

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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“PRETTIER IN PINK II”

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QUOTE BOARD

**Cross-dressers are basically the
opposite of everybody else.**



Jack arrived in England a sprite young man. That changed quickly. How will he leave England? Or will he?

“American Boy in England” continued
as

“PRETTIER IN PINK II”

By Alice Trail

Caroline was beautiful in her long white gown, and the wedding went off without a hitch. When the vows had been said and the photographs taken, Jack, Hank, and the other male bridesmaids were instructed to change from their long formal gowns into their flirty after-five cocktail dresses for the reception. The dressing room was a flurry of silk, satin, nylon, and lace while the odor of captivating perfume filled the air, as the feminine appearing boys rushed about to redo their makeup, lipstick, and nail polish in evening shades.

Jack stood idly by in his matching pink bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels as Miss Vincent loosened the laces of his agonizingly tight corset. He saw Mrs. Knowland helping William into a shimmering lavender mini-slip over his bra and panties. “Oh Auntie, must I go out there dressed like this and dance with men and boys in trousers?” he voiced with despair.

She admonished, “Don’t be silly, Wendy! Your slip must be short so your panties will discretely show when your skirt swirls out during fast dances. A lady must strive to attract the interest of handsome masculine admirers without appearing to be too obvious. You were taught the flirting game in your classes at Miss Hadler’s, and you practiced extensively!”

“I know the game,” he blushed. “I just don’t want wear a sexy dress to try and attract the attention of boys and men, discreet or otherwise! I’m not a girl, no matter how you make me dress!”

“That can be quickly remedied at the clinic where Caroline had her operation!” Mrs. Knowland snapped in an angry tone. “You had best keep that in mind, or we’ll be celebrating your wedding to a handsome man in a year or so, *young lady!*”

William could only shiver at the thought of going under the

knife to have his manhood taken away like had been done to his friend Carl. Realizing his aunt was serious, he assumed a shy feminine demeanor and said, "I'm sorry for my unladylike outburst, Auntie. I'm just nervous about the dance."

"Of course, you are darling," she cooed while patting him on his femininely manicured hand. "Don't worry, your satin slip perfectly matches your panties, bra, and garter belt, and the color accentuates your violet dress. Calm your nerves for a moment, refresh your makeup, and have fun!"

Unsure how much fun he would have, William knew he had no choice but to demurely follow his determined aunt's humiliating instructions. Adding a fresh coat of purple tinted lipstick, he forced a smile onto his pretty feminine features and went out to join the party.

As Jack's corset was released, he saw William's expression turn to fear. "Wow!" he thought while exhaling in relief and massaging his sides. "Like Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent, William's aunt controls him with threats to his masculinity. I can't wear a sexy slip like that with my backless dress. I have to wear a strapless bra. Wait a minute! I'm a boy! I shouldn't have to wear any type bra or slip either! What am I thinking?"

While the *girls* changed, the young men in their tuxedos merely adjusted their bow ties, ordered a drink, and prepared to dance with the boys who attended the wedding in dresses. When the bride's party finally arrived, many of these boys had become a bit tipsy.

Jack had been apprehensive about wearing a stylish dress and dancing in the arms of virile young men in pants. Now that he was changing into his flirty backless dress, he was near panic. To calm his nerves, he held up his flowing golden curls and inspected his feminine reflection in the mirror. His hair and makeup were perfect, and the elaborate diamond pendants and studs he wore in the wedding still decorated his pierced ears. He saw his aunt's jubilant expression and thought; "She'd keep me in dresses forever if Mom wasn't coming to make her return my pants."

Jack was quick to see a crowded dance floor upon entering the ballroom. Men and boys in tuxedos were leading many of the

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males who had attended the wedding in dresses, heels, and makeup about the dance floor. A few were dancing with females who had changed into pants and were assuming the masculine role, and judging by the scowls on their faces, the guys in dresses were none too happy. On the sidelines, angry and humiliated expressions reflected the misery of those being chastised and sent back onto the dance floor on the arms of amused males. A few, including Hank and Edward, seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Jack was coming around to the idea that some boys actually enjoy wearing dresses, skirts, silky lingerie, high heels, and makeup. He just couldn't believe how many young men appeared to enjoy dancing with boys they knew had been forced to dress as girls. Hans, the best man, approached him and smiled, "You were the most beautiful bridesmaid and you look really hot in that sexy red dress. I've been waiting your arrival to tell you. Would you honor me with this dance?"

He knew better than to refuse. Despite his reluctance, he smiled as much as possible, offered his impeccably manicured hand, and said in an unsteady voice, "My pleasure, kind sir." To Jack's dismay, the song was quite lively, and Hans, an excellent dancer, led him into several fast turns that caused his full skirt to billow out and reveal the tops of his nylons, his garter straps, and his panties. He blushed, but having no recourse, he gracefully followed Hans' lead.

A slow tune started playing before they could leave the dance floor, and Hans pulled him into his arms for another dance. They were too close for Jack, especially when Hans slid his hand down onto his buttocks and pulled him in tight to his throbbing member. Try as he might, Hans was stronger and prevented his *escape*. When the dance ended, Hans led Jack to a table and asked if he would like a glass of champagne. He answered yes.

Before Hans could return with the drinks, Thor, one of Sven's groomsmen, asked Jack to dance, and he soon found himself on the dance floor being twisted and twirled to a fast tune. Being winded after two fast dances with Thor, he literally gulped down two glasses of the potent champagne Hans provided.



"You're the most beautiful boy at the wedding, and you're a wonderful dancer as well," Hans whispered into Jack's ear as he inhaled his partner's enticing feminine perfume.

Jack was not impressed with Hans' flattery, and just

wished he could get away from this aggressive man.

Jack was a bit tipsy and many of his inhibitions were lost when Hans led him back to the dance floor. Taking advantage of Jack's alcohol induced haze, Hans became bolder, more aggressive, and his hands *accidentally* roamed over Jack's body. Hans pulled Jack close, exhaled hot breath into his ear, and whispered, "A captivating perfume for a beautiful and enchanting lady."

Hans' compliment, euphoria from the champagne, and the potent estrogen coursing through his body caused chills to envelop Jack's body. He snuggled close and smiled contentedly. However, when he felt Hans' turgid member pressing against his panties, he suddenly regained his senses, broke away, and hurried from the dance floor in his stilt heels.

Thor rushed over to supposedly comfort Jack. In reality, he was making a move to *steal* him from Hans. "I'll get you a drink, Jackie," he offered, hoping to get his prey more inebriated so that he might outmaneuver his competition.

"No, no, I don't want a drink!" Jack insisted as he lamented that he'd allowed, even enjoyed, a man fondling and kissing him. He recoiled in shame and revulsion, oblivious that his skirt was riding high on his trim nylon clad thighs. He burst into tears of despair. "I just want to be left alone!"

Thor was intrigued by the view afforded by Jack's wayward skirt, but he reluctantly broke away to fetch another glass of champagne. The despondent Jack ignored the drink at first, but being quite thirsty from his exertions on the dance floor, began to take a few sips. Feeling sorry for himself as he drank the unaccustomed alcohol, he watched the other bridesmaids as their partners twirled them merrily about the dance floor.

Leslie's flimsy skirt billowed out constantly displaying his panties, and except for the gloomy expression in his eyes, he appeared to be having fun. William and Luke's skirts weren't as full, so the most that showed in their tight spins was the dark tops of their nylons. Hank, obviously having fun, seemed to accelerate his turns to make his skirt swirl out to show as much bare thigh and nylon as possible.

"You need some fresh air," Thor soothed after giving the alcohol time to calm Jack's nerves and get him tipsy again. "Let's take a walk on the terrace."

Jack felt a breath of fresh air might clear his spinning head. Rising to his feet, he stumbled on his heels and had to grab Thor's shoulder for support. "Okay, but we must take it easy," he admitted in a shaky voice. "I'm a little dizzy."

"No problem," Thor put his arm around Jack's waist and led him to the terrace. "Lean on me."

The terrace was a spacious enclosed all weather area decorated with huge potted plants positioned along a winding path. Numerous secluded alcoves with padded benches were provided where amorous couples could have romantic rendezvous made the terrace a very popular haven.

As they walked slowly along the path, they saw a couple locked in passionate embrace in one alcove. The girl's back was toward them, but they saw that her skirt was gathered at her waist with the boy's hands caressing her buttocks through her silky nylon panties. Seeing her long brunette tresses flowing onto her shoulders, Jack mumbled, "That looked like Henni." Slowly, his foggy mind realized the truth, and he gasped, "That *was* Henni! We have to help her!"

"Don't worry," Thor soothed while covertly leading Jack into a secluded alcove and seating him on the bench. "She was enjoying herself." As they sat, Thor caressed Jack's back with one hand and his smooth nylon clad thighs with the other. Thor whispered into Jack's ear, "You are the most beautiful girl here tonight, Jackie, and that includes the bride." When Jack looked up, Thor planted a passionate kiss on his cherry red lips.

Jack was confused to say the least. The alcohol he consumed, the potent estrogen compounds he had ingested, the effect of dressing and comporting himself as a girl for so many months, and now, Thor's soothing words and caresses thoroughly bewildered his mind. For a moment, he returned Thor's kiss, but suddenly he abruptly broke their embrace.

"Oh, come on," Thor exhaled. "You know you want it."

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"I do not!" Jack insisted while pushing away from Thor's grasp. "Leave me alone! I might have to dress as a girl, but I don't like men *that* way! Why are so many men so anxious to make out with boys in dresses?"

"I...I thought you knew," Thor replied while working his hand farther up under Jack's skirt. "There is a society of men who like feminine boys. Sven, the groom, and most of the men here are members. We have a chapter in Stockholm where I live, here in London, and in most other major cities. Now be a good girl and love me like the other pretty boys or I'll have to spank you on your silky panties."

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" Jack wailed with tears streaking his makeup while desperately trying to pull away.

"Oh yes you will, you little minx!" Thor laughed while grabbing Jack's skirt and pulling it to his waist, fully exposing his silky red nylon panties. "I like it when you sissies resist."

Just as Thor was about to rip Jack's dress away, Leona stepped from the shadows, grabbed his arm, twisted it painfully behind his back, shoved his face violently into a large plant, and hissed, "I'll break your arm if you hurt him, you bastard!"

"Okay, okay, I promise! Just let me go!"

Continuing to hold her prey, Leona asked, "Are you alright, Jackie?"

Thor was much stronger than Jack, so he was amazed at the ease with which Leona subdued him. As he stood brushing his skirt, he replied, "Yes, I'm fine, thank you."

"If I see you molesting Jackie or any of the other *girls*, I'll come back and finish the job!" Leona declared as she shoved Thor into the shrub. "They are all under my protection. Leave now if you can't behave as a gentleman!"

"I'll behave properly as a gentleman," Thor promised while massaging his injured arm and spitting out a wad of leaves. "I'm sorry. I got carried away by Jackie's beauty and forgot my manners. He's so damn sexy in that slinky red dress."

"I'll keep an eye on you!" Leona declared with an angry glare.

Picking up Jack's clutch evening purse from the ground, she soothed, "Come, Jackie. Let's get you to the powder room where you can repair your makeup and regain your composure."

As Jack walked beside Leona toward the ladies room, he noticed that she had changed into a blue pin stripe pantsuit with a mannish cut. Her already short hair was pinned back, and she wore no makeup, giving her a distinctly masculine *look*. He knew her only as Leslie's tormentor who made him wear dresses, so he was confused by her protective attitude.

Entering the ladies room, Jack stammered through his tears, "Thank you for helping me. He was about to rip off my clothes. He reached down the front of my dress and grabbed my bra. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come along." Remaining congenial, she provided a cream that removed eyeliner and mascara, and gave him drops that Leslie used after crying bouts that effectively cured red eyes. Why she was being so kind and considerate? Despite that, he started feeling relaxed with her assistance.

He nervously replaced his eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow, brushed his hair back into its attractive feminine style, dusted his face with powder and added blush. With a practiced hand, he refreshed his bright red lipstick, dabbed perfume behind his ears, his *cleavage*, his neck, the crook of his elbows, and behind his knees. He was finally satisfied with his feminine *look* after confirming that the seams of his nylons were straight.

"Nice legs!" Leona smiled as he lowered his skirt and brushed it into place.

"I don't know why I have to wear seamed nylons," he scowled. "I'm a boy, and I shouldn't have to wear any nylons!"

"You wear them because they add an air of allure to your sexy legs. Let's return to the party," Leona said. She enjoyed dressing Leslie as a girl because it gave her power. Boys forced to wear dresses intrigued her, but Jack was different! She was attracted to him. Being close and watching him perform exclusively feminine rituals so efficiently intrigued her and caused her to quiver with sexual excitement. When he hesitated, she assured him saying, "Don't be afraid. I'll protect you. Hooligans!"

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Jack allowed her to place her hand on his bare back and guide him to the ballroom. Holding his chair while seating him at a table, she said, "I'll be right back with drinks." When she returned, she found Hans asking Jack to dance. Glaring at Hans, she firmly asked, "Are you lost?"

"No, I was just..."

"Then get lost now!" she snarled with an upturned lip.

"Hey, look," Hans objected, holding his hand out for emphasis.

With one hand, Leona grabbed his wrist, twisted his arm behind his back, and shoved him toward the dance floor with the warning, "Get your own girl and leave mine alone. I'll *break* your arm next time!"

Thor approached Hans and advised, "Forget that bitch and find another dance partner. She almost broke my arm too."

"Yeah," Hans agreed, rubbing his arm. "I feel sorry for Jackie. She's the foxiest girl here and she's trapped with that witch."

"That's the fate of boys forced to wear dresses. Some woman from hell is always trying to make them appear more feminine. Oh well, the life of guys like us would be a lot more frustrating if they didn't."

"Sure would," Hans agreed with a cunning smile. "Those women create the beautiful boys we love, so I guess we can abide their wrath from time to time." Seeing *Lucy* return from the ladies room, he made a beeline toward *her* saying, "Wish me luck."

Meanwhile at their table, Leona made small talk, but Jack was too up tight to speak other than to answer pointed questions. Finally she asked, "Would you like to dance?"

"I don't remember how to lead, so how would it work?" he asked nervously adjusting his skirt over his smooth thighs.

"Simple," Leona replied purposely pushing the hem of his skirt higher, revealing the dark tops of his nylons. "I've been practicing the male lead while teaching Leslie to follow. Anyway, you can't lead while wearing those stilt heels."



Leona twirled Jack about the dance floor. Although competent in his extremely high heels, Jack still found it difficult to keep up with his dance partner.

"Really, Jackie, you must practice dancing in heels more," Leona grinned as she twirled him into dip.

"I won't be wearing them ever again once mom arrives at Christmas," Jack responded.

"Are you sure, Jackie?" Leona whispered.

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“But, I’m a boy!” he declared reaching down to readjust his skirt. “Aunt Julia makes me wear dresses, but I’m a boy, and you’re a girl! It wouldn’t be right for you to lead!”

“Get that boy talk out of your pretty head, and don’t be such a prude!” Leona scolded as she prevented him from pushing his skirt down. “The way you repaired your makeup, the way you move in that sexy dress, your gestures, your voice inflection, everything about you shouts *GIRL!* All that femininity makes you much too beautiful to be a boy, and that’s why those vultures are chasing you. That’s also why I want to enjoy this lovely party with you. So swish those sexy buns out onto the dance floor and melt into my arms!”

Jack was accustomed to obeying women, especially when they expressed impatience or anger. He instinctively rose to his feet, brushed his skirt into place, took her hand, and allowed her to lead him onto the dance floor.

He felt natural following Leona as she led him into several complex steps and fast turns that charmingly swirled out his skirt, giving onlookers a flash of his silky red panties. Despite his earlier reservations, he started having fun. “We may be dressed as the opposite gender, but we’re male and female,” he decided.

After several spirited dances, the unusual couple was winded. “Let’s take a break,” Jack gasped. “I need a drink.”

A slow tune began to play, and Leona pulled him close and guided him about the floor. “Don’t tell anyone I said this, but you are the most beautiful boy here,” she whispered in his ear while inhaling his seductive perfume. When he tried to protest, she silenced him with a passionate kiss, which he eagerly returned.

When they returned to their table, Leslie, Thor, William, and Hans were enjoying beverages. “Don’t worry,” Thor said as he pulled Leslie onto his lap and started massaging his thighs through his sheer flesh colored nylons. “There’s plenty room if Jackie sits on your lap.”

“Stop!” Leslie insisted, trying to restore his skirt at least low enough to cover bare skin above the tops of his nylons.

“Don’t be such a prude, Leslie!” Leona admonished. “A little

petting never hurt anyone. Taking her own advice, she *adjusted* Jack's skirt high and followed Thor's lead. When Jack tried to remove her hand from his nylon-clad thigh, she slapped his hand away, eased her hand under his skirt, and began toying with his garter strap. Since she was the stronger, he could only blush and try to enjoy her naughty antics.

The petting evolved from light to heavy, and at times, bordered on foreplay. More than a few of the boys in dresses went home with red faces, smeared lipstick, and wrinkled skirts! Jack and Leona parted after an amorous kiss and a promise from her to call him. The sad part for Jack was losing his new friend, Caroline, as the happy couple was to depart for a month long honeymoon in the south of France.

In his bedroom, Jack was ecstatic! Not since his arrival in England had he enjoyed such an evening. True, he had worn a sexy cocktail dress, but so what? He always wore some kind of dress or skirt. The difference was that he enjoyed spending time with a girl for the first time in an eternity. He carefully removed his clothes and slipped into his long pink nylon nightgown. Floating into his matching silky translucent negligee and fuzzy bedroom slippers with three-inch heels, he sat at his vanity to remove his heavy evening makeup and perform his nightly beauty ritual.

His makeup removed, his face and body moisturized with creams and lotions, he had just finished putting his blonde tresses up in curlers when Miss Vincent entered without knocking as usual. Looking him over with a critical eye, she smiled and asked, "Forgotten something, haven't we?"

Her curttness startled him back to reality. Not wanting to upset his stern governess and incur some painful or embarrassing punishment, he leapt to his feet and apprehensively checked his appearance. Not seeing any apparent omissions or violations of her strict dress code, a fearful expression spread across his pretty feminine features. He nervously stammered, "I... I don't..."

"You got dressed for bed without *this!*" she pronounced, holding out his torturous corset. "Don't be coy with me, young

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lady! I saw how you behaved at the reception with your new beau. You purposely twirled your skirt out to reveal hidden frills on the dance floor, flirted and teased like a girl at her first mixer, brazenly sat on his lap, allowed him to sneak his hand under your skirt, and kissed him passionately several times when you thought no one was looking.”

Hearing her refer to Leona with masculine pronouns caught Jack off guard, as he only thought of her in her true gender. “Him? Leona is a girl!”

“Perhaps on the surface, but he was dressed as his inner masculinity, as you were in your inherent femininity. I heard him promise to call on you. To keep his interest, you must preserve the cute figure that attracted him, and that means wearing your corset when he isn’t around, closely monitoring your diet, and exercising vigorously morning and night. Now, off with that gown!”

Jack was confused as he removed his negligee, slipped the straps of his nightgown off his shoulders, and let it fall to the floor in a silky puddle at his feet. Standing before her in only his panties and slippers, he raised his arms and allowed her to lace the corset down to the last breathless inch. After helping him pull his gown over his curler-laden head, she tucked him in bed and kissed him good night.

Images of his evening danced through his mind as he lay in bed. He quivered with excitement at the memory of Leona’s hand caressing his thighs through his nylons and toying with his garter straps as she explored the frills under his flirty little skirt. He smiled and, for the first time since he could remember, didn’t bemoan the fact that he was a boy and shouldn’t have been wearing a skirt. Everything seemed right in her arms. Were Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent right that he should have been a girl and worn skirts all along?

Mrs. Armstrong went into her *recovery* act the next morning. While Julia and Miss Vincent were enjoying their morning tea, Hank rushed into the room with his skirt high on his thighs to allow him to move fast. With the lace edged hem of his slip and

the tops of his nylons in full view, he screeched, "Mrs. Kerr, Miss Vincent, come quickly! Mother is worse! She doesn't recognize me!"

The women leapt to their feet and hurriedly followed the distraught femininely clad Hank. Reaching Mrs. Armstrong's room, they found her sitting on the bed in her nightgown, looking dazed and confused. "Julia," she sighed at seeing a supposedly *familiar* face. "I feel dizzy. Where am I?"

"You're been ill, but you're at my house recovering, so don't worry," Julia cooed. "Let us help you get dressed."

"Who is that girl?" Mrs. Armstrong asked as though she didn't recognize Hank in his neat housedress. "She was in here when I awoke. Is she my nurse?"

"Oh, she isn't a girl!" Julia gushed. "She's Hank, your middle son! Don't you remember? When your mind got confused, you cried out for your daughter, Henni. Robert insisted that Hank wear dresses and pretend to be Henni."

"That's right, Mom!" Hank agreed with a radiant smile.

"Hank...uh...Henni, you sacrificed your masculinity and wore dresses for me? You must love me very much."

"I do, Mom. Do you like me as a girl?"

"You're very pretty," she sighed. "Do you like wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl for my sake?"

Hank turned bright red before admitting, "I didn't at first, but over the past months, I've come to love the feel of skirts and soft silky undies. No one recognizes me as a boy."

"Months? How long have you worn dresses and pretended to be my daughter?"

"About four months. I love it so much. You, Robert, and Pete will probably hate me, but I wish I could become a real girl like Caroline instead of returning to pants now that you are better."

"I don't understand why a perfectly normal boy would want to become a girl, but I could never hate you and neither could your brothers. Who is this, Caroline?"

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"We'll leave you to get acquainted as mother and daughter, and Henni can tell you all about Caroline," Julia smiled as she and Miss Vincent made their exit. When they were out of earshot, she sighed, "Well, our plan worked. Henni is on his way to Stockholm for a very special operation."

"Yes, and Jackie has made significant progress as well. We were trying to get him interested in boys when a strong and determined girl in trousers like Leona turned his pretty head. With her help, we should have him well beyond the point of ever returning to pants, willing or not, by the time your sister arrives."

"Yes, especially since he subconsciously conducts himself in an instinctively feminine manner as he did last night. He manages his skirts properly, sits with his knees together, walks with short graceful steps with limp wrists and swaying hips, diligently checks his hair and makeup, and never forgets his purse. If we can get him thinking like a girl, our mission to completely feminize him will be an unqualified success."

"So true!" Miss Vincent agreed in anticipation of a resounding victory.

Jack woke with a warm feeling. Looking out his window, he saw the sun high in the sky and realized that he had been allowed to sleep late. He noticed a stain in his panties and blushed at how it got there. Nighttime emissions were a rare occurrence with the estrogen compounds he was receiving, but the night before with Leona profoundly affected him. "I'll have to hide my panties in the laundry basket and hope Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent don't see them," he thought while taking a sponge bath, the only hygiene possible while wearing his tight corset.

As though it was completely natural, he changed into clean white lace adorned nylon panties, a matching bra, a lace adorned slip, and flesh colored nylons. He was fretful as he tried to select his attire for the day. Should he wear a dress or a blouse and skirt and what style, length, fabric and color? "What's wrong with me?" he wondered as he shuffled through the vast collection of feminine clothing. "I've never been so fickle about what dress or skirt to wear. I just grab whatever is convenient or less feminine.

But, that doesn't seem *right* today. Oh well, I'll do my makeup and decide later."

He sat at his vanity, removed his curlers, and brushed his long golden tresses into an attractive feminine style. Still indecisive about whether to wear red or pink shades, he noticed his dark red nails and gushed girlishly, "I'll wear reds to match my nails. Now, I can select my dress!"

Still, his decision wasn't easy. He removed more than a dozen dresses, skirts, and blouses from his closet, held them up, and laid them on the bed for comparison. Finally, he settled on a navy blue polyester dress with tiny white polka dots. But an inch of slip showed below the hem of his skirt after he put it on. Sighing, he changed into a shorter slip and replaced his dress. Finally he was satisfied that his dress, hair, and makeup were *perfect*, and his room was tidy. He turned before his full-length mirror, ostensibly to determine that his skirt hung properly and that his slip wasn't showing, but he thought, "Leona liked my legs, so I'll bet she would like me in this short dress."

Julia and Miss Vincent were quick to notice that his skirt was shorter and his makeup heavier than usual. Being careful not to mention his enhanced feminine appearance, they merely glanced at one another and asked if he slept well. When he answered yes, they asked if he wanted breakfast.

"If you don't mind, my corset is terribly tight. I need to lose a few pounds to make it more comfortable. I'll just have a cup of tea and wait until dinner. Where's Henni? Is she up yet?"

"She's been up for hours tending to her mother, who is much better today. You should help out a bit more than usual around here for the next few days."

"Yes, Aunt Julia," he replied while thinking, 'Just what I need. I've been doing Henni's chores for the past two weeks while she lounged about in her silky gowns and negligees. Not to mention the feminine training I've been forced to endure!'

A few days later, Leona asked Jack to accompany her to a rock concert the following Saturday evening. He was excited at the

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prospect of being with her, but he was too well trained to accept without his aunt's permission. Julia gushed, "Of course, darling! You need to get out more and interact with people your age. Leona will be the perfect escort for you."

He told Leona he would be pleased to accompany her, and she said, "Great! Make yourself really pretty. Wear something short and sexy. I want to show off my hot date to my friends."

Miss Vincent saw Jack moping about a bit later, and she asked, "What's wrong, Jackie? You should be happy with your pending date with Leona."

"I am, sort of," he replied nervously. "It's just that she wants me to wear something short and sexy to the concert. I've never been on a date as a girl. I'm not exactly sure what that means. I don't know if I have anything appropriate."

"If you only knew how much you sound like a real girl, my reluctant sissy," she mused while looking him over. After a moment, she advised, "Put something together including your hair and makeup. I'll give you a few tips to make your *look* fitting for the occasion. Don't worry. You wowed Leona at the wedding, and you'll be no less enchanting Saturday evening."

"Thank you, Miss Vincent," he replied. "I'll try, but I don't know if I can do this."

"Of course you can. You've been a girl long enough to know what excites boys. Rely on past memories of when you were a boy."

"I sure hope no one recognizes me as a boy," he sighed despondently. "If they do, I'll die of shame!"

Wanting to avoid the mistake of having too many ensembles displayed from which to choose, Jack laid out his three shortest skirts, a black one that tapered to mold to his body and restrict his stride, a dark blue A-line, and a yellow and black tartan with tiny pleats. "I'll have to be really careful or the dark tops of my nylons will be visible all evening no matter which skirt I choose," he pondered just before screaming inwardly, "Wait a minute! I'm a boy and shouldn't be wearing *any* skirt!"

Swallowing his scant remaining masculine pride once again, he slowly regained his composure and coordinated a full ensemble around the tartan. That done, he changed into a yellow bra, matching panties, an extremely short mini-slip, and a yellow silk blouse with long billowing sleeves. To complete the *look*, he kneaded on pale yellow tinted thigh-high nylons and slid his feet into black pumps with two-inch heels.

Turning before the full-length mirror, he was more or less pleased. He sat at his vanity and brushed his hair into a curly style with bangs low on his forehead. Going downstairs, he twirled before Miss Vincent and asked, "What do you think?"

"Good start," she praised, "but a few improvements could be made."

"What improvements?" he asked in a voice filled with disappointment as he grasped the hem of his skirt in his fingers, held it out to his sides, and turned before her. "I thought..."

"Rock music fans tend to wear outrageous, provocative punk clothes and weird psychedelic hairstyles. Except for your skirt, which is a bit short, you appear to be dressed for a Sunday school picnic. We have a couple of days to enhance your *look*. Let's go to your room and see what we can do."

Jack was confused. He thought he was dressed as Leona wished, but Miss Vincent disagreed. What kind of *enhancements* could she possibly have in mind?

"Remove your blouse," she instructed. When it was open, she shrieked, "Get rid of that slip! It's totally wrong!"

Feeling dejected, he loosened his skirt and pulled the slip over his head. She handed him a yellow satin camisole that matched his bra and instructed, "Wear this instead."

He obediently put on the silky garment, but when he saw it was short and revealed several inches of his midriff, he asked, "What's the difference between this camisole and my slip? My blouse will cover both."

"Haven't you been paying attention to your fashion magazines? Camisoles as outer garments are in vogue with girls your age. You won't wear a blouse."

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“But...” he started to protest, but he had learned the folly of complaining about being embarrassed by the clothes he was told to wear. He said, “The weather is cold. My stomach and shoulders will freeze! At least my legs will be covered with my nylons.”

“True, but we still have time to come up with something chic to keep you warm.”

Her words failed to comfort him as he stared at his risqué image in the full-length mirror. “I’ll be totally humiliated to be seen like this, even if everyone thinks I’m a girl,” he moaned.

After finishing his chores the next morning, his aunt instructed him to change into the clothes Miss Vincent approved for his *date* so he could accompany her on a shopping trip. “Wear the tartan jacket that matches your skirt, as I understand the top is a bit skimpy.”

In the past, arguments and protests only led to painful and embarrassing punishments and served to worsen his fate, so he lowered his gaze and sighed, “Yes, Aunt Julia.”

In his room, he changed into his yellow bra, panties, and camisole. After adjusting the short pleated skirt about his waist, he slipped into his jacket and black pumps. He checked his hair while thinking, “I’ll be embarrassed shopping in this ridiculously short skirt, but nothing like I’ll be shamed at the concert. At least, Leona will be there to protect me.”

At the boutique, a girl not much older than Jack greeted, “Hello. My name is Maggie. Could I assist you ladies?” Jack noticed her professional pink business suit with a straight short skirt, her blouse was low cut to provide a glimpse of her ample *endowment*, her long dark tresses fell onto her shoulders, and she spoke in with a heavy Cockney accent.

“My niece is attending her first rock concert, and she wants to augment her ensemble to suit the occasion,” Julia pronounced while ignoring the girl’s low class brogue. “She’s wearing a few things for starters, but she is unsure about the styles. Do you have any ideas to enhance her *look*?”



"I cannot believe my aunt wants me to wear such a tiny skirt on my date," Jack moaned, "And these stiletto heels are so high that I can barely stand."

"You will look so sexy for your boyfriend," the sales girl smiled over his shoulder. "He won't be able to keep his hands off you."

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Looking Jack over with a critical eye, Maggie declared, "Your tartan skirt gives you an innocent Scottish lass look, but that cover up jacket has to go."

When he removed the jacket and she saw his brief cami, she beamed, "Nice! I can work with that. Now, let's see." She took the sides of his skirt in her hands, pushed it tight against his buttocks. Nervous about this girl getting *familiar* with him, Jack abruptly stepped away. "Whoa, don't get your panties in a wad, dearie," the girl chuckled. "We're all birds here, and we have to work together to find the right look for the concert. Can't disappoint the blokes, can we?"

"I...I have a date," Jack stammered with a blush.

"Then, we can't disappoint *your* bloke," she countered while continuing to look him over. "You have a nice bum and great legs, and that saucy little skirt is perfect. Don't take this personally, but you're a bit *light* on top. We'll have to go with a padded bra."

"Do you think it would help?" Jack asked just above a whisper, while hoping that she didn't discover just how light he was on that feminine score...and *others!*

"Luv, we have revolutionary new bras that would make a bloke look like he was a natural A+ cup. When we find the right size, shape, and style, you'll go at least a B or the Pope ain't Polish." After taking measurements, she rummaged through boxes under the bra counter, causing her short skirt to rise very high on her attractive thighs, providing an unobstructed view. Also, her blouse was cut low so he could scrutinize her ample bosom. Noting the direction of his stare and the lust in his eyes, she asked, "Into girls, are we?"

"No..." he stammered desperately trying to think of an excuse to appease her without raising questions about his true gender. "I...I was wondering why the tops of your nylons aren't visible."

"Oh, that!" she shrugged, appearing to accept his excuse. "The old bats that own this place require me to wear sheer toe to waist pantyhose with my short skirts. See?" she raised her skirt to waist level. Just as quickly, she dropped her skirt and raised his so she could see his panties and the tops of his nylons. She lightly

punched him with her elbow and whispered, "Pantyhose are more comfortable than those thigh highs, but if you want this bloke eating out of your hand, wear a garter belt and really expensive nylons."

"Good idea," Jack sighed with relief, believing his ruse had worked. "I'll take a garter belt and several pairs of nylons."

"Don't be a twit!" Maggie scoffed. "Those blokes have one-track minds. If they find something unusual, like different colored undies, they get distracted, and you may never get *yours*. Forget that, and let's find a bra to match that sexy cami and go from there. This is about right." Nodding toward a changing room, she added, "Pop into it, and let's have a look."

In the dressing room, Jack removed his cami and changed into the new bra. He was amazed by how much more *developed* he appeared in this new bra. Blushing, he stepped out to join Maggie and his aunt without replacing his cami.

"Why Jackie, you look absolutely marvelous!" Julia gushed when she saw her nephew's new *shape*.

"Not so fast!" Maggie cautioned. "The straps must be correctly adjusted to assure a proper fit and the best results, so don't get excited too quickly." After making the needed adjustments, she decided the bra wasn't right, so he had to try on three more before she was satisfied and said, "Okay, replace your cami, and let's have a look." As soon as Jack pulled his cami over his head, he noticed how much higher it rode on his midriff due to his larger *breasts*. Seeing his panic filled eyes, she chuckled, "Don't worry, luv. We'll adjust the straps of your cami to make it hang properly."

Jack breathed a sigh of relief when his cami finally fell evenly about his midsection, but his anguish wasn't over! After purchasing a garter belt that matched his bra and panties, he soon owned three pairs of very expensive nylons. He felt more secure when his aunt purchased a black mid-thigh overcoat for him to wear to and from the concert.

Just as Jack thought his ordeal was over, Maggie said his low-heel pumps "would never do" for a rock concert. Before he could

protest, he found himself in the shoe department being outfitted with a pair of below the knee length boots with five-inch heels. "I can never walk in *these!*" he wailed as he stumbled about in the unfamiliar footwear. "I've never worn heels this high!"

"Stop complaining and think about how sexy your legs will be in these boots, you silly bird!" Maggie scolded. "You'll get used to the heels in no time if you stop bitching and practice a bit. For starters, walk over to the makeup counter."

"Makeup?" he gasped. "Why do I need new makeup?"

"Sheeesh! I've never seen a bird so opposed to looking hot for the bloke who's taking her to a rock concert! Don't you want to make him proud and his mates envious?"

"Jacqueline!" Julia snapped. "You chose that short skirt to show off your pretty trim legs. Why are you opposed to wearing your new boots to make them look more appealing?"

Thinking of Leona brought a slight smile to Jack's cherry red lips as he turned before the full-length mirror and examined the effect of the stilt heels on his thighs. Fingering his short pleated skirt, a slight smile crossed his lips as he pondered, "I'll bet Leona will like my legs even better in those new expensive nylons."

Not missing his reaction at the mention of Leona, Julia reasoned, "Maggie's job is to make young girls gorgeous for their dates, so listen to her advice about your makeup."

His aunt made sense as he tottered unsteadily in his heels to meet Maggie at the makeup counter. "Maybe my secret will be safe if I can learn to walk seductively in these heels like I did in the ones I wore at the reception. I'll sure be glad when I can return to pants and flat shoes. The carefree life of a boy will be such a welcome relief!"

"Dark exaggerated eyeshadow, heavy eyeliner, and long curled false lashes heavy laden with mascara will give your eyes a deep mysterious flair," Maggie reflected. "Ruby red lipstick and nail polish will add a deep sinister flamboyance. You'll be the envy of the birds and every bloke's wet dream!"

Jack shuddered at other boys seeing him as a sex object, but he agreed that he would look hot! "If I were still a boy, I would

sure go for me. Wait a minute! I've not changed into a girl. I'm just being forced to dress and comport myself as one."

"Something still isn't right," Maggie mulled looking him over with a critical eye. "I know! We need to soften your *look*." She pulled from a drawer a large satin bow with long streamers that perfectly matched his tartan skirt. "With this pinned in your hair and the streamers cascading down your back, you'll portray the image of the virgin next door. We need some large gaudy earrings and your image will be perfect!"

"She's right, Jackie," Julia gushed when large dangling gold pendants hung from his pierced ears and tickled his cheeks. "You look innocent, yet mysterious. You'll wow them at the concert. Leona will be proud to have you on her arm."

Jack blushed and looked about anxiously. He was hoping against hope that Maggie hadn't heard her say his date for the concert with a girl. That would suggest he was a boy, despite his current attire.

At last, Julia and Jack left the boutique, their arms laden with packages and him teetering atop his unfamiliar heels. "Quite pretty for a boy, don't you think?" Maggie said to a co-worker while watching the pair make their exit.

"That was a boy?" the woman gasped in disbelief. "If so, he was sure graceful, demure, shy, and his every move was utterly feminine."

"He's undergone much more rigorous feminine training than most of the boys who come here in skirts, but he's a boy alright. You should have seen him gaping down my blouse and checking out my legs. Besides, he was reluctant to wear clothes that would make him *hot* as a girl. When his aunt was willing to spend any amount to make him gorgeous for the concert, I found things for him to buy that would increase my commission. It worked too, didn't it?"

"To perfection, my dear, to perfection."

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Over the next few days, Hank and his mother had several serious discussions about him having the surgery to change him

into a real girl like Caroline. He was all for the procedure, but she was concerned about what her other sons would think. "I think we should wait and get their opinions."

Hank insisted, "I don't care what Robert and Pete think or whether Jackie returns to pants after Christmas! I want to be a girl, and that's that! Nothing has ever delighted me more than wearing dresses and being your daughter. I want to be a real girl like Caroline...forever and ever!"

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Armstrong sighed. "I've always wanted a daughter. If you feel that strongly on the issue, you have my permission. I'll call Mrs. Scott and find out how to proceed."

"Oh, Mom, you're the greatest!" Hank squealed as he leapt into her arms and kissed her directly on her mouth. "I can't wait to tell Jackie!"

Jack wasn't nearly as excited about Hank becoming a real girl, but he pretended to be happy for his friend. He didn't understand why a boy would want to become a girl when he was presented with the opportunity to abandon his skirts and soft lingerie in favor of pants and the relative carefree life of a boy. "I'm happy for you if that's what you really want," he told Hank as the two boys in skirts embraced. "I just wish our circumstances were reversed, and I had your choice."

Saturday morning, Mr. Marceau styled Jack's hair long and straight with curled bangs low on his forehead. The effeminate man applied heavy makeup, long fluttering mascara-laden lashes, dark eyeliner, eyeshadow, ruby red lipstick, and nail polish.

After a short nap, Jack spent the afternoon making sure his image was perfect prior to Leona's arrival. Despite his reluctance to dress as a girl, he wanted to look good for his *date*. "I hope I don't freeze to death in this skimpy top and short skirt," he thought while viewing his feminine image.

Leona was wearing boyish cut jeans, a warm sweatshirt, a leather jacket, and designer tennis shoes when she came to pick Jack up for the concert. Her short hair was brushed into a

masculine style, and she wore no makeup. "Wow!" she exclaimed when she saw Jack in his brief skirt and flimsy satin cami. Without hesitation, she kissed him full on the lips.

With a typical feminine reaction, Jack instinctively pulled back saying, "Be careful, Leona. I just did my lipstick!" Almost as quickly, he wondered why he reacted that way since he was a boy and shouldn't be wearing lipstick. He rationalized his response by thinking, 'I pulled away because I had to be so careful. It took so long to get my lipstick perfect. I didn't want to risk smearing it and looking bedraggled for her.'

Leona viewed his increased bust and said, "Oh, Jacqueline, you are hot beyond words. I had no idea you had such a nice *rack*. Those boots are to die for! My friends will be green with envy when they see how gorgeous you are!"

What friends? How many friends? Who were they? Would she tell them he was a boy in his ultra feminine ensemble? Question after question invaded his mind while she held his coat as he slipped into it. Draping the strap of his black leather purse over his shoulder, he took Leona's arm to meet whatever awaited him. "At least, I can walk naturally in these stilt heel boots after all that practice," he thought with pride.

Leona held the car door for him as he took his seat and turned into the vehicle to avoid exposing more thigh than necessary. His skirt was too short to adjust, so he pulled his coat over his lap. When the car warmed up, he allowed his coat to separate to give her an unobstructed view of his nylon-clad thighs. "Is this is how girls feel on a date?" he wondered. "They sit by in skimpy little outfits with their bodies on display while their dates drive in warm clothes enjoying the view. I'll be more considerate of my girlfriends when I return to pants."

They had to park a ways from the concert hall, leaving them a long walk. In his heels, Jack had to take two rapid steps to one of Leona's, and he had difficulty keeping his short skirt down in the brisk November wind. "Thank goodness my purse has a shoulder strap, so I can use both hands on my skirt," he mused as his heels clicked rhythmically on the pavement. Breathing rapidly because of the unaccustomed exercise, he had a premonition that his

panties were visible a great deal of the time.

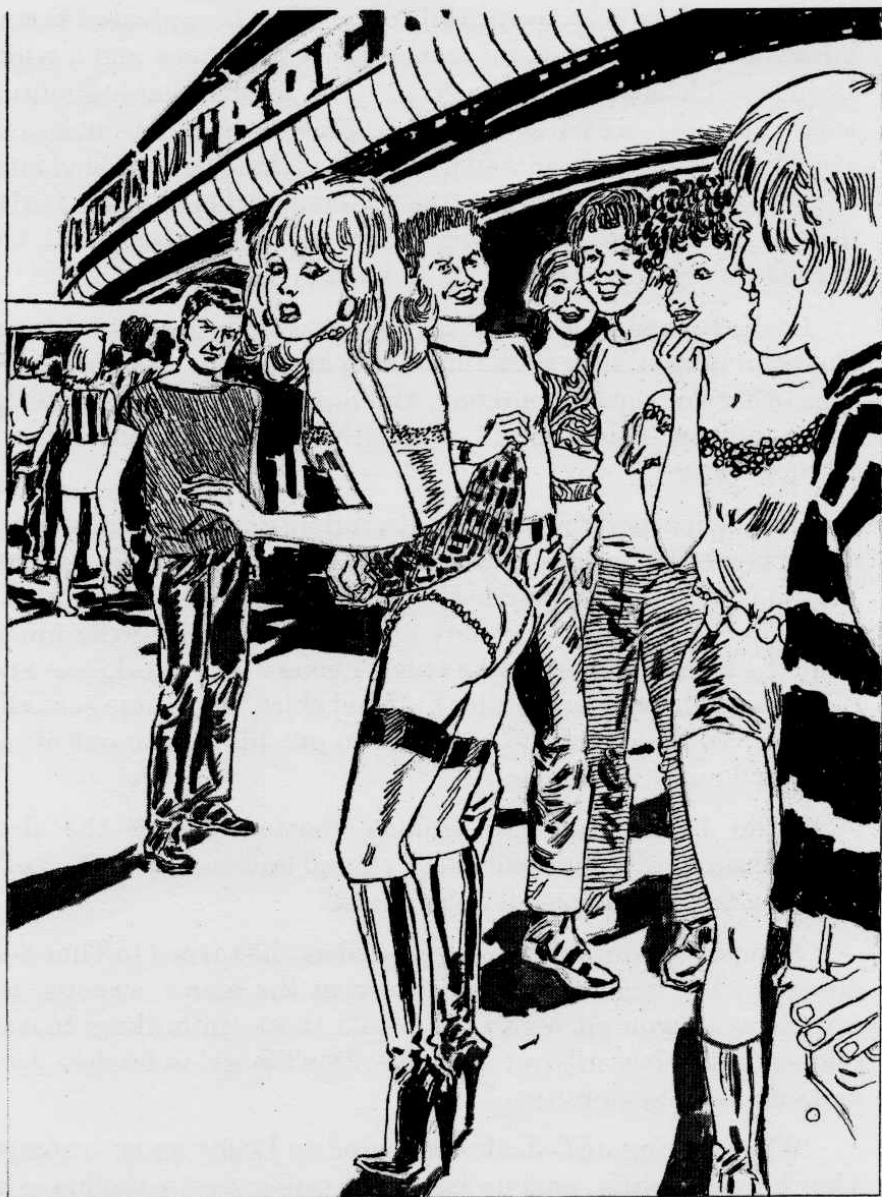
After looking at their tickets, an usher led them to a private box. Jack was pleased that they would have such an excellent view of the stage, but he was alarmed to see four couples in the booth. "Hi, everyone!" Leona gushed to three of them, "Meet Jack, my new boyfriend." While he was stunned by her *boyfriend* introduction, she spun him around, lifted the back of his short skirt to reveal his silky yellow panties, smacked him on the buttocks with her open palm, and asked, "Isn't he the cutest thing?"

"Leona!" Jack gasped while massaging his stinging behind through his skirt and panties and wishing there was a hole he could crawl into. "Why did you humiliate me so by telling them I'm a boy and calling me Jack after I worked so hard to look pretty as a girl for you?"

Ignoring him, she smiled at comments like, "Oh, Leona, I knew you made your brother wear dresses, but your fiancée?" "What a novel idea!" "Oh, he's simply precious in that flirty little skirt!" "Is that a push up bra or are those boobs real!" "How did he get such a big large rack?" "Look how easily he walks in those stylish boots!" "He's not only dressed as a girl, he blushes like one too!" "Did he do his own hair and makeup?" radiated from the girls, while the boys spat insults like, "What a puff!" "Do you like your pretty panties, girly boy?" "Come over here, and I'll show you how a real man *feels*." and "We're sure overrun with sissy puffs tonight."

Leona turned to the fourth couple standing quietly to the side and said, "Of course, you know Thor and Leslie."

Jack wasn't surprised to see Leslie in an extremely tight vinyl minidress that molded to his feminized figure like it was painted on. Its copper color matched his brilliant auburn tresses, his makeup was perfect, and he wore five-inch stiletto pumps.



Jack wanted to die of embarrassment! "What do you think of my boyfriend, Jack?" Leona asked as she raised his skirt to expose his frilly, silky panties.

"Gawd, Leona, we knew you had a sissy brother, but an ultra sissy boyfriend too..." Her friends giggled at Jack's predicament.

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He was; however, surprised to see Thor in a pleated tartan kiltie skirt that fell several inches above his knees and a white satin lace adorned blouse. To give him an unmistakable feminine *look*, he was wearing makeup, blush, eyeliner, mascara, eyeshadow, lipstick, and nail polish. His nylon-clad legs obviously had been shaved, and he tottered about in black pumps with three-inch stiletto heels. His short masculine hair and the absence of a padded bra betrayed his true gender.

Leslie rushed to Jack and they greeted feminine style. As they had been taught, they exchanged fake kisses, and complimented each other's ensemble, makeup, and hair. As they hugged, Leslie whispered a warning, "Don't say anything. I'll fill you in on Thor's costume later."

Having learned the value of discretion, Jack could only blush as he faced the taunts from Leona's friends and their escorts. After an eternity of embarrassing and humiliating comments, he was relieved when the concert finally started. With the music loud, the lights focused on the stage, Leona's amorous kisses and caresses to his body and under his brief skirt, he became sexually aroused. To his credit, he was able to put his shame out of his mind and enjoy the moment.

While Leona and her friends chatted during the first intermission, Leslie grabbed Jack's hand and encouraged, "Let's go to the ladies' and powder our noses."

"You two run along," Leona gushed as she turned to Thor and directed, "I'm afraid you'll have to visit the men's, sweetie. Be careful when you sit because I'm told those unthinking blokes relieve themselves all over the seats. Don't forget to freshen your makeup before you return."

"What's going on?" Jack whispered to Leslie as he watched Thor blush brightly, pick up his clutch purse, and make his exit.

"Leona is punishing Thor and Hans for trying to molest you at Caroline's reception," Leslie informed him in the lobby. "The morning after, she brought them to our house, dressed them as maids, and put them to work. She has them corseted to the limit, and in their spare time, they have to practice walking and sitting properly in skirts. They're also learning the art of makeup

application and hair curling. They hate every minute!”

“I’m confused,” Jack sighed. “Thor, Hans, and Sven’s other friends liked us bridesmaids and the other boys in our dresses. What’s with them?”

“There’s a large fraternity of men with chapters in most large cities around the globe who like boys who have been forced to be feminine like you and me. Like us, they hate the thought of wearing dresses themselves, so imagine the humiliation Thor is about to endure in the men’s room. All those macho blokes are sure to be taunting him about his sissy attire and lift his skirt to see his panties and garter belt while he stands at the mirror freshening his makeup!” Chills ran up Jack’s back at the mere thought of his former tormentor’s pending humiliation.

When Jack and Leslie returned to the booth, a large man in a chauffeur’s uniform was holding Thor captive while Leona berated him. “You thought you could escape from me?” she bellowed. “Did you think I was so stupid that I would leave you unguarded?” With that, she yanked the wide leather belt from her waist, pulled Thor over her lap, flipped his skirt and slip to his waist, and began thrashing his nylon clad buttocks.

“I’m sorry I tried to run away!” he screeched. “I’ll be your maid and not try to escape. I’ll wear dresses and be the polite, docile, and obedient sissy you want me to be. I promise! Please, stop spanking me!”

Without acknowledging his plea, she dumped him from her lap onto the floor, turned to the chauffeur, and said, “Olof, escort Miss Leslie home, and this sissy is yours for the night to do with as you wish!” Looking at Thor, his skirt askew, the tops of his nylons exposed, and tears streaking his makeup, she commanded, “Repair your makeup and go with Olof. If I hear one word of complaint, you’ll rue the day you were born!”

As Thor repaired his makeup, the other three couples watched awe of her control of these males. Jack recognized Olof as one of Sven’s groomsmen from Stockholm, and the truth hit him. He, along with Thor and Hans, were members of that fraternity Leslie told him about. Leona had secured the help of this large man who was into feminized males, to subdue the two

unfortunates she had forced into skirts. Now, she was rewarding him by giving him Thor for a night of sex. Talk about bizarre!

The scene in the booth was much more subdued when Leslie, Thor, and Olof departed. After an intimidating glare from Leona, the boys became quieter, and no longer teased Jack about his sissy attire or called him a puff. This allowed him to relax, listen to the music, and enjoy Leona's intimate caresses, especially when she reached under his skirt.

After the concert, as Jack and Leona walked back to the car, the wind was even more brisk than before. After his experience on Leona's lap, he was less concerned about keeping his skirt in place, until she scolded, "I want my date to be admired for her beauty and ladylike demeanor, not the color, style, and fabric of her panties!" After that, he made a more resolute effort to keep his skirt in the modest range.

Leona opened the driver's door to let Jack enter and insisted on him sitting close beside her as she drove. He laid his head on her shoulder, and she held him tight with her free arm. When they stopped at a large mansion, he asked, "Where are we?"

"This is my home," she replied. "I thought we'd relax and have a drink to help us crash. That concert was quite a high and we need to ease back to earth." Jack exited the car in the most ladylike manner possible since she had pushed his skirt near his waist, leaving his panties in view. Inside the house, a shy maid in a short dress, four-inch spiked pump, heavy makeup, and dark red lipstick greeted them. "Hannah, serve our drinks in the parlor," Leona instructed with authority.

After a polite curtsy, *Hannah* walked away with her hips swaying seductively. As Jack watched in awe, the truth dawned in him. "That's Hans!" he gasped. "Leslie said you were punishing him and Thor by making them serve as your maids. He looks so feminine that I almost didn't recognize him! How did you accomplish that in just over a week?"

"Have a seat so we can have a talk," she said in a curtly while ignoring his question. When he was seated beside her on the sofa, she asked, "Do you view me as male or female?"

"Female, of course," he replied in total confusion at her question. "Why do you ask?"

"That's your problem, don't you see." We're dressed as the opposite gender, and yet you addressed me as Leona several times tonight."

"Why shouldn't I? That's your name!"

"I look like a boy, you call me Leona, and that's okay? You look like a girl, and I called you Jack. Remember how embarrassed you were when you met my friends at the concert? What's wrong with this picture?"

Still confused, he nervously adjusted his short skirt over his nylon-clad thighs and asked, "Okay, what should we do?"

"I want you to call me Leon and refer to me with masculine pronouns," she stated in a matter of fact tone. "In turn, I will reciprocate by calling you Jacqueline and refer to you with feminine pronouns. Okay?" When he hesitated, she asked, "Your aunt, governess, and sissy friends call you Jackie and refer to you as a girl? Why shouldn't I?"

"Jacqueline? You want me to be *Jacqueline*?"

"Yes, Jacqueline sounds more sophisticated, refined, and mature than Jackie. To further that image, you should ask your friends and relations to call you Jacqueline as well. If you do this, I promise not to humiliate you by announcing your true gender in the future." Just then, Hans returned with their drinks. Leona took them and ordered him to retire for the night.

He preferred Jack; but Jackie was an ambiguous name used by some men, Jackie Robinson, the great baseball player, and Jackie Gleason, the comedian, among others. *Jacqueline*, on the other hand, was unmistakably feminine! Taking a sip of his drink, he gasped, "You want me to address you as Leon and think of you as a male and I'm to adopt the name Jacqueline and be your girlfriend?"

"Good, you're not totally blonde," Leona smiled as she pulled him into her arms and kissed him passionately. As their excitement reached a fever pitch, she reached under his skirt, peeled off his panties, and tossed them on the floor. Her shirt,

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jeans, and cotton jockey shorts quickly joined them, along with his skirt, cami, and bra. Having never had sex, he was at a loss how to proceed, but she took charge, mounting him on the sofa. When he was spent, she caressed him in an attempt at an encore, but the estrogen compounds and testosterone blockers prevented a second tryst.

Jack had never been so sated, and for the first time, he felt natural dressing in his sexy feminine ensemble. Was that because Leona had taken the masculine lead in their lovemaking? Was he meant to wear dresses and assume a passive feminine role as Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent said so often? Whatever the reason, he was floating on air as he cuddled close to Leona on the ride home. The couple shared numerous amorous kisses at the door, and not until he was shivering from the cold November night did she release him.

The midday sun was streaming brightly when Jack awoke. Realizing he had slept in, he tossed his covers back, brushed the skirt of his long silky nightgown into place, stepped into his fluffy slippers, and slipped into his diaphanous negligee. After returning from the bathroom, he applied light makeup, threw himself on the bed in his feminine finery, and reveled in thoughts and memories of the night before.

Miss Vincent found him there more than an hour later, a smile still on his lips. "Kind of messy when you came in last night," she said looking at his clothes strewn about the room.

"Oh, Miss Vincent, I had the most wonderful evening!" he gushed without making a move to rise from his bed. "The concert was superb and Leon was magnificent!"

"Leon?"

"Yes, and he said everyone should call me Jacqueline."

"Does this mean you have finally accepted the inherent femininity your aunt and I knew was within you?"

"I guess...at least until Mom arrives."

"Get dressed and come downstairs. It's well after lunch, but

I'll have Henni prepare you a cup of tea and a roll."

"Before I do, would you lace me into my corset?" Jack asked while pulling his nightgown over his head. He remembered Leona complimenting his figure, and he wanted his waist to remain neat and trim to keep her attention. "Pull it tight," he insisted. Being only too happy to oblige, she pulled it to the last breathless inch before securing the laces.

Even though he was gasping for breath, he hummed a happy tune while slipping into his panties and bra. Due to his tight corset, he agonizingly kneaded nylons over his smooth hairless legs. He pulled on a white nylon slip that matched his panties and bra and then, a stylish dress with a full above the knee length skirt. When it didn't hang to suit him, he added a crinoline petticoat for effect, did his hair and makeup, and slid his feet into black pumps with a two-inch block heel. Hoping *Leon* would like him in his feminine ensemble, he floated down the stairs.

"Oh, Jacqueline!" Hank exclaimed, rushing over to Jack with a cup of tea. "It's wonderful that you have a fiancée. Have you heard my news?" Without waiting for an answer, he gushed, "Mother has agreed to accompany me to Stockholm where I can become a real girl like Caroline! Edie Knowland is also going along to become a girl too. She's really excited."

"Henni!" Jack gasped in total disbelief. "You're going under the knife to have your *thing* cut off? That surgery is permanent, and you could never be a boy again...*ever*! Are you sure? You can still wear dresses without becoming a real girl, you know."

"I know you don't understand, Jacqueline, but I've never wanted anything more than I want to be a full fledged girl. I love the caress of soft silky fabrics on my skin, but it's more than the clothes, much, much more. I don't know if I was this way before, but I'm attracted to strong men with hairy chests, rippling muscles, and bulges in their pants. I want to feel their kisses, their hands on my body, and their throbbing member inside me like a real woman. Please don't hate me for feeling this way."

"I don't hate you, but you're right. I don't understand. What do your brothers think about you becoming a real girl?"

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“Robert understands, sort of, but Pete...no way! I don’t care though. I’m becoming a girl for me, not for them! At least Mom is excited about having a daughter.”

“Edie Knowland is going too? What about William and Luke?”

“Wendy and Lucy wanted to stay home and return to pants, but at Edie’s request they’re going along to be our nursemaids while we recover. To their sorrow, they’ll wear cute little white dresses, white tinted nylons, and nurse’s caps while they cater to our every whim. They aren’t happy taking orders from their younger sister, but their aunt gave Edie authority over them. At the slightest provocation, she has her aunt’s consent to pull them across her lap, lift their skirts, and give them a sound spanking on their panties!”

“Wow! That will be tough on those former ruffians. When will this surgery to change you into a real girl take place?”

“We leave for Stockholm next week. Oh, Jacqueline, my dream is coming true. I couldn’t be happier!”

“You’ll be gone when Mom arrives. I did so want her to meet you,” Jack sadly sighed.

“I’ll meet her when I’m a real girl. I’m dying to hear about your date with Leon. Don’t leave out a single juicy detail!”

“I was embarrassed in my short skirt and flimsy cami, and I was humiliated beyond words when Leon introduced me as his boyfriend and lifted my skirt to show my panties. His friends and their dates teased me a lot. I got through it, and the music was great. Afterward, he took me to his house, and that was the most fun of all!” Jack exclaimed with a blush.

“Your blush tells me you’re leaving out the juicy parts,” Hank smiled while adjusting his skirt across his smooth trim nylon-clad thighs. “Come on, fess up!”

“We...ah...fooled around a bit,” Jack stammered. “I told you we had fun, and that’s all I’m telling.”

“I’ll get it out of you, just you wait!” Hank giggled. “I’d do it now, but I have to serve tea to Mom and your aunt.”

Hank’s hips swayed seductively as he walked away, his skirt

swinging merrily about his thighs revealing a hint of white lace. The aroma of pleasant feminine perfume lingered in the air, and Jack knew he would miss his friend, girl or not!

After a phone conversation between Julia and Leona, the hormone formula Jack had been ingesting was changed. Beginning at dinner that evening, gone were the estrogen enhancers and testosterone blockers that had been added to his food over the past months. In their place was a testosterone booster to build up his sexual drive and augment his ability to *perform* often and satisfactorily. There was also a change in his diet, as he was served a bowl of ice cream with chocolate topping.

He pushed away the sweets he had been denied for so many months and would have gobbled down only a few days earlier. "I can't eat that," he declared. "I have to watch my figure."

"So Leon will watch it, huh?" Henni giggled.

"Don't worry, I'll see that your corset will keep your figure trim for your fiancée," Miss Vincent avowed. Knowing his she would keep her promise, Jack nibbled at his tasty dessert.

Two days later, Leona showed up at the Kerr residence unannounced wearing faded jeans, a ratty sweatshirt, and ragged tennis shoes. Her short hair was tousled, giving her a total scruffy and unkempt appearance. She was told that Jacqueline was helping Henni and Mrs. Armstrong pack for their trip, so she was invited to tea with Julia and Miss Vincent. There the three conniving females discussed Leona's formula for remaking Jack into Jacqueline, a sexy feminine appearing creature who would find returning to pants very difficult, if not impossible.

Their plan charted and agreed upon, Jack was summoned downstairs, but not told why. He was wearing a plain housedress, a kerchief over his hair, boxy two-inch heels, and very little makeup. When he saw *Leon*, he fidgeted nervously. Without a thought that, as a boy, he shouldn't be dressed as a girl, he stammered, "Oh...Leon! If I had known you were coming, I...I would have fixed myself up and put on a nicer dress."

Making no excuses for her disheveled state, Leona snapped in

mock anger, "I told you I would stop by. I thought you'd be pretty for me after the other night. Instead, you look like a maid! If that was what I wanted to see, I'd have stayed home and watched the two sissies I have working there. Goodbye!" She strode out of the room with long masculine steps and slammed the door behind her.

Jack ran from the room, hiked his skirt high on his thighs so he could bound rapidly up the stairs, rushed into his room, threw himself on his bed, and burst into tears. Nestling in the soft satin sheets, he sobbed, "Oh, why can't I do anything right? Now that Leon is gone, I'll have to go back to being a humiliated boy in skirts until Mom gets here. With Henni gone, I'll be all alone."

Jack was lying there for some time when Hank entered his room and sat on the bed to comfort him. Looking at Jack with his skirt and slip resting high on his thighs, Hank gently stroked his hair and soothed, "Don't cry so, Jacqueline. Things will work out."

"Oh, Henni, why didn't I fix myself up for Leon? He said he might come by for a visit. I foolishly thought he would call and give me time to dress. If I had only worn a nice dress, some makeup and lipstick, removed the curlers from my hair, and brushed it into a neat attractive style he would have asked me out again. Now he's gone forever!"

"Maybe not," Hank cooed. "Mom told me how boys act on impulse without regard to the feelings of others. I think Leon felt a sudden urge to see you, giving no thought to your feelings or the time you needed to get ready for him. Mom says boys are that way. I bet he comes back without calling again in a day or so, maybe later this afternoon."

"Do you really think so?" Jack gushed, leaping off the bed and allowing his skirt and slip to fall into place. "I have to hurry get ready in case he comes back! Unfasten the back buttons of my dress! Oh, Henni, I'm all in a dither and can't think straight!"

An hour later, Jack was dressed and made up to the hilt, but to his sorrow, his precious *Leon* didn't return. That experience filled him with hope instead of discouraging him. Every evening, he eagerly performed his beauty ritual, making his body soft, pliable, and creamy. He rolled his hair in neat rows of curlers,

and for the first time since being required to dress as a girl, didn't complain about having to sleep in his tight corset or with uncomfortable curlers in his hair.

He arose early in the morning, removed the curlers, brushed his hair into a neat feminine style, painstakingly applied his makeup, and selected an attractive dress or skirt for the day. In happy anticipation of a visit from *Leon*, he was never without sheer nylon stockings, at least three-inch heels, and his agonizingly tight corset that kept his waist small despite the sweet, calorie laden dessert Miss Vincent insisted he eat after each meal.

Still, Leona didn't return. In fact, Jack didn't see her again until he arrived at the airport to see Henni and Edie off on their journey to become real girls. He had many surprises that morning, the most pleasant being that his precious '*Leon*' was there with Leslie. Leon's masculine suit and tie contrasted with Leslie's tight fitting copper tinted dress that featured a straight mid-calf length skirt. Leslie also wore stilt heels, sheer nylons, bronze lipstick, and his auburn tresses shone with brilliant highlights as they spilled onto his shoulders.

While Jack hugged Henni goodbye, Mrs. Knowland and Edie joined the group with Wendy and Lucy wearing brief white dresses, white nylons, and white pumps with four-inch heels like Henni predicted. Their hair had been bleached a silver platinum blonde, their lipstick was brilliant red, and their eyeshadow three shades of blue, giving them a very sexy feminine appearance. Every time Edie issued an order, they rushed to do her bidding, demonstrating that she had her older brothers well trained.

Only when Olof announced that they would be flying on his private plane did Jack notice they were in a secluded area of the terminal. Olof, he was informed, was a rich corporate executive who was a member of the fraternity who liked feminine boys like Hans and Thor before Leon enslaved them. Approaching Leslie, Olof said, "Time to board the plane, Miss."

"I'm just here to say goodbye to Henni and Edie." Leslie explained. "I'm not going to Stockholm."

"Oh yes, you are," Leon declared. "Put her on the plane, Olof."

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“No, please, don't send me there to become a girl!” Leslie pleaded. “I'll do anything, *anything!*” Seeing the adamant expression on Leona's face, he knew she was intent on sending him to Stockholm no matter how much he objected. Realizing his only chance to maintain his masculinity was to escape, he turned and ran. His tight skirt and stilt heels severely restricted his stride, and Olof easily overtook him. He desperately tried to fight him off, but strict diets, inactivity, and potent estrogen compounds had melted away his muscles and made him soft, frail, and weak like the girl he appeared to be. All he could do was kick his nylon clad legs in desperation as the large man forcibly carried him aboard.

Jack felt sorry for Leslie. The question, “How could Leon send her brother away to become a real girl against his wishes?” haunted him. Even so, he couldn't keep his eyes off *Leon!* He wanted to rush over and promise to always look pretty and desirable for *him*, but his intense feminine training held him back. Instead, he made eye contact, smiled, and batted his eyes flirtingly, hoping Leon would take the hint.

Getting no response, Jack walked dejectedly beside Aunt Julia, feeling quite alone with Henni gone, when Leona strode beside him and greeted, “Hi, Jacqueline. You look quite lovely today, much prettier than the other day in your grubby housedress with your hair up in curlers and no makeup.”

Leona's arrival was so sudden, so unexpected, Jack was very excited, yet quite flustered as well. “Thank you, Leon,” he blushed brightly. “I changed dresses, put on makeup, and brushed out my hair in hopes you would return, but you never did.”

“Seeing you looking all bedraggled in that shabby dress with no makeup after I told you I would drop by angered me. I was in no mood to return. In fact, if we hadn't met here by chance to send the girls off, I probably would never have seen you again. However, since you look so pretty and feminine today, would you like to go somewhere and talk?”



Three males and one female were present, and not one was dressed as their true gender. The masculine attired female was clearly in charge as she introduced her femininely dressed fiancée to her sissy maids.

“Jackie, my love, meet my new maids, Hannah and Tiffany, formerly Hans and Thor,” Leona stated.

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“Oh, could I go with Leon, Aunt Julia?” he pleaded while looking over his stylish black dress with a critical eye. When he dressed, he shivered at the thought of wearing a mid-thigh length skirt in the cold winter winds, but now he wished he had worn an even shorter skirt, curled his lashes, applied sexier mascara, and worn redder lipstick. Pants of *any* kind were the farthest things from his mind!

A devious smile crossed Julia’s lips, “I don’t see why not. Leon is from a respected family. Don’t stay out too late.”

As the couple walked happily along arm in arm, Jack’s heels clicking rhythmically on the concourse, no one would have suspected them of being dressed as the opposite gender. Very few words passed between them until Jack was seated close beside Leona in her car. His skirt rode high on his thighs and he made no effort to adjust it. He smiled just before she kissed him passionately on his ruby red lips.

“You’re awfully quiet,” Leona observed as she drove with his head resting contentedly on her shoulder and her free hand caressing his nylon-clad thighs.

“I guess I am,” he sighed in a whisper. “There are so many things I want to say, to ask, but none that seem important just now. I’m so happy here beside you. I don’t want to do anything to displease you or drive you away again. I missed you so!”

Jack was only mildly surprised when Leona drove directly to her residence. While exiting the car, he kept his skirt modest and tugged it into place when he was outside. Leona slightly shocked him by taking him in her arms and kissing him passionately. “Things will be different with Leslie gone, but I have the maids to manage the household chores.”

In the large house, two maids wearing black dresses with short skirts, white piping at the sleeves and collar, and white waist aprons, greeted them. Their makeup was sedate for daywear, featuring red lipstick, and matching nail polish. White caps with a black stripe decorated their platinum blonde hair, sheer thigh-high nylons graced their smooth hairless legs, and they walked tentatively atop four-inch stilt heels. As they curtsied politely, Leona said, “Jacqueline, meet Hannah and Tiffany. As a

guest in this house, they will see to your every need.”

“Hannah and Tiffany?” Jack gasped in awe. “Hans and Thor! How did you get them looking so feminine so quickly?”

“Edie gets the credit,” Leona said. “She discovered a trove of information about feminizing males on the Internet, most of it published by a company named, ‘Under Control, Inc’. That’s where she got the idea for Wendy and Lucy to color their hair platinum to make them look Swedish. I liked the idea so well I decided to require Hannah and Tiffany to wear platinum wigs. I’ll have their hair dyed that color when it grows out in a year or so. They don’t look much like the macho jerks who tried to molest you at the reception now, do they?”

“A year or so!” Jack gasped. “How long will you keep them as your maids?”

“Their former lives are over. They should have realized this could happen when they saw the boys who had been forced into dresses that they loved so much. Olof has the Power of Attorney they signed, and he’ll close out their affairs in Sweden. Like your friends, Wendy and Lucy, they’re in for a lifetime of servitude in maid’s dresses.”

“Wendy and Lucy? I thought they were to wear dresses only until Edie recovers from her surgery.”

“My dear naïve Jacqueline, due to the latest indoctrination techniques published by UCI, your friends will soon live to serve their sister. When they return to England, there won’t be a thought in their pretty bimbo heads unless she puts it there.”

“Isn’t that a bit drastic?”

“They had their chance to become girls like Edie, but they refused. Now, they will face the consequences.” Turning to her maids, Leona ordered, “Serve our tea in the master bedroom.”

“Yes, Master,” they bobbed in unison before scurrying away, their short skirts flouncing merrily about their nylon clad thighs.

In her room, Leona hugged Jack, kissed him passionately, and guided him to her bed. As they explored each other’s bodies with their hands, Jack cautioned, “We have to be careful. Miss Vincent

reprimanded me before because my skirt was wrinkled.”

“I know how to handle that,” Leona declared while lowering the back zipper of his dress. “It won’t get wrinkled on that chair.” With Jack’s dress out of the way, leaving him in his black lace edged nylon slip, matching panties, bra, garter belt, and nylons, the couple continued their heavy petting.

Jack was still wearing his black silky undies when the *maids* returned with the tea. He moved to retrieve his dress for modesty, but Leona stopped him. Looking at Hans and Thor in their saucy little maid’s dresses, she ordered, “That will be all for now. Go about your duties, but remain close by in case you are needed.”

“Yes sir!” they acknowledged in unison while bobbing polite curtsies and hurrying away atop their stilt heels.

When they were alone, Leona put her arm around Jack, looked him in the eye, and said, “You must be punished for presenting yourself to me in such a shabby manner the other day.”

“Punished? I don’t understand. I apologized even though I didn’t know you were stopping by.”

“You should have anticipated my arrival and been ready just in case I visited!” With that, she abruptly pulled him across her lap, flipped his silky slip to his waist, and brought her open palm down on his thin silky nylon panties three times in rapid succession. As he gasped for breath and writhed in pain, she asked, “Will you keep yourself pretty for me at all times in the future?”

“Yes, yes, oh yes, I promise!” he wailed through his sobs.

Half a dozen hard swats later, she said, “See that you do!” Then she pulled him into her arms and kissed him passionately.

His slip still at his waist, exposing the dark tops of his nylons and his garter straps, Jack put his arms about her neck and passionately returned her kiss. His scarlet lips parted and he eagerly received her probing tongue. He raised his body slightly to allow her to peel off his panties. As she laid him on her bed and assumed the top position to take him, he realized the spanking had heightened their excitement.



"You must learn to always dress in the prettiest, frilliest clothes for me," Leona applied another stinging slap to Jack's tender backside. "I want my fiancée to always look his feminine prettiest, understand?"

"YES!" Jack sobbed as Leona applied a final stinging slap to his red rear end.

When he was spent, they cuddled in each other's arms on the tousled sheets, kissing, and caressing. His bare shoulders and arms grew chilled, causing goose bumps. "I should replace my panties and get back into my dress," he sighed.

"You'll do no such thing!" Leona asserted while ringing a small bell from the nightstand. When *Tiffany* entered almost immediately, Jack had to move quickly to cover his exposed privates with his short slip bunched at his waist. Paying him no notice, Leona ordered, "Bring one of Miss Leslie's negligees. There must be a nice black one that we didn't pack for her Stockholm trip."

"Right away, sir!" Thor replied, bobbing a polite curtsy.

Jack had replaced his panties and was repairing his makeup when Thor returned with a black ultra sheer negligee. As Thor assisted him into the delicate wisp, he said in an obvious falsetto, "This is one of Miss Leslie's most luxurious negligees. I'm sure you'll enjoy wearing it for Master Leon."

"Thank you, Tiffany," Jack acknowledged while wondering how the silky garment he was wearing could be made so transparent and still be black. "I'm sure I will."

Back in Leona's bedroom, the two lovers played sensuous afternoon sex games. As Jack was getting dressed, he massaged his tender buttocks and asked, "Did you spank me as punishment or foreplay?"

"Both actually," she admitted. "The punishment was for not looking pretty for me during my visit and your first lesson in how to please me, but don't you agree that it heightened the gusto of our lovemaking? I'll be spanking you from time to time to teach you, to keep you in line, and to intensify our sexual pursuits. That is, unless you want me to take you home and permanently sever our relationship. Your choice, what's it to be?"

Jack was caught completely off guard. He didn't think he was at fault by not primping and dressing up for her unannounced visit. On the other hand, he was quite fond of her, and except for the spanking, he infinitely enjoyed their recent sexual rendezvous. Not wanting their steamy affair to end, he quickly

decided that he could abide an occasional spanking if they raised his sexual arousal to such high levels. 'At least for a few weeks until Mom arrives,' he thought. Swallowing the last vestiges of his masculine pride, he lowered his mascara-laden lashes, and sighed, "I was miserable without you these past days. If I have to endure a few spankings to keep you, I'm your girl."

"You'll do more than that. You'll keep yourself prettily dressed in anticipation of my next visit, and you'll keep that thing in your panties exclusively for me. Agreed?"

"Yes, Leon," he sighed as he moved into her lap and kissed her passionately. As they cuddled, she pushed his skirt to his waist, and they made love again. When they parted, Jack replaced his panties and smoothed his skirt into place. "Oh, no!" he wailed. "My skirt got all wrinkled! I'll really catch it from Miss Vincent."

Without a word, Leona rang the small bell. Hans appeared immediately, curtsied respectfully, and asked, "Yes, Master?"

"Hannah, help Miss Jacqueline out of her dress and into her negligee. Take her dress, iron it, and don't dally."

"Yes, Master," he replied with another polite curtsy. When he returned with the freshly ironed dress, he dutifully helped Jack into it, and raised the back zipper.

"Ooohhh," Jack purred with a shiver. "It's so warm! Thank you, Hannah." When *Leon* delivered a very happy *Jacqueline* to her door and kissed *her* goodbye, not a wrinkle was visible on his pretty stylish dress!

The next two weeks followed a pattern. Jack asked Miss Vincent to lace him to the limit in his corset every night before he retired. He slept in his silkiest most luxurious nightgowns, thinking that *Leon* would somehow know and think him sexy and desirable. When he arose, Miss Vincent removed his corset long enough for him to take a long soaking perfumed bubble bath before lacing him back into his corset. On the chance that his precious *Leon* might come by, Jack wore dresses of the latest styles, and because *Leon* liked his legs, short skirts, ultra sheer nylons, and at least three-inch heels. He took extra care with his

hair and makeup, assuring that his *look* was femininely perfect.

Meanwhile, Julia and Miss Vincent continued their elaborate scheme to feminize Jack, they hoped, well past the point of no return. They fed him testosterone boosters and made sure he ate calorie-laden desserts after each meal as Leona requested. Miss Vincent assured that his corset distributed his added weight while keeping his waist the same size to maintain his pleasing feminine shape. They noted with glee as the rich desserts served to form a thin layer of fat under his skin to give him a soft feminine glow.

“Those new methods for feminizing boys revealed on the UCI Internet site are very effective,” Miss Vincent observed. “If I’d known those tricks years ago, I could’ve worked even greater wonders with my boys at the Swedish charm school.”

“Isn’t technology wonderful?” Julia grinned. “Jacqueline is looking more feminine each day, and that gives me an idea. What if we...”

Fulfilling her part, Leona came by every couple of days, and took him to her place for sex games, finding an excuse to spank him before each sexual encounter. “You kept me waiting,” “Your lipstick isn’t on straight,” “I saw you making eyes at that boy when we turned the corner!” “That thing in your panties belongs to me, not every bloke you meet on the street.” Finding excuses to spank him was easy.

To his exhilaration, he learned that every spanking was followed by an intense sexual encounter and no spanking meant no sex. If he tried to initiate sex, she would verbally berate him, saying in no uncertain terms that proper young ladies waited passively for their partners to get amorous and responded to his aggressions. In that way, she trained him to look forward to, and become aroused by, his spankings.

If she pretended not to be interested in sex, he learned to purposely excite her with feminine wiles. For instance, he might walk by with his hips swinging seductively and his short skirt swirling enticingly about his trim attractive thighs. Sometimes, he would cross his legs in a certain way to encourage his skirt to ride higher and reveal the tops of his nylons or flash the lacy hem

of his slip. He seemed to learn a new way to entice her with each passing day.

His coy use of feminine wiles intrigued her because this behavior was predicted in the UCI brochures. They also said if she complimented his clothes, hair, and makeup, told him how sexy he looked in his short skirts, and rewarded him with sex, he would more rapidly become more feminine in both mind and actions. Leona was thrilled when these predictions came true right before her eyes!

Having not had an erection, let alone a need to ejaculate, for months before becoming involved with Leona, Jack thought his heightened sexual prowess was because of her. It was, in fact, due to the change in his medication. Gone were the potent estrogen compounds and testosterone blockers. In their place was a powerful testosterone booster that gave him the ability to perform several times daily and kept him randy most of the time. Not wanting to risk losing the source that took him to sexual heights he never dreamed possible, he strove to please her in every way.

Jack saw Leona often with him always wearing a stylish dress or skirt, and he soon exhausted ideas on how to appear in an ensemble she hadn't seen. Even though his mother was scheduled to arrive in two weeks and allow him to return to pants, he asked his aunt to take him shopping for a new supply of feminine clothes and a new hairstyle, color change, and leg waxing at Mr. Marceau's salon.

"Of course," Julia agreed. "You can have all the feminine clothes and accessories your heart desires. Since you are buying these things to look pretty for Leon, you should be fitted for your new clothes without your corset. In fact, with your mother arriving in two weeks, I think we can dispense with it permanently."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Julia!" Jack squealed femininely as he rushed to hug her. For the two weeks before his mother arrived, he calculated that he would need six nice dresses for dates and maybe six more for daywear, all with short skirts. Five miniskirts, several blouses and sweaters in different colors and fabrics he could mix and match for the *look* he wanted to excite

Leon were also on his list.

In his mind, his new clothes would have to be accessorized with *perfect* undies. To accomplish this, he laid out whichever dress or skirt he was considering at the boutique and placed the matching bra, panties, and slip on top of it to examine the overall blend of colors, fabrics, and style. Forgetting how passionately he hated stripping to his panties and bra in public when he was first forced to wear skirts, he tried on *every* ensemble and painstakingly inspected its *look, fit, and hang* before the mirrors.

So meticulous was he to detail, the task took most of the day. Seeing a huge commission, the clerks were very helpful, and no one suspected his true gender, at least not openly. His acquisitions included four pairs of shoes in different colors and styles, all with at least four-inch heels, a huge assortment of makeup that included a variety of shades and colors of foundation, blush, mascara, eyeshadow, lipstick, and nail polish, several pairs of hoops, studs, and pendants for his pierced ears, a box of false eyelashes, and three different fragrances of expensive perfume. The bill was enormous!

"Oh Aunt Julia, I'm so excited!" he squealed during the ride home. "I can't wait till they deliver my pretty new things!"

"Quite a revealing statement for a boy who says he wants to return to trousers," she thought in excited anticipation that her plan to entrap him in lifelong femininity was proceeding according to schedule.

Jack was surprised to see workers with carpenter tools leaving the house when they arrived. He thought of his soft cashmere sweater protruding from his bra, short skirt, nylon-clad thighs, high heels, and the many feminine items he had just eagerly purchased. For a fleeting moment, he wondered what it would be like to wear denim jeans, coarse shirts, cotton underwear with a masculine fly, and heavy boots. "Who are those men, and what are they doing here?" he asked.

"You've been so demure, feminine, and obedient lately, I had a surprise installed in your room as a reward," Julia advised, telling a great lie. "Since we didn't arrive in time for you to watch, why not hurry up and have a look."

Rushing up the stairs and into his room, Jack noticed that, on the wall where his full-length mirror had been, a lighted full-length tri fold mirror had been built into the wall.

When he looked questioningly at his aunt, she said, "Now you can inspect your pretty new things in your own mirror like you did in the boutique. What do you think?"

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Julia!" he gushed while turning to and fro to view his skirt and blouse. "Not only can I inspect my new things in this new mirror, I can make sure my skirt hangs just right and my slip doesn't show before I go out with Leon. He likes me to wear silky nylon slips, but hates it when the lace shows beneath my skirt. That just gives him another excuse to spank me."

Unknown to Jack, his mother arrived at the Kerr household while he and his aunt were shopping, two weeks earlier than scheduled and given the room adjacent to his. Also unknown to him, his new treasure was a two-way mirror, and with the hidden microphone, she could hear and observe him at will.

Entering her sister's room where she sat observing her son's feminine actions, Julia said, "Okay, Margaret, now do you see why I wanted you to observe *Jacqueline* without his knowledge before he's aware of your presence?"

"I'm confused. His letters said you forced him to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl and that he wanted to return to pants."

"What would you expect a boy to say? He thinks he will save face if everyone thinks he is being forced to wear girl's clothes and not because he loves to wear dresses and skirts."

"Do you force him to dress as a girl?"

"I made him wear a few dresses and things for being arrogant, condescending, and disrespectful when he first arrived. Petticoat punishment, putting boys in skirts to repress their overbearing masculine spirits and teach them to respect girls and women, is common in this country. Some boys, like *Jacqueline*, are born with feminine traits. They love wearing dresses, skirts, and silky undies, rendering the practice ineffective. He said he wanted to

wear pants because that's what he thought you would want to hear. Watch him for a few days without his knowledge and decide for yourself."

"Why do you call him Jacqueline?"

"It's his request. He said Jacqueline sounded more mature, refined, and ladylike. Just wait a few days until you've had time to observe him without his knowledge. You'll see much more of his feminine persona."

"I suppose a few days won't make a difference in the grand scheme of things." When Julia left her alone, Margaret watched Jack strip to his panties, bra, and slip, change his dress, brush his hair into a high ponytail, secure it with a satin ribbon, freshen his makeup, and preen before his new mirror before going to dinner.

Margaret thought, "Jack willingly did all those feminine things so expertly like Julia said. No one forced him to change into that pretty dress. He fussed with his hair and makeup until they were perfect without a word from anyone. Perhaps I should watch and learn the truth about what's really going on here. I must admit, everything Julia said is true so far."

Her decision made, she watched Jack sit properly as a girl and daintily eat a sparse meal. Afterward, without being told, he put on a frilly lace embellished apron, cleared the table, did the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen. He then went to his room, undressed to his bra and panties, slipped into a transparent negligee, and sat at his vanity to perform his nightly beauty ritual. He removed his makeup, creamed his face and body, applied a beauty mask to his face, curled his hair in neat even rows, and covered his head with a net for protection. Sliding his feet into fluffy pink bedroom slippers, he summoned Miss Vincent to lace him into his corset.

"Your aunt said you were to no longer wear your corset," Miss Vincent said, knowing his mother was watching and wanting to hang him with his own words.

"I know, but I want to wear it at night to keep my waist neat, trim, and attractive for Leon," he admitted. "Please pull the laces as tight as possible."

"Very well," she agreed with a glance at the mirror. "You young girls are so vain about your figures." When she tied off the laces, he took a few deep breaths, removed his bra, pulled a long pink nylon nightgown over his head, let it float gently over his body, and crawled into bed. Margaret saw the mounds on his chest and resolved to ask Julia about them.

The next morning, sounds from Jack's room over the intercom woke Margaret. He was returning from his bath and had a fluffy pink towel wrapped around his *breasts*, feminine style. She watched as he powdered his body before stepping into his panties and securing his bra, a push up style with extra padding underneath to give the illusion that he was better *endowed*. After donning his slip and negligee, he sat at his vanity, removed his curlers, brushed his golden blonde tresses into a neat feminine style, and applied his makeup.

"He isn't being forced to dress as a girl or look pretty and feminine," she thought while watching her son smooth on his lipstick. "He's doing that on his own." As she looked on in awe, he parted his see-through negligee and kneaded yellow tinted nylons over his legs. Discarding the negligee, he slipped into a long sleeved nylon blouse with intricate lace at the collar and cuffs and easily fastened the back buttons. After pulling a tartan tunic dress with a mid-thigh length pleated skirt over his head, he stepped into black boots with five-inch heels. As he preened before the mirror to make sure his skirt hung just right, she sighed, "I can't believe how easily he walks in those stilts, nor can I imagine why he would want to."

"I see you're wearing the boots you wore to the concert, but not the skirt and top," Julia smiled over breakfast.

"Oh, Aunt Julia, that skirt is too short for daywear and the weather is too chilly for that flimsy cami top," he explained with a blush. "Leon liked the way these boots made my legs look, and I think he'll appreciate the practicality of this dress and blouse. I can't wait until my new things are delivered."

From her vantage point, Margaret couldn't believe how knowledgeable he was about feminine attire, the skirt and top he wore to the concert. And what about that *Leon* person who liked

his legs in short skirts and heels! “How could I have been so wrong about him all these years? I never suspected there was anything feminine about him, but now?”

Jack was overcome with glee when his new purchases arrived, so when he smiled at the two young deliverymen, they thought he was flirting with them. Margaret overheard them as they piled clothes on the bed, chair, sofa, and vanity bench, “That foxy bird is hot,” and “Yeah, I wouldn’t mind giving her a whirl,” and “Did you see the way she looked at me?”

“Those young men think Jack is a girl,” she thought. “I’m not surprised after seeing him flutter around like a butterfly in his short skirt and stilt heeled boots! Julia could be right about his inherent femininity.”

Jack unpacked his new feminine clothes while unknown to him, his mother, aunt, and governess watched from behind the mirror. When everything was laid out, he separated them into coordinated outfits. Each dress or blouse and skirt combination was grouped with the panties, bra, slip, camisole, tinted nylons, and heels he planned to wear with them.

Watching Jack flit happily about, intent on his task, Margaret sighed, “Those stilts must be killing his feet. Why doesn’t he at least take them off when he’s alone?”

“Oh, Margaret, don’t you remember when, as a young girl, you didn’t mind a little discomfort to look good for a special boy?” Julia chuckled. “Well, our *Jacqueline* thinks, or maybe just hopes, his precious *Leon* will come by. Isn’t that reason enough to wear the uncomfortable boots?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” Margaret sighed, “Especially if he’s as feminine as he appears to be.”

“After observing your son in his pretty dresses and skirts for many months, I assure you that his psyche is replete with femininity, dear sister,” Julia said, pressing the notion that Jack wore dresses by choice and not because he was forced to do so.



"He's not being forced to wear girl's clothes and makeup like he claimed in his letters!" Margaret gasped in disbelief while watching Jack preen before the mirror in his skimpy feminine ensemble. "Not only that, but he's making himself beautiful and sexy for a man!"

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“Feminine nature hasn’t changed in our lifetime, if it ever has, and the person you think of as your son is feminine by his manner of dress, his mannerisms, and his thoughts,” she finished off.

“Quite a treasure of feminine clothes, accessories, and cosmetics for a boy who says he wants to wear pants,” Miss Vincent said, fueling the view that Jack was embracing femininity. “Makes one wonder about the sincerity of that that claim, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” Julia agreed. “He selected every dress, skirt, bra, and item of lingerie, and there’s not a pair of slacks in the lot.”

“You were right to let me observe Jack for a while without his knowledge,” Margaret sighed, buying into their contention that her son was naturally feminine. “I never would have believed this if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes. In fact, I’m having trouble believing it anyway! I need a drink!”

The doorbell rang just as Jack got his new feminine clothing arranged in their proper grouping. “Oh, that might be Leon!” he squealed as he rushed to his vanity to touch up his hair and makeup. Just as he was satisfied with his *look*, Miss Vincent informed him that he had a visitor.

Taking a large gulp of her drink, Margaret watched Jack race expertly down the stairs in his heels, his short pleated skirt bouncing merrily about his nylon clad thighs as he eagerly rushed into his lover’s arms. She observed Leon’s Armani suit, white shirt, silk tie, highly polished Italian shoes, and neat haircut. “If Jack has to have a male lover, at least he picked a successful businessman.” As the couple embraced, she noticed Jack’s left leg rise from the knee, revealing his delight. “He really is a girl at heart,” she mused as Leon massaged Jack’s buttocks through his skirt and panties.

“How are you today, sexy legs?” Leona asked teasingly.

“I’m great, and I’m so glad you stopped by!” Jack gushed excitedly. “My new things were just delivered. Come to my room, and I’ll model some of my new outfits for you.”

“No can do, doll. I’m on my way to Belfast for a meeting, and I have to rush. I just stopped by to see if you were keeping yourself

properly feminine for me like you promised. I'll be back tomorrow. Make yourself gorgeous in those new clothes, and we'll have a nice intimate dinner." Leona took Jack into her arms once more, kissed him passionately, slapped him hard on the buttocks, and departed.

With *Leon* gone, Jack spent the remainder of the day and most of the next trying on different outfits from his new wardrobe, modeling them before his new mirror to assure that all of his dresses and skirts fit and hung just so. He also had to decide which outfit to wear for his dinner date. Almost at the last minute, he decided on a Kelly green silk dress with a full mid-thigh length skirt. The chosen dress was translucent, dictating that a slip would be mandatory.

Talking aloud, he said, "I'll wear the pastel green bra, panties, slip, and garter belt. Bright red lipstick and nail polish with green eyeshadow will compliment my dress. Curled false lashes with heavy mascara will give my eyes a mysterious hue. Ultra sheer nylons and my green satin four-inch pumps will make my legs sexy for Leon. My three tiered pendant earrings with the matching necklace, bracelet, and rings, should add just the right touch. Oh, I can't wait!"

Seeing and hearing this, Margaret was more astounded by his femininity than ever. Turning to Julia, she said, "His thoughts, actions and expressions sure seem to indicate that he's thrilled with his feminine clothes. Look how he goes to such great lengths with his hair and makeup to make sure he's pretty and feminine."

"How much proof do you need that he's not being forced to dress as a girl as he claimed in his letters?" Julia asked while thinking, "Jackie is hanging himself by his own behavior. Those UCI people are geniuses, and their innovative new techniques will advance the science of male feminization almost beyond the limits of imagination."

"How could I have missed such obvious femininity when he was growing up?" Margaret wondered. "I had no idea..."

"Don't blame yourself. His femininity didn't really blossom until I punished him in skirts. Shortly after wearing his first dress, he admitted a love for girl's clothes and asked to wear them

full time. He would either have started wearing skirts of his own volition later in life or suffered untold psychological damage from not having done so.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Margaret sighed, falling for her sister’s subterfuge. “He certainly appears to be happy.”

Two hours before *Leon* was to arrive, Jack was sitting at his vanity in his negligee, the bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels he planned to wear on his *date*. Finally satisfied with his hair and makeup, he rummaged through his lingerie drawer. Suddenly, his face assumed an expression of despair, and he shrieked, “Where’s my slip? I can’t find my slip! Leon likes me to wear slips, and this dress demands one. This is a special date, and I can’t wear just any old slip that doesn’t match!” In frustration, he plopped down on his bed and cried.

Seeing a golden opportunity to further her plan to keep Jack in dresses and skirts for life, Miss Vincent rushed into his room and asked, “What’s wrong, Jacqueline, dear? I heard you crying.”

“I can’t find the pastel green slip that goes with my bra, panties, and dress!” he wailed. “I put it in my lingerie drawer after I tried on my ensemble for tonight, and it’s not there! Leon hates to be kept waiting, and I won’t be ready on time. He’ll spank me for sure! Oh, what am I to do?”

As Julia sat watching this scene through the mirror with her sister, she chuckled inwardly, “When Jack came here last June, he was confident and aggressive with nothing but chasing girls on his mind. Now, he’s lying on his bed in a bra and panties with full feminine makeup and hairstyle, and the foremost thing on his mind is that he can’t find the right slip to wear with his chosen dress.”

“Stop crying or you’ll ruin your makeup,” Miss Vincent cautioned, noting the contents of his lingerie drawer strewn hither and yon. “Repair the tear damage to your makeup, and I’ll look for your slip.” While he fixed his foundation, eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow, she stepped from his closet with the mislaid slip on a padded hanger. “Here is your precious slip. Now

you can be ready on time." In truth, she had hidden it behind two dresses to elicit just the reaction he exhibited. The ruse was for his mother's benefit, and it had worked perfectly!

Jack not realizing he had been set up, his slip found; he was ready ten minutes before *Leon* was to arrive. Joining his aunt and governess in the solarium, he received the shock of his life. There sat his mother enjoying a cocktail! "Mom!" he wailed in total surprise. "When did you get here?"

"When did I get here? Not hello, Mother, it's so good to see you after all this time! No hug, no kiss? Well, I arrived three days ago while you were shopping for your new feminine wardrobe, the one you've been excitedly modeling before the mirror hour after hour for the last two days. Your precious new mirror is a two-way, and I've been watching your every move from the next room."

"Mom, I can explain!"

"Explain what? How Julia forced you to purchase all those pretty dresses, skirts, lingerie, makeup, perfume, and jewelry? How she forced you to coordinate your ensembles and preen before the mirror like a girl trying to excite her fiancée? How she forced you to woo a handsome young man with your feminine charms? How she forced you to throw yourself into his arms and kiss him passionately yesterday? How she forced you to eagerly get ready for a date with him tonight? How she forced you to get a sexy new blonde hairstyle and have your legs waxed? All right, *Jacqueline!* What part of this are you prepared to explain?"

Jack was dumbfounded by her response. He assumed she would come to his rescue and allow him to return to pants. Instead, she sounded as though she thought he wanted to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl. Well, maybe he did for *Leon*, but *Leon* was really a girl! As he stood nervously pursing his luscious red lips and toying with his short skirt, trying to formulate an answer, the doorbell rang.

"Answer the door, *Jacqueline!*" Julia instructed. "That'll be your fiancée. Don't be a rude hostess and ignore him."

"Wow!" *Leona* exclaimed when Jack opened the door, and looked Jack over in his delicate dress and heavy evening makeup.

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Taking him in her arms, she planted a slow kiss on his ruby red lips. When he failed to respond or return her kiss, she asked, "What's wrong, doll?"

Mom is here," he grimaced. "She came early and saw me trying on my new clothes. Now she thinks I like dressing as a girl. She also thinks you're..."

"Where is she?" Leona cut him off. "I'd love to meet her!"

"She's in the solarium."

"Let's go!" Leona put her hand on his back and guided him through the house. He had no choice but to go where she directed due to her superior strength, his skirt and high heels. When they entered the solarium, Leona walked directly to Margaret, offered her hand, and said, "I'm Leon Campbell, Mrs. Simon. I am honored to meet you. As Jacqueline's mother, you should know that I'm in love with your daughter. I want her for my wife, and I humbly ask for her hand in marriage."

Jack was dumbfounded by Leona's request. 'We never discussed marriage!' he thought. "Surely Mom wouldn't condemn me to a life in skirts as Leon's *wife*!"

A bit taken aback, Margaret replied, "I am pleased to meet you, Leon, and I am happy to learn that you care so deeply for my *daughter*. I know by *her* actions that *she* has strong feelings for you, but I know nothing about you. Before making such a life altering decision, I would have to know what kind of future you would have together. Where would you live? Can you support her? I'm sure you understand."

Julia and Miss Vincent looked on with amused smiles as Jack regained his voice and exclaimed in a high pitch, "Wait a minute! Nobody said anything to me about getting married or being a *wife*!"

"Sit down and keep quiet, Jacqueline," Leona insisted firmly while forcefully guiding Jack to the sofa. When he tried to speak again, she squeezed his hand until it hurt. Getting the message, he remained silent.

"I understand completely, and I appreciate your concern, Mrs. Simon," Leona continued. "I am, in fact, a female, but I choose to

live and dress as a male to more effectively compete in a testosterone dominated business world. Our parents left my brother and me quite wealthy, and as the eldest, I am the executrix of their estate. During the three years I have managed our affairs, the estate value has increased over twenty percent, and in five years, the title *Lord Campbell* will be bestowed upon me. Sharing in this great privilege, as my wife, your daughter would become *Lady Jacqueline*. If you honor me with her hand, you can be assured that she will live a life of wealth, title, leisure, luxury, comfort, and hold a prominent position in London society."

Unable to remain silent, Jack blurted, "Don't I have anything to say about this?"

"No, you don't!" Leona snapped. "Your mother and I are negotiating a continental union. You, like countless young girls before you, will remain silent and obedient!"

"Look, I love you, but I don't want to become Lady Anybody!" Jack declared. "I want my rightful pants, and that's that!"

"Forget about pants!" Leona angrily declared as she grabbed his arm, pulled him across her lap, flipped his skirt and slip to his waist, and delivered several unusually hard swats to his thin panties. He valiantly tried not to cry with his mother watching, but he soon burst into a torrent of tears. "Do as you are told or these will seem like love taps!" Leona scolded while releasing him, guiding him to sit beside her, and moving her hand to his nylon-clad thigh to keep him there.

As Jack sat dabbing his eyes with a lace hanky, he became sexually aroused like always after being spanked by Leona. On advice from UCI, she had more or less programmed him to respond to this stimulus, making him helpless to react otherwise. As he squirmed with desire, she smiled at how easily she could control him by his recently amplified sex drive. "Go repair your makeup and make yourself pretty while your mother and I talk."

"Yes, Leon," he sniffed back tears as he stood, brushed his skirt into place, and walked away with his hips swaying seductively in his short skirt in hopes of sexually exciting her and not caring what his mother, aunt, or governess thought.

"I can certainly see who will wear the pants in your family," Margaret chuckled. "Is there anything else I should know?"

"As you probably deduced from the way I disciplined Jacqueline, I have a dominant personality," Leona explained. "When we were children, I forced my brother to wear my old clothes, pretend to be a girl, and play with dolls. Father was away on business quite often, and Mum thought Leslie looked cute in dresses and skirts. With her consent, I made him wear skirts most of the time at home. I even threw out his male underwear so he had only silky panties to wear, even under his pants. When our parents died, I put him in dresses and skirts exclusively. He vehemently protested and fought to retain his masculinity, but I prevailed in the end."

Just then, Jack returned, his makeup, lipstick, and blush restored to its immaculate grandeur. Still sexually stimulated from his spanking and Leona's hand caressing his thigh, he turned, as would a model, to flaunt stylish dress. As his skirt swirled out to expose his nylon clad thighs, he asked, "How do I look?"

"You look delicious!" Leona gushed as she embraced him, kissed him passionately on the neck, and nibbled on his ear while gently massaging his recently spanked rear to keep him sexually excited. "Be a doll, and serve tea while we talk," she whispered, sending her hot breath into his ear and chills down his spine.

Continuing her narration, she admitted, "To circumvent the chauvinistic stipulations in Father's will, I recently sent Leslie to Stockholm where he will undergo surgery to reassign his gender as female. I freely admit that my fascination with my brother in his pretty dresses and skirts initially attracted me to Jacqueline, but our relationship has evolved into much, much more."

"With Leslie away, are you looking for a housekeeper?" Margaret asked, questioning Leona's motives for marriage.

"On the contrary, I have two sissy maids in dresses and heels to take care of the domestic duties. Jacqueline's place will be at my side as my dutiful wife at social, business, and political events. She will exude class, beauty, and breeding with a quiet sensual manner that will make men envious and women jealous.

She will attend charm and comportment classes to learn grace, elegance, and poise and spend hours at the salon where she'll receive the latest and most glamorous makeup and hairstyles. An unlimited account in her name at every upscale boutique in London and her personal designer will assure that she is always attired in the most gorgeous, elegant, and stylish dresses and gowns available."

"What about children?"

"Like in any conventional marriage, we are of opposite genders, so there should be no reason why we can't have children. If they are boys, we will raise them as girls from birth to prevent their exposure to macho masculine attitudes and to avoid the trauma Leslie experienced when I forced him into dresses. Also, if we have daughters, they will be given authority over their brothers, regardless of who is older."

"Wow!" Margaret exclaimed, feeling moist in her panties at the thought of pretty grandsons in prissy little dresses doing the bidding of their younger sisters. "Julia tells me Jacqueline's small breasts and plump behind are the result of tight corsets forcing fat away from her midsection. What do you plan to do about them?"

"I agree as to the reason for these developments because the same things happened with Leslie," she lied, completely knowledgeable about the estrogen compounds Jack had ingested. "As for Jacqueline, I want her to have full sexual prowess to satisfy my needs, so no feminine hormones will be used. Instead, I plan to have her breasts augmented with implants, her buttocks enlarged with silicone injections, and her beard and most of her body hair permanently removed by electrolysis. That way, she can wear strapless gowns, low cut fashions, and tight dresses with no fear of *discovery*."

"Very imaginable!" Margaret gushed with a happy smile. "I can't imagine giving my daughter's hand to a more eligible or deserving young man, and I can hardly wait until those pretty grandsons are born. We'll start making plans for your wedding right away!"

When Jack returned with a pretty lace embellished apron to

protect his dress, Leona waited until he had served the tea and cakes before saying, "Sit here beside me and hold out your left hand, Jacqueline." Obediently, he smoothed his skirt, took his seat, and looked at her expectantly. To say he was surprised when she slipped a beautiful ring, a full carat diamond decorated with smaller diamonds and emeralds, over his third finger would be a gross understatement. "Your mother has given her permission, and we are engaged to be married."

"Mom!" he screeched. "How could you?"

"*Jacqueline*," Margaret declared in a calm, yet firm, tone, using his feminine name for the first time. "I've been observing you for three days, and I can see that Julia is right when she says you were born with a feminine persona and should have been a girl in skirts all along. I was either too close or too naive to notice your femininity when you were growing up, but it is definitely there."

"But Mom, the reason I look and act like a girl is because Aunt Julia and Miss Vincent made me wear in dresses and skirts!" he screeched in a desperate attempt to convince her of his ordeal since arriving in England. "I wasn't born with feminine traits, they drilled femininity into me and punished me if I made a masculine move!"

"Did they force you to throw that tantrum just now when you couldn't find your favorite slip? Let's be honest, a boy forced to wear dresses would be glad if his slip was missing. You're a beautiful young lady in dresses, skirts, and makeup, and you are obviously in love with Leon. From where I stand, you couldn't have found a more appropriate or compatible mate. Admit the truth, embrace your future as Lady Jacqueline, and let's here no more about pants!"

Hearing his mother's words, Jack was totally stunned. His long held hope that she would have a hearty laugh at him in skirts and order the return of his pants had just ended with a loud crash. He had been unable to convince her that his feminine gestures and mannerisms had been drilled into him. Instead, she bought into her sister's contention that he was born with a penchant for femininity. Because she saw him dressing and

applying his makeup to look pretty for Leon to lure him into bed for sex, she thought he enjoyed wearing dresses. Oh, why wouldn't she believe the truth?

Leona, taking advantage of his dismay, gently pulled him close and kissed him hard on the lips. Despite his trance, he melted into her arms and avidly returned her kiss. "Face it, Jacqueline," she whispered while biting his ear lobe, breathing hotly in his ear, sending chills of ecstasy down his spine, and creating a powerful stirring in his panties. "Your place is at my side in stylish dresses and elegant gowns, and more importantly, in my bed. Forget those outdated masculine concepts that rattle around in your pretty head, and embrace femininity. Don't make me force you like I did Leslie."

Jack was aghast! His mother believed he was born with a feminine persona and enjoyed his feminine role, and Leon's threat to keep him in dresses against his will if necessary, reduced his hope of ever wearing pants to a pipe dream. Submission to the will of others having become habit over the past months as he was forced to wear dresses; he took the path of least resistance. Grudgingly accepting his fate, the good and the bad, he adjusted his skirt over his smooth nylon clad thighs, held out his left hand, palm down, fingers extended, and purred, "It is a beautiful ring, isn't it, Mother?"

"It certainly is, darling," Margaret sighed happily as the sound of laughter and high-pitched feminine voices filled the room. Raising her glass, she offered the toast, "To my son, the bride! How lovely the daughter I always wanted will be as he walks down the aisle in a long white satin gown adorned with intricate lace and veils!"

"You and I are to be congratulated," Julia whispered to Miss Vincent as they watched Jack staring at his ring with a far away expression. "Because of our efforts, Jack's destiny is to wear pretty feminine dresses and skirts for life and never return to disgusting male pants. We had our ups and downs with that one, but his fate is now sealed."

"Yes, but he still has mixed emotions about wearing skirts for life. Despite his sexual relationship with Leona and those

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innovative UCI techniques, a part of him still wants to wear pants. Oh well, the difficult ones present the challenge, and that's what makes this job worthwhile."

"What will you do now?"

"I've accepted a position at Miss Hadler's. I'll be working with her boy students who are being forced to attend her academy in skirts. I saw several of them when they were being enrolled during Caroline's wedding ceremony. Converting those boisterous, ill-mannered lads into sweet demure lassies will be a definite challenge and a distinct pleasure."

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