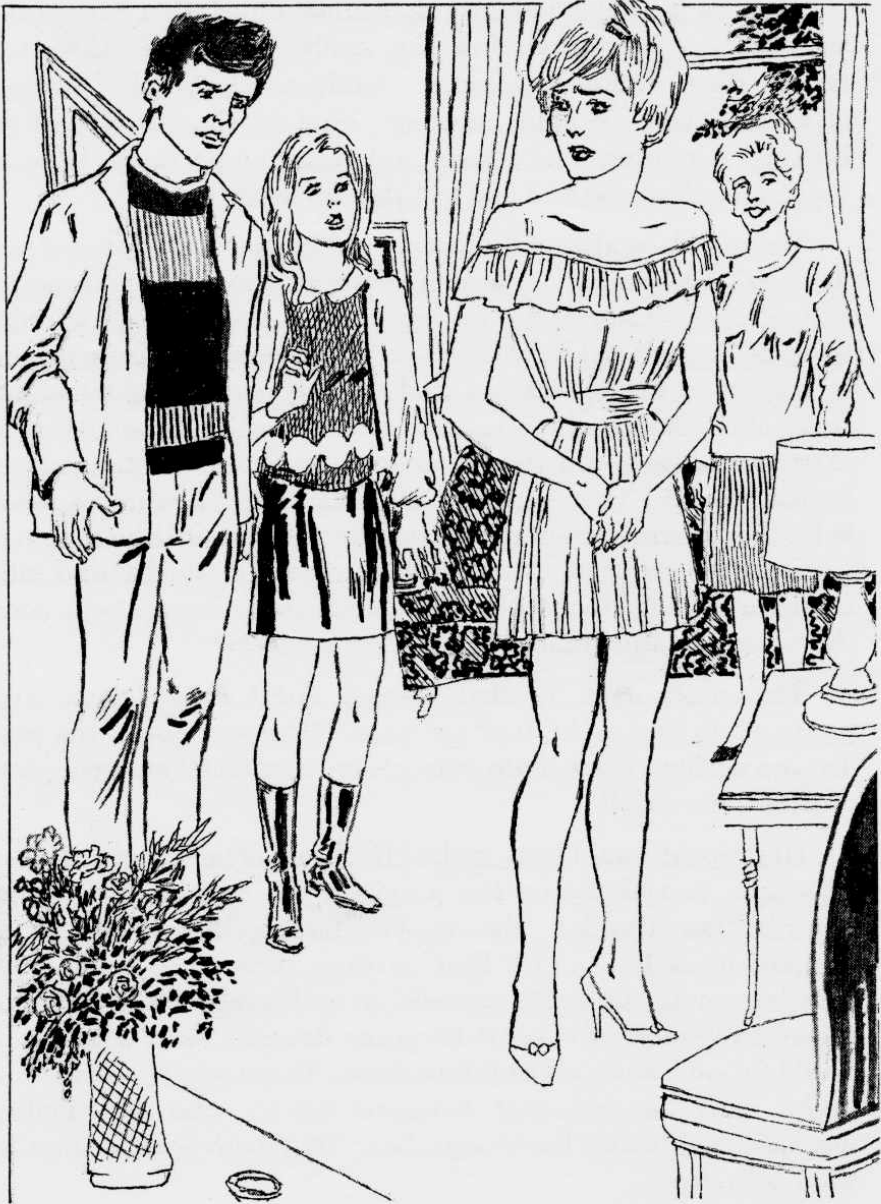
With Jack securely in hand, Julia felt guilty about making her only son wear dresses, so to appease her conscience, she allowed Paul to return to trousers and the carefree life of a boy. She then concentrated on making Jack the most convincing girl possible in both appearance and actions. To accomplish her goal, she drilled him in every feminine gesture and voice inflection imaginable.

Naturally, Jack fought to retain his masculinity, but he was no match for his determined aunt. To his chagrin, he spent his days dressed as a girl from the skin out practicing makeup application, hair styling, and walking a chalk line in stilt heels with a book on his head. If he made a masculine gesture or verbal protest, he was severely punished.

He would either be forced to lie across her lap with his skirt and slip at his waist while she administered a severe spanking to his thin nylon panties with a wooden hairbrush or taken shopping for new feminine clothes. During these outings she would embarrass him by loudly announcing, "Yes, this dress will look precious on *him*, but *he* will need new heels and a matching purse." Seeing his situation worsen with each act of rebellion, he quickly learned not to defy her!

Like Jack, Hank Armstrong was an American, the middle son of three boys. As a *joke* during a social visit, Julia put an apron on him and called him Henni. Hank's father got angry, ripped the frilly feminine garment away, and declared his son was no sissy. But, Mr. Armstrong died of a heart attack, and in her grief, his wife's mind became confused. In her delusion, she believed Hank was her daughter, Henni.

Despite Mr. Armstrong's decree that his son not become a sissy, his oldest son, Robert, insisted that Hank wear dresses for a while to appease their mother's confused mind. To indulge her and feed her delusion, Julia *let* Hank borrow some of Jack's dresses in an act of cunningly false compassion.



**“Is that you, Jack? Why are you wearing girl’s clothes?”
Tim asked.**

**“He’s wearing lipstick too!” Cathy exclaimed. “And his
legs are gorgeous!”**

“What’s going on?” Tim asked. Jack wanted to die!

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Despite his objections, Hank attended his father's funeral in silky black nylon panties, bra, slip, somber black dress, three-inch heels, dark nylon stockings, feminine hairstyle, makeup accentuated by eyeliner, mascara, blue eyeshadow, bright red lipstick, matching nail polish, and feminine perfume. His only consolation was that no one in England knew him.

Shortly thereafter, fate intervened in the worst possible way for Jack! His best friend, Tim, his sister Cathy, and their mother arrived from America for an unannounced visit. As one might imagine, he was totally humiliated to be seen by his friends in his stylish dress, heels, makeup, and recently permed golden blonde tresses! He fled from the room in total humiliation as fast as his skirt and heels would allow. In his absence, Julia explained that he had initially been made to dress as a girl to calm his rowdy behavior, a punishment quite popular in England. She then lied, saying he became smitten with his dresses, skirts, and silky undies and begged to be allowed to continue wearing them. Since *Jackie* was so much nicer in skirts, she agreed.

That night Jack pleaded, "Please, Aunt Julia, let me wear pants while Tim and Cathy are here. I'll be your niece and wear dresses without protest after they leave if you'll let me wear pants during their visit!"

His appeal would have melted the heart of most, but Julia was unwilling to risk losing the progress she had made with his feminization. Besides, she enjoyed forcing him to dress and comport himself as a girl. Disregarding his wishes, she insisted that he remain in skirts, friends or no friends. Thus, Tim and Cathy saw Jack in several feminine dresses, skirt and blouse combinations, and a short tennis dress. To his surprise, they were taken with his apparent feminine beauty and shy demure manner, and before their departure, they both wanted him for their *girlfriend*!

Hank also fell into the clutches of the eccentric Julia when she had *Henni* and Mrs. Armstrong move in with her under the guise of saving money. "Having two boys to dress as girls will be *twice* the fun, and I won't have to make a sissy of my own son like I did his father, rest his soul." she calculated. Then, supposedly with their mother's approval, she enrolled Robert and Peter in the

exclusive boys' school Paul attended.

In accordance with her plan to keep the two boys in skirts, Julia hired Miss Vera Vincent, a teacher with many years experience at a prominent girl's school. Like Julia, her passion was training boys to wear dresses and comport themselves as demure young ladies.

With Julia's blessing, Miss Vincent, a demanding disciplinarian, instituted a strict regimen of enforced femininity on her charges. To make their skin soft and supple, she required them to ply their bodies with creams and lotions during twice-daily beauty rituals. Under her strict authority, wearing panties, bras, slips, nylons, dresses, skirts, blouses, heels, soft nightgowns, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume became routine for Jack and Hank. So did sitting with their knees together, walking with swaying hips, and carrying their wrists limp.

Just as the two boys thought they had reached the pinnacle of femininity, Miss Vincent introduced them to the ultimate feminine ritual, the *menstrual cycle*! To accomplish this, she assigned each of them different phases of the moon to begin their *periods*, during which they were required to wear sanitary napkins in their panties for six days. She started them on potent estrogen enhancers and testosterone inhibitors designed to develop their breasts and round their bodies into soft feminine contours while exacting a rapid toll on their masculinity.

By mid-autumn, a lot had changed in the Kerr household. Hank, wanting to help his mother recover, was progressing particularly well. His girlish clothing, rigorous training, and feminine hormones dramatically affected his psyche. Not surprisingly, as his body *developed*, he began to notice boys and think of them in a new perspective. He deliberately made eyes at them, and if sufficiently intrigued by their attention, he might *accidentally* allow his skirt to slide upward to reveal a hint of a lace edged slip and smooth nylon clad thigh.

To the utter disappointment of his aunt and governess, Jack was another case in study! Even after dressing as a girl for months and ingesting the same estrogen laced pills as Hank, he showed no affection for his enforced feminine attire or lifestyle.

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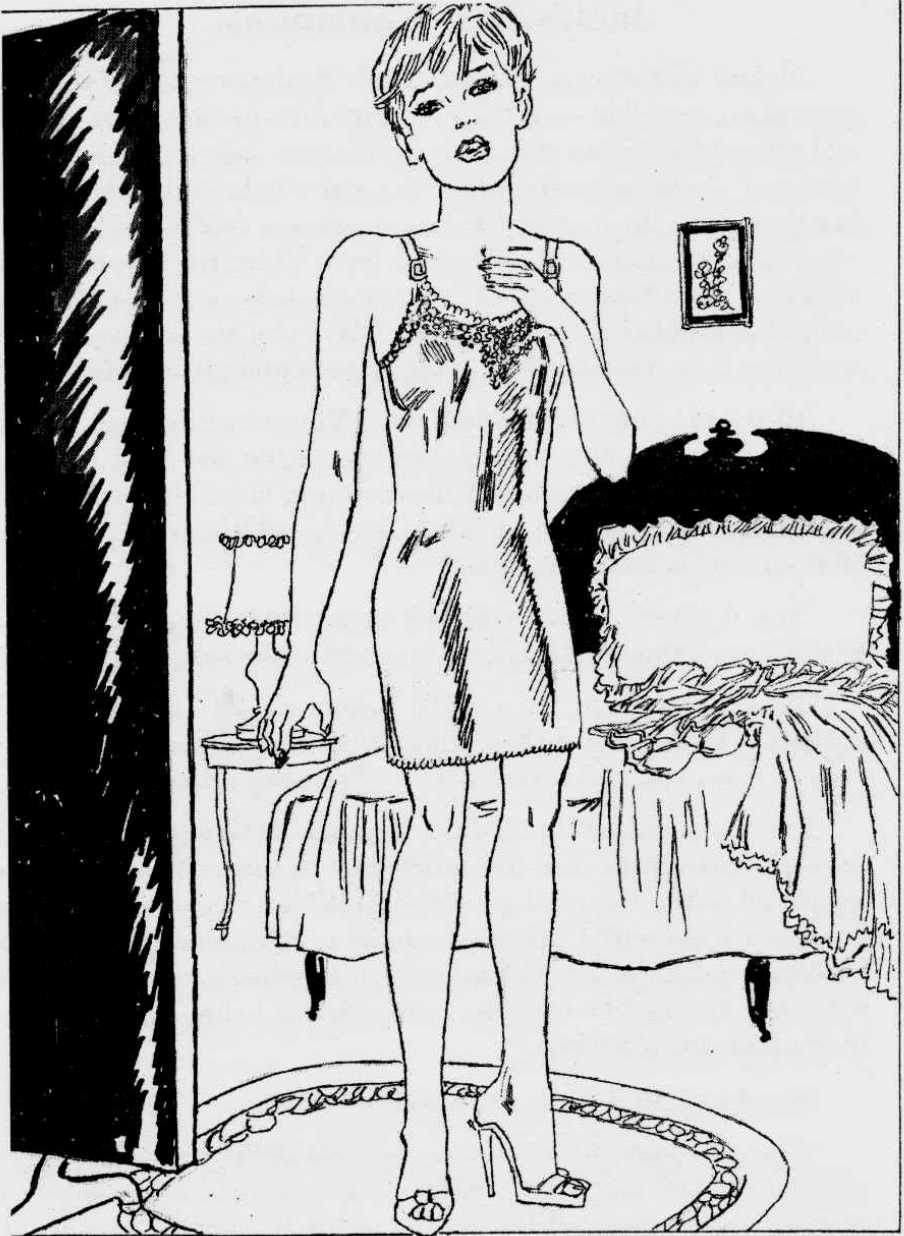
The only plus being that, due to his success at avoiding discovery as a boy in dresses, he grew comfortable and feminine clothes and became more confident, at ease, and less apprehensive about dressing as a girl in public.

He received a *Dear Jacqueline* letter from his mother informing him that she knew of his enforced feminine manner of dress. Because of the disrespect and disobedience that led to his punishment, she wanted him to remain in dresses at least until her visit at Christmas. This understandably increased Jack's anxiety about his return to trousers, but he had to accept his imposed femininity for the next few months.

After reading the letter in his room, Jack dejectedly removed his dress, tossed it on his bed, and viewed his feminine contours in the full-length mirror. He shivered with mixed emotions as he viewed the image of a young girl in a lace edged nylon slip, budding breasts encased in a lacy silk bra, and nipped hourglass figure due to her tight corset. He shuddered at how feminine he had become at the hands of his diabolic aunt and governess. As he drifted off to sleep in his long pink nylon nightgown, he fretfully wondered how much deeper they would plunge him into femininity.

In Cathy's absence, Jack was still infatuated with her, and he yearned to see her again, even if he would be wearing a skirt. To his shame, he received several amorous letters from Tim requesting photographs of him in dresses and skirts. Believing his tenure of dressing as a girl would be forgotten when he returned home in pants, he refused.

Despite his reluctance; however, Miss Vincent insisted that he fulfill Tim's request. To this end, she hired a professional photographer to *shoot* her reluctant charge in dresses and skirts and in all manner of provocative poses.



"I can't believe how feminine Aunt Julia has made me look," Jack gasped as he viewed his image in the mirror. "I don't want to be a girl! If only she would let me return to pants," Jack moaned. "How feminine is she going to make me?"

Jack's Tale Continues...

"Before Christmas, when Jackie's mother visits, we must do everything possible to get him to embrace his feminine clothes and the genteel life in silk, satin, nylon, and lace we have created for him," Julia informed Miss Vincent. "If he still dislikes his skirts and soft lingerie when she arrives, she might take pity and allow him to discard his skirts in favor of horrid trousers. Our efforts to mold him into a demure young lady will have been for naught if he returns home as a boy. Have you any suggestions on instilling a degree of affection for dresses and girlish lifestyle?"

After a moment of reflection, Miss Vincent said, "Jackie's fear of being revealed as a boy in skirts has been our most effective weapon in getting him to act like a young lady. He has learned that the more he looks and behaves as a girl, the less his chance of discovery as a boy in skirts."

"Yes, I know. That's why he hasn't told Henni of his true gender, even though he knows they share the same plight."

"Possibly a term in a girls' school might induce him to submerge so deeply into femininity that he could never return to being a boy even if allowed to do so. I've seen it happen."

"It's too soon for that," Julia demurred. "Despite his pretty dresses and skirts, far too much boy remains for him to be subjected to the rigors of a girls' school. You weren't here to see how he reacted with Cathy last summer. Why, he was so smitten with her that he gathered his courage, stamped his high heel, and with the bravado of a matador, vowed never to appear before her in another dress or skirt."

"Knowing our Jackie, I can well imagine."

"Another time, after coming to breakfast in his long pink nightgown and matching negligee, he regained his masculine courage and demanded the return of his trousers! I assumed a harsh demeanor, but the usual threats of painful and embarrassing punishments didn't work. In the end, I was able to regain control only by threatening to have his ears pierced. Even though he would be dressed as a girl at the school, I fear exposure to a bevy of pretty young girls on a daily basis would only serve to

reinforce those feelings and place undue temptation in his way."

"If girls aren't the answer, perhaps a more effective plan would be to introduce him to really nice *boys!*" Miss Vincent countered.

"He's met a lot of boys!" Julia differed. "Paul's friends were around all summer, and he met several others at Church socials. Without exception, he summarily rejected all who made amorous advances."

"That was before he began hormone therapy. Now his breasts are developing nicely, his hips are rounding out suitably, and his waist is remaining small due to his tight corset. Normal boys find him attractive and desirable as a girl because of his feminine mannerisms, voice inflections, and demure decorum. We must put him in a situation where he has to reciprocate as a young girl or risk having his secret revealed. Imagine him being forced to flirt with randy young men while wondering how far he could allow them to slide their lecherous hands under his skirt and still maintain his secret."

"You could be right," Julia mused. "Tim was quite smitten with Jackie in his pretty dresses and makeup last summer. After returning to the colonies, Tim's mother wrote that he wished he could take Jacqueline to the prom! His letters suggest such an admiration by his words and his requests for photographs. Since Tim isn't here, the answer to our dilemma could be to get Jackie interested in a nice local boy."

"Perhaps, but we must move cautiously since Jackie hasn't expressed the same affection for Tim," Miss Vincent warned. "He keeps reminding Tim that he is a boy, no matter what he wears. Still, this could be a catalyst to bring Jackie around to accepting his femininity. It's unfortunate that he has shown no affection for dresses and soft lingerie because he's one of the most promising subjects for feminization I've ever seen. Believe me, I've seen quite a few, both willing and unwilling! Most of the time, he isn't aware that he shouldn't be wearing dresses and acts naturally as a girl. It would be a travesty for him to abandon his pretty dresses, skirts, and soft silky undies in favor of coarse masculine trousers, cotton underwear, and heavy boots."

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"I agree wholeheartedly," Julia sighed. "That's the rationale I use to justify keeping him in skirts whenever I have a guilt attack. He was a brash and unruly lad when he arrived, but look at him now. He's a quiet, obedient, demure, and pleasant companion as he flits around like a butterfly in his pretty dresses, skirts, blouses, makeup, and heels."

"Yes, and with his daily hormones, his breasts are developing nicely. He doesn't realize that those budding beauties and his acquired feminine mannerisms will hinder his return to masculinity where he would immediately be branded a sissy."

Just then, Hank and his mother, who still showed no indication that she realized her daughter was her son wearing skirts, joined them. With her appearance, the devious pair ended their discussion of the feminine boys except to refer to them as girls!

Hank was wearing a chic pink dress with a full mid-thigh length skirt. A hint of white lace petticoat showed at the hem whenever a light breeze would send his skirt billowing askew, and he blushed in typical feminine fashion.

"Isn't Henni's dress lovely?" Mrs. Armstrong sighed. "We bought it the other day during our shopping trip?"

"Yes, and *she* is very charming in it!" Julia declared with a knowing smile. Turning to Hank, she purred, "Henni dear, please fetch a cup and saucer so your dear mother can join us at tea?"

"Of course, Mrs. Kerr," Hank replied as he flitted away with his skirt swirling saucily about his nylon clad thighs and his heels clicking rhythmically on the tiles.

The next morning, Miss Vincent directed the *girls* away from their usual study to focus on social etiquette. "You will be the epitome of femininity and shining examples of social behavior in high society," she proclaimed. "It's time you met some nice boys of good standing." Jack heaved a sigh of resignation. Lowering his eyes, he nervously fiddled with his skirt and looked anxious. "Come now, girls," Miss Vincent exclaimed, "There's no need for sad faces. This is an opportunity you shouldn't miss, and it can be

lots of fun! You can't stay cooped up in this big old house forever!"

Her comment filled Jack with alarm. It was bad enough to have to peck Paul, Peter, and Robert on the cheek feminine style during greetings and farewells, but to be kissed by a boy on the lips was unthinkable! Tears of dread formed in his eyes at the very thought of such humiliation! "Oh God," he thought and looked shamefully past his protruding *breasts* at his stylish dress and smooth nylon-clad thighs exposed by his short skirt. "They really are going to make me date boys!"

Hank was thinking quite differently. He actually smiled until he thought with horror about having to hide his boyhood in case of an *accident*. "I have small breasts that will show in a strapless formal, and my *thing* is folded back under the modesty patch in my panties. What would a boy think of me if he found out?" He trembled and glanced sideways at Jack.

Despite their excitement and trepidation, the next hour was filled with instruction in all the social graces. Every variation of feminine behavior at formal occasions such as balls, dances, and parties was covered. This included the sort of conversations; the topics to discuss; how to focus on their escort's achievements; and not to brag or appear pushy.

After dinner, the *girls* made excuses and went to their rooms early. As Jack sat on his bed taking off his nylons, he saw his reflection in the long bedroom mirror. His skirt and slip were hiked on his thighs as he unfastened his stockings and gently smoothed them down his slim hairless legs. The picture of ultra femininity he presented made him blush deeply. "How could I have allowed them to make me appear so feminine?" he decried. "Now they're going to introduce me to boys who don't know I'm a boy like them, or will they? He cringed at the thought."

After removing his dress, he unfastened his bra, removed it from beneath his pretty pink slip, and stood before the mirror in his bare feet. Swinging to and fro, he studied his natural bust line sway beneath the bodice of his soft nylon slip. After slipping into a soft pink translucent negligee, he gently massaged his budding breasts through the soft nylon. As his rosy nipples hardened, he

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moaned in delight and rolled them between his thumb and forefinger. Suddenly a knock at his door interrupted his revelry, and he abruptly dropped his hands to avoid being caught doing something so *very* naughty! Primly pulling his negligee about his bodice, he politely replied, "Come in."

Hank peeped around the corner with a worried expression. "Can we talk, Jackie?" he pleaded in a small voice.

Jack nodded, and Hank entered wearing a silky baby-doll nightie and a short translucent negligee. Without being asked, he sat on the bed, nervously brushed his shoulder length brunette curls from his face, and timidly admitted, "I'm so worried about this social thing, Jackie. I don't know anything about being *with* boys the way Miss Vincent seems to want."

Jack sat beside him, unashamed to be seen in his silky feminine and translucent negligee. Demurely crossing his legs at the knee, he responded without thinking, "Neither do I."

"But you're a *girl!*" Hank sniffed. "You've been on dates with randy boys. You know how to fend them off when they get ... you know ... aggressive!"

Jack placed a slim, smooth arm around his friend, an arousing moment for Hank as his breathing increased and his luscious budding breasts began to rapidly rise and fall. "Listen Henni, boys will only do what you allow them to do, even though they seem to have *octopus arms*. "It won't be all that bad. Just make sure you are always with another girl when a boy holds your hand or tries to kiss you. You are a lovely young lady and your breasts are very nice. Since Miss Vincent made us grow them with those damn tablets, you might as well make the most of your situation!"

Jack immediately realized what he had said, and he knew he had made a terrible mistake. For a second, he thought his friend hadn't caught on, but Hank slowly responded, "But you're a real girl, Jackie! You don't need those tablets!"

Deciding he had kept the truth from his friend long enough, Jack spoke in a low voice, "Henni, I'm sorry for keeping this from you, but I'm a boy in skirts like *you*."

"How? Why?"

"Aunt Julia in the beginning and now Miss Vincent!" he seethed with contempt in his soft voice. "She took my clothes away and made me wear soft blouses, kilts, and nylon panties. When I became adamant that I would no longer wear them, she put me in dresses and forced me to behave like a girl! If I protested, I was spanked or she would humiliate me in public by announcing that I was a boy who liked to wear skirts, soft lingerie, and makeup. With no money or male clothes, I couldn't run away without being read as a sissy in a dress. Until now I've been too ashamed to tell even you. That stuff was bad enough, but now *this!*" he added as he cupped his budding nylon covered breasts in his palms for emphasis.

"Your aunt made you wear dresses and pretend to be a girl against your will?"

"Yes! I would never dress like this of my own accord? What kind of boy do you think I am?"

"Why would she do such a thing?"

"Aunt Julia just shrugs and says anyone can see that I make a better girl than boy and that I belong in skirts. She says Paul was too much boy to continue wearing dresses, so she allowed him to return to pants and become a normal boy. To my sorrow, she insisted that I remain in skirts."

"Paul wore dresses too?"

"He had a full wardrobe of dresses, skirts, panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, garter belts, nylons, high heels, and corsets. She even made him wear a girlish blouse and kilt with his hair in a sissy style for normal wear. The first month I was here, I didn't see him in pants more than twice, and even then, they were shorts!"

"Wow!" Hank gasped. "Paul is so confident and macho! I never would have guessed that he had ever worn dresses."

"I know," Jack sighed as he adjusted the hem of his negligee across his smooth hairless thighs. "My greatest hope is that I'll regain my masculinity as fast when I'm finally allowed to wear boys' clothes."

"I'm sorry, Jackie. It's hard to believe that your aunt would

force you to wear dresses.

“Well, she did!” Jack exclaimed.

“Okay!” Hank conceded, holding up his manicured hands. “I believe you. It’s just that I never suspected you were a boy, and I bet no one else has either. How did you learn to behave so much like a girl that you deceive everyone so completely?”

“Aunt Julia is very devious and extremely manipulative,” Jack exhaled, recalling his early days in skirts. “Once she had me in dresses, she drilled me in feminine mannerisms like Miss Vincent does now. I practiced how to walk, sit, and stand in a skirt, and to walk with short mincing steps with limp wrists and swinging hips. She gave me lessons in clothing coordination, style, color, and fabric selection, makeup application, hairstyling, voice inflections, carriage, and comportment. I cried like a little girl and begged for my pants, but she said that was out of the question. I fooled you all these months, so her plan must have worked to perfection.”

“I’ll say it worked!” Hank exclaimed. “Robert threatened me if I didn’t go along with wearing dresses to help Mom get over Dad’s death, but I don’t think he would have *made* me do it if I had been adamant. At any rate, I sure didn’t think it would last this long or go *this* far!” he concluded by indicating the pert feminine mounds under his soft nightie.

“I *hate* wearing dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie, but the other things I have to do are *worse*!” Jack scowled.

“What things?”

“Don’t you *know*?” Jack asked in disbelief that another boy in skirts wouldn’t understand his meaning. “Things boys never do like sitting before my vanity in silky undies to primp. I spend hours styling my hair, experimenting with makeup, and massaging scented lotions into my skin to make it soft and feminine! How many boys do those things?”

“Okay, *okay*! Our beauty rituals are intense, but come on! Don’t try to tell me that you prefer the feel of cotton and other coarse fabrics caressing your skin to silk, satin, and nylon! Look me in the eye and tell me you don’t shiver in ecstasy when you

adjust silky panties about your waist, pull sheer nylons over your smooth creamy thighs, or slide between sleek satin sheets in a soft sensuous nightie!"

Turning red and looking down at his soft, translucent feminine, Jack sighed, "Okay! Some of the clothes feel nice, but I'll never get used to torturous corsets, those awful stilt heels, or sleeping with my hair set in rollers. Besides, boys aren't supposed to wear dresses, skirts, soft lingerie, makeup, nail polish, and perfume!!"

"Look, I'm in the same boat as you, except I'm not being forced," Hank explained as tears filled his eyes. "Mom needs to believe she has a daughter to help her get well, and I guess I'm that daughter."

Feeling momentarily ashamed of his attitude, Jack put his arm around his friend in an act of contrition, and whispered, "I'm sorry, Henni. I sometimes forget that you agreed to wear dresses and why. Your brothers must be very appreciative of your sacrifice."

"Thanks, Jackie," Hank sniffed as he carefully dried the tears from his eyes to avoid ruining his makeup. "As the only other boy I know who wears dresses, I was wondering if you had the same feelings as I do about pretending to be a girl. "Please tell me."

Feeling guilty about misunderstanding Hank's purpose for asking the questions he had avoided asking himself, Jack sighed, "Okay, but just for you."

"Thanks," Hank purred as he laid his head on Jack's soft, nylon covered shoulder.

"I was terribly embarrassed in the beginning. I hated every minute I was in a dress or skirt, especially when Aunt Julia took me out in public," Jack admitted with a blush that came naturally with the memory of his early days in dresses. "Now, I'm not nearly as humiliated, except when I'm purposely identified as a boy. Those long torturous lessons in feminine carriage and poise made me feel more natural and less self-conscious about dressing as a girl. Constant practice and punishment for masculine behavior taught me to manage skirts as well as any girl. Those

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things have become so habitual that I walk, sit, and stand like a girl without thinking. I wonder if I'll be able to put my femininity aside as easily and completely as Paul."

"If Paul did it, why do you worry so?"

"You, of all people should understand! Don't you see that Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent are conspiring to rid us of our inherent masculinity? Not only do they make us dress as girls, they punish us for every move, gesture, or voice inflection that isn't completely feminine. They make us practice *correct* way until it becomes natural and we forget how we did it as boys. If we can't remember how we moved, reacted, and thought as boys, how can we return to masculinity?"

"I see," Hank admitted without exhibiting much emotion. "I guess I'll have to return to pants when Mom recovers, no matter how I feel, so the news about Paul is reassuring."

"I hope Tim and Cathy don't tell my friends back home about me spending my time away as a girl! I'd *never* live down the humiliation!"

"That's right!" Hank exclaimed with an illuminating smile. "Your friends from the states were here, and they saw you in your feminine clothes! Oh Jackie, I can only imagine your embarrassment when they first saw you in a dress!"

"I thought my life was over when Tim, Cathy, and Mrs. Daynor arrived and saw me in a stylish new dress. I had just come from the hairdressers where my hair was lightened to honey blonde and permed into a chic style. My makeup was enhanced, my lipstick and nail polish changed to a radiant red, and I looked totally feminine. Tim thought I was a girl, but Cathy saw through my disguise. When she squealed, 'It's Jack, and he's wearing a dress!' I fled from the room in tears, fast as possible in my skirt and heels!"

"While I lay on my bed crying my eyes out, Aunt Julia told them I was undergoing *petticoat punishment*, a popular English way to quell the spirits of unruly boys. Since I was rude, disobedient, and ill mannered when I arrived, she put me in skirts for a time. She then lied, saying I fell in love with my pretty

dresses and begged to be allowed to dress as a girl full time and the result was what they saw."

"Wow! Did they believe her?"

"Oh boy did they! When they asked why I ran out of the room if I liked wearing dresses, she explained that I was ashamed for my friends to know of my preference for girl's clothes. She also told them to expect me to claim that I was being forced to wear dresses but to pay me no heed. The next day, we played tennis...remember?"

"Oh yes," Hank giggled. "I hadn't been dressing as a girl very long, and I was totally embarrassed in my short tennis dress, especially when my skirt would bounce up and expose my frilly panties!"

"Everyone, except you and your family, knew I was a boy!"

"I sure thought you were a girl. Robert and Pete did too, or they wouldn't have asked you to dance so often that evening."

"I begged Cathy not to tell anyone. She promised to keep my secret, even though she believed Aunt Julia's claim that I secretly loved wearing dresses. Saying she liked me better in skirts, she stripped to her bra and panties as if we were both girls. Showing no shame, she insisted on me doing the same. Feeling I had no choice, I removed my blouse, skirt, and slip. 'Wow!' she gasped when she saw my fancy panties and bra. 'I sure don't blame you for preferring delicate beauties like those to coarse cotton briefs and boxers.'"

"I tried to tell her I hated wearing panties, but she laughed and said, 'Sure you do.' About that time, Tim started treating me differently, and said I was cute like a real girl. Now, he writes saying he's glad I like wearing dresses. He has a photograph of me by his bed that Miss Vincent gave him, and he wants more pictures of me in dresses, as if we're *lovers!*"

"Miss Vincent sent him a few along with the mushy letters she makes me write in a delicate feminine script. I have to tell him how much I enjoy wearing stylish dresses and primping to make myself pretty while thinking of him. Now, he's totally convinced that I like dressing as a girl. I just hope he'll believe the truth

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when I return home in pants.”

“Where did Miss Vincent get photos of you in dresses?”

“Remember the photographer who took all those pictures and videos of us when we were practicing poise? Well, she had prints made, and now, she has *hundreds!*”

“Oh yes, I remember him. He was cute ... sort of ...”

“Most of my poses aren’t too bad, but some are awfully humiliating. In one set, Miss Vincent put a rubber mouse on the floor. She then made me hold my skirt and slip at my waist with my panties in full view and scream as if I was afraid of it. My actions and facial expressions had to tell a convincing story of my vulnerable femininity. She had the photographer retake it again and again until she was happy with my performance. The photographer knew I was a boy and he enjoyed my plight. I felt totally vulnerable standing with my panties, the lacy hem of my slip, the dark tops of my nylons, and my garter straps on display. Tim says that’s his favorite!”

“Knowing how boys like to look at our legs and sneak peeks at any exposed lace under our skirts, I can well imagine,” Hank squealed, as though he no longer considered himself to be a male.

“There are others almost as embarrassing,” Jack admitted with a blush. “In one, I’m holding my long skirt up to adjust my nylons. After seeing that one, Tim said I have great legs ... sexier than any girl in his school, cheerleaders included. Can you believe it? He wants more *cheesecake* poses! I would never send photos to anyone that document my life in skirts, especially sexy ones like that! Thank heaven, Miss Vincent refused, at least so far! She keeps threatening to have more taken if I don’t remain sweet, docile, obedient, and dedicated to my feminine lessons.”

“Does your mother know you wear dresses?”

“Yes, and would you believe it, she finds it amusing! Aunt Julia wrote a letter telling her about my punishment and sent photographs of me in dresses, skirts, and lingerie with my makeup, nail polish and feminine hairstyle as proof! Now, she wants me to dress as a girl until Christmas when she can see me in person.”

As the femininely clad boys sat side by side with their perfume mingling, Hank, sighed, "I feel sorry for you Jackie, but it's so hard to think of you as a boy in your pretty dresses and skirts. I agree with Tim. You look and act too much like a girl to be a boy...and you really do have sexy legs!"

"Blushing brightly at the backhanded compliment, Jack pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone my secret."

"I promise...girl to girl."

As Julia read her mail one morning, she exclaimed, "Oh my! Caroline Scott is getting married and we're not only invited to the wedding, she's asking Jackie and Henni to be two of her bridesmaids."

Miss Vincent clapped her hands and gushed, "Yes!"

Jack hated the idea from the start, but he couldn't refuse to participate if his aunt so decreed. He could only pray that the ordeal would not be too embarrassing or too revealing. "Why did she ask for us?" he asked curiously, imagining being at a gala event in a pretty bridesmaid's dress, heels, and makeup. "Henni and I don't know her."

"Anne, Caroline's mother, and I are old friends. We have kept in close touch, so she knows all about you. They have been traveling for a time, but they returned home for the wedding. Apparently, Caroline met her fiancée in Stockholm during their travels. Now, they plan to wed."



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“Tim will certainly know what I wear under my dresses now!” Jack sighed with a bright blush while holding his skirt at waist level for the smiling photographer. “I wish he and Cathy didn’t believe I like wearing these awful girl’s clothes like Aunt Julia told them.”

Later on the terrace, Julia and Miss Vincent had another council of war. Miss Vincent informed Julia, "The Scott's wedding consultant gave assurances that she would take care of everything for the bridesmaids and flower girls, regardless of their gender. Her service includes everything; gowns, lingerie, corsets, heels, makeup, and hair styling."

Julia said, "Before we heard about Caroline's wedding, we discussed introducing our *girls* to some boys. The reception afterward could be the perfect venue for such interaction. After all, what could possibly be more femininely exciting for young girls than trying on elegant bridesmaid's gowns while dreaming about, or dreading the idea of, floating about the dance floor in the arms of strong, viral, and handsome men in suits and tuxedos?"

A rare smile crept across Miss Vincent's face. "Yes, this gala event could be very interesting. The wedding is a month away, so that should provide ample time to improve their social and dancing skills. I'll concentrate on that."

On the morning of the fitting of their bridesmaid's gowns, Jack entered Hank's room and asked what he planned to wear, a question boys never considered. Hank thoughtfully replied, "Since we'll have to strip to our undies to try on the gowns, I think I'll keep things simple. A blouse, skirt, and sweater in case it gets cold." Hank squeezed himself and added, "I don't know why, but I want to feel especially feminine underneath, so I will wear my silkiest, laciest panties, bra, and slip. Want to join me?"

"Oh my!" Jack gasped. Suddenly embarrassed to be discussing his feminine underwear with another boy! "Miss Vincent will have a kitten if I don't dress up as well. I'll wear my pink dress with the straight mid-thigh length skirt to protect my modesty in the brisk autumn winds, elaborate panties, matching bra, and lace adorned slip. I'll wear nylons and at least three-inch heels. I swear, Henni, by your choice in clothes, one would think you enjoy dressing as a girl!"

"I guess I do...sort of," Hank blushed. "I don't want Miss Vincent scolding me for not being properly feminine with Mom

looking on. After all, she thinks I'm her daughter, and I'm wearing these clothes for her benefit. At least, I was at first!"

"Come on!" Jack rebuked, "This is me! Fess up! Maybe, in the beginning, you agreed to wear dresses for your mother's benefit, but now, it's for you...all for *you*! I told you about me being a boy, so admit that you like dressing as a girl."

"Okay," Hank admitted. "I was terribly embarrassed when I first had to dress as a girl, but after all these months I find pleasure in the feel of soft silky undies and the swirl of pretty dresses and skirts about my nylon clad thighs. I like applying makeup and making myself pretty for handsome young men and boys. I feel sensations I've never felt before when they look back."

"What kind of sensations?" Jack gasped at a boy admitting that he liked wearing dresses and flirting with men.

"I feel a stirring in my panties and a tingling in my bra that makes me want more! I don't know more of what yet, but I want more. The only way I can find out is to continue dressing as a girl. I don't look for ways to regain my pants. I want to continue wearing skirts. So there! Now you know how I feel about wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl!"

During breakfast, Hank blushed profusely whenever Jack looked at him with an unbelieving glare. Neither knew a boy in dresses could embarrass another in similar straits by looking at him with an accusing frown, but they were learning!

When everyone was ready, Julia, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Vincent, and the *girls* were off to the shop for their fittings.

A lady in her mid forty's greeted them and introduced herself as Madam Monde, the owner. She escorted the group into a room, beautifully arranged and decorated in the style of the second empire. Gold and white period furniture, gold silk curtains with white silk under sheers, sofas and chairs in soft gold velvet and brocade, tall gold gilded mirrors, and paintings of ballet and little girls greeted them. It was truly a breathtaking salon reeking with femininity.

Two pretty, blonde assistants wearing simple black dresses

with classic mid thigh length pleated skirts came forward to help. They wore pearls, gold earrings, three-inch pumps, silky gray nylons, and when they flipped their hems; a flash of white petticoat lace could be seen.

Without further niceties, Madam Monde ordered Jack and Hank to disrobe. No one else was in the salon, so they were instructed not to bother using the cubicles. Once their dresses and slips were off, the assistants unlaced and removed their corsets, leaving them clad only in their bras, panties, garter belts, nylons, and heels. Julia and Miss Vincent smiled with delight as they sat and watched this ultra feminine scene.

Hank breathed a sigh of relief as his corset was removed. His mother looked over him in his darling panties and bra and sighed, "Although Henni is my daughter, I must say that she is developing a truly cute figure!" Hank smiled with pleasure at seeing the obvious admiration of his mother.

Jack was blushing profusely. He was seldom embarrassed after wearing girl's clothes all these months, but stripping to his silky undies before a group of women who knew he was a boy still distressed him. He wanted to refuse to disrobe in their presence, but painful and humiliating experience had taught him the folly of such defiance. He was ashamed that his translucent panties would do little to hide the sanitary napkin that proclaimed his mock observance of the feminine menstrual cycle!

Julia eyed Jack and Hank approvingly, and she especially delighted in Jack's humiliation. Since Miss Vincent's arrival, both boys had been under her complete authority. Some time had passed since she had last seen them in such sexy, revealing lingerie. Observing the cleavage above their bras, she shivered at the changes the enterprising older woman had imposed on them.

Madame Monde approached and explained that as they were to have new corsets, measurements had to be taken. "Twenty four inches," beamed Madam Monde as she removed the tape measure from Jack's waist. "And twenty-four again!" she exclaimed after measuring Hank. To their chagrin, both soon stood breathlessly in their bras, panties, nylons, high heels, and tight new corsets that took them down to an excruciating twenty-one inches!

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While they gasped for breath, an elegant woman and a pretty young girl arrived. Julia cheerfully introduced them as Anne Scott and her daughter, Caroline. "They have come to observe the fittings and to see if they desire changes in any of the dresses or accessories."

Caroline, a pretty brunette with long trim legs, was wearing a casual, yet very expensive blouse, straight mid-thigh length skirt, sheer nude nylons, and stilt heels. Upon the introduction from her mother, she smiled and looked on approvingly.

Jack and Hank introduced themselves to Caroline with hugs and kisses on the cheek accompanied by bright blushes because they were wearing only scant feminine undies and excruciatingly tight corsets.

Mrs. Scott whispered that Caroline's period would end on November 10th, so the wedding was set for Saturday, the twelfth, when she would be free and clear. The personal nature of the announcement was not lost on any of the group, especially Caroline who blushed shyly and looked down at her lofty heels.

While Mrs. Scott and Caroline watched, slinky pink gowns with straight ankle length skirts were arrayed on Jack and Hank. To their surprise, the dresses clung tightly to their corseted figures and showed them to feminine perfection.

Seeing Jack staring at his image in the full length-mirror, Hank purred, "Oh Jackie, aren't these dresses so lovely and feminine?"

"Oh yes!" Caroline squealed before Jack could reply. She kissed everyone, squeezed their hands, and thanked them for making this the happiest time of her sweet young life. "This makes me wish I'd waited until today for my own fitting!" The salon was filled with the scents of perfume, the sound of girlish giggles, and swishing petticoats. Indeed, no one would ever suspect these beautiful girls were, in reality, boys!

Just then, a young woman in her early twenties and a young girl about seventeen joined the jovial group. The elder girl wore a very stern, determined expression, while her companion appeared meek and subdued.

Seeing the pair, Mrs. Scott and Caroline rushed to greet them with happy hugs and kisses. "This is Leona Campbell and her brother, Leslie, who has graciously agreed to be one of Caroline's bridesmaids," Mrs. Scott introduced.

"Why would a boy agree to be a bridesmaid?" gasped Mrs. Armstrong.

"Oh, he and Caroline used to be very close, and he's always been sort of a sissy," Mrs. Scott replied with a coy smile. "He's worn his sister's dresses and silky undies since an early age, and he enjoys playing with her dolls so much that he now has an extensive collection all his own."

"I'm not a sissy, and I never was!" Leslie asserted with as much bravado as he dared. "I've never worn dresses or played with dolls unless Leona made me. I never wanted all those dolls! You know it very well too, you...you...horrible woman!"

"Watch your tongue, Missy!" Leona snapped. "You promised to behave in a prim, proper, and demure manner that befits a young girl! Unless you want a well-deserved spanking on your pretty panties here and now, instead of when we get home, you'll apologize to Mrs. Scott and the other ladies present. Thereafter, you will also assume a befitting disposition like we discussed!"

With a red face and fear in his eyes, Leslie gingerly grasped the sides of his skirt, dipped a polite curtesy, and nearly choking on his words, he sighed, "Please forgive my contemptible outburst, Mrs. Scott, ladies. I promise to be more *ladylike* for the remainder of my visit."

"You sure looked like a sissy back then," Mrs. Scott chuckled, ignoring his humiliating apology. "In fact, seeing you playing with your dolls in your cute dresses with ribbons in your hair was where I got the idea to put Carl in petticoats."



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“Oh, Jacki, aren’t these dresses so lovely and feminine?” Hank purred.

Jack wanted to curl up and hide. “Don’t they show too much cleavage?” he whined.

“Don’t be such a prude!” Hank gushed. “They feel so heavenly.”

Even though Leslie insisted that he wasn't a sissy, there was no pretense that he was anything but feminine! He was wearing a red, green, and yellow plaid mid-thigh length pleated skirt and a white long sleeve nylon blouse that was translucent enough to show the outline of his bra and slip. Red tinted nylons covered his smooth hairless legs, and red three-inch pumps adorned his feet. His gleaming auburn tresses fell in layered waves onto his neck, while discreet makeup with blush, powder, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, deep coral lipstick, and matching nail polish accentuated his feminine image. His jewelry consisted of a stylish pearl necklace, a triple strand pearl bracelet, and gold embellished pearl drops that dangled from his obviously pierced ears.

"Wow!" thought Jack. "Hank and I haven't had our ears pierced, at least, not yet! I had best keep quiet about them. The idea just might appeal to Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent."

Leslie was totally humiliated by his identification as a boy in his extremely feminine ensemble. When growing up, his sister made him wear her dresses and play with her dolls when their parents were away. When their parents were killed, he became her ward, and she kept him in silky lingerie, skirts, dresses, and makeup most of the time! His hair was encouraged to grow and was kept in a chic feminine style by weekly visits to the hairdresser. Even during the few times he was allowed to wear pants, he wore silky feminine panties, as they were the only underwear he possessed. Now his dearest wish was that the floor would open up and swallow him!

"What's the harm of a boy being a bridesmaid?" Mrs. Scott bubbled. "I think the offer of Leslie's services to Caroline is a wonderful gesture, especially since they were boyhood mates."

Unwilling to let her distraught brother off too easily, Leona took Mrs. Scott's hint and admonished, "What do you say to such a gracious compliment, Leslie?"

Leslie appeared to be terrified of his sister. "Thank you, Mrs. Scott," he dipped into a polite curtsey. "I will be honored to serve as one of Caroline's bridesmaids."

Jack was experiencing all kinds of strange sensations as the

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mortified Leslie obediently removed his blouse and skirt and stood by demurely in a lace edged white nylon minislip. Looking sorrowfully toward the stone-faced Leona, he was painfully aware that he risked far worse if he objected further. His slim figure might not have needed a corset, but he got one just the same! His slip was whisked away by one of the assistants, leaving him totally shamed in his padded bra, silky panties, garter belt, and nylons!

To Leslie's chagrin, Madam Monde placed one of the tortuous devices around his waist. While he gasped for air, she tightened the laces to the last breathless inch. He was near tears when she finally tied off the laces, but he knew better than to complain.

Seeing her brother's quandary, Leona took him in her arms and feigned compassion. "There, there, darling," she cooed. "It's alright for girls and sissies to cry!"

Everyone knew he wanted to scream, "I'm not a sissy! You know I only dress this way because you make me!" After Leona's earlier reprimand and a lifetime of being bullied by her, he lacked the courage to challenge her authority.

Turning her attention to Jack and Hank, Madam Monde watched them mince about in their identical form fitting silky pink gowns. A sibilant swish of their nylons could be heard as they walked about the salon swinging their hips and turning to display their elegant gowns.

When their fitting was finally over and they were removing their elegant gowns to put on their street clothes, Jack sidled over to Leslie and whispered, "Hello, Leslie, it's nice to see you again. I see you hate having to wear dresses as much as I do. Will your sister really spank you when you return home?"

Turning bright red, Leslie whispered, "Yes, and that's only the beginning. After a severe tongue lashing, I'll have to apologize, promise to be more ladylike, and ask for a spanking on my pretty panties to teach me to be more obedient, prim, proper, and respectful. Then I'll have to stand in the corner with my skirt at my waist for at least an hour."

"Wow! I've had some really painful and embarrassing

spankings to force me to act properly as a girl in dresses, but you really have it rough!"

"You don't know half of it!" Leslie commiserated. "I just hope she doesn't turn me into a real girl like Carl ... uh ... *Caroline* after the wedding like she threatened!"

To further humiliate Leslie, Leona firmly grasped his hand as if he were really a young girl. As they walked away, his short skirt swung enticingly about his legs to expose a hint of his lace edged slip when a slight breeze blew it askew. Jack knew full well and first hand the humiliation his friend was experiencing.

After returning home, Mary Armstrong called Julia aside and whispered, "Did I hear right at the fitting that *Caroline* was a boy, and he underwent some kind of surgery to become a girl... a real *girl!*"

"Yes, that's true," Julia replied as the question caught her off guard. Had Mary's illness caused her to grow lax in conversation? Had confidences been revealed that should have remained secret?

"How is that possible?" the confused woman asked. "Did they just cut off his...?"

"In the end, yes, but the process is much more complex. It starts with hormones, and then..."

"Hormones like you've been giving my Henni to make him develop breasts, hips, and soft skin like a girl?"

"You *know?*"

"Yes. It took a quite some time, but I'm fully recovered from the shock of my husband's death. For a while, I actually thought Henni was the daughter I had always wanted, but I slowly began to realize that she is my middle son, Hank. He was always such a sweet child, so I wasn't too surprised to learn that he agreed to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl to pacify my troubled mind."

"Why didn't you speak up sooner?"

"I suppose I should have, but my recovery was gradual. I wanted to find out what it was like having a daughter. Hank

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didn't seem to mind wearing dresses, silky undies, and makeup. Besides, Jackie is in the same boat."

"You know about Jackie too?"

"I strongly suspected he was a boy in skirts before my husband died. With everyone thinking I was addled, I've overheard quite a bit. Now, that you know, will you please tell me more about this procedure that changes boys into girls?"

Caught off guard, Julia explained about clinics where boys who were forced into dresses, skirts, soft feminine lingerie, and makeup were surgically altered to become the girls they appeared to be.

"Do the boys agree with this...this drastic surgery?"

"Some do, but most fight the procedure tooth and nail. In the end though, they are forced to accept the inevitability of their femininity and feminine existence."

"Is that what happened with Caroline? Did he... *she* put up a fight?"

Julia cleared her throat. "I'll tell you a secret that you must not repeat to anyone, especially the Scott family. It's true, Caroline was once a nasty, unruly bully named Carl! Because of his behavior, when he was thirteen, his mother sent him to a special school in Sweden where boys are forced to dress as girls and trained to become proper young ladies. He resisted his enforced feminine attire *much* more than our Jackie. As for Henni, he more or less volunteered because of your *condition*. Painful and embarrassing punishments kept Carl in line, but he didn't fully accept his femininity until after his irreversible operation three years ago. Sweet Caroline is the result. She has fallen in love with a handsome man from a wealthy Scandinavian family and is to be married. Can't you picture that former hellion marching down the aisle in a beautiful white wedding gown?"

"Do you think my Henni would consent to becoming my daughter permanently like...like Caroline?"

Seeing the reason for the formerly demented woman's curiosity, Julia asked, "If you wish him to permanently become your daughter, a demure young lady in dresses, skirts, and soft

lingerie, the choice is yours. Like Carl, and so many other boys before him, his wishes really don't matter."

After a long pause for deep meditation, Mary sighed, "Hank was the only one of my sons willing to sacrifice his masculinity for a time and pretend to be my daughter for the sake of my sanity. Yes, his wishes do matter. He should have the option of returning to his life as a boy and not be forced to become a girl against his wishes. He shouldn't be punished for showing me compassion."

"Then your course is as clear as is your conscience. You should have a mother-daughter talk with *Henni*." To give her time to conspire with Miss Vincent on ways to influence Hank to embrace femininity and choose to continue wearing skirts, Julia added, "Why not wait until after the wedding? We shouldn't burden the poor dear with too much stress at once."

"Perhaps you're right. I'll continue to pretend that Hank is a girl until then. With him in skirts, I can enjoy my sweet *daughter* a while longer, regardless of his decision for his future. With all the activity surrounding the wedding, the time will pass quickly. And you're right. I don't want to do anything that might disrupt Caroline's elegant wedding."

After dressing for dinner, Jack stared at his mirror and saw the reflection of a pretty young girl with a lovely figure wearing a pink skirt and a matching vest over a white silk blouse with soft billowing sleeves. His hair, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish were immaculate, his gold necklace, matching hoop earrings and bracelets added to his dainty femininity. When he swirled his hips to and fro, his skirt swirled out to reveal a flash of white lace adorning his nylon-clad thighs. "Heavens!" he sighed while inhaling his enticing perfume, "Why am I behaving in such an exaggerated feminine manner? Am I beginning to enjoy girl's clothes...like *Henni*?"

Conversation during dinner was focused on the upcoming wedding with feminine titters about a variety of topics that included Caroline and her future husband. Jack and Hank added very little to the high-pitched chatter, except that Jack blushed brightly whenever someone spoke of the lovely gowns the

bridesmaids would be wearing.

“Mary isn’t confused like we thought,” Julia informed Miss Vincent as they discussed coming events and the *girls’* future in skirts. “She knows Henni is her son, and she is *very* interested in pursuing the possibility of correcting that flaw, as Ann did with Caroline. The hitch is, she wants him to approve the procedure. Do you think he’ll go for it?”

“I don’t like the odds. Not addled? How did you find out?”

“She approached me after hearing Caroline was born male. She agreed to wait until after the wedding before letting others know of her *recovery* or finalizing her plans. I hope that gives us sufficient time to formulate a plan that will virtually assure he’ll choose femininity.”

“I’ll double his estrogen intake starting tonight,” Miss Vincent declared. “The more potent hormone dosage should increase his breasts to a B+ cup by the end of the month and round out his hips while his tight corset reduces his waist by another inch. His rapid feminization should convince him of the folly of returning to boyhood.”

“I’ll encourage Mrs. Armstrong to shower Henni with affection as one would a young girl,” Julia mused. “By the time she announces her *miraculous* recovery, he should be pampered to the point that he won’t even consider exchanging his status as cherished only daughter for the relative neglect and anonymity of a middle son.”

Miss Vincent suggested, “We should overwhelm Henni with the pleasant and fun aspects of femininity and downplay the distasteful and uncomfortable. He’ll wear the silkiest, laciest undies at all times, and his dresses will be the latest styles. To develop a mother-daughter bond, we’ll encourage him to spend additional time with his mother. I’ll give both of our *girls* a refresher course in feminine etiquette and ballroom dancing with emphasis on following the male lead to help them feel comfortable and confident on the dance floor.”

Caroline's fate intrigued Hank, and he wondered what it would be like to become a real girl. Feeling more feminine by the day, he felt a stirring in his panties, and his nipples tingled in his bra when he heard that he would be dancing with strong handsome young men at the wedding reception.

As planned by the conniving women, he embraced his soft feminine clothes and lifestyle. He selected his softest laciest silkiest undies along with his prettiest, most stylish dresses, skirts, and blouses. He checked his hair and makeup at every opportunity and carried himself in the most delicate feminine manner possible. Sinking deeper into femininity without being aware, he began to think of himself as a girl most of the time.

One evening, Hank entered Jack's bedroom to find him at his vanity in his slip and transparent negligee plucking his brows. He asked, "Your aunt says we are invited to a brunch at the Scott's this Saturday. The Knowland girls and their aunt will also be there. Do you know them?"

Jack sat up abruptly. Adjusting the lacy hem of his slip across his smooth hairless thighs, he replied, "Knowland *girls*? I only know of three Knowland's, and they are all *boys*! I met them not long after I was forced to wear skirts."

"Maybe the boys have sisters." As Jack's face told a different story, Hank gasped, "Do you think those boys have been forced to wear dresses and pretend to be girls like *you*?"

"Possibly," Jack sighed. "They teased me something awful about the lace of my slip showing below the hem of my skirt. I told them it was a kilt, but that made no difference. I bet their aunt put them in skirts to punish them. Sure sounds like something that would happen in this crazy country!"

Hank replied in a soft voice just above a whisper, "At least, there are other boys in skirts. For the longest time, I thought I was the only one. Now, Miss Vincent says I was born to wear skirts. Lately, I'm beginning to think she could be right. Mom and I have grown closer since I've been dressing as a girl. I've *never* experienced such thrills as when I massage my *breasts* and roll my nipples between my thumb and forefinger."

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Jack declared, "I hate having to wear dresses! I didn't ask for these girlish frills, and it's not right for Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent to make me wear them. I'm a boy and I should be allowed to wear pants!"

"I don't care what you say or what my brothers think," Hank defiantly declared. "I like being a girl, and if Mom will allow it, I'll wear dresses from time to time after she gets well!" Not surprisingly, Jack was left speechless as Hank rose to his feet, smoothed his stylish skirt into place, and sauntered out of the room with his hips swaying in a purposeful exaggerated seductive manner.

For brunch on Saturday, Hank was very enticing in a tartan mid-thigh length skirt with tiny knife pleats that moved enticingly about his nylon clad thighs. His yellow silk blouse featured long transparent sleeves and it buttoned down the back. To compliment his *look* and give him a sweet adolescent appearance, he wore a yellow satin ribbon in his luxurious shoulder length raven hair. As he examined his reflection in the mirror, he wondered if boys would think he was pretty. "Golly," he thought, "I'm actually thinking of boys as the opposite sex! Oh well, I guess we *are* different as long as I dress like *this* and the way my body is developing!"

Looking in the mirror, he was delighted with his efforts. His makeup was modest with light blush, powder, lipstick, mascara, and only a hint of eye shadow. His undies were ultra soft, French, open leg yellow nylon panties, his yellow uplifting satin bra, and his laciest yellow slip. He spun in front of his mirror, swooning at his feminine image.

Jack wasn't nearly as excited about the impending brunch, but he knew he couldn't avoid attending. He didn't want anyone getting weird ideas of changing him into a real girl like Caroline, so the less said about that, the better! He selected a chic, pale translucent lavender dress with a walking slit that allowed a peek-a-boo glimpse of his lace embellished nylon slip with every step.

Hank found Jack in a totally girlish pose with his skirt held

high while he attached a sheer nylon to a garter strap dangling from his corset. He giggled and raised his skirt to adjust his own nylons. They stared at each other in the mirror in total awe. "How could boys look and act so totally feminine?" Jack asked himself as he dropped his skirt, smoothed out the wrinkles, and checked to assure that the lacy hem of his slip wasn't showing.

The weather was cool and blustery, so the women and *girls* wore autumn coats. Miss Vincent noted that Jack and Hank took particular care with their hair as they tied silk scarves about their wavy curls.

A middle-age butler greeted them at the Scott residence. Jack and Hank were taken completely aback as they looked at him in total awe. The man wore a rather sissy uniform that included a plaid vest, a mid thigh length kilt without the traditional male sporran, a white satin blouse a matching jacket, three-inch pumps, and sheer nylon stockings on his smooth hairless legs. Inside the foyer, several maids wearing uniforms with short skirts and stilt heels took their wraps.

As though nothing were out of the ordinary, the staid butler maintained a nonchalant demeanor as he escorted the group to the parlor where Mrs. Scott and her guests were waiting. Following the butler, Jack and Hank giggled at the way his heels caused him to take short steps, femininely wiggle his hips, and swayed the tiny, knife-edged pleats of his kilt about his thighs. Once inside, Jack looked about for the Knowland *girls*. He was certain they were William, Luke, and Edward, but he saw no one who fit their description, even in skirts. He saw Caroline, a tall man in his mid twenties holding her hand, and several small groups of chatting people.

Upon seeing Jack and Hank, Caroline abandoned her intended, rushed over, and greeted them with a kiss. Taking one of each girlishly clad boy's impeccably manicured hands in hers, she bubbled, "Oh Jackie, Henni, you look so lovely, so *feminine* in those stylish dresses! You can't believe how excited I am about my wedding, and I'm so pleased you came to my brunch. Having my bridesmaids and flower girls here is so exciting! Have you ever heard of a marriage where all the members of the bride's entourage are male except for her...and she was born male?"



Jack and Hank stood aghast when the femininely dressed butler greeted them to the Scott residence. "What a silly looking man!" Hank tittered to Jack. "Why is such an obvious man dressed in woman's clothes?"

"The very idea is absolutely thrilling!" Hank bubbled femininely. "We bridesmaids in our elegant gowns and the flower girls in their cute juvenile dresses will all be boys. Oh Caroline, yours will truly be a unique wedding. I just know you'll remember and cherish it always!"

"Yes, and you are so precious to participate."

Jack nervously toyed with his skirt, blushed, and asked, "Will your guests know about us...you know that we're boys in our fancy dresses, heels, and makeup?"

A cloud crept across Caroline's pretty features at Jack's pointed question. Avoiding eye contact, she sighed just above a whisper, "Yes, everyone will know. To assure that they do, Mother insisted that, *'All of the pretty bridesmaids and flower girls in their lovely gowns will be boys. To commemorate the occasion, and to add additional flair to this gala event, we request that all males attending be dressed as females,'* be engraved on the invitations."

"I can't believe Aunt Julia agreed to that?" Jack gasped as tears filled his eyes, threatening to ruin his eyeliner and mascara. "Yes, I can! Just when I can pass as a girl without fear of being recognized as a boy in skirts, she finds a new way to humiliate me. Oh Caroline, I'll be so happy when I'm finally allowed to return to pants!"

"There's no telling what will happen to Mom's mind if she sees those invitations and finds out I'm her son and not her daughter," Hank gasped. "I must warn Mrs. Kerr!" He hurried away, his skirt dancing merrily about his nylon clad thighs.

"Look on the bright side," Caroline said when she and Jack were alone. "You are from the colonies where no one, who knows you as a boy, will see you in your pretty gown. Sure, you'll be embarrassed during my wedding with all the ogling onlookers in the know, but after the reception, you'll never see them again. They all know I was born male and that I'm marrying a man. My consolation is that Sven and I will reside in Stockholm, and I won't see them very often."

In search of any remaining masculinity, Jack looked deep into the eyes of this raven-haired beauty while she talked in her

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soothing, self-assured voice. Seeing none, he was amazed at how feminine this once tough boy had become. "You would be right if that's as far as it went," he sighed. "But my best friend, Tim, his sister Cathy, and their mother came for a visit last summer and saw me in my dresses. They promised not to tell anyone back home, but those awful photos of me in dresses, skirts, soft blouses, and makeup will still be around. If word gets out, I'll simply die!"

Caroline took Jack in her arms and soothed, "There, there, even if your friends reveal your secret, the aftermath won't be as bad as you imagine. Believe me, I *know*. Now dry those tears, and let's go to the powder room to repair your makeup."

Jack was so conditioned to enhancing his features with cosmetics that he forgot for the moment that he was a boy and shouldn't be wearing makeup. So indoctrinated was he to performing such feminine tasks, while dutifully repairing his makeup, eyeliner, and mascara, he completely forgot his masculinity and strove to make himself pretty like his hostess.

"Like most boys who find themselves under the power of the petticoat, you probably didn't deserve to be forced into skirts in the beginning," Caroline sighed after watching Jack apply his exquisite feminine makeup. "Despite your wishes to the contrary, you have become very feminine, and you'll never be much of a boy, even if you are allowed to return to pants."

"Don't say that!" Jack exclaimed as he remembered his true gender. "Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent say it's obvious that I should have been in skirts all along, but it can't be true, it just *can't!*"

"At my school in Sweden, I saw dozens of boys who had been forced to wear dresses and comport themselves as girls," Caroline said. "Some of them were allowed to return to pants after extended feminine training, but I don't know of a single one who made the transition and became a credible boy."

"You can't be serious!"

"Oh, yes! Like you, they were drilled in feminine gestures and mannerisms until they became habit, even instinctive. Under this relentless regimen, they gradually forgot how to move or even

think like a boy, and their masculinity was history. Even in pants, they looked and acted like girls. They sat with their knees together, walked with short steps and swinging hips, held their wrists limp, gestured with their hands when they talked, used feminine voice inflections, and exhibited any number of other girlish traits. Both boys and girls teased them unmercifully and called them awful names, sissy being the most genteel. After a few weeks with no end of their humiliation in sight, every one of them asked to be allowed to return to their former feminine status in skirts."

"Paul was being forced to wear dresses when I first came to England. He didn't have trouble making the transition to pants. I never saw any of his friends teasing him or calling him a sissy."

"Paul was made to wear dresses as a form of discipline," Caroline explained. "He wasn't trained to be a girl. The boys I'm referring to were. Like you, their femininity was forcibly ingrained into their psyche. That's why they could no longer act masculine, even in their beloved pants."

Jack knew the part about feminine mannerisms becoming habit was true. This had concerned him, and many times he had worried whether he would be able to put his femininity aside and assume his masculinity. His desire to return to pants would surely overcome a bit of teasing. Regaining his composure, he gasped, "Those boys *wanted* to wear dresses?"

"They didn't *want* to wear dresses. Look at it this way. Do you remember the deep humiliation you felt when you were first taken out in a dress and thinking everyone knew you were a boy? You would have done anything to stop the ridicule, right?"

"Oh yes, *anything!*" Jack gasped remembering his first venture into public as if it were yesterday. He was wearing a pleated navy blue skirt and a pink nylon blouse. A heavy pendant dangled from a gold chain and pressed the soft fabric inward to accentuate the mounds produced by his padded bra. He hadn't been in skirts long, and his mind was whirling rapidly to remember his feminine lessons lest he be recognized a sissy boy.

"That's how those boys felt in rough shirts, trousers, and cotton underwear after wearing silky undies, frilly dresses, and

practicing feminine mannerisms for months or even *years*. Since they passed as girls during their feminine training, the only way they could stop the humiliation was to return to skirts.”

“They must have been sissies who liked pretending to be girls,” Jack declared. “Real boys don’t *want* to wear dresses!”

“You’re wrong. Like you, they were rough and tumble boys who hated everything feminine when they were initially forced into skirts. They jumped at the chance to put their dresses aside and return to pants when the opportunity arose. Only when they wore pants and faced the ridicule of their former mates did they request to be allowed to return to skirts.”

“What happened when they began dressing as girls again?” Jack gasped, not believing what he was hearing.

“I’m afraid their mothers, sisters, aunts, or whoever was in charge of them, didn’t make it easy. These resolute women made the unfortunate boys beg to return to the skirts they once despised, promise to be the sweetest prissiest girl ever, and never mention pants again. Despite their original hatred for girl’s clothes, every one of them eagerly agreed. One such boy was threatened with being put back in trousers for asking to wear a pair of pink girl’s shorts. Now, he wouldn’t think of wearing anything resembling pants. Not even *skorts!*”

“Another had to become the trophy wife of a rich older attorney to avoid returning to pants. He spends all his time in the salon getting permed, polished, powdered, painted, waxed, and manicured. At the boutique, he tries on and purchases the most elegant gowns, stylish dresses, and silkiest sexi^est lingerie. He looks ravishingly feminine at the many social events and political rallies his husband attends. To his secret shame, he has to keep the old guy sexually satisfied.”

“On the other hand, some boys refuse to return to pants when given the chance. Despite their initial hatred of all things feminine, they fall in love with their beauty rituals, plying their bodies with creams and lotions, experimenting with makeup and nail polish, and styling their long silky tresses. I know of one boy who became obsessed with the feel of nylon stockings on his legs. After returning to pants, he sneaked around, shaved his legs, and

wore his nylons where no one could see. When he was discovered and forbidden to do so, he begged to return to dresses and so he could wear silky nylons every day."

Jack gasped, "Henni is beginning to love wearing skirts and pretending to be a girl. Do you think I've become so feminine that I will stand out as a sissy in pants when Mom lets me put my dresses away after she sees me wearing them and has her laugh?"

"I'm afraid so, only she'll be too astonished by your instinctive feminine manner to laugh," Caroline sighed. "Your actions may be the result of your intense training while being forced to dress as a girl, but I think they're the result of inherent feminine tendencies you've unknowingly possessed since birth. You appear more natural in skirts than almost any boy I've ever seen, and your aunt was very perceptive to recognize your femininity. Bringing your natural femininity to the surface was a lark. I'm not saying this to upset you, but you'll never be much of a boy, pants or no pants."

"Please don't say that," Jack shivered at the thought of being doomed to a lifetime in dresses, skirts, silky lingerie, high heels, and makeup. Was it possible that he would never regain his boyish swagger?

"Jackie, your training has been thorough, intense, and unrelenting. Your aunt brought out your femininity in a fraction of the time required for more masculine boys."

Jack grimaced, "I never knew I had feminine tendencies. If I have, what can I do to suppress them and re-learn boyish mannerisms and gestures by Christmas when Mom visits?"

"What happens if you make even a slightly masculine movement in your skirts now?"

"I get punished in some awful manner," Jack shyly admitted, looking down and blushing in shame.

"Just as I expected," Caroline replied. "You perfected your feminine persona to lessen your punishments, but you've learned them all too well. Also you are on a regimen of estrogen that is working along with your training and natural girlish propensity to give you a feminine mindset. Believe me, I know what you are

experiencing, and my advice is to face the facts and stop this pipe dream. You have zero chance of regaining your masculinity as long as you wear skirts and precious little chance if you return to pants.”

“Please don’t say that, Caroline,” Jack sobbed. “Is there anything I can do to regain my masculinity?”

“Don’t go crying again like the girl you have become or you’ll have to redo your makeup again!” Caroline admonished. “I know of nothing you can do. You are more girl than boy!”

“Oh, you sound like Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent,” Jack sighed, his eyes again filling with tears. “They say I should have been in skirts all along.”

“I can see why they would say that.”

“Oh, Caroline, that’s why I have to get back into pants and live my life as a boy. I just *have to!*”

“If you want to be masculine, stop dwelling on things you can’t control, and work on the things you can!” Caroline rebuked. “Start by drying up those tears! You didn’t cry at the drop of a hat before wearing skirts. If you want to regain your masculinity, start by asserting yourself and taking control of your emotions. Pants, if they come at all, will come later. Put a smile on that pretty face and come meet my future husband.”

As they left the powder room, Jack’s tight skirt limited his stride while Caroline’s flirty skirt swirled enticing about her attractive nylon clad thighs. The duo approached a handsome man smoking a pipe, and Caroline said, “Jackie, this is Sven Olsen, my intended. Sven, this is Jackie, a new friend who graciously agreed to be one of my pretty bridesmaids.”

Sven removed his pipe, extended his hand, gently pulled Jack into his arms, and kissed him gently on the cheek. With a bright smile, he said, “Jackie, I am very pleased to meet Caroline’s friends, especially a lovely boy like you.”

“He knows I’m a boy!” Jack gasped. After a fleeting moment, he thought, “Of course he knows. The fact that Caroline’s bridesmaids and flower girls are all boys is engraved on the wedding invitations.” Knowing he must be polite or risk the

wrath of Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent, he replied, "Thank you, kind sir."

"Sven was the most eligible bachelor in Stockholm!" Caroline proudly pronounced. "The local girls wondered what I had that they didn't when he started giving me the rush."

"What did you have that they didn't?" Jack quipped with a teasing lilt in his voice.

"I know what men look at, what they want, what excites them, and how to satisfy them," Caroline stated.

"I wouldn't have her any other way!" Sven declared with a bright smile while Jack wondered if Caroline had made love to her groom to be or with other men. "It's a rare treasure to find boys like you who are willing to sacrifice your masculinity to become beautiful girls for men like me."

Before Jack could enlighten Sven on his feelings about dressing as a girl and *willingly* sacrificing his masculinity, and certainly not for a man, Hank approached them and asked, "Who are the flower girls?"

"That's right, you haven't met them!" Caroline gushed as she took Jack and Hank by their hands and pulled them along. "They're in the library across the hall with another of my bridesmaids. Come, I'll introduce you!"

When the trio entered the library, Jack looked across the room to a sofa where a pretty maid was serving drinks to three teenage girls. At least, they certainly looked like girls! As he looked closer; however, he recognized them as William, Luke, and Edward, the Knowland *boys*! Sitting before him and blushing to the roots of their shoulder length curls were what appeared to be two demure, yet gloomy school girls. Beside them, Eddie, the youngest was smiling brightly, his red lips and white teeth clearly evident.

Jack looked on in awe as he noted their identical white nylon blouses with lace at the cuffs and collars and smart knife pleated mid-thigh length gray skirts, and appeared to have come straight from a girl's school. Bra straps and lace adorned nylon slips could be seen through their silky feminine blouses, their smooth hairless legs were clad in sheer nylon stockings, and they wore

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shiny black patent slippers with two-inch heels. Foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow highlighted their faces; their long oval nails were tastefully varnished pale red to match their lipstick, all combining to give them undeniable feminine images.

“Jackie, Henni meet Wendy, Lucy, and Edie, the Knowland *girls!*” Caroline gushed. “Wendy is a bridesmaid along with you. Lucy and Edie are my flower girls!”

“It’s nice to see you again, Jackie,” William murmured softly with a bright blush while recalling the day he had teased Jack about his feminine attire.

‘Boy, Mrs. Knowland sure hasn’t taken any half way measures in the feminization of this former tough!’ Jack thought while fingering his own familiar skirt and pressing his nylon-clad thighs together. Completely astounded, he gasped, “*Wendy?* What a swishy feminine name for a boy!”

“Jackie, I’m truly sorry for teasing you so badly when I saw the lace of your slip from under your kilt,” William apologized. “I swear I would never have opened my mouth if I had known how horrible it is for a boy to be forced to dress as a girl! I’m in the same boat as you now, so please forgive my rudeness.”

Luke, who was introduced as *Lucy*, blushed brightly, and pleaded, “Me too, Jackie, I’m *so* sorry for teasing you.”

Jack was thunderstruck, but before he could respond to the sincere apologies, Edward bounced up, dipped a sweet curtsey, and exclaimed, “Hello, Jackie darling. Unlike my sisters, I didn’t tease you. I *love* being a girl, and I adore wearing pretty dresses and soft silky undies, don’t *you?*”

“Of course, I accept your apologies,” Jack responded to William and Luke while ignoring Edward’s potentially disastrous and embarrassing question.

“My nephews have worn dresses and attended Miss Hadler’s School in pretty skirted uniforms since they were so horrid to your Jackie,” Mrs. Knowland informed Julia. “As you can see, she is working wonders with them.”

“Perhaps, but Jackie and Henni are being educated at home

by an excellent tutor," Julia stated. "I prefer that to a girl's school at this stage of their development. That way, they aren't distracted by a bunch of silly giggling girls."

"You may be right. Even though my *nieces* dress like the girls at school, they are occasionally smitten by certain members of their class because their pills don't suppress *all* their masculine urges."

Just then, Leona made her entrance with Leslie, who was wearing a becoming gold silk blouse, a straight mid thigh length navy blue skirt and three-inch heels. He had obviously been to the beauty salon because his makeup and nails were impeccably manicured. Radiant highlights that virtually lit up his face had been added to his recently styled auburn tresses.

"This is my *brother*, Leslie," Leona announced, indicating the blushing person beside her. "Despite his objections, and because he and Carl were boyhood friends, *he* has agreed to be one of Caroline's bridesmaids."

Ashamed of being introduced as a boy while wearing such an exquisitely feminine ensemble, Leslie cried out, pulled his tight skirt to his waist, and fled as fast as he could in his heels. As he neared the front door, the butler blocked his way and firmly grabbed him by his arms. While they struggled, the butler's kilt flew askew several times and revealed that he was wearing a lace-edged nylon slip, intriguing Jack no end!

In spite of Leslie's valiant efforts, he was held firmly until his outraged sister arrived and harshly grabbed him by his ear. Turning to Mrs. Scott, she asked for permission to remove her skirted brother to a discreet room where she could *deal* with his rude behavior.

While Leslie was pulled away under protest, Jack asked Caroline, "Is your butler wearing a slip under his kilt?"

"Yes, and it's made of soft, lace-edged nylon that matches his silky panties," Caroline giggled. "Note the absence of a sporran, and you'll know that his masculine kilt is really a *skirt*! You can see the seams of his nylons and would you believe the garters of an agonizingly tight corset are holding them up? The corset keeps

his posture erect and gives him a *stayed* appearance, if you'll pardon the pun."

"Why on earth is he dressed like that?"

"Revenge, pure and simple!" Caroline smiled. "When I was first made to wear skirts, I hated them with a passion. He knew it, so he called me a sissy and teased me about the silky panties and bras Mum made me wear. He conspired with the maids to find out what I was wearing under my skirts so he could make my life an embarrassing hell! I never forgot, and now its payback time. Revenge is so sweet!"

Jack sighed, "Since I was forced into skirts, I've had to endure humiliation from almost every quarter. I know you wouldn't forget how you were treated. In fact, the Knowland boys were very degrading when they learned how Aunt Julia made me dress. Now that they are in skirts, I feel satisfaction that they've gotten their just rewards! Anyway, tell me more about Reeves."

"I knew I had lost the fight to maintain my masculinity after the operation that permanently changed me into a girl. That's when I admitted to Mum that I accepted my femininity and that I looked forward to being her daughter. I never saw her so happy, and as a reward, she promised to give me anything I desired. I said the servant's uniforms were too plain, and I wanted to redesign them. I wanted to make Reeves look like a sissy, so I insist that he wear a kilt while keeping his thinning hair short and masculine. I specified short dresses and impossibly high heels for the maids because they collaborated with him and supported my feminization."

"How did you get him to wear that absurd uniform, especially in the presence of your guests?"

"It wasn't easy!" Caroline giggled. "When he first saw his new uniform, he ran to Mum and pleaded with her not to require him to wear it. She told him to take the matter up with me, as I was now in charge of the servant's uniforms. When he threatened to resign rather than wear the sissy uniform, I told him to go ahead but not to expect a letter of reference. He realized that securing a comparable position without a recommendation from his former employer would be impossible. Only then did he reluctantly agree

to abide by my wishes. To save face, he maintains a solemn demeanor as if nothing is out of the ordinary.”

“I increase the femininity of his ensemble from time to time to spite him. For instance, I added the lace to the collar and cuffs of his silky blouse last month, his tight corset and sheer nylon stockings the month before. This month I required him to wear seamed nylons that even the most casual observer can’t miss.”

“You’re a devil, Caroline,” Jack tittered while envisioning the impetuous butler constantly checking to assure that his seams were straight to avoid a reprimand.

“Perhaps, but I’m running out of ideas. Do you have any suggestions for future modifications to his sissy uniform?”

“You might require him to wear shoes with high slender heels like the maids,” Jack snickered at the thought of this former heckler getting his comeuppance. “Imagine how his feet will feel at the end of the day after mincing about on those stilts for hours.”

“I might be a devil, Jackie, but you’re an evil genius! I’ll do just that next month. Revenge is sweet, so very sweet!”

To Jack’s surprise, he experienced a stirring in his panties and a tingling in his bra at the thought of forcing this once brash butler into an ever increasing feminine uniform. With a mischievous grin, he suggested, “If you really want revenge, future modifications could include foundation, blush, lipstick, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, nail polish, and perfume. You could have his ears pierced and require him to wear elaborate pendants and hoops but disallow padded bras, wigs, and such that would disguise his true gender. With an open mind, the feminine appearance of his uniform can be gradually escalated to intensify his humiliations for years to come!”

“You’re not only a genius, you’re an *evil* genius!”

“Keep an open mind, and don’t limit yourself,” Jack encouraged. “If you want to liven up this party, teach him to curtsy while the guests watch. When you give him an order or greets your guests, require him to curtsy instead of bowing.”

“What a great suggestion!” Caroline squealed as she

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summoned the ill-fated butler to the center of the room. "This will teach him to taunt poor unfortunate boys who are forced to wear dresses and comport themselves as girls!"

As Jack looked on excitedly, he mused, "I never thought I could be friends with someone like Caroline, but I've enjoyed talking with her more than anyone since Cathy! I only hope she's wrong about me never being able to return to pants!"

Meanwhile in an upstairs bedroom away from the festive activities, Leona abruptly pulled her struggling brother across her lap. She flipped his skirt and slip back to bare his pale yellow nylon panties and the dark tops of his delicate nylons.

"You can't do this to me!" he shouted trying to pull away. "I'm a boy! I don't want to dress and behave like a silly girl, and it's not right for you to make me!"

"I thought we settled the issue about who is in control, what you should wear, and how you should behave ages ago," Leona declared while retrieving a wooden hairbrush from her bag. "Now, you'll pay the penalty for your shameful outburst."

"You went too far this time!" he shouted with tears already filling his eyes and streaking his makeup. "You made me dress all dainty and feminine, and then, you introduced me as your *brother*! How could you embarrass me that way?"

"Since the Scott's, Kerr's, and Knowland's know you're a boy, who do you think you were fooling?" Leona demanded just before bringing the brush into contact with his panties for the first of several stinging swats. "Would William and Luke forget you're a boy just because they see you in a skirt?"

"William and Luke are here?" Leslie shrieked between sobs of pain as he made a desperate, yet futile, effort to pull away from his sister's firm grasp. "I didn't see them."

Leona, relentless in her task to bring her obstinate brother into line, delivered several more of her best before replying, "They were standing right in front of you in their neat schoolgirl uniforms."

"Those girls were William and Luke!" he wailed in disbelief.

"Wendy will be a bridesmaid along with you, Jackie, and Henni who are also boys who wear pretty dresses and skirts."

"Jackie and Henni are boys too?"

"Lucy and Edie will be flower girls. Now, will you promise to be a good *girl* along with the other boys?"

"I...I thought I was the only boy here in skirts," he gasped. "Maybe being a bridesmaid won't be so bad if other boys are in the same predicament. I promise to do as you say. Just don't spank me any more, *please!* I can't *stand* it!"

"That doesn't sound like an apology!" Leona growled as she released her tearful brother and dumped him in a disheveled heap on the plush carpet.

Knowing he was expected to immediately assume the demure feminine persona his sister had imposed on him, he brushed his skirt and slip into place and said, "I'm sorry for my childish tantrum, and I promise to be more ladylike."

"That's my sweet sissy!" Leona purred as she took him into her arms for an affectionate embrace. "Oh, look at you!" she exclaimed in mock horror upon releasing him. "Your pretty dress is all wrinkled, and your makeup is *devastated!*"

Looking in the mirror, Leslie saw his disheveled look and sobbed, "I can't go back to the party looking like *this!* They all know I'm a boy, and when they see me looking like this, they'll be aware of my spanking and think I'm a total sissy. Please, Leona, take me home."

"Don't worry your pretty head about that, sweetie," Leona replied in a voice that left no doubt of her victory in this very important battle. "I'll help fix you up all prim, proper, and prissy like you were when we arrived. Just be careful not to muss your pretty hairdo when we take off your dress." When he was stripped to his slip, she instructed, "Wash off that ghastly makeup. I'll be right back with some help."

Leslie had just finished removing his tear-streaked makeup, and he was patting his face dry with a fluffy pink towel when

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Leona returned with William and Luke. He looked at his boyhood friends in awe, as they were still wearing their cute schoolgirl uniforms. Even though they were dressed as girls and wearing makeup, he felt a deep sense of humiliation. After all, they were fully dressed, and he was wearing only his silky feminine slip. With a bright blush, he gasped, "William? Luke? Is that really you?"

"Yes, but call me Wendy," William requested in a whisper.

"*Wendy?*"

His manner of dress and Leslie's gasp embarrassed William no end. As his eyes filled with tears, his voice broke, and he sobbed, "If Auntie hears anyone refer to me as William, I get punished. You're lucky to have an ambiguous name."

"For the same reason, please call me Lucy," Luke requested. "I have to take your dress downstairs and iron it."

"When the four of us were roughhousing together as boys, who would have believed that one of us would become a real girl and march down the aisle wearing a pristine white gown to be married to a handsome man while the other three wore feminine dresses as bridesmaids?" Leslie gasped. "We weren't sissies or anything! Why did this happen to us?"

"Enough girl talk!" Leona scolded. "Replace your makeup while Lucy irons your dress."

Leslie had just finished applying his makeup and was brushing his slightly damaged feminine hairstyle when Luke returned with his dress. Leona inspected his handiwork to assure that her brother's dress was indeed wrinkle free. Feeling satisfied, she ordered, "Lucy, you and Wendy help Leslie back into his dress while I return to the party. I've been away far too long already."

"What a bummer!" Leslie exclaimed after his sister left "Two boys in dresses helping me put on a dress for a party."

"Watch your tongue!" William growled. "This is hell for us too!"

"I know," Leslie apologized. "I'm sorry if I said anything out of

line. I was just feeling sorry for myself."

"I've sure felt that way often enough," Luke sighed as he bent from the knees to adjust Leslie's skirt and assure that his slip didn't show. "Oh no! Your stocking is laddered. Do you have a spare pair?"

"No, I don't!" Leslie exclaimed in a panic filled voice. "I'll really be in for it when Leona sees that!"

"I have a spare pair, but they have seams," William mumbled as he rummaged through his large handbag. "You're welcome to them, but you'll have to be constantly alert to keep the seams straight to avoid reprimands."

"I've never worn nylons with seams before, and I know what a pain they are," Leslie sighed. "Still, wearing them will be better than facing Leona's wrath. Give them to me."

"Be careful not to wrinkle your dress!" Luke cautioned as Leslie raised his skirt and slip to remove his nylons and replace them with the fresh pair. "I don't want to go through the turmoil of ironing all those pleats and darts again!"

"How did you guys end up attending a girl's school?" Leslie inquired as he lifted his skirt in back to inspect his seams and assure they were indeed straight. "I thought you were headed for the Montgomery Militia."

"We were, but Auntie said we were too rambunctious as boys," William sighed. "Teasing Jackie about the silky panties and slip under his kilt was the last straw. After that, Auntie withdrew our names from Monty's and signed us up at Miss Hadler's. Since then, we've worn nothing but dresses and skirts. We hate having to dress and behave like prissy girls!"

"You and I hate it, but not sweet little *Edie*!" Luke snarled.

"Yeah, Auntie's little pet *loves* wearing prissy dresses and silky girlish undies," William agreed. "*She* is even happy to turn thirteen and begin having a *period*! Oh no! Speaking of periods, mine starts tomorrow. I'm supposed to wear a panty liner today to prevent any early *accidents* that might occur, as if I were a real girl! I'll get spanked something awful if Auntie finds out I forgot to put one in my panties and another in my purse before leaving

home.”

“Look in the bathroom,” Leslie advised. “I’ve learned that women store their *necessities* in convenient places in case of emergencies.”

“Oh, good,” William exclaimed from the bathroom. “Both sanitary napkins and panty liners are here. They’re the type that stay in your panties without a belt. A few minutes later, William exited the bathroom brushing his skirt into place. While stashing a spare in his purse, with relief in his voice, he declared, “Now I won’t get punished for not being properly feminine.”

“Yes, you do look very pretty, *Wendy*,” Luke teased.

“I’ve told you time and again, you little wimp, when we’re alone, you are to refer to me as William, not *Wendy*!”

“You certainly don’t look like a *William*!” Luke giggled.

“I don’t like dressing as a girl, or being called *Wendy*!”

“What kind of boy would be happy to find sanitary pads he can wear in his panties without a belt?”

William could only blush at his brother’s taunt. Before going downstairs, the three boys checked their makeup in the mirror and freshened their lipstick, as was *prim and proper* for pretty young girls.

To heighten Leslie’s humiliation when he joined the other guests, Leona instructed him to apologize to each one for his earlier *unladylike* outburst. When he reached Caroline and Sven, he stammered out what was obviously a prepared speech. “It’s so nice to meet your future groom, Caroline, and I’m so happy you asked me to be one of your bridesmaids. The dresses you selected for us are simply *precious*!”

“Oh, I’m so happy you like them!” Caroline gushed as she gave a blushing Leslie a girlish hug and kiss on the cheek. “After brunch, we girls are changing into our gowns and having a dress rehearsal so the seamstress can check for any needed last minute alterations. Isn’t that *exciting*?”

Leslie cringed at having to wear his sissy bridesmaid dress with all these people who knew he was a boy. However, with the

memory of his recent spanking fresh on his mind, along with a firm belief that Leona would not hesitate to perform an encore, he opted to smile demurely instead of causing a scene.

After a light repast, Caroline and the six boys who comprised her wedding party were led to a large bedroom and told to strip to their panties. "Your corsets must be completely closed or your dresses will not fit," the seamstress said. "I know you young girls strive to attain slim waists to attract the gentlemen, so be sure to have your attendant pull those laces all the way in before you even *think* of getting dressed!"

The new corsets reduced their waist by several inches, but they were breathless from the unrelenting pressure. Realistic padding was placed in the built-in bra cups making the bodices of their dresses fit snugly as designed, that is, all but one. "This dress is too tight!" Leslie wailed. "It won't close in back even with my new corset. I can't wear it...I can't!"

Leona shrugged off his complaint saying, "Good try, but your dress isn't too small, you're too large. All we have to do is fit you with a corset an inch or so smaller. When it's completely closed, your pretty dress will fit perfectly."

"Oh no!" he squealed. "I won't be able to breathe if you lace me into a smaller corset! This one is too tight already!"

Instead of scolding her distressed brother, Leona took him in her arms and purred, "That's okay, sweetie, if your new corset is too tight, you can wear it all week to help you grow accustomed to it."

"Good idea!" Miss Vincent agreed. "I think all our beauties should wear their new corsets full time until the wedding. I pledge to keep my *girls* in theirs."

"I'll do the same!" Mrs. Knowland agreed with a smile.

Leona whispered in Leslie's ear, "Hurry and get into your gown before you get another spanking on your pretty panties, and this time, in the presence of your friends."



*While Leslie is laced into a smaller corset, Jack moaned, "I don't want to wear this slinky pink bridesmaid's gown where everyone knows I'm really a boy."
Hank giggled, "Jackie, you are sexier and more feminine than most girls."*

Wearing that excruciatingly painful garment day and night for a full week was abhorrent to Leslie, but it seemed preferable to another session across Leona's lap with everyone watching. With no alternative, he clenched his teeth in anticipation of the coming assault on his masculinity. Sure enough, when the smaller corset was secured, he was gasping for breath as the back zipper of his tight dress was closed.

To the pleasant surprise of the boys, the onlookers cared more about the color, style, and fit of their dresses than their gender. Despite their waist being stiff due to their crushing corsets, they enjoyed the feminine frivolity of their bizarre situation. Not an ounce of masculinity could be seen in the group as they joined in the festivities and flitted about like butterflies in their matching long pink dresses and heels.

"Could Caroline possibly be right about me being destined for a life in skirts?" Jack mused while removing his dress and hanging it neatly in his closet that evening. "She's right about a lot of other things! Without thinking, I dress myself in items I once was timid to look at or even touch. Despite an early life in pants, I sit, stand, and walk properly in skirts from habit. I've become an expert at applying makeup, rolling my hair, polishing my nails, shaving my legs, selecting the perfect dress, skirt, or blouse for the occasion, and matching my earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and rings to my ensemble."

He stared into the full-length mirror and wondered, "Have all these months of intense feminine training in dresses made me more girl than boy like they say? Was I born with feminine traits and should have worn skirts all my life?" He looked deep into the mirror and saw golden tresses caressing his shoulders and framing his makeup adorned face, *breasts* protruding from his padded bra, his narrow waist formed by his relentless corset, and the way his silky nylon slip hugged his *curves*, giving him the appearance of a sweet innocent girl.

Despite his objections to wearing dresses, the hormones coursing through his body took over, and he thought with a girlish giggle, as he pulled his slip tight against his buttocks,

outlining his panties, “If I have to be a girl, thank goodness I’m pretty.” He viewed his nylon-covered backside and mused thoughtfully, “My new corset is a constant pain, but it *does* give me an attractive waistline. If I had broader hips, my figure would be perfect. I wonder if Miss Vincent could...”

“Oh no!” he exclaimed, “What am I thinking? I don’t want a cute figure to attract boys! What’s happening to me? Is Caroline right about *everything*?” As the reality of what he was thinking sunk in, he threw himself on his bed and burst into tears. After a while, he sat at his vanity and removed his tear-streaked makeup, slipped into his long pink nylon nightgown, crawled into bed, and cried himself to sleep.

“I saw you talking with Ann Scott at the brunch,” Julia mentioned to Mrs. Armstrong as they had tea with Miss Vincent. “Did you gain any insight into the process that changed Caroline from a brash boy into a sweet demure Miss?”

“Oh yes! The only thing that disturbs me is her resolve that I should go forward regardless of Henni’s wishes. I would miss having a daughter if he returned to pants, but I couldn’t live with myself if I changed his sex against his will. I’ll devise a way to tell him of my *recovery* and let him know my wishes regarding his future after the wedding like we planned.”

Later, Julia addressed Miss Vincent, “Time is short. We must pull out all the stops if we’re to make sure Henni rejects his masculinity. We simply must increase his love for dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie.”

“I’ll allow the *girls* to lounge about in their silkiest, laciest nighties and negligees,” Miss Vincent reflected. “I’ll also encourage them to experiment with makeup, hairstyles, and clothes, to admire their femininity in the vanity mirrors like girls at a pajama party, and to help one another with their beauty rituals. That should go a long way toward helping them understand feminine fun and camaraderie. Of course, they’ll have to wear their new corsets until after the wedding.”

Julia declared, “To enhance Henni’s ego and build confidence

in his ability to be feminine, I'll praise the way he looks in his stylish clothes. Our renewed efforts and his increased hormones should point him to the *right* decision."

"We must keep Henni focused on, and enjoying, the *fun* aspects of femininity and away from the travails. His period is scheduled to start the day after tomorrow, but he has never complained about having to wear a pad in his panties for a few days each month. Jackie hates everything associated with femininity. Unless we convince my sister that he belongs in skirts, he'll abandon them at his first opportunity. Fortunately, Jackie is not our primary concern at present."

"We are indeed fortunate that Henni is the one we must convince to become a full time girl in a short period of time. Still, we'll have to face the issue with Jackie soon enough. Christmas isn't far away."

"I know, but for now let's concentrate on Henni."

"Agreed, and since there will be men and boys in tuxedos at the reception, I'll refresh them on the female role in both ballroom and modern dances. I'll also work to make Jackie's femininity so natural, so habitual, and so ingrained that he'll never make another masculine gesture, pants or no pants."

The *girls'* fate thus sealed, their every waking moment was filled with feminine training so intense that they forgot their crushing corsets much sooner than they expected. Imagine their surprise when Miss Vincent told them to assist each other in removing their corsets and get dressed without them prior to their appointment at the hairdresser.

"Why is she allowing us to go without our corsets?" Hank asked while loosening the strings at Jack's back.

"I don't know, and I don't care as long as I don't have to wear that awful corset!" Jack sighed inhaling his first full breath in days and massaged his tender sides.

"Stop playing with yourself and loosen mine!" Hank scolded. "It's every bit as uncomfortable as yours, you know!"

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“Sorry,” Jack apologized as he loosened Hank’s corset. “I was just...”

“I know!” Hank exclaimed as the pressure was suddenly released from his sides. “Believe me, I know.”

Jack quickly found that the skirts and dresses he wore with his smaller corset no longer fit. He tried on a skirt he had worn with his old one and was surprised by how well it molded to his new shape. “Wow!” he thought as he tried on other dresses and skirts from his old wardrobe. “That new corset is really efficient! After only a few days, it reduced my waist to the size it was with my old corset.”

Hank thought the same thing, but his attitude was different than Jack’s. When they met after dressing and applying their makeup, he gushed, “Our new corsets are a pain to wear, but don’t you just *love* how neat and trim our waists have become in so little time?”

“Speak for yourself!” Jack scoffed as he watched his skirt swirl merrily about his attractive nylon clad thighs. “I don’t want to wear dresses or have a shape like a girl! I just wonder how much more feminine I’ll become before I return to pants.”

“Stop talking about pants!” Hank said while striking a sexy pose and lifting his skirt above the dark tops of his sheer nylons. “I’m keen on wearing dresses, skirts, and silky undies. Most of all, I enjoy being a *girl!*”

“Caroline is right,” Jack mused. “Some guys love wearing skirts and being a girl after being forced to do so for a while. Henni sure does, but I’m sure glad I’m not one of them!”

At the hairdresser, Jack and Hank were given relaxed styles that flowed down onto their necks and made them appear older than their years. While they admired their new *look* in the mirror, Miss Vincent instructed Mr. Marceau, the owner, to pierce their ears.

While being forced to dress as a girl, Jack had learned to avoid giving away his true gender, but he was caught off guard and couldn’t help blurting out, “But, Miss Vincent, I’ll be returning to

pants in a few weeks when Mom arrives. How can I look like a boy if both of my ears are pierced like a *girl*?"

Giving Jack a stare that chilled his blood, Miss Vincent coldly stated, "You *are* a girl, Jackie. You were meant to wear skirts, and as such, you can never again be a credible boy. Now, be reasonable. You can't wear the heavy pendants Caroline selected for her bridesmaids without pierced ears. For your unladylike behavior, yours will be *double* pierced!"

"May I have my ears double pierced too, Miss Vincent?" Hank asked excitedly. "Oh please, may I?"

Taking Hank's enthusiasm as a sign that her strategy to convince him to become a real girl like Caroline was working, she replied with a diabolic smile, "Of course, Henni dear."

Helpless to do otherwise, Jack dejectedly took his seat so Mr. Marceau could bestow the permanent marks of femininity upon him. Torturous corsets, estrogen therapy, sexy dresses, skirts, silky lingerie, high heels, makeup, hairstyles, and now, pierced ears! He couldn't help wondering how much more feminine they would make him appear.

"Okay, girls, remember to turn the keeper studs several times each day to assure that the holes heal properly," Mr. Marceau advised. "If all goes well, you should be able to wear decorative studs and light hoops in two days and heavy pendants by the end of the week."

Observing the tears flowing down Jack's cheek, streaking his immaculate feminine makeup, Miss Vincent soothed, "Don't worry, Jackie, the holes in your ears will close if you stop wearing earrings. We have lots to do today, so dry those tears, repair your makeup, and let's get cracking."

From the hairdresser, the trio went to the boutique. "These girls are to be bridesmaids in a friend's wedding," Miss Vincent informed the clerk, "Their long gowns aren't practical for dancing at the reception, so they need appropriate dresses for the occasion, if you know what I mean," she winked.

"You want something flirty, yet modest for the most part? We

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have a selection of festive dresses and skirts that should be perfect for such an occasion. Step this way.”

After selecting two dresses each, Jack and Hank went into the dressing room and stripped to their panties, bras, nylons, and heels as instructed. As they stood in their scant undies trying on the dresses, they appeared so feminine that not even the clerk suspected them of not being two attractive teenage girls, one blonde and one brunette.

After Jack tried on a dress with a tight fitting top and swirling skirt, Miss Vincent told him to pirouette. Watching his skirt float out to reveal his white thighs above the dark tops of his nylons, she told the clerk, “This dress is what I had in mind, but the skirt needs more *lift*.”

“I understand, and I know just the dress,” the clerk gushed with a smile. “I’ll be right back.”

Jack blushed as he gazed at his image in the full-length mirror. The dress was a halter style that fastened behind his neck and completely bared his back, the first of this style he had ever worn. It was form fitting to just below his hips where it flared out to a full mid-thigh length skirt. “I can’t wear this dress,” he wailed. “My bra shows and I feel so naked!”

“Don’t let a worry enter that pretty head,” Miss Vincent replied. “If this is *the* dress, we’ll buy you a strapless bra with the right size and shape. Give us another pirouette.” As Jack turned rapidly, his skirt swirled out to reveal a fleeting glimpse of his panties, she said, “Yes, that’s the dress. Keep it on. We have to buy a strapless bra to enhance your *look*.”

After buying a new bra, matching panties and camisole, four-inch stiletto heels, clutch purse, lipstick, and nail polish; Jack was a bundle of nerves as he walked to the car laden with his new purchases. In the car, he moaned, “I can’t wear that dress, Miss Vincent. I’ve never worn a strapless bra and that skirt swirls out to show my...my *panties*!”

Miss Vincent, having selected that particular dress for exactly those reasons snorted, “Don’t worry about your bra. It will remain in place. If it doesn’t, you can retreat to the ladies’ room to make

the necessary adjustments. Besides, the boys expect to be teased with an occasional glimpse of silky feminine undies at such gala occasions. Girls delight in providing the thrill, so get with the program."

"I like the idea of my panties flashing from time to time if it makes me more popular with the cute boys," Hank giggled.

"I don't want to be popular with boys!" Jack cringed in horror at the idea of dancing in that sexy dress, especially since his partners knew his real gender. "Because of those awful invitations, everyone will know we're boys in dresses, heels, and makeup. Nothing could be more embarrassing!"

Hank bubbled, "At least we won't be wearing our corsets."

"That's true, but you'll change into them as soon as we arrive home, and we'll lace them down to the last breathless inch!" Miss Vincent stated. "Your waists must be tiny for you to fit into your bridesmaid's dresses, and I won't abide any complaints."

"Yes, Miss Vincent," Jack groaned. He dreaded the thought, but rebellion was the farthest thing from his mind.

Beginning the next day, Miss Vincent put her plan into action to further feminize Jack. While Hank was allowed to lounge about in his silkiest laciest lingerie, Jack was drilled in feminine gestures and mannerisms until they became natural. He was made to walk a chalk line in his new stilt heels, wearing a tight ankle-length skirt that limited his stride to a few inches. "Why do I have to endure this training while Henni gets to lie about being pampered like a princess?" As his mind wandered, he lost his balance, and to his utter dismay, the book fell.

No sooner had the book hit the floor; when Miss Vincent was in his face screeching, "See! That's what happens when you don't concentrate on your lessons! If you moved with a natural feminine glide like Henni, you wouldn't have to think about your every step. To help you in this regard, an hour will be added to your lesson on each of the next three days!"

By the end of each day, Jack was a bundle of nerves from being berated for not executing each and every maneuver

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perfectly. His feet hurt from wearing the stilt heels, but when he complained, she said he had to break in his new shoes so they would be comfortable on the dance floor. After a week of these intense drills, his feminine movements, gestures, and voice inflections appeared natural. His greatest concern was that he was rapidly forgetting how to be masculine.

Meanwhile, Hank was living a life of ease and luxury. He was allowed to sleep late, lounge about in silky gowns and negligees, and have breakfast in bed. His days were spent primping in his room and shopping with his mother, who was thoroughly enjoying her new daughter. She was particularly taken by the way he constantly checked his makeup and had no reservations about fondling and trying on the most feminine fashions. His only concern was the constant thought; "I wish Mom was well so I could ask for the operation to make me a real girl like Caroline."

"Your work with Jackie has produced excellent results," Julia praised Miss Vincent the day before the wedding. "He walks with a natural feminine glide, forearms parallel to the floor, wrists limp, and hips swaying seductively. He speaks softly in a voice a few octaves higher than before, and his hair, makeup, and nails are always immaculate. I don't believe he could consciously act differently if he exerted maximum effort. You have certainly earned a substantial bonus this month."

"Thank you, but it was my pleasure to *refine* a brash boy like Jackie into a feminine and graceful young lady in skirts. The key to success in such endeavors is to be constantly vigilant to assure that he strictly adheres to his lessons, even in his leisure time. Since the mention of trousers adds to his practice time, he puts those silly thoughts out of his mind and concentrates on his lessons. Thus his feminine carriage and posture quickly became habit and appear natural."

"Your approach sure works!"

"It's working with Henni too. He chooses to wear the frilliest dresses, and spends his free time with his mother. I haven't seen a masculine gesture from him since the fitting two weeks ago. The odds are definitely in our favor with him."

"His mother hopes so, because she definitely wants a daughter

after being dealt three sons," Julia mused. "I can only hope my sister enjoys her new daughter half as much and chooses to keep Jackie in skirts where he belongs."

"Time will tell," Miss Vincent sighed. "Time will tell."

Despite his concerns about appearing before a host of people who knew he was a boy in his long pink bridesmaid's dress, Jack got caught up in the flurry of activities in the Kerr household the morning of Caroline's wedding.

He and Hank had made preparations the night before, like taking a soaking perfumed bubble bath, applying a beauty masque, polishing their finger and toenails bright pink to match their gowns, and rolling their hair. Miss Vincent made sure their corsets were laced to the last breathless inch before they slipped into their long silky nylon nightgowns.

Even so, there was much to be done the next morning to get ready for the gala event, and a flurry of activity filled the Kerr household. Jack hurriedly slipped on the diaphanous negligee Miss Vincent insisted he wear when not fully dressed. It was so sheer that it didn't hide anything, but it kept his bare arms and shoulders warm. Carefully arranging his gown and negligee about him, he sat at his vanity, peeled off his beauty masque, and creamed his face. With a sense of purpose, he removed the curlers from his golden blonde tresses and deftly created the chic *up* style he was to wear at the wedding.

That done, he got up, removed his negligee, laid it on the bed, slid the straps of his nightgown off his shoulders, and let the silky garment slide to the floor. Without hesitation or a thought of rebellion, he dressed in a pink bra, panties, and garter belt that matched his bridesmaid's dress. He replaced his negligee; carefully kneaded pink tinted nylons over his smooth hairless thighs, and fastened the dark tops to the garters from his corset. Slipping his feet into the pink pumps with four-inch stiletto heels that had become routine, even comfortable, during his *lessons* the past two weeks, he returned to the vanity to apply his makeup.

Jack was an expert at applying feminine makeup, but other

than his practice sessions, he had never worn pink eye shadow like Caroline requested for her bridesmaids. Still, he had little difficulty getting it just right. After smoothing on his lipstick, he held his fingers to his lips to assure that the colors matched perfectly. "Going to the wedding in this dress with perfect feminine hair and makeup and everyone knowing I'm a boy will be horrible," he thought while installing triple strand diamond pendants in his pierced ears. After carefully pulling his dress over his head to avoid mussing his hair and makeup, he went to Hank's room for help raising the back zipper, his tight skirt restricting his stride to mere inches.

"You look magnificent!" Hank gushed from his vanity where he sat in his bra, panties, negligee, garter belt, nylons, and heels. "Your pink lipstick and blonde hair are scrumptious together!"

"Thanks, but will you help with my zipper?" Jack blushed remembering that when he wore pants, his zipper was at his fly, not in the middle of his back. "Even with my corset completely closed, this dress is awfully tight."

"Okay, if you'll help me with these dreadful false eyelashes," Hank sighed while raising the back zipper of Jack's dress. "I have glue all over the place and they still aren't on correctly."

Jack looked at his feminine appearing friend in his pink translucent negligee that did little to hide Hank's panties, bra, garter belt, and nylons. As he struggled to grow accustomed to his excruciatingly tight dress, he gasped, "Instead of lounging about in silky lingerie the last two weeks, you should have practiced all these makeup techniques like me."

"I know, but lying around like a princess in those scrumptious clothes was so relaxing," Hank girlishly giggled. "Besides, I got to spend quality time with Mom. I think she's getting better. There were times when she knew I was her son and didn't mind having a daughter. Maybe, some day soon..." his voice trailed off with a blissful expression.

Shrugging off Hank's blissful demeanor, Jack exhaled, "Okay, you win! I'll attach your lashes and do your eye makeup, Miss *Priss*."

At the wedding, Caroline was beautiful in her long full white gown, and her bridesmaids were almost as lovely. They were very attentive to the bride's needs while mincing merrily about in their slinky pink dresses and stilt heels. Their feminine demeanor, makeup, hairstyles, and manicures were so perfect that absolutely no one had the slightest notion that they were boys without carefully reading their invitation!

Jack, having developed a sincere admiration for Caroline, stayed close by her side while she moved about greeting her guests prior to the wedding. As they mingled, he heard the same three compliments repeated time and again from the women: how fortunate she was to become a female and find a wonderful man, how beautiful she was, and what a novel idea it was to have lovely males serving as her bridesmaids.

Jack looked on in amazement blushing at the backhanded compliments. He knew the invitations encouraged the female guests to bring males in dresses to the gala event, but he was surprised to see more than twenty men and boys wearing dresses, heels, and makeup. He knew most of them had been forced to do so because of their angry expressions and the way they looked at him in his long form-fitting pink dress. A boy about Jack's age in a pretty yellow dress angrily spat, "Auntie wouldn't have brought me here in this ridiculous dress if you and those other sissies hadn't volunteered to be bridesmaids!"

Jack's greatest desire was to snap back that he wasn't a sissy, and he hadn't *volunteered* to wear a dress or be a bridesmaid. Even more, he wanted to bust the boy in the chops! Trying to form a fist, he discovered that his long oval nails prevented him from doing so, and his long tight skirt and heels would restrict his ability to move in a tussle. How could he retaliate? Starting a catfight of clawing and hair pulling would only prove what a sissy he had become. Swallowing what precious little that remained of his masculine pride, he blushed and remained silent.

"Thank you for not causing a scene," Caroline purred as they walked away. "This wedding is traumatic enough without the guests getting into fights with my entourage. I know you don't

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like being here in that lovely dress with everyone knowing your true gender. So when you get teased, please try to maintain your dignity. I appreciate your efforts to keep the ceremony polite and courteous.”

“I might have to bite my tongue, but I promise to do my part to make your special day refined and sophisticated,” Jack vowed while thinking, ‘I must avoid disappointing my new friend at all cost.’

Hearing a commotion behind a large plant in a corner of the large vestibule, Jack sauntered over to eavesdrop. “How could you insult that boy in his lovely bridesmaid’s gown when you are wearing a pretty dress yourself?” he heard an angry shrill female voice screech. “You promised to be sweet and submissive, and not create a scene in your pretty dress. I should give you a sound spanking on your silky panties here and now!”

“Please don’t spank me here!” he wailed. “I promise not to cause any more trouble!

“Very well, I’ll postpone your punishment, but two weeks are added to your punishment in skirts. Further, if I see one more incident of unladylike behavior, I won’t hesitate to give you the spanking you deserve on the spot!”

“I have two more weeks in skirts? But Grandmother, that means I’ll still be petticoated when cricket practice starts. My mates will kill me if they see me in a dress!”

“Very well, if you ask nicely, I’ll allow you to attend charm and comportment classes instead. In either event, you will wear dresses, have your hair set in a neat feminine style, and have your other ear pierced. Then, you won’t have to wear clip-on earrings like today.”

“I don’t want to go to charm class and have my other ear pierced!” he wailed. “Don’t even tease about such a thing!”

“I’m not teasing. Do you want to attend charm class or cricket practice in your pretty dress?”

“Neither!”

“I forbid you to sit around idly playing nonsensical video

games, so you will attend one or the other. Let me know your preference in three days, as I have to enroll you in your choice." When he opened his mouth to protest, she asked, "Do you want a spanking in addition to your extended tenure in dresses?"

Jack couldn't help smiling while thinking of the mental anguish the boy would experience over the next three days as he struggled to choose the lesser of *those* two evils. "I bet he opts for charm school to avoid meeting his mates in a dress. He doesn't know about the feminine traits that will be drilled into him or how difficult, if not impossible, they will be to erase when he returns to pants, if he ever does! In either event, his life will never be the same."

Moving to the library, Jack saw a boy in a dress standing before a desk where an austere woman sat filling out a form. Noticing two other skirted boys waiting in line, he asked the sissy attired butler what was going on.

"That's Miss Hadler," Reeves replied with a polite curtsy that had become habit. "Those boys are being enrolled in her school for the next term. Like the girls, they will wear neat uniforms with mid-thigh length pleated skirts, silky feminine underwear, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish while learning to become proper young ladies. Much the same as you were, I suspect, Miss."

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" a girl not much older than the boy proclaimed as she led him away from the desk. "Just think how much fun we'll have as sisters after you graduate from Miss Hadler's in two years."

"Please, Cindy," the boy wailed. "I'm your brother! Don't send me to that awful place for sissy girl training!"

"Oh come on!" the girl chided. "We always had fun playing dress-up games with you wearing my clothes."

"You had fun, not me!"

"Now, you'll have your own bras, slips, and nylon stockings to wear under your skirted uniforms and stylish dresses. Aren't you excited?"

"You made me wear panties and those horrid girl's clothes, just like now! I don't want any of my own!"

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“No matter! Now that I’m your guardian, you’ll attend the school I think best and wear the appropriate uniform. Come to the powder room and repair your makeup like a sweet sissy before I get angry. Comport yourself like a proper young lady, before I really get angry!”

As the pair moved out of earshot, the next boy protested as he stepped up to the desk, “I can’t go to that school, Mom! I’ve been accepted by the Montgomery Militia.”

“Your sister will accept that appointment,” his mother declared. “Monty is now accepting girls, and I believe a strict military education will prepare her to be tough and aggressive in a male dominated society. By the same token, a tenure at Miss Hadler’s in skirts will teach you to be demure, obedient, graceful, and sensitive to women’s issues.”

Jack could just picture that family in a year. The sister in a military uniform with long trousers and her brother decked out in a stylish dress with a short skirt, heels, and makeup!

The next boy in line wept openly, “Why do I have to go to Liz’s school and do what she says? I’m older by two years!”

“Perhaps, but she has been a girl a lot longer, and there is much that she can teach you,” the woman reasoned. “Just think how much fun you two will have in her class.”

“I already had those classes, and I don’t want to go to a girl’s school and wear those sissy uniforms with skirts!”

“You had those classes as a boy, my sweet. Now, you’ll have them as a girl, and you’ll learn ever so much more in skirts. You’ll see!”

“I’m not the first boy forced to wear dresses, and if the determined women of this crazy country have their way, I sure won’t be the last!” Jack sighed as he walked away slowly; his long skirt and heels restricting his stride, causing his hips to sway seductively.

The End of Book 1

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72 - TITILATTING TV TALES PRETTIER IN PINK I

HONEY, I KNOW THE COSTUME WAS MY
IDEA BUT NOW MY BOSS WANTS TO
TAKE YOU OUT!

BETTER ME
THAN YOU!
DEAR HUBBY!



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