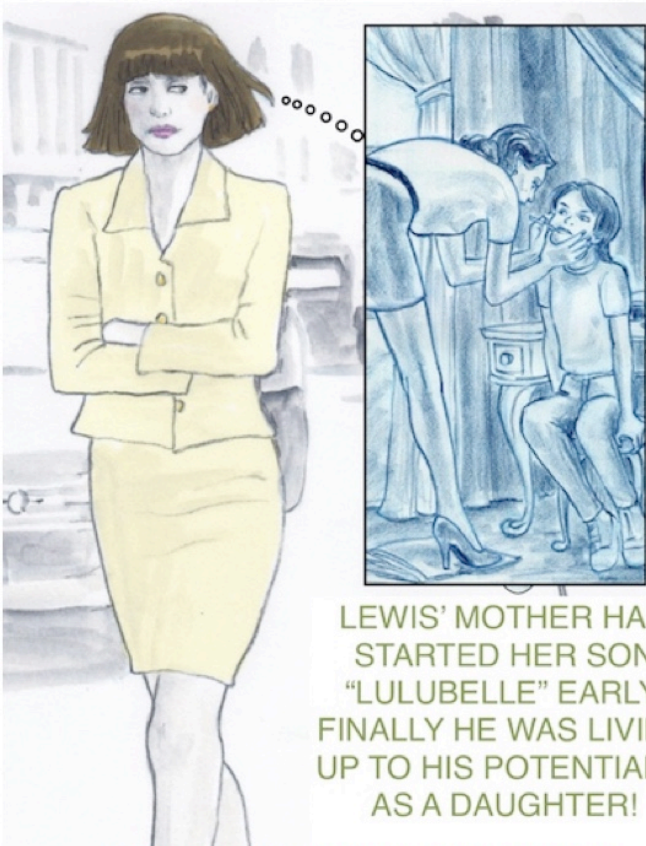


LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"THE BOY, A DRESS
AND HIS MOTHER."

THE LULUBELLE TRILOGY Part II



LEWIS' MOTHER HAD
STARTED HER SON
"LULUBELLE" EARLY.
FINALLY HE WAS LIVING
UP TO HIS POTENTIAL...
AS A DAUGHTER!

LIKE A WOMAN # 8 PART TWO OF THREE

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“THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS
MOTHER”

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QUOTE BOARD

“If no man should ever wear a dress...then the
one that does is the bravest ever.”

THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS MOTHER

By

Jane Kingsley & Sandy Thomas

Patrick drove to a wine bar. “I don’t know much about this city,” he said casually, “but I do know how to have fun. I looked this place up on the Internet this morning. Apparently it’s the place to be.”

Lewis had heard about the place and knew several people who had recommended it. Right now though, he had more pressing matters on his mind. As they were about to enter, he stopped.

“Look, Patrick. I.. ah.. there’s something you really need to know.”

Patrick turned and placed a finger on Lewis’ lips. “Before you start,” he said, “let me just say a couple of things.”

“OK.” Lewis replied uneasily. He was completely out of his depth, given his current situation. But there was something about Patrick’s demeanor that made him feel, well, safe. It was both good and bad at the same time. And nice.

“How well do you know my Aunt Carole?” Patrick asked.

“I’ve known her most of my life.”

“And how does she strike you?”

Lewis couldn’t help but giggle. “She’s one of a kind, I’ll grant you that!”

Patrick smiled. “Undoubtedly. But the thing is, for me at least, is that she’s very *thorough*. When she means to do something, she doesn’t compromise. Ever.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning she’s told me all about you, Lulubelle. I’m not a fool.”

“Then why...?”

“Why this? I honestly couldn’t tell you. Or maybe I can. The first time I saw you it was as if I’d been slapped in the face. You quite took my breath away.”

“But...”

“But what? It happened. So many women don’t know how to dress or be feminine and submissive. Let’s leave it at that. I consider myself to be the most red-blooded of red-blooded men, and I have many notches on my bedpost to prove it. But you, Lulubelle...you’re interesting and hot.”

Unconsciously, Lewis smoothed down the skirt of his dress, shyly asking, "What do you mean? Hot?"

"A HOT woman wants a man to be in charge and be submissive to his wishes, as long as he focuses on her and leaves her breathless and paralyzed. Don't make me try to explain the universe." Patrick laughed, and for Lewis it seemed to break the tension. "This conversation is going nowhere fast," Patrick said. "Why don't you go and find us a decent table and I'll fetch the drinks. How does champagne sound?"

Lewis found a table for two near the large window. The barstools were quite high and he found it a little awkward getting up. That's another thing I need to practice, he told himself. My Gawd! There was so much to learn!

He perched himself on the stool, smoothed down the skirt on his dress and placed his handbag on his lap. He felt hugely conspicuous, but was relieved to observe that no-one was paying him any undue attention.

Patrick returned with the champagne, poured two glasses and raised his own in a toast. "Let the date begin!"

Lewis sipped his drink and giggled as the bubbles tickled his nose. "This is nice," he said. "I don't think I've had champagne before. I hope it doesn't go to my head!"

“I’m not trying to get you drunk,” Patrick said. “That’s never been my style. Besides,” he added with a laugh, “Aunt Carole would kill me!”

Lewis was feeling a little more relaxed and was tickled in more places than his nose. “You seem nice,” Lewis complimented rather coquettishly.

“Hey! Not always! A guy’s got to have some bad boy air of mystery about him. You girls certainly play different roles.”

“We girls...” Lewis echoed unsurely.

Patrick reached out and took Lewis’s hand in his. “That’s right. I told you my Aunt Carole has explained everything to me. It must have been terribly difficult for you growing up feeling that you should have been born female. I really feel for you but you are obviously a very happy girl now.”

Lewis was shocked. He wanted to explain all. First, he was just wearing dresses because his mother wanted him to. Sure, there was some new attachment to wearing dresses but he had no interest in fooling Patrick with what he wore.

“Just because I’m wearing a dress does not mean....”

“Shhhh! So what if you are feminine? From what I see, it’s something we can both be excited about! I just want to make you feel like a lady and I can see nothing but a beautiful young woman.”

Lewis flushed. This was completely new territory for him, and despite his reservations, he was touched by Patrick's understanding words. He certainly was a charmer! Lewis's only dilemma was how to explain to Patrick that transforming him into a woman was his mother's idea, not his. He decided that it was wiser not to broach that particular subject at this point. No guy would understand that.

As they continued to chat, Lewis became aware that someone outside was looking in through the window. He saw a familiar face shield her eyes with her hand as she peered closer. Lewis suddenly turned his face away.

"What's the matter?" Patrick asked.

"It's a girl I share an office with at work," Lewis said in a desperate rush. "I think she recognized me!"

"What's wrong with that?" Patrick asked. "Why don't you invite her over for a drink? I'd like to meet your friends."

"Oh gawd no, I couldn't!"

"Why? Are you ashamed to be seen with me or something?" Patrick seemed genuinely offended.

"Of course not!" Lewis cried. "It's just.... Oh this is all so difficult to explain!"

Patrick nodded his understanding. "Then it looks like I'll have to take charge of the

situation,” he said. He tapped on the window to attract the girl’s attention and beckoned for her to come inside.

The girl, her name was Naomi, threaded her way through the throng of people and joined Patrick and Lewis at their table. She was accompanied by a good-looking young man Lewis knew to be her current boyfriend.

“Oh my? Hi! Fancy meeting you here...like this!” The look on her face was a combination of surprise and glee. She had a reputation as something of a gossip and Lewis could sense her pleasure as she digested this scrumptious new piece of tittle-tattle.

“This is Sean,” Naomi said, introducing her boyfriend. “And who’s this dashing young man you’re with?”

Patrick rose to his feet. “I’m Lulubelle’s date, I guess. The name’s Patrick, and I’m very pleased to meet you.”

Well, LULUBELLE. How fun this all is. Naomi shooed her boyfriend away to fetch them some drinks. Patrick volunteered to help, leaving the ‘girls’ to themselves.

Naomi perched herself on a stool next to Lewis and smiled brightly. “Well, isn’t this a turn up for the books!” She exclaimed. “And aren’t you the dark horse! I always wondered why your mother insisted on calling you Lulubelle, and now I

know! I have to say, you look fabulous in that dress! And your young man is a hunk! Wherever did you find him?" Then she whispered, "Is he doing you?"

Lewis was beside himself. There was no doubt in his mind what the hot topic of conversation would be in the office on Monday morning and he was suddenly relieved when he remembered that his mother had arranged for him to have two weeks' vacation.

"Patrick's just a friend of the family, I guess," he answered falteringly. "He's staying with his Aunt for a few weeks and I'm showing him around."

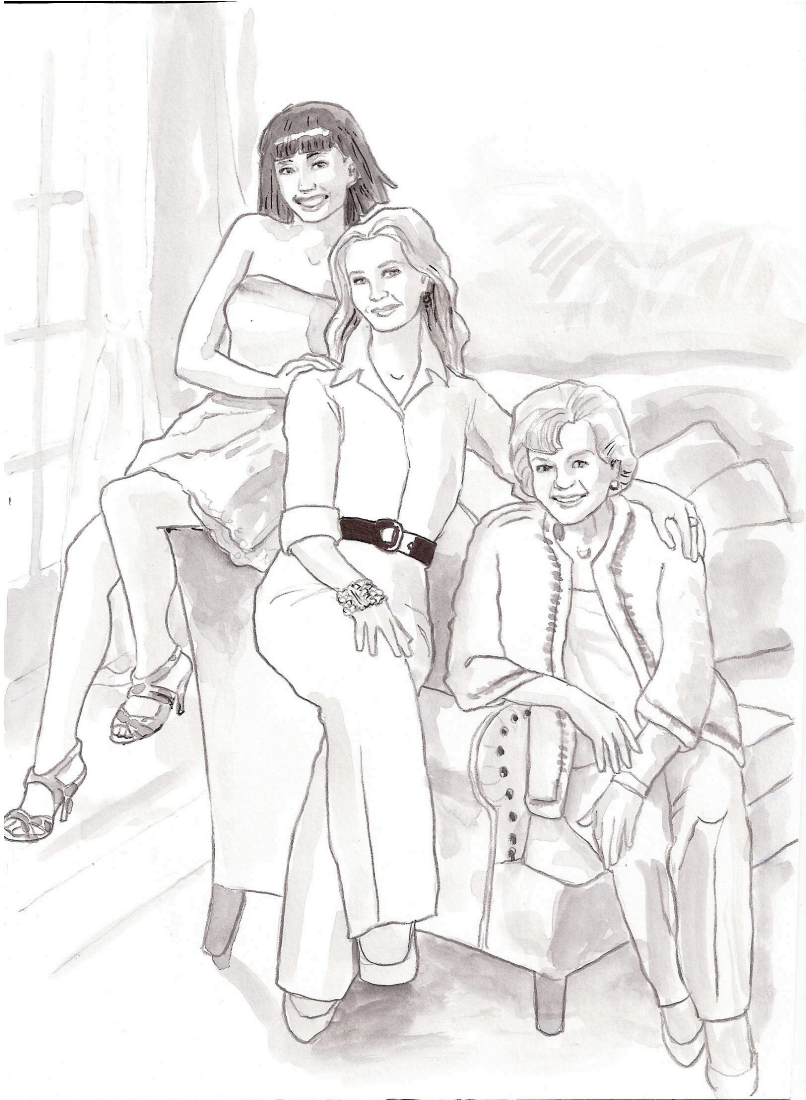
"In a pretty dress? Is that what you call it?" Naomi chuckled. "Well, I shall want to hear *all* about it!"

When the guys returned with the drinks, Lewis noticed how Patrick was behaving very protectively of him. He draped his arm gently around Lewis's shoulders and insisted on refreshing his drink for him when his glass emptied. Lewis found the sensation really quite pleasant but confusing.

Naomi mentioned that she and her boyfriend were heading off to a nightclub and suggested that Patrick and Lewis join them.

"Sure, why not," Patrick answered. "It sounds like fun! What do you say, Lulubelle?"

Lewis was feeling a little light-headed from the wine and was growing more and more comfortable in Patrick's company. "OK," he ventured softly. "Why not?"



Lewis, his mother and Aunt Carole.

The club was busy but not overly crowded. Lewis was faced with yet another unfamiliar hurdle when Naomi ushered them all onto the dance floor. Dancing in heels and a rather tight fitting dress proved to be a challenge in itself.

Oddly, he remembered and was thankful for his mother's constant admonishments when she was teaching him ballet. He repeated her words in his head in a silent mantra. 'Poise and elegance at all times...poise and elegance at all times...'

Patrick was no slouch on the dance floor and seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. When a slow number came over the speakers, he took Lewis in his arms. "Dance with me, babe," he whispered.

Lewis's first reaction was to pull away. He put up only a token amount of resistance, as Patrick's strong arms held him securely.

"Hey, let me hold my beautiful girl," Patrick said softly. "I promise I won't let you fall. That is what guys are for...."

Lewis relented. Nervously at first, but as the song played, and as he felt Patrick's muscular body pressed gently against his own, he began to relax *and to enjoy the sensation of being supported*. For the moment at least, he was able to forget the trauma of the last few days and simply *be*. As he swayed to the music, he even

began to wonder if his mother hadn't been right all along.

As the dance ended, Lewis was somewhat surprised to discover that he was a bit disappointed when Patrick released him from his embrace. Naomi announced that 'we girls need to freshen up'. She took Lewis by the arm and led him to the ladies' room.

"Why do women always go in pairs?" Patrick mused.

Naomi's boyfriend Sean, who was decidedly not the talkative type, waggled his eyebrows in response. "Damned if I know, buddy."

For Lewis it was yet another new and unsettling experience. The ladies' powder room was, he had to admit, a darn sight cleaner and more hygienic environment than anything he was used to. However, the place was simply packed! There was no room to move. Girls were standing two or three deep in front of the mirrors as they repaired their make-up. The air was filled with the high birdsong of countless voices chattering wildly away, and the clash of different perfumes made it almost impossible to breathe.

For Naomi it was obviously nothing new. She barged her way through the teeming throng, dragging Lewis with her. She placed her handbag on the table and began repairing her make-up. When Lewis reached for his own lipstick, Naomi

grabbed it from him. “You simply *must* tell me where you got that gorgeous color from!” She demanded. “I’ve been searching for the perfect lipstick for years!”

Lewis took it back and carefully reapplied his shine. He had no idea where his mother had got the lipstick from, but was not about to let on. Also, a little sprite had appeared on his shoulder and was whispering all sorts of mischievous things in his ear. He puckered his lips and blew his own reflection a kiss.

Naomi said, “I think Patrick might be better looking than Sean? Maybe I need a new boyfriend? Is he as good a kisser as he looks?”

“Patrick is not my boyfriend?”

Naomi shook her head. “Pretty girls have to have a boyfriend. If you don’t, the boys start fighting to get close to your nice legs and pretty lips.”

“I guess I’m just lucky,” he said archly.

“The perfect lips and no worry about getting pregnant too!” she teased. “You can’t get pregnant right?”

“You are right and right about Patrick being better looking than Sean. Any girl can see that.” And take that, you bitch! Lewis thought. And then he giggled.



“The perfect lips and no worry about getting pregnant too!” she teased. “You can’t get pregnant right?”

For the rest of the night, while everything seemed fine, Patrick was alert to the fact that there seemed to be a subtle change in the group dynamic. Naomi, as brash a woman as he had ever seen, appeared to fade, whilst 'Lulubelle' seemed to be flourishing and more confident.

"Is everything alright?" he asked Lewis.

Lewis smiled. "I honestly don't know," he replied. "But right now I feel perfectly splendid, thank you very much for asking. Now why don't you take me for another spin on the dance floor? I hear they're playing our song."

"Our song as a couple?"

"I think we should have one, don't you?"

Patrick whispered and snuggled up, saying, "Oh my gawd, you move and feel amazing!"

Lulubelle's breath quickened, that tickle tightened, and then relaxed. There was a lump angling between them but Lewis' nervous tickles were deep inside his little belly?

At the sound of Patrick's husky voice, Lulubelle, danced in nearly a complete state of submission.

They danced until Lulubelle was completely relaxed in Patrick's arms, giving in totally and completely to the moment and losing himself in the music.

Getting undressed, Lewis felt so indefinably strange. He hung up his dress and felt excited, but almost like crying. He was exhausted but he had many things to do before crawling into bed. Makeup had to be removed, hair protected, body moisturized as a bit of guilt and remorse seemed to be settling in.

“It’s okay,” he said to himself, seeing his mirror reflection in panties and bra, “Gawd, am I going to be okay....”

There were the smooth legs, the curves and the shadow between the soft inner sides of his upper thighs where there should have been maleness. “It’s just wrong,” he said to himself but there was also not easy to deny the ridiculous elation.

He closed his eyes, so utterly and emotionally aware that he’d been trying to impress another man with his feminine ways. But it was done and Lewis’ initial struggle and resistance now were dominated with images of being on a date, feeling the excitement and thrills of being a pretty girl.

Lewis shifted his hips, turning and taking another good look at his panties and the lack of anything visual between his thighs.

Feeling of a bit of urgency, Lewis went to the toilet, fumbled with his panties until they were down around his knees, took tissue in hand, and

tinkled while his eyes were staring across at the wall-to-wall mirror.

Sitting there just seemed right and made Lewis feel so womanlike. After the long evening of compression, he could almost feel like he had nothing inside the gusset of his panties. But he did and it was not recovering fast.

But even seeing that made Lewis feel so feminine, like a young woman could always feel her silken panties on her hips and bottom but with nothing pressing outward. To Lewis, he had a moment where it felt like he truly belonged in panties.

When finished, he shifted his hips side-to-side, sliding his panties back up his legs and tightly into “position” over his bare bottom.

“Oh my,” he said, allowing his stealthy hand to slide along his belly to his smooth inner thigh, his searching fingertips encountering the crotch of his panties. There was nothing to feel but the space between his thighs...space enough for fingers to caress over his panty crotch. He could only feel the humid warmth of a little flatness nestled so sweetly in the gusset of control panties.

Lewis thought of Patrick and subconsciously undulated his hips. Lewis’s mind was a swirl of conflicting emotions as he fell asleep.

MORNING AFTER....

The thing about the morning after is that you have to think about the night before. Lewis did just that.

The memory of the previous evening was etched on Lewis' mind: how he had danced in Patrick's arms and had gotten used to being touched and even caressed by a man. Then there was the first lingering kiss they had shared on the doorstep.

Lewis' pretty face was blushing in a deep embarrassment, but Patrick's hands were on hips as they both gave in to the moment. They shared a warm kiss, lips parting slightly, a warm tongue touching and a little probe.

At the time it had seemed strange, but also curiously exciting; now, however, in the cold light of day and without the benefit of champagne to temper his mood, he was consumed with doubt and worry.

“Oh Gawd, what am I doing? I'm such an idiot!” He said to himself, whatever have I done?

His mother had been waiting for him when he returned from his date, eager to hear all the details. But Lewis had pleaded tiredness and went straight to bed.

He knew he would have to face her and “tell all.” He was dreading the prospect.

The confusion and embarrassment aside, somewhere deep in the turmoil of his mind, he knew he had permitted this to happen.... He had accepted his mother's gift of femininity and such a gift is not easily returned.

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The sun peeked and sure enough, moments later, he heard Marianne's voice cheerfully calling for him to join her downstairs. Sighing heavily, Lewis tied his dressing gown over his elegant nightdress and went to face his mother.

Marianne was humming to herself. Things were going so well. The grapevine had been working overtime and she already had all the news. Carole had, of course, interrogated her nephew upon his return, and had related everything to her friend.

Marianne was now more determined than ever to keep Lewis on the course she had chosen for him.

When Lewis entered the kitchen, his mother made a huge fuss, "Oh, there's my little lovebird! How are you feeling this morning, princess?"

“Oh mother!” Lewis cried. “What’s happening to me?”

“Darling, why so glum? Didn’t your date go well?”

“Yes, I mean no. I mean...oh! I don’t know what to think! I wasn’t prepared for how easy it was to talk to him.”

Marianne smiled. “Oh Lulubelle darling, you mustn’t fret too much. Every girl feels a little bit shaky after her first date with a potential boyfriend.”

“Patrick is not my boyfriend!”

“Maybe not yet,” his mother said softly. “I’m sure if you made the right impression and he’ll call you again. In fact, I’ve already heard Patrick is quite taken with you. I bet you are impressed with him?”

Lewis moaned. Patrick was a better man, a handsomer, more successful, manly muscled, and probably better endowed. Most women would think of him as a fantasy man.

Marianne was so excited just thinking about the possibilities of Lulubelle openly dating such a man. She imagined what the kissing and being the girl part of a ‘boyfriend and girlfriend’ relationship could do to Lewis? She knew Lewis was both excited and scared at the same time at the thought of having a boyfriend? It was a big move.

Lewis' every instinct was telling him that this was wrong, wrong, wrong! And yet he *did* feel comfortable with Patrick, and had truly enjoyed the protective attention. Playing the part of a girl with Patrick was easy since in all mental and physical ways, Lewis was more of a girl.

Novelty had led him to this brink of surrender. Lewis felt so naïve and innocent as a girl. Only a few hours before, he had danced in high heels and even been kissed. It was so exciting, explorative and very addictive. Was this what women call a crush?

The girlish thrills left Lewis confused but breathlessly awaiting the next adventure. An unwelcome guilt pushed at the edges of his awareness. Shame radiated through his nervous system. If Patrick called again, Lewis knew he would accept another date.

Lewis was starting to wonder whether his mother's insistence that he was better off as a female wasn't that far from the mark.

After breakfast Marianne instructed Lewis to go back upstairs and change into a housework dress. "Just because you've got some extra time off work doesn't mean I'm going to allow you to mope around the house all day. You still have your chores to do!"

Knowing how exacting his mother's standards were, Lewis took a lot of care over his appearance. Doing everything as if in a trance, he deftly applied his makeup before donning his corselette, stockings and lacy petticoat. His waist was cinched in and the petticoat flowed out in a puffy skirt that fell just above the ankles. The corselette gave him a nice figure and supported him in all the right places, so his waist looked tiny, his stomach nice and flat. Lewis had to admit, foundation garments did great things for his shape.

He put on his puffy-sleeved blouse, frilly pinafore and stepped into his pink high heels. He fixed his hair with the sparkly pink Alice band and sprayed a touch of perfume on each wrist and behind his ears. It didn't even surprise him that he knew which perfume went with which outfit. Not many guys knew about that kind of thing.

His mother wasn't kidding when she said she was not about to let him idle his time away. After dusting and vacuuming every room, he was presented with a pile of clothes to iron.

"Be careful with the 'delicates' my sweet," Marianne advised. "We don't want to ruin such beautiful material, now do we?"

Being a feminine man in today's society isn't something to be proud of, but Lewis deep down inside knew what he really felt! Traditional female ways and pastimes were pleasant.

He was becoming more comfortable in ladylike clothes such as skirts, dresses, pointed high heels, and other clothes that celebrated being a female.

All through the morning, Lewis's mother was on his case. His every movement was scrutinized. If he lapsed even for a second into what she described as 'boorish male behavior' he was chastised.

Lewis knew better than to argue. His mother wanted his feminine walk to be perfect like hers. She said, "You have gained a couple pounds at your hips and getting a very nice ladylike walk. Shoulders back and NO stomping. Take your time with your chores. If you have to rush, take quicker short steps."

"Okay mother," Lewis said politely.

"Think how your lovely Patrick would feel if he saw you traipsing around like some kind of ape!" She added, "Practice makes perfect! Men like their girls to appear graceful at all times. Go put on your new high heels. You can break them in while doing your chores."

"I think those heels are breaking me in."

Marianne was constantly attending to his appearance, patting his hair, making him take his vitamins and she saw to it that he kept his makeup perfect.

“You’re doing better,” she announced. “But there are still a few rough edges we need to work on. I won’t be satisfied until I’ve made you my perfect princess!”

Lewis gasped, realizing he was actually trying to be appealing and embracing femininity while thinking about Patrick. Lewis spent a lot of time thinking about the date and it got him terribly excited remembering them holding hands, his strong arm around his shoulder.

His mother said, “Once you accept your role, I’ll hold your hand and walk you through the pleasures and pains.”

Lewis heard the finality of the words. Whatever happened now, there was little chance of going back.

“I’m doing the best I can. It’s hard sometimes,” he said.

“Yes darling, I know,” his mother said lovingly. “All you have to do is listen to my advice and follow my instructions. Let me take care of everything. I’m giving you another ballet lesson this afternoon, won’t that be nice?”

“Do you still want me to dance for your friends?” Lewis asked sheepishly. “I’m not sure I’m ready for that just yet.”

“Nonsense! You’ll be just fine! You’re a born ballerina if ever I saw one. With my experience and your natural talent, there’s no limit to what

we can achieve together. And think how satisfying it will be to rub Lydia Chambers' nose in the dirt! To think that that woman believes she can lord it over me!"

In spite of himself Lewis laughed. He'd never really understood the ways in which women competed with one another – it was all so subtle yet venomous. And then he remembered something.

"Mother," he said. "Last night, when I was on my date with Patrick..."

Marianne had been hoping for something like this, for 'Lulubelle' to finally open up to her. "Tell me, darling," she said encouragingly.

"Well, we met another couple – it was Naomi from work and her boyfriend. She started acting all *superior*, as if she were the bee's knees and I was just an ornament to make her feel good about herself. And so I decided to put her in her place."

Lewis then told his mother how he had behaved when Naomi was in the powder room. "I think she thought she'd steal Patrick away from me." He told his mother how he had rebuffed her sly comments with a little sweet poison of his own."

"Don't be too bitchy," honey. Pretty girls take having the best looking boyfriend seriously." Marianne tried unsuccessfully to stifle a giggle. "You're learning fast, my angel," she said. "You

are learning to keep a boy's attention...and how did that feel?"

"Better than winning a trophy at football, that's for sure!" Lewis replied honestly.

"Yes, honey, if you don't keep their attention, some other girl will."

Lewis sat quietly. He wasn't sure if he would like doing what might be necessary to get and keep a boyfriend. It was weird enough just thinking about putting on makeup and a pretty dress to improve prospects for a romantic night.

The thoughts made him feel guilty, but he actually hoped that Patrick would call again for another date.

Marianne said, "Girls like Naomi use sex to keep their boyfriends happy. You will probably be just as popular by dressing pretty."

"Do you know what kind of lingerie Patrick likes?"

"Oh mother, he doesn't wear lingerie.... Oh,...you mean ON me?"

Marianne smiled, Lewis was so innocent.

"It doesn't really matter how sexy he thinks you look in lingerie. It mostly matters if it makes you feel feminine when around Patrick."

"He mostly stares at my bustline."

“As he should,” Marianne giggled. “Men are driven by visual reflexes. A bit more on top could change your life. You want Patrick...and all men, to distinguish at a distance that you are female, enjoy being female, a potential sexual mate and maybe mother to their children.”

“Oh mother!?! I’m none of those things?”

“All women fake it until they make it. I’ll show you some bust exercises to tone up your chest muscles and improve your posture,” she said. “When you hold your shoulders back, you’ll benefit from the illusion of perkier breasts.”

Seeing Lewis blush, Marianne could have hugged herself. “My, my,” she said happily. “I think I’ve created a monster!”

ROUTINE....

For the next few days, Marianne established a routine for Lewis to follow. She would keep him busy so he didn’t have time to think. Mornings were devoted to housework, the afternoons to his dancing lessons, and in the evenings they would sit in the ‘girlie room’ and do each other’s nails.

Marianne was unrelenting in her efforts to eradicate any form of masculine behavior in her beloved Lulubelle, and ensured that his every waking moment was designed to reinforce the course she had plotted for him.

She was thrilled when Lewis asked nervously, “I wonder why Patrick hasn’t called?”

“Are you missing your boyfriend, darling?” she asked innocently. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’m sure Patrick is thinking about you too.”

“Really?”

“Well of course, dear! You made quite an impression! Carole has taken Patrick out of town for a few days, but they’ll be back soon. So don’t worry your pretty little head, mother has it all in hand!”

That night, Marianne introduced Lewis to ‘The List’.

“I’ve kept this for years,” she told him. It was a large album filled with photos of Lewis, each one annotated with a few lines of handwritten script below the picture. Lewis was shocked (but not really surprised) to see that all of the photos were of him dressed in very girlish clothes. He had very dim memories of some of these occasions, but was alarmed to note how much he had forgotten. Perhaps he had deliberately put them out of his mind?

“This is my secret record of you growing up, Lulubelle darling. One I kept just for myself. Most of the earlier shots were taken when your father was away on business and I had you all to

myself. You must remember some of them, surely?"

She turned to one page that showed him as a toddler standing in the garden. He was dressed in a pale yellow dress and his hair was curled and tied with a large pink ribbon. The caption underneath read: 'Lulubelle in the sunshine. A little flower among the flowers!'

There were several pictures of him posing with Marianne. In each one, Lewis was dressed in the prettiest, prissiest of outfits. "Mother, who took these?"

"That would be Aunt Carole, darling," she replied. "She was always on hand to help. Actually, she made a lot of your pretty outfits for you. Oh! We had such fun together!"

"I don't really remember," Lewis said.

"Well, you were only a toddler at the time. And, of course, your father would soon return and I'd have to put you back in your boys' clothes ready for him to teach you all those horrid rough and tumble games. It used to break my heart!"

There was one collection of photographs that Lewis could remember only too well. His mother had devoted an entire four-page spread to recording the time when she had dressed him as a fairy for the Halloween party.

“Your father was furious!” She said with a wry smile. “I think it was the only time we had a real argument. But I won in the end and you got to wear your adorable costume. Oh! You looked so sweet! All my friends thought you were too cute for words!”

“I was bullied for months afterwards!” Lewis cried.

“Yes I know, darling,” Marianne said soothingly. “But if you remember, you learned to rise above it and eventually broke away from that crowd of brutes. It was a relief for both of us when that happened. And when your father sadly passed away, we drew closer together. In some ways, I suppose it was a blessing!”

Lewis was still very apprehensive about the turn his life was taking, but it was also somehow comforting now that he and his mother were becoming more intimate. Marianne’s cloying attention had always felt like an unwanted burden he had to carry, but now that he could appreciate how difficult things had been for her, he began to view everything in an entirely new light.

“I never realized how unhappy you must have been,” he said.

Marianne pulled ‘Lulubelle’ close to her. “Never think that way, sweetheart,” she said. “A mother’s tears are the price she pays for the

privilege of bearing children. We had a false start, that's all. And now we're going to put it all right!"

"You still haven't told me about this list," Lewis said.

"You will probably think it silly of me," Marianne said bashfully. "It's just a note of all the things I had hoped we could do together – all the things I wanted for you."

At the back of the book there was a separate page. In Marianne's elegant handwriting (did she do anything clumsily) was what she described as her wish list. Only a couple were scored out.

Lewis scanned through it. "Oh mother!" He cried. "Do you really want me to be a bridesmaid?"

Marianne sighed. "When my best friend from college got married, her niece had to pull out from her duties – I can't remember why exactly, chickenpox or something – and I entertained the thought that you could take her place. Aunt Carole and I even designed a beautiful little dress for you. But sadly, it wasn't to be."

His mother looked genuinely crestfallen. Lewis asked: "So what did you do?"

"Nothing, darling," she sighed. "Every little girl should be a bridesmaid at least once in her life, and I feel so upset that you never had the

opportunity. You were included in the wedding as a pageboy – and I at least had the chance to dress you in something frilly – but it was just not the same. I got to curl your hair and put you in a flouncy little suit, but it was never enough. You looked very sweet, but...”

Lewis felt odd, but was also curious as to what his mother was revealing. He looked once again at ‘the list’.

“And what about this?” He said, pointing at a line that was only scrubbed halfway through. “Matching hairdo’s!”

Marianne smiled. “Your hair is getting longer now, princess,” she said, “and I know it’s just one of those silly little notions a mother has from time to time, but I’ve always wanted for us to be admired *together*. For people to stop us in the street and comment on how adorable we look in our matching outfits and with our matching hair. Oh Lulubelle!” She giggled, “you must think me so shallow!”

Lewis was silent for a few moments. “Well, my hair *is* growing,” he said eventually, “and if it would really please you...”

“You would do that for me?” Marianne cried. “Oh! You’re such a treasure! Why don’t we book ourselves in for next Saturday? And in the afternoon we can do something special together.”

“Like what? Lewis asked.

“Well, let’s see. We could have a nice girlie lunch somewhere ritzy and then maybe hit the shops for a bit of retail therapy. And in the evening we could take in a show. I know,” she said as an idea struck her, “we could go to the ballet! Cinderella is playing at the Palladium and I hear it has a wonderful cast. It will be good for you to see how the professionals perform. Now that you’re serious about dancing you should do everything you can to improve.”

“I’m not sure I’m *that* serious mother,” Lewis said. “And besides, I’ve only had a few lessons.”

“Yes darling,” his mother replied. “But in the brief time you’ve been learning, you’ve proved to me that you’re a natural. I’ve lost count of the times when a girl was introduced to me as a promising young prospect only to discover that she danced like a cow! Ballet is about more than just donning a pretty dress and skipping around aimlessly; it’s about emotion and interpreting the music. Only a very few instinctively know that, and you, Lulubelle darling, have that gift. I like to think that you inherited it from me. Oh my!” She added. “That makes me sound so conceited!”

“Oh no, mother,” Lewis cried, “you should be proud of what you achieved. I’m only sorry that I never got to see you at your peak.”

Marianne was touched. “That’s so very sweet of you, Lulubelle,” she declared. “I *was* a good dancer in my prime. and now I finally have the

chance to pass my knowledge. That's another thing I can tick off the list."

Lewis wondered what else was in store for him. The funny thing was, he was kind of looking forward to it.

When Saturday came, Marianne was in the happiest of moods. She woke Lewis up early and fussed around him like a hummingbird. "I've run you a nice scented bath, Lulubelle darling," she announced brightly. "I want this day to start off on the right note."

Lewis was still slightly apprehensive about indulging in all these feminine pursuits. But the events of the last few days, combined with the fact that with his mother so firmly in control of his life he had no choice but to meekly comply, meant that he accepted her demands without protest.

Lying in the perfumed bathwater, he began to relax.

He could meditate but there was also work to do. He had to shave his legs and arms, making sure they were completely smooth.

On the counter was a small beaded makeup bag and several shades of lipstick. Each only slightly different shade meant something to a guy. No dark red...his mother had said that was for cheap tramps.

As he carefully shaved his legs in preparation for his date, Lewis wondered if Patrick would like the way he looked? Would he appreciate the efforts?

His mother would surely want him to appear pure and innocent. The thought made his legs shaky and that was dangerous with a razor.

Lewis even found his thoughts wandering towards the subject of Patrick. It was like he wanted to be my boyfriend? And did that mean I'm his girlfriend? It was all very confusing.

When he entered the 'girlie room', Lewis was shocked to find his mother there dressed only in her bra and panties. He gasped and turned to leave but Marianne beckoned him back.

"Whatever's the matter, darling?" She said coyly. "There is nothing to be afraid of...it's just us girls together! Don't you just love the lace on my bra? I would like to get you a couple of these...."

"But...!"

Marianne laughed softly. "Oh Lulubelle!" She declared. "Now that you are wearing bras and panties, there's no need to be shy! I'd like you to approve my outfit from the skin out. It would be nice to help each other pick outfits and get dressed."

Lewis was quite taken aback. Aside from the fact that this was entirely new territory for him, he was struck by how beautiful his mother was.

Stranger still was how he reacted. His first thoughts were to compliment her on how she looked. He found himself comparing his mother's curves to his own - by comparison - somewhat flat body. He watched the way she held herself, so natural and graceful. He felt a little envious of her curvy bottom, trim ankles and the intriguing swish of her panties as she walked.

The realization that he was also in panties left him with a strange feeling, and many little nervous twitches of anticipation.

“Your legs are as pretty as mine...maybe even more so,” she said. “Let's show the legs off, eh?”

Lewis sat in his bra and panties and watched his mother pick out clothes. She was still so youthful and her bra lifted breasts made slight shifting movements and his admiring eyes watched the swelling curve of her panty-clad hips.

Lewis adjusted the strap of his bra across the smooth skin of his slender shoulder. His mother looked over and smiled, “Oh my, you look so lovely, so delicious!”

And Lewis sat, like the quintessential little daughter with hotly-flushed cheeks. “Oh mother,” the feminized boy purred in a sweet soft

voice. “Do I look all right? I'm, not sure I should do this? What if Patrick tries to do more than kiss me?”

“You can handle that... he’s a nice handsome guy and really nice.... But first, help me pick out our dresses?”

Lewis shivered and made a slight shift of his pantied hips. He was scared but excited and a warm delicious bundle of nerves.

Marianne had decided that she and Lulubelle should have coordinating outfits for their day together.

Lewis wore a beautifully tailored skirt suit in dusty pink and with matching heels, whilst his mother’s outfit was a pale mint green. They matched wonderfully, with their skirts tight and lopped off well above their knees. Both were in towering heels, full faces of make-up and their hair perfect. Lewis was a younger doll version of his mother.

“We’ll be going to a rather upmarket restaurant for lunch, darling,” she said. “And I want everyone to see just how refined and elegant we are. When we join the ‘Ladies who Lunch’, I want them all to be bristling with envy at how fabulous we look.”



Mother and Son in matching outfits.

Lewis giggled. "Mother! I never knew you were so competitive!"

"You have a lot to learn, my sweet," Marianne said. "Your father tried to instill in you a concept of competition, but scoring goals is about much more than kicking a bag of wind: it's about dominating the opposition. Oh!" she gasped, "I've finally discovered a sporting metaphor that I can understand!"

Lewis smiled. "Oh mother!" He laughed, "Please don't tell me that you're getting into male sports!"

Marianne gave her 'daughter' a severe look. "Lulubelle," she said gravely, "that will never happen. And I hope you're not thinking that way either."

"Hard to think about sports when dressed up like this?" Lewis sighed.

"I've always known you have a deep down need to feel beautiful. When in a pretty outfit, a new hairstyle, perfect makeup and just the right fragrance, you can see how beautiful you are. You are beginning to radiate a confidence...."

Marianne went on, "We've come a long way in these last few days, and I'd like to think that we're together in this. Sports are most certainly not appropriate for a delicate little flower like you. You're a ballerina now and I expect you to behave like one at all times."

“Yes mother,” Lewis replied meekly.

“Admit it honey, hasn’t ballet has made you feel little bit superior to other women. Aerobics is good exercise but ballet teaches you grace and flexibility. I started walking with books on my head but ballet gets the little skirt wiggle down perfect.”

Lewis lacked the swanlike delicacy of a prima donna but quite frankly, was glad for the training. Lewis was basically opposed to his mother teaching him how to be a girl but she no longer criticized him on how he walked. He was walking like a proper lady...like his mother?

As they went back and forth to the mirror, Lewis almost pranced, swinging his hips in tempo with his mothers. He had watched other females walk and now understood and adopted it. His feet moved feet slightly inward while walking which caused his hips to swivel smoothly.

Lewis was getting it. He had control over his body and had been trained enough so that his hips were held in the required “turn out.” Was there the chance his muscles and mental training would get “stuck” where he could only walk like a woman?

He didn’t know but being dressed like his mother made him feel feminine, but powerful and in command. He also knew that a shimmying walk was clearly designed to tempt, entice and

nature designed to attract males and make them go weak at the knees.

Only that made him uneasy and uncomfortable.

Lewis' heart was racing...unlike most lunches with his mother. This time he was wearing a skirt. Like his mother, he had had also shaved his legs that morning and they were feeling really smooth. He discreetly ran his hand over his skirt and felt his stockings. Lewis found himself feeling more daring and confident than usual.

"If you like feeling your skirt, wait until some young man does it?" Marianne commented.

Her comment made Lewis blush as he asked softly, "Do I really look okay? Is my skirt too wrinkled?"

"You look wonderful, dear." Marianne had to hold in a chuckle. She wanted him to be a little prissy...like any young girl. She added, "If you are a good girl today, we'll go shopping later."

"I think my skirt is a little wrinkled in front?"

"Just like mine," Marianne said, "Just relax and don't be too self-conscious. You are now living the dream! Isn't it interesting how much of a difference pretty clothing can make?"

In a world that blatantly judges males by their prowess, Lewis was going to places dominated by

women. He was learning to “hang with the ladies.”

“Look at us,” she said in a happy sing-song tone. “We can wiggle our hips because we are SO pretty. Now come along, it’s time to get our hair done!”

“Mmm okay,” Lewis murmured trying to avoid her eyes. He tried again to smooth the wrinkles out of his skirt. The wrinkles caused fresh tears springing to his eyes as he blindly reached into his purse for a tissue.

Seeing her son in a near meltdown because of a wrinkled skirt was thrilling. There is no secret trick to it; add estrogen to the proper mindset and emotional state, feminization just happens as does bloating, breast tenderness and feeling overly emotional and irritability.

“There, there dear,” Marianne said softly, “We’ll walk to the salon. Most of those horrible wrinkles will fall out. Let’s go fix our makeup in the ladies room?”

Minutes later, mother and son were walking down the street in their tight, mid length skirts, wearing heels, their hair tidy but the mission was still the hair salon. Good was never good enough when it came to hair.

At the beauty salon...

At the beauty salon, Marianne and Lewis were greeted with sighs of admiration. “Well I must say ladies,” Sandra remarked, “You both look absolutely gorgeous! Is this a special occasion?”

“I suppose it is,” Marianne replied. “We’re going out for lunch later, and tonight we’re attending the ballet. So we need you to make us look our dazzling best!”

“Of course!” Sandra exclaimed. “If my best customers need a pampering, then a pampering is what they get. Matching perms, I think you asked for, and girls, we’re all ready for you!”

“Oh! And Lulubelle will need to have her ears pierced while we’re here,” Marianne said. “Clip-on’s are all very well, but she’s been pestering me for days to let her wear some more subtle and delicate jewelry. Haven’t you angel?” She added sweetly.

This was news to Lewis, but considering his predicament, there was nothing else he could say. “It would be nice to have more options,” he said. “Those clips really hurt after a while!”

Sandra smiled. “Leave everything to me.”

For the next couple of hours Lewis and his mother were treated to ‘the works’. Lewis was more than familiar with the salon, having been, literally, dragged there for years, but always he

had felt like an outsider. As a young teenage boy having to endure long sessions at the hands of his mother's accomplices (as he had thought of them), was a study in torment. The way the girls had always teased him, albeit good-naturedly, about him enjoying 'a lovely pampering' had always grated, but now he felt more like he belonged.

Sandra chatted away to him as she carefully styled his hair. "Now you *must* tell me how your date went the other night," she said. "I hear you've landed yourself quite a man!"

Lewis looked over to his mother who was listening in intently. She nodded her encouragement.

"Oh it was very... it was nice!"

Sandra laughed. "First dates! Trauma and drama and worry! I remember it well! Has he called?"

Lewis slumped in his chair. "Not yet," he said softly.

Marianne was waiting to be put under the drier." Lulubelle's been a little bit anxious," she said, "She's quite taken with Patrick, but his aunt has taken him out of town for a few days. Poor Lulubelle's beside herself with worry!"

Sandra nodded her acknowledgement. "I know how you feel," she said. "Men can be so unfeeling! I wonder sometimes if they think of anything else but their...vou know!"

Lewis blushed deeply.

She giggled conspiratorially. "I'm sure it'll be fine. Just remember, a man is a man is a man! Once you've got him hooked, that's the time to work your magic! A man doesn't know what he's missing until he misses it!"

She leaned closer to Lewis. "Follow your instincts," she whispered. "And always remember that we're here to help you. Your first goal is to not define yourself by what any one man thinks about you?"

"Gawd," Lewis moaned. "I shouldn't even be thinking about Patrick?"

"You are beautiful and being accepted by a young man and that has to feel wonderful...but no idol worship. I am here to make you feel beautiful. Look in the mirror and see ALL the things we need to keep fixed. Your beauty-enhancing make up, your hair, just the right perfume and wa-la...Patrick will call...or some other man will."

"You think men are that simple?"

She smiled and said, "Well, being pretty is pretty temporary. Each day you'll need to work it over again and again for a real self-confidence fix. Being pretty is a pleasure. You will also find out how to get pleasure by giving pleasure."

Lewis' emotions were going haywire. His entire life had been turned upside down, and he was unsure even how to think. His every waking moment was organized and directed by his mother to such an extent that he barely had time to ponder his fate.

Everyone now treated him as a girl, and he found that he was learning to accept it without question.

Sandra placed him under the dryer next to his mother and handed him a magazine to read while he was waiting. "There are some fabulous fashions in there, Lulubelle," she said, "and an interview with Brett Tyler, the new action movie star. Lots of pictures of him, too. My, he's a dream!"

Lewis turned to the article and studied the pictures intently. There were a couple of shots with Brett Tyler with no shirt, showing off his muscular physique. Lewis was somewhat shocked to discover that he felt a little thrill run through his body. He began to wonder how Patrick would look with no clothes on – he certainly had a body to match this film star!

Lewis kept these thoughts for the remainder of his session with Sandra.

When she asked him why he had a shy little grin on his face, he simply replied that he was finally learning to enjoy being pampered.

“Well, of course!” Sandra said with a knowing smile. “It is obvious you already associate delightful sensations with being dressed up pretty. I wouldn’t want to be a man either.”

Lewis blushed and didn’t say a word.

By the time they were finished, both mother and ‘daughter’ sported perfectly feminine hairstyles. Big and bouncy and incredibly flamboyant ‘do’s’ that Lewis couldn’t help but constantly touch and primp.

Maryanne, noticing what he was doing, had to stifle a giggle. “I know it seems a little fussy,” she said, “but that’s the look we were going for. And I have to say, with your new earrings, WE look absolutely scrumptious!”

Lewis admired himself in the mirror. The diamond studs in his ears sparkled prettily. And with his fancy hairdo, all he could see was an attractive young female woman looking back at him. No, more than that, Lewis appeared to be a younger-sized version of his mother. It was a startling experience.

They were perfectly coordinated, down to the length of their hemlines but obvious that his mother had the upper hand in the twosome's wardrobe.

Lewis was still a bit awkward to pull off his mother's air of mature sophistication but noticeably an extension of his mother. The impression was of a mother/daughter who were "best friends" and totally and utterly connected in every way.

Maryanne had the look of a mother who took assurance in the influence she wields over her daughter's wardrobe. Marianne was so happy. As they were about to leave she carefully retouched her make-up and instructed Lewis to do the same. "Come along darling," she sang, "it's time for our nice girlie lunch."

"I am a little bit hungry," he said.

"Oh Lulubelle!" Marianne exclaimed. "It's not about feeding your appetite, it's about us enjoying ourselves together and showing off our lovely new hairdo's! You still have a lot to learn!"

"I guess I do," he replied meekly.

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LUNCH....

They had lunch in the tearoom of a swanky hotel. Marianne had booked them one of the best tables where they were sure to be the center of attention.

As they made their way to their seats, Lewis was conscious of the looks they were getting from the other, almost exclusively, female guests. Most were looks of admiration, but he noticed that one or two of the ladies wore scowls of envy. That made him feel strangely happy and he concentrated on maintaining an elegant posture, mirroring the way Marianne held herself.

One of the nicest things for Lewis was how well he was now getting on with his mother. For years he had endured her cloying attention and, to his mind, curious behavior, with a sense of exasperation. Now, however, he was feeling more relaxed.

Their conversations together had taken on a more honest, intimate tone, and Lewis was intrigued by the things Marianne would tell him.

“Mother,” he said shyly, “one of the things on your list is that you always wanted to help me plan my wedding. What does that mean, exactly?”

“Why, just what it says, darling! There are so many things to consider. Your dress, for example, and the number of bridesmaids you’d want – and of course what color you’d like them to be in. And then there’s the shoes, the flowers, the reception

– oh! a hundred different details!” Marianne laughed gaily. “Getting married and having a baby are the landmark events in a young woman’s life. They must always be days to remember!”

“I’m never going to have a baby!” Lewis stated.

“You are never going to give birth to a child,” she corrected.

Lewis was way out of his depth and still somewhat confused. “I’ve never really thought about it,” he admitted. “I always assumed that, you know, before all this, that I would...” His voice trailed off as he caught his mother’s none too pleased look.

“Lulubelle!” Marianne cried in shock. “Are you honestly telling me that you’ve entertained the thought of marrying a...**girl**? I simply do not know what to say! That my precious little princess should...I’m too lost for words! One hears about these things, of course. And I have every sympathy...but not you, Lulubelle! Surely not you!”

Lewis bridled. How was he supposed to react? “Mother, I’m just telling you how it was!” he said desperately.

His mother sighed dramatically and fanned herself with her hands. “I always knew you were confused,” she continued. “But I never imagined

anything like this! Do you still have these...these thoughts?"

Lewis let out an audible sigh. It was hard enough to take in the events of the previous few days. What he didn't need right now, was to have his mother in a psychotic flap. She was always so tense around him, and that was never a good thing. And he also had worries of his own. It was difficult, but...

"Mother," he said. "Look at me! I couldn't be more feminine! I dress like a girl, I act like a girl! I've even had a date with a man! Surely you're not still disappointed in me? That is most important."

Marianne softened slightly. "Oh Lulubelle!" she cried. "I could never be disappointed in you! It's just that it breaks my heart to think of all the things you missed. You're becoming the young lady you always should have been. I'm just concerned that you're still worried about who you really are."

"I am who you say I am, mother," he said, timidly.

"And I should think so too!"

They finished their lunch and then attacked the shops. 'Attacked' being the operative word, for Lewis had never experienced anything like it. His

mother was an enthusiastic shopper at the best of times, but now she seemed like a woman possessed. “Tonight we’re going out, and I’m determined that we should look our best! We’ve had our hair done, and now it’s time to really push the boat out!”

For the next few hours Lewis was dragged around every department store imaginable. He was made to try on dress after dress (under his mother’s supervision, of course) until Marianne was finally satisfied.

It hurt her that her darling Lulubelle was still questioning the obvious sexuality, but she was determined to put things right. “I’ll bash this nonsense out if it kills me!” she said to herself. “Lulubelle will be the daughter I always wanted, if the last thing I ever do!”

At home, Lewis, in a daze, looked at the clothes his mother had bought for him. Draped upon his bed was a sheath of pure lilac satin. It was a dress that belonged on a Hollywood film starlet from the forties.

He stepped into it and admired himself in the mirror. With the foundation garments to accentuate his curves and control any bumps, he boasted an hourglass figure.

“Mother!” he said. “Does this dress make my bottom look too big?”

“Just soft and round enough to keep the men’s attention for sure.” Marianne smiled at Lewis adoringly.

Lewis moaned.

“Relax, we’re going to the theatre darling,” she said. “It’s safe there and you can show what you got...and there can be no such thing as too much tush. We’re gonna knock ‘em dead tonight kiddo!”

The earlier friction had quite unsettled Lewis. But now that his mother was in a more amenable mood, he was able to relax a touch. Her constant attention was something he had lived with for years. But now it had taken on a fierce and frightening new intensity, and it was all he could do to keep up with her demands. Just knowing that he could keep her unflustered was enough. That and the fact that he was starting to grow accustomed to his new, rather lavish life.

In the gown, his hips and butt looked so curvy as they flared from his pinched in waist. “I’m certainly not the boy I used to be,” he thought to himself. Looking at his bottom in the mirror, could have made his own maleness jump to life but it was firmly packed away. But he knew it would cause a response in other men. Dare he look at their pant material for tautness or response?

He knew women like his mother lived for the attention of men, dressed to get attention, so why

would their attention cause such fear in Lewis? He was dressed to get masculine attention. At the theater, there wouldn't be any catcalls or wolf whistles but men would look and stare.

Moving to and from the mirror, Lewis couldn't help but add a seductive sway to his hips. What if Lewis accepted the gentle compliments of a stare or wanton vibration? It was just a quiet exchange of male and feminine energy, right? There was nothing to hide anymore.

Marianne didn't believe in doing anything by halves. They were both dolled up to the nines. With their elaborate hairstyles, exquisite makeup and statement jewelry. By statement, fancy jewelry meant, "pay to play." You want to play with these GALs, you better be prepared to give nice gifts.

Mother and feminized son looked as if they had just stepped off the set of a lavish film from the golden days of Hollywood. Lewis kept admiring himself in the mirror, twirling around so that he could see and feel how his dress swished around his legs.

Marianne squealed delightedly at the sight. "You'll be the belle of the ball, darling," she said. "The girls will be insanely jealous of you and, the boys will flock around you like bees round a honey pot! For now, you'd better let me pick out your men."

Lewis blushed at the compliment. “I don’t know about that,” he said shyly. “I wouldn’t know how to behave!”

“Just be yourself, Lulubelle. Be sweet and demure and feminine. Subtle flirtation is an important weapon in a woman’s armory and you would do well to get in some practice. How else are you going to keep your Patrick on his toes!”

“My Patrick...” Lewis repeated quietly. “I’m not sure he’s *my* Patrick, mother.”

Marianne chose to interpret Lewis’s statement to suit her own agenda. “That’s just my point, darling,” she said. “If you want to be sure of keeping Patrick’s interest, you must use all of your feminine wiles to keep him keen!”

“I feel funny flirting with a man.”

“Society women are forced daily to compete for male approval. You’ll learn the niceties of female vanity and proper grooming habits will occupy a great portion of your waking hours.”

On their way to the theatre in their chauffeur driven limousine, Marianne explained the basic plot of the ballet. “We all know the fairy tale, but this is all about the realization of dreams. Cinderella dreams of becoming a ballerina, a dream that finally comes true in the arms of her Prince. In fact,” she added as a thought occurred

to her, “it’s really quite appropriate for you, Lulubelle! You always secretly dreamed of being a beautiful ballerina, didn’t you? And now, you could have your own Prince Charming as well. Isn’t it delightful!”

Lewis started to stammer a response, but his mother overrode him. “We’re out to enjoy ourselves tonight, darling,” she continued. “But it’s also a good opportunity for you to learn. I want you to study how Cinderella dances, and pay particular attention to her pointe work; it’s a very difficult technique to master. Your own dancing is well above the average for someone who has had only a few lessons, but it’s always useful to watch how the professionals perform. Don’t forget, in a couple of week’s time you’ll be dancing for my friends, and I fully expect you to blow them away. So take everything you can from tonight, because as of tomorrow I’m starting you on a much more intensive program.”

Lewis gulped in anticipation. For the last week or so he had spent hours each afternoon dancing under his mother’s strict supervision. How could it possibly get more intensive, he wondered? But he had no doubt that it would.

Lewis was surprised at how much he enjoyed the evening. Before the show they each had a glass of champagne at the bar (which brought back memories of the last time he had sampled it)

and he found himself reveling in the attention they both attracted. His mother was right. The other women in the room regarded them both with barely concealed bitterness, while the men seemed to gravitate towards them.

Lewis could almost *feel* their eyes roaming his body. It gave him an extraordinary sense of submissive power, unlike anything he had felt before. He observed how his mother acted and adopted a similar behavior.

He really quite liked it when the men would rise politely to their feet as he passed, or when someone held open a door for him. "I could get used to this," he said to himself. He also knew the men were holding the door to get a good look at his bottom.

In the ladies room, Lewis whispered to Marianne, "So why do guys like to look at us 'wiggle' so much?"

"You forgot?" Marianne laughed, "Seriously, the women in our family have always had nice hips and were wigglers? I see that you do too."

Lewis blushed, "It feels kinda weird to get noticed for just walking."

"Wiggling is a female mating behavior to catch a man's eyes. Nice hips are necessary for childbirth and that's why dress styles draw attention to the wearer's hips. So just let those hips go and have some fun."

BALLET....

As for the ballet itself, Lewis was absolutely stunned. The performance was everything his mother had said it would be and more. As he watched Cinderella dance, he couldn't help but to compare her movements with his own. He was sure he could never attain such a level of grace and elegance. She seemed to literally float on air, her every expression fluid and natural, as if she were the living embodiment of the music.

“Oh Mother!” he whispered. “She’s wonderful! I’ll never be able to dance like that!”

“She *is* good, isn’t she?” Marianne agreed, “Even better than I had expected. But don’t be so down on yourself princess. She’s just had more practice, that’s all. It takes dedication to become a truly exceptional dancer – that, and a generous sprinkling of talent. You have inherited the talent, Lulubelle. I have no doubts about that. But do you have the dedication?”

“I’m going to try, mother,” Lewis replied.

“In skirts, you are learning the secret is to swing your hips and let the movement flow freely through your arms and legs.”

“I’m beginning to appreciate the significance of wearing skirts.”

Marianne heard his words, but more importantly the sentiment that backed them up. She could have went with *ioy*. ‘Lulubelle’ had

successfully negotiated another hurdle, leaving 'Lewis' further behind. Marianne was dedicated in her own way, and was now even more determined to pursue her goal of transforming her son into her daughter.

"Being able to move beautifully has made you feel better about your body!" she gushed. "I want to give you every opportunity to be the girl you should always have been. Just imagine, that could be you up on that stage in a tutu! Lulubelle Trevayne, prima ballerina!"

"Oh mother, please!"

"Don't discount it, angel," Marianne said. "Your destiny is in your own hands. Trust me, and believe in yourself. Who knows what might happen!"

Lewis caught himself contemplating just that. 'Where is my life heading?' he thought.

The show finished to rapturous applause. In the bar afterwards, as everyone gathered for a last drink, a very strange thing happened.

Marianne was engaged in conversation with another couple, when the room suddenly erupted into applause. Lewis turned to look at what was happening and saw that the girl who had danced as Cinderella – the prima ballerina! – had

entered the room. Out of her costume, she looked even more beautiful than she did on stage.

The girl accepted the many compliments that were offered as she made her way through the throng. But it was clear that she had only one destination in mind. She pushed her way through the crowd until she was standing before Lewis' mother.

“Oh my Gawd!” she exclaimed. “You’re Marianne Trevaynne! I idolized you when I was just starting out! If I had known you were here I would have been crippled with nerves! I daresay you found my dancing oafish and clumsy!”

Marianne sighed. “You danced beautifully,” she said. “Really, I was quite entranced. So many girls think that ballet is only about themselves. But you really brought the story alive. And that’s the secret. Dance the story. I really believed in you tonight.”

“That’s so nice of you to say!” She replied. She looked at Lewis. “Oh, I’m sorry. I haven’t introduced myself. I’m Angela.”

“Um, Lulubelle,” Lewis replied. “I thought you were wonderful tonight.”

Marianne stepped in. “My daughter has only just started to dance. There were a few, er, medical problems that made it impossible for me to teach her when she was little, but now we have it all worked out. Don’t we darling?”

Lewis was compelled to agree.

Angela said, "But to be taught by Marianne Trevaynne! You must be the luckiest girl in the world! How I would have loved to have had such a teacher!"

For once, Lewis saw his mother blush. "You're far too kind," Marianne said. "I'm certainly not the dancer I once was. But I have real hopes for my Lulubelle."

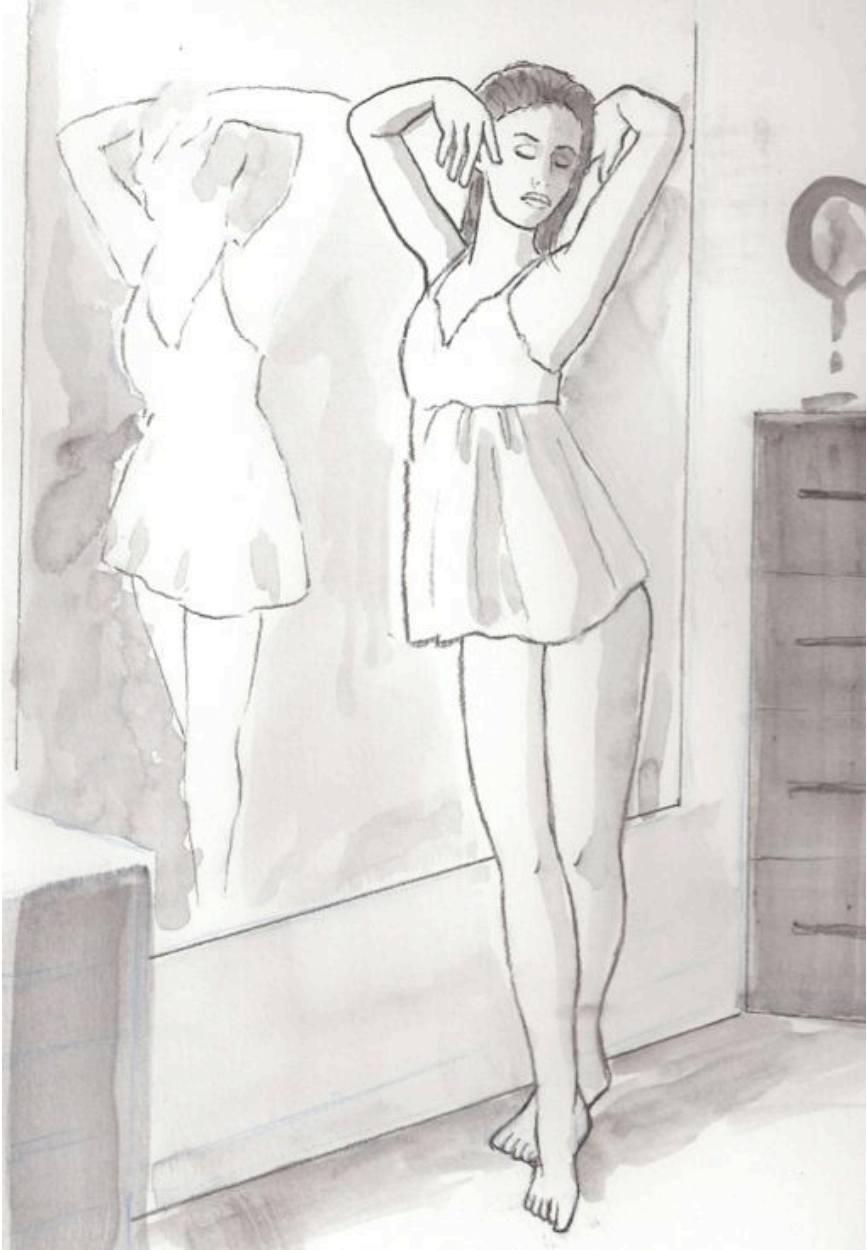
Angela smiled. "Oh, the things I would like to ask of you! Your Giselle, for instance, quite sublime!" She turned to Lewis. "If you're even half as good as your mother, you'll be a star!"

"Oh, I'm only a beginner," Lewis said. "I still have an awful lot to learn."

Marianne said, "I have an idea. I know you're probably far too busy, but perhaps you'd like to come to our home for tea one day. We could compare notes, as it were, and I know that Lulubelle would be thrilled to have a real ballerina to talk to."

"Why, I'd be delighted!" Angela exclaimed. "We have a break from rehearsals tomorrow, as it happens. Would tomorrow be OK?"

"That would be perfect," Marianne said. "Shall we say around noon?"



Lewis posed in the mirror. Yes, he had grace!

The next day Lewis rose early, as per his mother's instructions, and donned his frilly pink pinnie in order to give the house 'a quick going over' ready for the arrival of their guest. As always, Marianne was unrelenting in her demands for perfection. She sat on the couch in the living room, while Lewis bustled around her, dusting, vacuuming and polishing the furniture. Not only did she appraise the quality of his efforts, she kept up a running commentary on his comportment.

"Don't slouch, darling! Try to be more graceful when you move. A ballerina must think of her posture at all times, not just when she's dancing. Watch Angela, when she arrives. See how she carries herself."

"Yes mother," Lewis sighed. "I'll try."

"I know you will, darling. Now let's go upstairs and I'll change into something nice. Then I'll help you with your hair."

Looking over the dresses with his mother, both wore matching lingerie. Marianne believed you could endure anything, if your bra and panties matched. Having curves encased in nylon like his mother made Lewis feel totally emasculated. His panties with the lace panel in front covered the little thong gaffe that compressed his male parts

well up between his thighs to produce a smoothed over silken gusset.

It was like Lewis had nothing to hide in his panties...like his mother or any female—a sensation not all that unpleasant. Panties would look terrible with any lumps and that would be even more embarrassing. In fact, the panties looked good and he liked that. It showed on his face and made his nipples turn to rosy points in his bra.

Lewis knew men would wonder what he had going on under his dress and would assume cute frilly panties. The gusset warmth seared through Lewis, the pressure unbelievably perfect as he pressed through the suffering. The men would be right about the perfect panties and he knew that image would make the men suffer too.

“You are going to love being my daughter,” his mother gushed. “I am so going to spoil you.”

“Spoil?”

“You know, shopping trips, the best salons....” She smiled, “maybe a big wedding! Everyone tonight is just going to be so impressed with you and your beauty.”

Lewis moaned, “Some of your friends know I’m a boy....”

Marianne said, “I don’t want you to be afraid to talk about that. And you don’t have to pretend

it never happened. You would have been an okay son but you'll be much happier as my daughter.

The reminder made Lewis feel guilty all over again. "I shouldn't be doing this."

"I thought you were excited about seeing Patrick?"

Lewis quivered with confusion. "I'm not going to marry Patrick."

"No, he hasn't asked you yet," Marianne laughed. "Look Lulubelle, I suppose you think you can just be a boy again? And maybe you think you can compete for girls with the manly likes of Patrick?"

"Not when I'm wearing your clothes," Lewis moaned.

"You think you can just forget about being kissed by Patrick? Forget feeling the feminine energy within you? You just need a few more kisses," she smiled.

"What should I wear, mother?" Lewis asked.

"Why don't *you* choose something?" Marianne said.

Lewis was surprised and not a little pleased to be granted this newfound license. Previously, his mother had picked out all his outfits for him. Nevertheless, he knew he would have to choose wisely, or she would be disappointed and crushing in her criticism.

He sighed; this was not a boy trying on his mother's heels for a kick. He remembered being a child and putting on a pair of his mother's high heels and the shoes engulfed his small feet, and he could only wobbled about in them. Now he was about to choose among her pointy and sky-high heels.

“What would mother wear?” Lewis asked himself. This was more than playing dress-up. Lewis pulled a few skirts from their hangers. He picked out one of his mother's favorite skirts. He had seen his mother wear it with a white, fitted blouse.

The skirt and blouse were unpretentious garments, but not chosen for comfort but for showing off a feminine figure. Lewis knew that the tight skirt and heels forced his mother to walk with a cute sexy wiggle. It would do the same for him.

But that modest skirt and blouse were just a warm up. For some reason, he wanted to impress his mother and get “it” right. His outfit was going to be made up of her clothing and since she had excellent taste, it should be easy.

He thought about her and now understood the little painful sacrifices made for fashion. He picked out a dress that had been quite literally her favorite date dress. He put it on it fit him like it had been made for him. It was so soft and comfortable and Lewis felt pretty wearing it.

Looking in the mirror, visions of special occasions flashed in his mind.

“Gawd,” he gasped, having to admit as he raided his mother’s wardrobe, he was having fun. He actually realized his mother wanted him playing in her clothes. The task at hand...she wanted him to be “happy” so he needed an outfit that felt comfortable, sexy and added to his confidence.

Marianne was quite ruthlessly using her femininity wardrobe to gain advantage over Lewis’ masculinity. The charm of a perfect dress and its highlighting of curves in the right places would influence his attitude. Unlike most girls, Lewis did not learn to love clothes at his mother’s knee. Marianne’s first attempts were discouraging and it had taken this long to get Lewis to catch the “dress bug.”

But there he was, trying on nearly everything, even her hot pink taffeta. His eyes were opening to the idea of all the miraculous things that could happen from wearing the right piece of fabric and accepting a feminine attitude.

Finally Marianne was beginning to transfer her fashion sense to Lewis. He would have favorite skirts, maybe an A-line or pencil? There would be casual and classic and fun whimsical skirts. There would be colors and soon Lewis would have a large and varied wardrobe of skirts for every occasion.



Developing a love of skirts was mostly just a matter of wearing them morning to night. Then having a favorite or two, then catching the dress bug!

Faced with the assignment, Lewis asked himself, "What would mother wear IF she was my age?"

He rehung that dress and slid the clothes until he found IT.

As a little boy, Lewis remembered seeing his mother getting dressed to go out as she went about in bra and panties. Her hair was beautifully styled and her red lipstick made her look beautiful. He was fascinated by her long red fingernails and her nylon clad matching toenails.

And now he was dressing like her. He was the one in bra, panties, slip and stockings and was choosing among her dresses.

Lewis took her floral dress from her closet and a pair of her peep toe heels, then he gasped out loud. His hair had been styled like his mother and was wearing her favorite lipstick. Lewis looked a lot like his mother in her youth and the mirror's reflection was stirring. Lewis raised his delicately arched brows and was shattered by the sound of a feminine squeal escaping his lips and sending a shiver of goose-pimples scoting up his inner thighs. He quickly squeezed his thighs and swiveled his hips back.

The vision of himself as his mother was unsettling, as were his sensitive, bra-clad pointed breasts; further evidence of his emasculation.

Lewis knew he had to get the dress search over with. His mother's closet was both a sanctuary and a prison, a place in which was off limits and Lewis' future home. Lewis's senses were on edge as he smelled fragrances, and touched nylon, satin, velvet, and silk. These dresses had the power to evoke dreams, nightmares and fantasies. They could serve to highlight or obscure certain parts of the body, and in Lewis' case, totally neutralize his maleness.

As he stared at his dress choices, he thought, "Mother wants us to look like mother and daughter, so I'll need something pinkish."

Lewis winced, lifted his slip and put his hands against his belly and looked in the mirror. "Goodness, these panties are tight," he thought but couldn't help but admire the smooth curve and whisper of nylon passing between his legs with ravishingly tight control against his male core.

Marianne was already dressed in her outfit for the evening as Lewis made a final decision among the pageant of dresses.

Her words haunted him, "Someday all this will be yours." He imagined wearing one of her skirted suits on his way to a secretarial job or picturing himself in her tweed pencil skirt, sweater top and high heeled pumps while window-shopping in the city.

Lewis knew intellectually that everything in his mother's bedroom and closet belonged only to females, and owning and to wear them would be a violation of the "male uniform code."

But already in Lewis' bedroom were drawers of lingerie: bras, girdles, stockings, slips and petticoats.

After much thought, he selected her floral print dress and a pair of strappy tan-colored heels.

He put it on and when he looked at himself in the mirror, he saw a feminine and demure young woman. The dress fit him perfectly and made his hips look proportionately larger as it flowed about his body gracefully. It hugged every curve and ended well above his knees. The heels added a couple of inches to his height, inspiring a slight more of a wiggling walk. Between the heels and the short dress, a lot of nyloned leg was showing.

"What did I do to deserve this?" he said while fascinated at his reflection. Lewis had always lacked confidence in his looks, but the woman looking back at him in the mirror was stunning.

He turned to look at the shape of his fleshy bottom and moaned aloud, "Gawd, I'm asking for 'IT'"

Lewis was now dressed to be looked at and to please the male gender. He knew everyone would think he was asking for "IT." He really

had no idea what “IT” was, but if he weren’t careful, he would get “IT.” What was “IT?” Was it the kind of passion that had women screaming for more. Lewis would probably just be screaming!

Lewis considered what else his outfit needed. Jewelry, more specifically, he knew he’d try his grandmother’s favorite necklace.

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The vision of himself in his mother's clothes was unsettling, as were his sensitive, bra-clad pointed breasts; further evidence of his emasculation.

When Marianne re-entered her bedroom, the minute saw him, she let out a long, low wolf whistle. “Lulubelle, you look gorgeous. I was hoping you’d pick that dress! It’s got the exact tones as my dress and the color of our eyes.”

“Is it too short?” he asked looking in the mirror. “I don’t want people to think I’m a....”

“Slut? Darling! No, you are young, single and learning how to get attention, Lulubelle,” she said with a smile. “That is your dress now but we’ll go shopping. You need a few go-to dresses that make you feel sexy for date nights, parties, church or whenever you want to feel special pretty. What else did you learn from my dresses?”

“They feel nice?” Lewis guessed.

Marianne smiled, “You won’t enjoy dresses if they are uninteresting, uninspiring or dull. Wear fabrics and dresses that make you feel thrilled.”

“Oh mother,” Lewis sighed, “Will I ever get used to this?”

“Never neglect your appearance and you’ll feel confident in your identity as a female.”

“Is that what I’m doing? Becoming a confident woman?”

“In a dress, you are the opposite of male. You will take care of your hair and your complexion, and dress in a way that will enhance your natural

beauty rather than detract from it. Even though you could not see yourself, I can, and I know what will make you happiest.”

She pinned Lewis’s hair up and adorned it with a large pink flower. “Oh, and I have the perfect lipstick to match your outfit,” she said.

Lewis admired himself in the mirror, something he found he was doing a great deal of these days. He was mesmerized by the image in the mirror.

“With that dress, you just need a bit more on top,” Marianne said, handing him little silicone pads. “Put them under your breasts.”

“I guess there is not enough of me there?” Lewis sighed.

“We all wear them at some time of our life,” Marianne giggled.

Lewis stuffed and adjusted the pads into his bra and stepped back to check his reflection in the mirror.

He was beginning to grow very conscious of his appearance lately, and felt sure he could detect a subtle difference in his body shape. Even without his foundation wear, he felt as if he were, well, blooming. It was a strange, yet not entirely unpleasant sensation.

With the daily drip of estrogen rich vitamin pills, Lewis’ interest in cute little lacy bras had

turned into a daily essential and now he really needed them to hide and protect his erect, pink-nippled breasts...like any female!

Marianne too, had noticed the difference in her ‘new daughter’, not only in his body, but also in his behavior. Lewis was finally beginning to act as a female...as if it were the natural thing to do. Rather than because he was compelled, Lewis was accepting a woman’s day-to-day mission.

Marianne knew that the hardest part of dress wearing was getting Lewis to mentally adjust to a new reality. First was acceptance that he wanted to wear a dress and belonged in a dress.

Second, being honest to those around and realizing that they also wanted Lewis to wear a dress. And third, finding dresses that fit properly and made Lewis feel feminine. Having gotten over those three problems...actually getting him into a dress was easy!

The transition to wearing a dress on a daily basis was best achieved gradually. She had been patient as Lewis was getting to the point where he was aware of how beneficial being in a pretty dress really is. He would soon actually get to the point where he was very comfortable and wholly embrace his feminine side.

Marianne could not have been happier. “I’m almost there,” she said to herself. “I’m almost there!”

HIGH TEA...

Lewis busied himself preparing the tea things, whilst his mother scuttled about the living room, making last minute adjustments here and there.

“What’s the matter,” Lewis asked. “Didn’t I do a good enough job?”

“Of course you did, darling!” Marianne said. “But you must always remember that when another woman enters your home, the first thing she does is judge you on how well you keep your house. You should bear that in mind, princess.”

“I think it looks pretty good?” he said

“It’s a lifelong task to learn to care for a home, cook, bake, sew and enjoy all that comes with homemaking. Just imagine how you would feel if you and your Patrick decided to set up house together and his mother thought you weren’t attentive enough to his needs?”

“I’m trying my best?”

“It’s more than being sure that your hair is styled and makeup on before anyone sees you. It’s about putting others needs before yours. We are going to take our leftovers, some old dresses and some baby blankets down to the shelter to donate to women in need.”

“That would be nice for them.”

“And make you feel blessed. Not everyone has such pretty dresses to wear...I’ve not been

drilling you so hard on your chores for nothing, you know! There's your future to think of. I'm trying to give you all the tools you'll need for when you branch out on your own. I won't always be here to protect you."

Lewis was quite stunned. Encapsulated in his mother's statement were several things he'd yet to really ponder. His future? Did all women need to set up home with a Patrick or another strong willed man? And the magical words: "branch out on your own." How? As Lewis? Or Lulubelle?

He thought again. Is setting up a home with Patrick something I really have to consider?"

Just thinking about it was a reminder that Patrick wore the pants in their relationship. And Lewis was already aware that it was his role to "attract" with a cute hairdo, a short dress and respond in a submissive manner.

As a man, Lewis had never felt overly masculine in pants. And compared to Patrick in pants, Lewis' pretty and feminine dress said it all. Like the symbol on a public restroom door, Lewis now went into the one with the dress. The women's room was for women only; like dresses are made to attract men.

"Where is your Patrick," Marianne asked?

"Should I call him?" Lewis said hopefully. I know he will want to see me in this dress? I just feel so...."

“What, darling. You can tell me.”

“Dizzy and light headed,” Lewis blushed scarlet. “I know it’s wrong but Patrick makes me feel safe!”

“Oh, that’s just perfect! My little Lulubelle is all slushy about her boyfriend! Honey, it’s ok to be impressed with a man like Patrick. It’s ok to make a conscious choice to allow the right man to protect you...like a father.”

Yes,” he said, “like a father is protective?”

“And it’s ok to admit that you admire and respect a man who isn’t your father.”

“I don’t think Patrick understands me....”

“Women aren’t supposed to make sense to men. We make sense to each other and we understand the deliciousness of femininity...the sensuality, that is truly female in nature. I understand what you are feeling. Freshen your lips dear.”

“Oh mother,” Lewis sighed, “I feel so out of control and a little scared.” To Lewis, the thought of his vision arousing Patrick sent tingles between his nyloned thighs. The vision was like he was watching a handsome man and a beautiful woman petting from afar. But it was Lewis that would be dealing with strong arms pulling and being held tight against a man’s firm body.

For Lewis, at the beginning, this putting on a dress was just a way to make his mother happy. He was willing to do as she told him, try and learn what she wanted to teach him, and even wear what she wanted him to wear. But his plan was to walk away from it all, forget about it and go right back to being Lewis, the boy.

But now the mirror kept calling. Lewis had never been so intrigued by his own reflection but realized he might have to deal with Patrick's desire.

Breathlessness, Lewis realized that while he'd never thought of himself as sexy, there he was...he was sexy... but as a female.

Lewis hoped that Patrick would call. In the meantime, he would prepare to provoke a response in Patrick's eyes. He loved the dress, knowing it showed off his fleshy curves, newly enhanced bust line, and instilled the right attitude.

Lewis didn't have much more time to dwell upon these matters, as that was when the doorbell rang. He answered the door and was surprised to find that Angela was not alone.

"I hope you don't mind," Angela said. "But Alex here was at a loose end. He doesn't know this city very well and I thought..."

Marianne intervened. "Why of course not," she replied. Addressing Alex, she said, "You're more

than welcome. And of course I recognize you as the Prince. I thought you danced wonderfully. Such strength! Such power of movement! Tell me, where are you from?"

"I trained in my homeland, in Russia," Alex replied. "I was with the Bolshoi for many years, and now I am here. To dance with Angela, it is a delight. But to meet the famous Marianne Trevaynne, this is very special to me!"

Again, Lewis noticed his mother blush. She seemed like an entirely different person. She giggled like a schoolgirl whenever Alex paid her any attention.

"You're too kind," Marianne said. "My dancing years are all behind me now. My efforts are now concentrated on my Lulubelle. She has such natural talent. I really think she could make it! But the most important thing is that she loves to dance. Isn't that right Lulubelle?"

Lewis, who had been listening intently, didn't know what to say. But being accustomed to his mother's whims, he acquiesced. "I don't think I'll ever reach your standard," he said to Angela.

The girl smiled. "With Marianne Trevaynne as your teacher, you're one step ahead of the rest!"

For the next few minutes, Marianne and Angela talked animatedly about their craft, while Lewis served them tea. He noticed that Alex

could barely take his eyes off him. “Is everything alright?” He asked.

“Of course!” The young man replied. “I am in the company of three beautiful women. What more could a man ask?”

“Alex, behave yourself!” Angela snapped with mock indignation. Turning to Marianne, she added, “Really! He’s the very devil at times!”

Marianne smiled knowingly. “Oh don’t worry!” she said. “I’ve had to deal with more than my share of hot-blooded men in my time!”

The girls giggled together. “You mentioned that Lulubelle has only just started dancing,” Angela said. “Perhaps she could show us a few steps? I’d love to see how a protégé of the great Marianne Trevayne dances. With your genes and having you as her teacher, I bet she’s just marvelous!”

“What a lovely thing to say!” Marianne gasped.

Lewis was mortified. “Oh no!” he cried. “I couldn’t!”

“Now don’t be shy, Lulubelle! Angela and Alex are our guests. They’d love to see you dance. And who knows, maybe they could give you a few pointers?”

“But mother!”

“No buts now, sweetheart,” Marianne said firmly, “I insist. Go and change into your ballet dress and we’ll get the room ready.”

As Lewis gracefully swished to his room, Marianne was thrilled and so excited for her “daughter.” It could turn out that Lulubelle might never become a great dancer but practice and practice would make for more fluid, flexible, and beautiful presence. And even if Patrick turned out to be a heartbreaker, she would be there. There would be times when her Lulubelle would need a place to cry, show off a new dress or when none of life felt right...she would be there.

Minutes later, a very nervous Lewis entered the drawing room. Marianne beamed brightly. “Don’t you look the part!” she exclaimed.

Angela agreed. “What a beautiful dress!” she cried.

Marianne explained that it was the costume she wore when she danced as Odette in Swan Lake.

“With Gennedy Andropov!” Alex exclaimed. “Now I remember! Gennedy was a great influence upon me. Such a powerful dancer!”

Marianne giggled, and said to Angela as a private aside, “And very much like your Alex! An

incorrigible flirt! I swear, he had more hands than an octopus!”

“Oh Gawd, tell me about it!” Angela said.

While everyone else was chatting away, Lewis was stuck in the middle of the room and feeling hugely self-conscious. He was accustomed to being dressed as a pretty ballerina when only his mother was around, but being in company was a whole new and disquieting experience. He tried his hardest to look natural.

“Um, mother,” he said falteringly. “What would you like me to do?”

Marianne thought for a moment. “Something simple,” she said. “Just show Angela and Alex what we’ve been working on for the last few days.”

His mother put on some music and prompted ‘Lulubelle’ to dance. For the next few minutes he demonstrated what he had learned. He felt clumsy and flat-footed at first, but as he got into it, he found that he was starting to fly. He danced better than he had ever done before. He finished with a pretty pirouette and then curtsied before his audience.

Angela clapped her hands. “And you say that she’s only a beginner! She’s a natural!”

“I like to think so.” Marianne replied, proudly.

Alex agreed. “Such lightness! Such grace!”

Marianne said. “She’s got it, that’s for sure. But there are certain things even I can’t teach her. Lifts, for instance. And how to hold herself when in the arms of a male dancer.”

Alex interjected. “But I am here! Please, would you allow me?”

Lewis blanched, but when saw how his mother looked at him, he relented.

“Let Alex help you, princess.” Marianne said. “This is another part of ballet you need to learn!”

Lewis did as he was told. As his mother and Angela watched, he allowed Alex to lift and carry him through several different moves. Being in the arms of a man was a very unsettling experience (his encounters with Patrick aside – but that was different wasn’t it?) and he could feel what was left of his masculinity draining away.

Alex was hugely powerful and tossed Lewis around as if he were no more than the weight of his dress. And what was it with Alex’s hands? They were everywhere!

When they were finished, Marianne instructed Lewis to thank Alex, which he duly did. “I think you’ve taken up enough of our guest’s time, Lulubelle,” she said. To Angela and Alex she added, “It’s so difficult to get her to stop sometimes! I swear, she’d rather drop from exhaustion, so passionate is she about dancing!”

“I was the same,” Angela said.

“Oh! And I’m forgetting my manners!” Marianne said. “Would you like some more tea? Lulubelle, would you pour?”

“Perhaps I’d better get changed, mother,” he said.

“Why, there’s no need, darling! You can stay in your pretty dress for a while longer. I know how much you love wearing it.”

Lewis poured them all tea, doing his best to be as graceful as possible. He noticed his mother’s approving look. That was when the doorbell rang.

“We seem to be popular today!” Marianne quipped. “Go and see who it is, would you Lulubelle?”

Lewis skipped to the door and was confronted with two familiar faces. “Patrick!” he almost cried. “Where have you been? I’ve missed you!”

“Hey babe!” He said casually. He leant forward and kissed his ‘girlfriend’ lightly on the lips, causing Lewis to blush bright scarlet. Sensing embarrassment, he delivered a kiss so fierce it took Lewis’ breath away and delivering unspoken ownership.

Patrick seemed to enjoy controlling Lewis physically and emotionally in public where he could show off “his girl”. The risk of being seen by friends or family added to the excitement and

Patrick seemed turned on by the naughtiness of it all. It was a possessive gesture that said, “she's mine”.

Marianne glowed happily, feeling Patrick's assertive “alpha dog” actions would dispel any self-doubt Lewis might have in his own desirability. It was proving Lewis was beautiful and confident enough to wear a sexy dress and create lust in a man's heart. She knew at some point it would probably take an act of seduction for Lewis to completely embrace womanhood.

Lewis recovered and stammered, “Oh! And, er, hello Aunt Carole.”

“Well, hello to you, sweetie!” she replied with a knowing smile. “Lulubelle, I must say, you look very nice in that dress. Is that your mother's? It looks much better on you.”

“Thank you. We have guests over,” he added bashfully as he smoothed down his skirt.

The first thing Lewis noticed when he introduced Patrick and his Aunt Carole to the others, was how Patrick reacted. He was very pleasant to Angela, but seemed extremely frosty towards Alex. He was polite, but... Lewis could actually feel the tension in the room. He wondered why he was so attuned to Patrick's emotions. While everyone else chatted politely, Patrick and Alex merely glared at each other.

Lewis knew why Patrick was threatened by Alex. It was more than the fact he was a dancer, handsome and fit. He had that “bull” attitude. Alex clearly knew there was something between Lulubelle and Patrick, but he went ahead and flirted with a special arrogance.

Marianne mentioned that Alex had been showing Lulubelle some holds.

“Is that a fact,” Patrick said dryly. “Done a lot of this sort of ‘hold’ thing, have you?”

“I have held more beautiful women than I care to mention,” Alex said, almost as a challenge. I do hope I can get this sweetheart into my studio. Lulubelle is very special and needs some private lessons.”

“You’ve got that right,” Patrick said. And that was when Patrick hit Alex....

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Lulubelle's Diary....

OMG! I had to run upstairs, because I didn't know what to do! My mother and Aunt Carole are busy trying to sort out what I can only describe as pure mayhem! Patrick, my Patrick – has just punched Alex in the face! The silly boys were fighting over me!

Aunt Carole is flapping as only she can, whilst my mother is doing her best to calm things down. All I can remember is seeing Alex fall to the ground holding his face. Oh! And there's another thing I remember. I screamed...like a girl and started crying. Then ran to my room....

My mother thought that it was sweet that the boys were fighting over me, but I wasn't happy about it and especially my bursting into tears.

She said, "Honey, that was totally appropriate. Crying around men shows how sensitive you are to your feelings. Men are attracted to that kind of vulnerability. You need to pick a boyfriend so they don't' fight over you...."

"I pick?"

"You don't understand the way boys think," Marianne said as she picked up a pretty ribbon for my hair. "Fix your face, come down and calm your boyfriends."

I began to cry again. Tears flowed as I give myself permission to feel frightened, some shame

and humiliation. What was I doing? Hair ribbons, bows and lipstick and now boyfriends then tears.

I cried, “I don’t understand...why did Patrick do that?”

Mother smiled, “Now that there is another man, Patrick will be quite attentive. He’ll want more of your time. Make him take you on a real date.”

I promised her that I would think about it. Although I didn’t have to think too hard, I knew that I wanted to go out on a genuine date with Patrick....

CONTINUED IN PART THREE.

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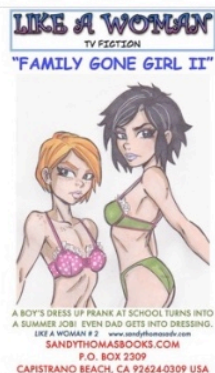
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