

LULUBELLE

SANDY THOMAS BOOKS - 1

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS MOTHER."

THE LULUBELLE TRILOGY Part III



LEWIS' MOTHER IS GETTING HER SON "LULUBELLE"
RIGHT WHERE SHE WANTS HIM...IN A WHITE DRESS!

LIKE A WOMAN # 9 PART THREE OF THREE

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**“THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS
MOTHER.”**

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QUOTE BOARD

**The universe sometimes gives you obsessions for
your entertainment. Enjoy them!**

THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS MOTHER

By

Jane Kingsley & Sandy Thomas

Lewis was slouched on the sofa in front of the TV eating cookie dough ice cream straight from the carton. He was dressed in sweatpants, an over sized T-shirt emblazoned with the emblem of the local college football team, a soft sweater and his hair was loosed and tousled and he wasn't wearing any make-up. His mother looked on approvingly.

"How are you feeling, Lulubelle darling?" she enquired. "Do you still have cramps? Would you like me to fetch you a hot water bottle?"

Lewis sighed. "I'm OK, mother. I'm feeling a little bit better now. I'm mostly just nauseous in the morning."

Marianne made sympathetic noises and gently stroked her son's hair. "I know what it's like during your time of the month, sweetie. I used to suffer quite badly when I was your age. My emotions would be all over the place. But it's what we girls have to go through, I'm afraid!"



Lewis' mother seemed to allow the football jersey as long as he was suffering from morning sickness and took his pills.

To say that his emotions were all over the place was an understatement on a massive scale, Lewis thought. Even without this new

experience, his life was strange and confusing. Every moment of every day was designed and structured to reinforce his new feminine lifestyle, but now it seemed that the changes were not only to be superficial. His mother had been quite open with him about her plans.

“I’m going to make a good woman of you, my boy,” she told him. “By the time I’m finished you’ll barely recognize yourself!”

Lewis had no means to resist this assault on his masculinity, of course. For the past few months he had been caught in a whirlwind of new experiences, blown from one unsettling situation to another with no chance to pause or reflect on what was being done to him. He was totally subservient to his mother’s iron will.

Physically, she had transformed him from a straggly teenaged boy into a picture of dainty girlish elegance. His body was smooth, round and hairless, he was made to dress in only the most feminine clothes: petticoats and pinafores, high heels and floaty summer dresses, and frequent trips to the beauty salon kept him styled, manicured and made-up to pretty-girl perfection.

He had even been made to learn ballet! His mother was particularly fond of having him dance for her friends, delighting in watching her graceful feminized boy prance and twirl around the room in his beautiful pink ballet dress.

Marianne said, “Lulubelle, your inner confidence must match your exterior. When you look good, you feel good and you make others around feel good too.”

Marianne was determined to work on her son mentally. It was not enough for her to have Lewis assume merely the appearance of being a girl, she wanted him to wholly embrace his feminine side and leave his previous life behind. A daughter she wanted and a daughter she would have!

For Lewis, this was a very precarious and confusing time. Not so long ago, he mused, he would have been sitting in front of the TV watching football and eating pizza, not getting his latest fix of his favorite soap opera while painting his toenails!

And somehow, he had a boyfriend, for heaven’s sake! A boyfriend! How did that come about? And more importantly, why did his heart skip a beat whenever he thought about Patrick (which he found himself doing constantly)?

What was happening to him? Was he in a relationship with someone of the opposite sex or the same sex? Come to that, what sex was he? He realized that his emotions were scrambled and, quite by design of course, he had only one person to whom he could turn for advice and reassurance.

Marianne no longer disguised the fact that she was chemically altering her son. She told him, “Honey, you know we take the same vitamins every day. You are younger and perhaps need stronger ‘vitamins’ to catch up.”

“I don’t seem to have the energy I used to have,” Lewis admitted. “Look at my arm muscles, they are gone and my bottom is getting fat....”

“But your skin is so soft and your hair is growing out nicely. But you are right, let’s get you checked out. I’ll take you to my doctor. Maybe a series of injections will help?”

Lewis knew that “professional” help was needed and inline with his mother’s thinking... so he agreed to the doctor visit.

DOCTOR...

“Dr. Brown met Marianne with a big hug and an inappropriate kiss on the lips. Lewis remembered that his mother had dated a doctor when he was young. It was about the time of her sudden concern about him taking vitamins every day.

Lewis was mortified. One thing that was now obvious: the two soft little points on his chest had developed from the “vitamins.”

“Let’s take a look at what we got....” Dr. Brown reached up and unbuttoned the back of Lewis’ blouse. Lewis was mortified, but made no moves to stop him. Besides Marianne was watching. As the last button was undone, the doctor eased the blouse from Lewis’ shoulders and let it pool around his waist.

Lewis shivered as he now sat before the doctor in his heavily padded bra.

“Shoulders back now, and sit up tall,” he commanded softly. Lewis straightened up, and blushed as the doctor’s fingers began probing the band of his bra, checking the fit and then gently feeling the depth of the padding.

The doctor said, “That is a good size for you.” He turned on two lamps, flooding the area with warm light and leaving Lewis nowhere to hide.

“Lulubelle, from here on, it is very important that you follow my instructions. I need to check your breasts for any abnormalities first, and test their sensitivity to various stimuli. Your mother says you have a boyfriend?”

Lewis nodded, unsure that was true in the typical sense but felt himself relaxing under his caring manner. The doctor’s hands gently squeezed the cups of his bra, trying to feel where the padding stopped and the flesh started.

“OOOH!” Lewis gasped as felt the doctor’s cold fingers unsnapped the back of his bra and slid down the shoulder straps over his arms.

“Just relax, Lulubelle... I need to see if this pretty bra is helping or hurting your development.”

He turned to Marianne and said, “You have great taste in lingerie. No wonder he loves wearing your clothes. The younger boys usually start with wearing their mother or sister’s dresses and if they are lucky, end up here feeling female.”

Lewis’ protective bra was gently removed and handed to Marianne. Lewis wanted to cry as his tiny tits were exposed to the cool air of the room and the warm lights.

“I want you to put your clasp your hands behind your head... that’s it.” Lewis closed his eyes and followed the directions of this soft-voiced doctor.

“You really do have the start of very lovely breasts, certainly nothing to be ashamed of. They have a very good shape, and the areolas are in perfect proportion to the breast. Are they very sensitive?”

Lewis nodded and didn’t stop the doctor when he cupped each breast. Lewis’ nipples hardened when the doctor rubbed them with his thumb. Lingering at the breasts, the doctor told

Marianne, “They’re small but perfectly formed with promising perky nipples. See how they are super sensitive? Might be a good idea to toughen them up....”

The doctor took some measurements in a professional manner and that was reassuring, even though he was discussing an intimate part of a boy’s body that shouldn’t be there.

The doctor picked up a camera and took several pictures of Lewis sitting there, arms behind his head, booblets thrust out as far as they could be and then with an instrument that looked like calipers, began to take a series of measurements on each breast - how big the mound was, how wide was the areolas, how far the nipple stood out. Everytime Lewis’ nipple was touched, he cringed.

The doctor said softly, “They are supposed to be sensitive but you will want to toughen them up before presenting them to a boyfriend.”

“I haven’t...I don’t....” Lewis stopped.

Marianne interrupted, “Honey, it is normal for them to be sensitive. They are more than couple of bumps between your neck and tummy. Doctor, can you show Lulubelle some exercises for sensitive nipples?”

“At this stage, many boys find they have a real problem with their nipples suddenly hardening and feeling very tender. You might need to warm

them or gently massage your nipples to soften them again. I'll show you how to use a nice lotion."

Lewis nodded.

"Time for the standard exam, Lulubelle," he said smoothly as he guided Lewis, "Arms over your head, dear..." The fingers went back to their familiar circular probing and pulling.

Lewis began to relax just a little. The pulling motion reminded Lewis of a cow being milked!

He reached out and put lotion on Lewis' palm as he stopped his milking motion, and began to pull again on Lewis' nipple.

"Lulubelle, you should try this yourself... You do the other side, just like I am doing."

Lewis wanted to die right there! It wasn't bad enough to have breasts but to have them handled this way. Now he was learning to encourage them to grow! He moaned softly as they both pulled outward on his nipples, stretching them out from his chest.

Suddenly, there was a strange pressure on the nipple being handled by the doctor...who was almost pinching hard at his nipple. It didn't hurt, but a warm flush of excitement flowed through his body.

“See how the pain goes away?” Marianne said excitedly watching a glow of confusion on Lewis’ face. “And it will only get better as they grow....”

Lewis was afraid to tell them that he actually felt something... something good.

“Are you okay with this, Lulubelle?” the doctor asked. “Besides the pills, I’d like to get you on twice monthly injections. Lulubelle, you dress and go to my waiting room... I want to talk to your mother about our next steps for you.”

When mother and son left the doctor’s office, both had had an injection. Lewis rubbed his hip and sighed, “Those vitamins made these changes in me, right?”

Marianne was honest. “Yes but they were a low dosage and just meant to start introducing estrogen. You saw the subtle changes, things like your skin getting softer?”

“MOTHER! I shouldn’t even have breasts!”

So what if your areolas got a little bigger and there is a nice swelling. Don’t get all emotional.”

“Mother, I am so scared. You want me to grow up like you, to be a girl and then what? A woman? What if I don’t like my breasts getting bigger?”

“Don’t be silly, “Marianne shook her head, “Who doesn’t want bigger breasts?”

ON WITH THE DAYS....

And now there was this new course of medication he was taking, designed to simulate a woman's cycle and which left him feeling tearful and delicate. Lewis knew he was on a journey from which there was no turning back.

"I think it's lovely that you're feeling all these things," his mother said when he confided in her. "It tells me that you're really starting to appreciate your new life. You're on the way to becoming a lovely young lady at last!"

The changes in Lewis were comprehensive. His body was becoming fuller around the hips and chest, more rounded and softer so that he found he was able to fit more comfortably into the lacy underwear and stylish dresses he was made to wear.

Emotionally he was affected too. Having a feminized body made it somehow exciting to try on new outfits and experiment with his make-up. It felt quite natural now, no longer just the feeling of being a boy forced to look and behave like a girl. He was starting to truly feel like a woman.

"It's everything I've been hoping for," his mother said. "And you have to admit that you are enjoying it, aren't you?"

"I don't know...."

“Oh but of course you are! You love being dressed all pretty and receiving all the attention, don’t you? And then there’s Patrick. Isn’t that his jersey you’re wearing?”

“Yes it is. He gave it to me. I like to wear it. It makes me feel close to him. Patrick always makes me feel....”

“What, darling. You can tell me.”

Lewis blushed scarlet. “I don’t know, he makes me feel safe!”

“Oh, that’s just perfect! My little Lulubelle is all slushy about her boyfriend! The next thing you know you’ll be practicing signing your name with his surname!”

Lewis gasped as if touched by a hot iron. It was one of his deepest and darkest secrets that he kept a diary in which he had done just that. ‘Lulubelle O’Connell’.

He’d written that name over a hundred times in various different styles. It was so silly. Why was he dreaming about the day when he would...Wow this was dangerous territory!

It was only on very rare occasions that he would even dare to open that particular box and explore his innermost feelings. It was as if he was scared of what he might discover. Still: Lulubelle O’Connell. It had a nice ring about it, melodic, almost.

He broke from his reverie when he realised that his mother had asked him a question.

“Sorry mother! What did you say?”

“I asked you what your plans were for the rest of the day. You’ve got your head in the clouds, young lady!”

“Oh, um, Patrick wants me to watch him play football this afternoon. There’s a game against his rival college and he’s the star player apparently.”

“Now that sounds promising!” Marianne declared. “You can stand on the sidelines and cheer on your boyfriend. Who else will be there?”

“The other guys, of course. And I suppose some of their girlfriends will also be there.”

“And do you know any of them? The girls, I mean.”

“No, I’ve never met any of them.”

“OK. But what type of outfits will they be wearing?”

“How should I know?”

Marianne tutted in mock disappointment. “Oh Lulubelle!” she cried. “That’s exactly the sort of thing you should be thinking about! You want to fit in and be one of the girls, don’t you? It’s very important that you strive to be accepted as one of the group. Patrick will want you to and it’s

essential for your own personal growth that you find yourself some girlfriends to hang around with. Just think of all the fun you'll have: shopping together, girlie lunches and gossip, swapping clothes and beauty tips. Oh, and talking about boys!"

"Do I really have to do all that, mother?" Lewis asked nervously.

"But of course dear!" Marianne replied. "I want you to be the perfect girlfriend for Patrick and the perfect daughter for me! Now why don't I run you a nice bubble bath and then we can get you all pretty for when Patrick calls!"

Feeling very apprehensive yet strangely excited, Lewis made his way up the stairs.

By the time Patrick was due to pick him up, Lewis was rapidly losing any confidence he had managed to summon.

Marianne rushed to reassure him. "Why so nervous, sweetheart? It's not like it's your first date with Patrick?"

"I know but this is the first time I've met his friends! What if.."

"What's the matter?"

"What if the other girls are, you know...."

"Know what, Lulubelle darling?"

Lewis spoke the next line almost in a hush. "What if they're prettier than me?"

Marianne whooped with delight. "Oh, look at my little princess having proper girl worries!" They had taken an age to select just the right outfit for Lewis. He was wearing bootcut jeans, a powder blue sweater and, in a touch Marianne considered masterful, a lettered college jacket.

"That way you're showing support for your boyfriend!"

Lewis's hair was pulled up high in a ponytail and tied with a matching blue silk scarf; his make-up was subtle yet elegant and the look was completed with large gold hoop earrings.

"There!" Marianne declared. "You look just perfect! How do you feel?"

"I'm still worried about fitting in," Lewis replied. "What if the other girls don't accept me? What if they suspect that I'm, you know.."

"Well that will certainly happen if you maintain that attitude," his mother scolded. "Lulubelle dear, it's not enough that you simply act like a girl, you must think like a girl, and that way you'll finally start to feel like a girl. This is very important. Keep telling yourself that you're Lulubelle now. Focus on being feminine, focus on your feelings for Patrick."

Lewis considered that for a moment. It would mean really trying to let go of his former self, of all the latent feelings that kept him anchored to his male persona. Could he truly become like a female? Did he even want to? His emotions were more scrambled than ever. There was just so much information to absorb and assimilate. At first he had felt so self-conscious and embarrassed, withering under his mother's constant scrutiny and direction. But months of this concentrated regime of feminization had inevitably had an effect.

Yes, sometimes he couldn't find the motivation to keep going and truly believe in what had happened. Lewis looked in the mirror on a daily basis and began to see major changes.

His mother encouraged, "You need to congratulate yourself on taking your body to the next level. You have taken your vitamins even when they made you feel weak and powerless. Now look! Change takes time, dedication, and...."

"I feel like a cow sometimes," he interrupted.

"But you have to be excited by what you've accomplished so far?"

Lewis looked like a girl, he behaved like a girl; and now, with the addition of the medication his mother made him take, he was beginning to only feel feminine. What else could explain his feelings for Patrick?

Who would ever have thought that he would happily spend an entire afternoon experimenting with his make-up purely in order to look his best for a young man? That he would lose hours thinking about Patrick, doodling his name surrounded by love hearts and dreaming of being embraced in those strong, muscular arms.

How was it possible that another person - a young man, for heaven's sake, could have such an effect on him, to make him feel special, vulnerable and safe all at the same time? And why did he crave that sensation? These were troubling times, indeed.

Marianne was aware of her son's inner turmoil but was more determined than ever to ensure his future happiness. There were obstacles to be negotiated and barriers to overcome, but she was confident that her dream of having a daughter in both body and mind would happen.

The one thing both mother and son were sure of was that there was no turning back.

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But months of concentrated feminization had inevitably had an effect. There were impossible thoughts of Patrick and their future together!

DING DONG....

When the doorbell announced Patrick's arrival, Marianne fussed around giving Lewis some final pieces of advice. "Remember Lulubelle darling," she said, "be attentive to Patrick but not too clingy, be sure to compliment him and give him ample opportunity to compliment you. Be demure and ladylike and be friendly with the other girls. But leave them in no doubt that Patrick is your man and off limits to them! And don't get fixated by the game itself, that's not what's really important. You're there to support Patrick. Keep that in mind at all times!"

"That's a lot to remember, mother!" Lewis said nervously.

"Nonsense!" Marianne replied. "You'll be just fine as long as you remember to be yourself and act naturally. You're Lulubelle, the girl who loves dancing and clothes shopping and who is just crazy about her boyfriend! Now, do you have everything? Keys, make-up bag, hairbrush, perfume, mobile phone?"

"Yes, mother!" Lewis replied with a chuckle. "In my handbag."

"Wait a minute!" Marianne exclaimed in mock horror. "Is that my Hermes bag?"

"Um, yes. I thought it went really well with this outfit!"

“Huh! It looks like I’ll have to guard my things more carefully in the future!” Marianne joked. “But you’re right, it goes perfectly! Oh, isn’t this fun? I think I might be more excited than you, Lulubelle!”

“Mother! Don’t make me more nervous than I already am!”

“Oh, you’ll be just fine. Now, quick makeup check and - ooh! Here’s a trick you can use! Spray a little perfume on your ponytail so that when you give your hair a little flick your scent will waft in that direction.”

“OK.” Lewis rushed to comply.

When he opened the front door to Patrick, Lewis for the hundredth time marveled at how this guy made him feel. Patrick was so tall and masculine; he moved with such easy confidence - a man totally in control of his world. He strode into the room and kissed Lewis chastely but very affectionately on the cheek, draping his arm protectively around Lewis’s shoulders.

“Hey, there’s my best girl!” Patrick exclaimed. “You look beautiful, Lulubelle! Ready to watch me pulverize the opposition?”

“As long as you don’t get hurt yourself!” Lewis replied anxiously. The response was automatic and surprised him in its honesty. Lewis really was concerned. He was actually thinking like a real girlfriend! Or maybe a protective mother?

“Oh, my!” Patrick declared suddenly, “I’m forgetting my manners! Nice to meet you again Mrs. Trevayne,” he said to Marianne. “You look great too. I guess good looks run in the family!”

Marianne giggled coquettishly. “Oh stop it, Patrick!” she cried. “And please, call me Marianne! You’re virtually family, after all. Can I get you something to drink while you’re here?”

“That’s very kind Mrs, er, Marianne, but we’d best be off. The game starts pretty soon and I need to get myself ready.”

“Well you just remember to take care of yourself, like Lulubelle said. And be sure to take care of my daughter as well!”

“Don’t you worry about that, Marianne,” Patrick replied, giving Lewis a squeeze. “Patrick O’Connell always takes care of his girls!”

Lewis practically melted at this. Butterflies churned in his stomach and his prettily made-up face blushed scarlet. Recalling his mother’s earlier advice, Lewis flirtatiously tossed his ponytailed hair towards Patrick.

“Say!” Patrick declared. “You smell fantastic! What is that scent?”

“It’s the perfume you bought for me,” Lewis replied shyly. “I really love it!”

Mother and son shared a surreptitious look of triumph.

Lewis could scarcely believe how well things began. Patrick did everything to make him feel totally at ease. He was the perfect gentleman. He escorted Lewis to the car, opened the door for him and made sure he was comfortable.

“I know you’re probably feeling a little bit nervous about meeting my friends, Lulubelle,” Patrick said. “But don’t worry. I think you’re the best thing ever to happen to me and there’s no way I’m gonna let anything jeopardize that. Just show everyone you’re happy to be my girl. I’m happy to be with you and I hope you feel the same.”

This was unknown territory for Lewis. He felt even more self-conscious than ever. But it was a good feeling: terrifying, but good.

“I think you’re wonderful, Patrick!” he replied shyly. “I just hope I can live up to your expectations!”

“Hey, listen babe!” Patrick said. “You’ve got nothing to worry about! My friends are gonna be just nuts about you! Just like me,” he added meaningfully.

‘Babe!’ Lewis thought. My boyfriend calls me ‘Babe’! Without thinking, he pulled down the overhead mirror and checked his make-up. He reached over and placed his pink tipped fingers

gently upon Patrick's knee. "I think you're very special," he said.

"You are one of a kind too," Patrick said.

It was a difficult time for Marianne waiting around while Lewis was on his date. Normally, at any given time of day, she would be with him, a constant presence to guide him and ensure that his behavior corresponded exactly to her expectations.

She had put a great deal of work into her son's transformation and so far the results had been everything she had dreamed of. Lewis was blossoming into a beautiful young woman and seemed more and more comfortable in that role with every passing day. Marianne finally thought she was getting the daughter she had always so desperately longed for and prayed that nothing would jeopardize that aim.

Her best friend Carole came round to offer emotional support. "Just think, Marianne," she said. "It was only a few months ago that we decided to really take Lewis in hand and the results have been wonderful! You've performed a miracle!"

"Oh I know!" Marianne sighed happily. "Everything's working out so well. Lewis and I are so much closer these days. He confides in me, we share similar interests - his dancing is really

coming along, he makes such a delightful ballerina, truly a natural!” She giggled, “He’s even taken to raiding my wardrobe on occasion!”

“And so, what’s the next step?” Carole asked. “You can’t just stop here?”

“My dream is what all women want for their daughter.”

“Really? You’d you like to see Lewis walk down the aisle one day? A beautiful bride to be, elegant and virginal in a sumptuous white wedding dress? White...I take it Lewis hasn’t, er, you know?”

“I should very well think not!” Marianne cried. “I’ve done everything in my power to make sure of that! My darling Lulubelle has kept himself pure! When he goes to his marriage bed it will be with a suitable husband, a man of my choosing!”

“Patrick, for instance?” Carole enquired coyly.

“I think Patrick would be just perfect!” Marianne said. “How should we proceed?”

“Don’t you worry!” Carole said. “I have the measure of that young man! He’ll do exactly as I decide, whether knowingly or not! So,” she added happily, “I think its time you and I started planning a wedding, don’t you?”

“Oh what fun!” Marianne agreed.

When Lewis returned from his date later that evening, his mother was waiting anxiously for him. "Well, did you have fun dear?" she asked.

"I did!" Lewis gushed. "There's so much I have to tell you!"

Marianne beamed with delight. How wonderful to have a daughter to share all these intimate moments with!

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Why don't you go upstairs and change into your nightie and then you can tell me all about it while I do your nails? Won't that be nice, darling?"

As Lewis was changing out of his daywear, he caught himself dreamily humming a tune as he recalled the day he'd just enjoyed. He couldn't stop smiling to himself! He felt so dizzy and strange!

Patrick had introduced him to his friends as his new and 'very special' girlfriend, a phrase that still caused Lewis's heart to flutter. He'd been terrified that everyone would see through his guise but he was accepted as Lulubelle without question. When the rest of the guys went off to change for the match, he was left with the other girls - Cindy, Maggie and Paula - who immediately brought him into their circle.

"We've heard so much about you, Lulubelle!"

“Patrick’s been going on about his new girlfriend for ages! We’ve all been dying to meet you!”

“Wow, you’re even prettier than Patrick told us! I just love what you’ve done with your hair!”

“It all felt so natural,” Lewis told his mother when he returned downstairs. “While the boys were running around the football field we talked and swapped makeup tips and even planned a ‘girl’s night out’ get together! Do you think that would be OK, mother?”

“More than OK, sweetie!” Marianne replied happily. “That’s just the sort of thing I really want you to experience! The boys will do their thing and you and the other girls can get together and have some fun on your own. Was anything planned?”

“Well, Cindy thinks it would be fun for us both to try out for the cheerleading squad, but I don’t know.”

“Why ever not?” Marianne asked. “I think it’s a wonderful idea and with your ballet training you’ll be one step ahead of the other girls.”

“Patrick thinks it would be a good idea but I think he just wants to see me in one of those cute, short skirted uniforms!”

“Well of course he does! Boys will be boys!”

Lewis blushed as he ventured his next question. "Mother, I'm worried," he said shyly. "So far I've been able to fit in. But the fact is, and you have to accept this mother, I'm physically and biologically male! I look at Cindy, for example and all I can see is how womanly she is! Her, you know, big breasts! How can I possibly compete?"

Marianne had been expecting this for some time. At least he was no longer wanting to compare himself to the boys.

"Lulubelle darling," she said. "We've come such a long way together over the past months, and achieved so much! Now is not the time to lose heart! You should always remember that when I set out to do something I don't rest until I've reached my goal successfully. It has always been my intention to make a woman of you and that is exactly what I am going to do!"

"I'm sorry wasn't born a girl for you?"

"I can still remember how heartbroken I was when you were born; how I so dearly longed for a daughter. It used to tear me apart to watch as your father tried to mold you in his image when I just knew that with the right encouragement I could help you blossom into a beautiful young lady! And I was right, wasn't I?"

"I..I suppose so!" Lewis stammered. "But still..."

“But still, nothing! We’re going to see this through to the very end! You just have to trust me that I have everything under control. Your medication is helping isn’t it? You’re developing quite the curvaceous little figure and there is always the option of surgery to enhance your breasts.”

“What!” Lewis was shocked.

“Why so surprised, darling?” Marianne asked coyly. “It’s the obvious next step to consider. After all, you’re going to have to have surgery eventually!”

Lewis reeled as his mother’s words began to sink in. Did she really mean what he thought she meant?

Marianne could see how troubled by this news her Lulubelle was, and she knew also that this was no time to appear weak and unsure.

“Lulubelle darling,” she said. “I’m very serious when I tell you that I’m going to make you into a woman in mind and body! We both need to be very clear about that!”

Wow! Lewis thought. This really is happening to me. Of course, these last few months had been an extremely intense experience for him, there had been no let up in his feminization regime as his mother immersed him in a world of girlish pursuits. But even under those profound and emotional conditions, there had always been a

small part of him (that small part, in fact) that served as a reminder of his inherent maleness. And now it was finally dawning on him that his mother was determined to erase that part of him as well.

“Think about it, darling,” his mother said. “You have a boyfriend now. And men have needs, physical needs. I know that you and Patrick have kissed, but what about when he wants to take things a little further?”

“Further? Oh! I hadn’t really...”

“Well you need to start thinking about these things. I thought you were beginning to enjoy the idea of your body being attractive to Patrick?”

“Yeah but....”

It might be a little soon but true feminine beauty when you make no excuses, knows what you want, and who can express your femininity without holding anything back. Can you imagine giving yourself completely to Patrick?”

Lewis moaned, running his hands over his breasts, “I never imagined any of this.”

Marianne said, “Regardless of if Patrick is the right one or not, don’t underestimate the importance of how male attention makes you feel emotionally.”

“I feel so weird even thinking about this....”



“It is how you feel in a pretty dress around Patrick and his friends. You feel like the girls....”

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“The right dress, lingerie and some healthy male attention should boost your self-confidence and make you feel sexy.”

“Sexy as a girl?” Lewis moaned. “I have no clue how that is suppose to feel?”

“It is how you feel in a pretty dress around Patrick and his friends. You feel like the girls....”

“I know that deep, deep down you have a heartfelt longing to be fulfilled as a woman, don’t you? Admit it, Lulubelle! Ignore your doubts and listen to your heart!”

Lewis sat in contemplative silence while his mother finished painting his nails. It was actually a quite a new and interesting experience simply to have time to think! Quite deliberately, he knew, his mother had so far made it virtually impossible for him to examine in any great detail the ramifications of what she was doing to him. Her reasoning being that it was essential to keep her son wholly focused on his new life with no influences or distractions that might scupper her plans. Lewis was overwhelmed by the knowledge that this was inevitable.

Lewis had tears in his eyes, and he blurted suddenly, “Oh, no. How can this be happening to me? Am I really am going to become a woman!”

“Yes you are!” Marianne agreed, happily. It hadn’t been easy to get Lewis this far. Marianne swore Lewis would run away from home when Patrick first kissed him. Now he was accepting his fate like any female....

Marianne gushed, “Isn’t it wonderful! Oh! I’ve just had the most marvelous idea! We should have a party. A proper girls’ night in to celebrate! I’ll invite some of my friends and, let’s see: the girls from the beauty salon of course, all the people who’ve been witness to your lovely transformation. It’ll be a really fun way to celebrate your entrance into womanhood. Almost like a debutante’s coming out party!”

Lewis naturally worried about what such a gathering would entail. He was no stranger to being paraded in front of his mother’s friends, be it serving them tea in his pretty pink pinafore, co-hosting an evening cocktail party where everyone, himself especially, was dolled up to the nines with elegant up-swept hair and beautiful evening dresses; and of course he had on numerous occasions been prevailed upon to demonstrate his prowess as a ballerina, giving intimate performances of whichever new dance his mother had taught him, skipping around the room in his floaty pink ballet dress and ballet slippers, his hair pulled up in a ballerina bun and decorated with a sparkling tiara. He knew those were his mother’s favorite times, when she could

finally live out those dreams she had had for him when he was growing up under his father's influence.

That night as he was lying in his canopied bed, feeling his hip where he'd gotten his last estrogen injection. Lewis reflected on his life up until that moment. It was strange how calm he felt, how contented he was with his new life, particularly now that he was dating a young man who made him feel so special.

Who would have thought that the reluctance he had once felt at being forcibly molded into a female would fade so significantly. Looking around his ostentatiously girlish bedroom, he could actually recall when it was changed and the horror he had felt....

REMEMBERING THE PAST....

Lewis was home from school.

"Is that you Lulubelle, darling?" he heard his mother call from upstairs. "I'm up here in your bedroom and I've got a lovely surprise for you!"

Lewis sighed. When his mother used her preferred nickname for him and sounded so excited and happy, he knew that things were about to get intense. In the few months since his father passed away there had been a decided change in his mother's attitude towards him. She

had never made a secret of the fact that she had always wished that he had been born a girl and he had grown somewhat accustomed to her fleeting remarks about how pretty he was and the way she often treated him more like a daughter than a son. But lately things had taken a strange and disturbing turn for the worse. It was the subtle changes that concerned Lewis the most.

His mother had ‘persuaded’ him to give up playing football, in fact, he was actively discouraged from participating in any sport whatsoever (not that he would have wanted to these days, now that he was made to keep himself so femininely groomed and manicured with constant trips to the beauty salon). His mother also insisted that he wear a corset under his school clothes to ensure that he didn’t get ‘any funny ideas’ and when he returned home he was made to change immediately into the clothes she had bought for him: flouncy blouses and feminine slacks, ladies shoes in a variety of heel heights.

Protesting against this regime was utterly futile, so strong was his mother’s will and Lewis was compelled to acquiesce to her every wish. He was instructed how to sit and walk and hold himself with demure grace, so much so that he found it almost impossible to revert to what he thought of as his normal posture whenever he was outside of the house. His classmates at school were now thoroughly convinced that he was a

sissy despite all his hard work to convince them otherwise after the dreaded Halloween party when he was made to attend dressed as a fairy princess. He was teased relentlessly.

He trudged up the stairs and called back to his mother. "I'll be right there," he said. "I just need to go to the bathroom first."

And here was another thing. He sat down to pee. His mother had told him that it was not only much more hygienic, but that it was the proper way for a young lady to behave.

"But I'm not a young lady, I'm a young man!"

"Don't be ridiculous Lulubelle! And don't you ever take that tone with me!"

He was powerless in the face of such force.

When he eventually stepped into his bedroom, Lewis's heart did a triple somersault. He could not believe his eyes. While his bedroom could never have been described as overtly boyish (his mother's influence exerted itself over her son even when her husband was alive), what he was presented with now was a vision of girlish splendor. Every inch of his room had been utterly transformed. The walls were papered in a pink floral pattern, new cream colored, mirrored wardrobes had been fitted and his desk replaced with a valance clad dressing table complete with a trefoil beauty mirror.

There were lace nets and flouncy pink curtains on the window and his bed covered in a floral pink duvet and pillows and topped with a lace canopy. Pink frilly lampshades and on the shelves where Lewis had once kept his books and his models there was row upon row of prettily dressed dolls. In the middle of the room, a smile of total delight on her flawless face stood his mother.

“Well darling, what do you think? Isn’t it beautiful? A room fit for a princess!”

Lewis could barely speak. When he managed to get a few words out, they made very little sense. “I..er..why...what have you done mother?”

“I know it has been tough on us both since your father passed away, but more so for you. I thought it would be helpful for you to have a change, something to ease the transition.”

The word ‘transition’ rang in Lewis’s ears. There was an underlying current there in his mother’s voice, a subtext he was more than capable of decoding. Transition into a life without his father, or something much more sinister?

He took in his surroundings once more. The sheer girlishness of the room seemed to close around him like an embrace, suffocating him. Was there no escaping his mother’s designs for him?

Seeing her son's reticence, Marianne resolved to press home her advantage. This was merely one part of her scheme to aid the transformation of her son into the girl she so desperately wished him to become and she was determined not to lose any momentum.

"Here," she said, taking Lewis gently by the hand, "let me show you around. There's so much for you to see and enjoy." Her face turned very serious for a moment. "And you will enjoy your new room, won't you my sweet?"

Lewis gulped. It was never a wise move to disagree with his mother; she had a way of reducing him to a quivering jelly simply by glaring at him. He wanted to scream that this was an outrage, a horrible and unwanted attack on his masculinity, but such an outburst would only result in him being scolded and reduced to tears. Besides, these days certainly, he couldn't really call himself very masculine. His clothes, the way he was being taught to look and behave, all pointed to his being a sissy, if not a girl.

Marianne continued. "And look!" she said. "While you were at school I also went shopping for some new outfits for you."

Lewis was prompted to open the doors on his wardrobe and saw rack upon rack of the most feminine clothes. "Mother!" he cried, "There are dresses in here, and skirts!"

“And you will look just adorable in them, won’t you!” she declared. “Oh, I know it might be a bit much at the moment so I don’t expect you to wear them outside, at least not yet, but you can put them on when you’re at home and feel lovely. Isn’t it exciting!”

Lewis was stunned into silence. This was really happening! It was enough to endure things as they were, but this was taking it to another level entirely.

“Are you serious, mother?” he whispered incredulously.

“Of course darling,” Marianne replied. “All those deeply repressed feelings you’ve been harboring all these years, your desire to express your innate femininity, they’ve been bottled up for far too long. It’s time for you to let them all out. And I’ll be here to help you every step of the way!”

“But I’ve never really felt that way mother!” Lewis protested. “I’ve never felt like a girl! I just went along with you....”

“Oh, of course you have Lulubelle! A mother knows these things. But perhaps this is a conversation we should have at a later date. Let me show you the rest.”

Marianne took her son over to the dressing table and sat him down. There was an array of

cosmetics and perfume bottles carefully arranged in front of him.

“In the next few days and weeks I’ll show you how to conduct a proper beauty regime,” she told him. “How to cleanse, tone and moisturize, and of course how to apply your make-up to achieve a number of different looks. We’re going to have so much fun together!”

Lewis could only imagine what the next few days would entail. He felt like a stray flower petal caught in a breeze, totally at the whim of a power beyond his control...an apt description if ever there was one. He was just a delicate bloom with no will of his own.

He pointed to the dolls so carefully arranged on the shelves. “Where did you get those?” he asked.

“But they’re yours, darling!” Marianne told him. “Perhaps you can’t quite remember but when you were little I used to take you around to your Aunt Carole’s where you used to love playing with them. You’d dress them in their frilly little dresses and have tea parties and take them for walks in the pretty little pram you loved so much. It was always a struggle to get you to put them away when it was time to go home.”

Lewis had only an elusive memory of this. He did seem to recall being in a prettily decorated room - much like the bedroom he had now, in fact,

of being encouraged to engage in such role play, the figures of his mother and Aunt Carole looming large above him. He could remember feelings of confusion and even guilt, and being given a treat of a lollipop for not saying anything to his father about his “doll playing” activities at his aunt’s.

“Which reminds me,” Marianne said suddenly. “Aunt Carole is coming around for supper this evening. She wants to see your beautiful new room and she may even have a present for you. Isn’t that nice?”

“What present?” Lewis asked even though he was currently dreading the answer.

“I can’t tell you that!” his mother gasped. “Then it won’t be a surprise. But we had better start getting you ready for when she arrives. You’ll want to be looking at your beautiful best! Oh, I’ve just had the most wonderful idea! You remember that cute fairy dress you wore to the Halloween party that time? Why don’t you wear that?”

“Oh mother, I can’t! Not that!”

“Why ever not? You’ve hardly grown since the last time you wore it and it would be a crying shame never to put it on again. I paid a fortune for that dress,” she added tartly, “and I think it would be most inconsiderate of you to let it just hang in your wardrobe attracting moths!”

How could he argue against such concrete logic, Lewis asked himself. At every turn his mother had him beat.

The next hour or so followed a pattern that Lewis would find repeated often in the next few weeks and months, something he hadn't had to go through in such intensity since the day of the Halloween party.

First, his mother had him strip. "And don't make that face, Lulubelle," she chided, "there's nothing I haven't seen a thousand times before. Hmm, good, I see you've been using the depilatory cream I bought for you and you're still as petite and dainty as always - even if you did follow the wrong pattern when you were born! Go and take a shower and be sure to use that nice perfumed body wash."

The first shock that awaited Lewis when he returned, was the sight of his mother holding up a skimpy lacy bra and panties.

"I know it's exciting!" she exclaimed, deliberately misreading the expression on her son's face, "Your first bra! It's a training bra. It might feel a little bit strange at first but trust me, you'll soon get used to it. Look, it even has tiny little pink flowers embroidered into it! Isn't that just too much!"

Far, far too much, Lewis said to himself. But of course he merely nodded his assent. He stepped

into the panties (and was surprised to notice how they all but completely hid his tiny bulge) and held out his arms so that his mother could hook him into the bra.

Once that was completed Marianne steered Lewis in front of the wardrobe mirror so that they could both admire the effect. One with barely concealed shock, the other with unadorned delight.

“Oh my sweet little Lulubelle! You look so cute!” Marianne gushed. “How does it make you feel? Be honest, now.”

“Honestly? I feel silly,” Lewis replied shyly. “Silly and embarrassed and stupid.”

Marianne gently cradled her son’s chin. “Now there darling, I wear a bra...am I stupid?” she crooned. “You just have to let go of all those mistaken notions of male things being better than my kind of things. You just need to enjoy these pretty things. It might be confusing at first, but I have absolutely no intention of letting you slip back into your old ways. I mean, the very idea of you always masquerading as a boy is too foolish to even contemplate!”

How can it be a masquerade to be what I actually am, thought Lewis. But once again he held his tongue. The web had been spun and he was aware enough to understand that he was totally at his mother’s mercy.

Next he pulled on a pair of shimmering lacy patterned tights and stepped into a silky lace-trimmed petticoat that swished around his knees, causing an unexpected shiver to dance up his spine. His mother had him twirl around several times in order to maximize the effect. She had caught the uncertain look on her son's face and wanted to reinforce the sensation.

"Now for your make-up!" Marianne cried gleefully. "Subtle yet oh so glamorous, I know just what to do!"

She began by cleansing and moisturizing Lewis's skin, making sure to compliment him on the clearness of his complexion. It was only very recently that Marianne had started to secretly add small doses of female hormones to Lewis's diet and she was delighted to see that the results were already beginning to show.

His skin was softening noticeably and required only the slightest coating of foundation. She set the foundation with a light dusting of powder and started on his eyes. Silvery grey eye shadow, lighter nearest his nose and getting gradually darker as she swept the brush up towards the outer tip of his newly shaped eyebrows. A subtle touch of eyeliner and of course lashings of mascara on those luscious long eyelashes of his.

"I'm actually jealous of your eyelashes," Marianne declared. "People always used to

remark on them and say they were wasted on a boy. How right they were!”

Lewis’s cheekbones were accentuated with a gentle hint of blush and finally he was given a tube of lipstick and instructed to finish off the look himself.

“This is a skill I want you to master first of all,” Marianne told him. “It’s probably the first thing a mother teaches a daughter about make-up. You played around a little when you were a toddler but sadly with your father around I was never really able to show you properly. Now we can begin in earnest.”

Under his mother’s guidance Lewis applied the lipstick. He didn’t quite know how to take it when he discovered that he found it surprisingly easy, not tricky at all. What did that say about him?

When his mother then brought out the fairy dress, the memories of the last time he was forced to parade around in it came flooding back. It was the flounciest, floatiest, most girly outfit he had ever seen: a confection of ruffles and frills with a billowing gossamer skirt that hung from the waist like a shimmering pink waterfall. As Lewis once more completed a series of twirls, Marianne cooed and simpered with delight.

The sparkly pink shoes seemed impossibly high. Lewis had grown accustomed of late to wearing shoes with an elevated heel but these

were four inches high and cigarette thin. It took him a few minutes to get used to walking in them without losing his balance.

His mother continued to offer encouragement. "You're a natural, darling," she said. "You were born to wear such beautiful shoes, like Cinderella!"

Lewis's longish hair was pinned up and then crowned with the diamante tiara. At the result Marianne was virtually in tears. "Just like I remember," she sighed. "It's been far, far too long since we dressed you like this!"

When Lewis's Aunt Carole finally arrived, she too burst out in an outpouring of emotion. "My beautiful goddaughter! How gorgeous you are!"

Throughout that evening Lewis was plunged into a world of never-ending torment. Whenever his mother or Aunt Carole addressed him they referred to him as Princess Lulubelle, or simply princess. He was made to walk up and down the room, make a twirl and execute a perfect curtsy. Time and again he was made to repeat this task with sighs of encouragement constantly ringing in his ears.

As the evening grew on, Aunt Carole and his mother opened a bottle of wine and the conversation - for Lewis, at any rate - grew ever more uneasy. The two ladies discussed film stars they liked, and who they thought sexy and urged

Lewis to join in. He was only allowed to name male film stars of course, and he had to describe in intimate detail why he found them attractive and what it would feel like to be held and kissed by them.

There were times when Lewis thought he would die of embarrassment, but as the conversation progressed and the wine had its desired effect, he began to relax a wee bit, even (though he was barely able to admit it to himself) enjoy it a little.

“Oh, but I haven’t given you your present yet!” Carole suddenly declared as she emptied her glass. “It’s not much, just a little something to show you how much I love you Lulubelle, and how glad I am to see you expressing your true nature at last.”

She handed Lewis a tiny velvet box which inside contained a delicate silver necklace and heart shaped locket. The locket was inscribed with the name Lulubelle on the outside and when opened revealed a one picture of Lewis as a toddler and dressed in a darling pink frock and with ribbons in his hair, and one of his mother during her dancing days. Lewis at that time had no idea just how prominent a role that ballet dress his mother was wearing in the picture would play in his future.

The conversation turned to what Lewis was going to do now that he was about to graduate

from high school. He said that he thought he might have a career in journalism. (It had actually been an ambition of his to one day to become a sports writer of some kind, but he knew without question that his mother would put a stop to that before it even began).

"I don't know really," he said. "Something creative, I hope."

"I'm sure something can be arranged," Marianne said. "I have some friends I can call on. Maybe something in fashion?" she offered.

"Maybe," Lewis replied sheepishly.

"Well now I have a suggestion," Carole interjected. "Why not come and work with me during the holidays? While you're coming to a decision I can teach you dressmaking. It'll be fun for us both, you'll learn a useful new skill and make a little money into the bargain. What do you say?"

Marianne did the agreeing for Lewis. "I think it's a splendid idea," she cried. "It'll keep Lulubelle from straying back into his old ways. I must admit I was a little bit worried about that."

"Good," Carole replied. "Then it's agreed."

Lewis simply nodded his acceptance. There was obviously never going to be a means for him to object.

Lying there in his bed, Lewis could all too well remember that summer. During the day, dressed prettily in a blouse and slacks and low heeled shoes and carrying a handbag, he would walk the short distance to his aunt's house, where over the ensuing weeks she taught him the intricacies of dressmaking.

In the evening when he returned home, he was told to make his way upstairs and change into a more classically feminine outfit: a dress, or beautifully tailored skirt and blouse, and high heels. He would have to apply a more definite make-up than the light palette he wore during the day, and his mother would then begin to pass on all she could teach him about becoming a woman.

And then it happened. The job offer at a fashion magazine. With his own apartment! Freedom, or so he thought. A few blissful months where he was able to revert to being just Lewis once more, and enjoy being a young man and doing men's things. But of course his mother was far too canny to allow that state of affairs to continue, and before he knew it Lewis was drawn back to the nest once again, secure in his mother's iron grip, never to experience a male lifestyle again.

And here in his bed, the silk of his nightdress caressing his soft girlish body, Lewis mused on how foolish he had been. Foolish to think that he

could ever escape the destiny his mother had planned for him, and had trouble remembering why he ever wanted to live as a man.

Lewis thought about competing with men like Patrick for women's attention. He thought about making love to a woman and had trouble imagining himself in the male role.

He felt contented these days...secure and cared for. It was still a little frightening at times but the knowledge that his total feminization was inevitable was somehow comforting in a way.

Marianne was also comforted. Under the doctor's care, her precious Lulubelle's maleness was diminishing by the day and it was only a matter of time before her dream became a reality.

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MENTAL HEALTH....

When Lewis' Uncle on his deceased father's side found out about Lewis' mother's intentions, he threatened legal action. "Marianne, I have heard that you are forcing Lewis to wear your clothes! If you don't send Lewis to get mental help, I'll remove him from your care! And you'll never see him again! You need help too!"

Off to see the shrink....

The receptionist adjusted her gold-rimmed glasses on her thin hawk-like nose and looked impatiently at Lewis as he walked into the office.

"Hi, I'm Lulubelle," Lewis said with a perky tone. My Uncle set up an appointment with Dr. Croker."

The receptionist with a grimace designed to convey annoyance, said, "I have a Lewis Trevaynne now. Oh...? Are you Lewis?" The nurse's jaw dropped momentarily as she looked down at her appointment book.

"I go by Lewis or Lulubelle," he said confidently. "I'd rather you called me 'Lulubelle'. It's much more suitable, don't you agree?"

The receptionist nodded and made the change in her appointment book. "Doctor Croker has been waiting for you." She took Lewis into the Doctor's office. The furniture of dark oak upholstered in dark leather accented with antique brass studs. A

huge desk, bare except for large clock for when "time was up."

Behind the desk was a solid wall of books meant to impress.

Dr. Croker was standing next to an overstuffed chair near the head of a typical psychiatric couch. He said, "Good morning, I'm Dr. Croker.

Lewis held out his manicured hand and girlishly shook the man's hand. His mother had taught him how to lady-like greet a man.

Dr. Croker was a short man, about fifty-five and mostly bald. He wore a dark gray three-piece suit, white shirt, maroon tie, black shoes.

"Glad to meet you!" said Lewis with a smile as the Doctor motioned for Lewis to take the couch.

"I'm not tired," Lewis said, taking a matching chair next to the doctor, sitting and crossing his nyloned legs at the knee.

The doctor said, "Your Uncle is very concerned about the way your mother is dressing you."

"I dressed myself," Lewis said, adjusting the hem of his short skirt. What's wrong with wearing sweater blouse and a short skirt in summer?"

"I think you know what I mean." the doctor suggested, disdainfully serious. He nervously tapped his pen against his yellow pad of paper.

Lewis smiled to himself. It was like a dog that barked and scared someone. Lewis had made this man uncomfortable with his femininity.

“Is it my mini-skirt? I suppose you think I should wear a suit and tie all summer? At least for the summer, I’d look like something else in a man’s suit. With this hair and all...it’s not a wig you know.”

“Do you not like boy clothes?”

“They are ok but mother says girl clothes look better on me. I’m short like you and for a boy my age, I’m not very developed.”

“I’m not short!” the doctor stated.

“I didn’t mean to embarrass you.”

“Nothing embarrasses me young lady, I mean young man!”

“It’s just that not all boys are meant to be football players. I thought you’d understand. I see you are wearing shoes with built-in lifts?”

“Do you know why your Uncle sent you to me?”

“You know you shouldn’t be concerned about being short. Lots of men are below average in stature. And my Uncle sent me because he doesn’t like the way I dress. Do you think I look weird?”

“Not weird for a girl,” the doctor said. “In fact, you look very nice. Does your mother force you to wear dresses?”

"Oh, a little at the beginning," Lewis said, fluffing out his hair. "She says, 'Why can't a boy wear what ever he wants and looks good in?'"

"Wearing skirts is not normal."

"I do have a cute pant-suit thing and some culottes? Why are you so uptight around people in women's clothes?"

"I'm not uptight! Let's move on to something else. Do you feel like a girl?"

"I am enjoying doing what girls and half the population enjoys." Lewis looked at his painted nails and smiled. "It's all fashion. If a suit, tie and shoe lifts make you feel happy, then do it. I'm not sure why my Uncle is so uptight about my clothes. No one else who sees me freaks out?"

"Well...you appear to be a girl." The doctor stated.

"What kind of girl?"

"Well...a very lovely, attractive young female."

"Do I look or act like a boy at all?"

"No."

"Do you not respect females?"

"That's not the point," Dr. Croker snapped. He paused and looked at the ceiling. "Tell me about your early years...."

"Well, let's see, I was small...a child in fact." Lewis asked, "Why did you never marry? Maybe

because you have an unconscious deep-seated feeling of inferiority, being short and small. Did you ever give that any thought?"

"Did your mother always treat you like a girl? I mean after your father died?" Dr. Croker asked, trying to keep the conversation on course.

Lewis giggled, feeling girlishly silly, "I am not getting a haircut and I'm learning that dressing as a boy is not my bag at all."

"Hmmm?!" Dr. Croker sighed, "I don't know how you can make your hair look like a boy. How long do you want your hair to be?"

"Middle of my back would be nice and I could pull it back into a ponytail. But do you think my eyebrows got like this on their own? I would hate to let them get bushy again."

The doctor made a note about the arched and plucked eyebrows, the boy's stylish dress, slim legs encased in sheer stockings and heeled pumps. His long hair hung down to his shoulders with a few curls, makeup and nails obviously professionally done. And the way Lewis walked in high heels showed he had a lot of training in doing so.

"Did your mother teach you to walk like a lady in high heels?"

At this point, Lewis nodded. He didn't care what the doctor thought. He opened his clutch purse and took out his lipstick. Opening the tube, he turned the cylinder so that a red lipstick

emerged and he applied a fresh coat on his lips. He gently closed the lipstick and returning it to his purse, then smiled at the dumbstruck doctor.

“After your father died, did you have any strong male role models in your life?”

“Is that necessary?” Lewis asked, looking around the office. “I bet you live with your mother?”

Dr. Croker sat silently for a few moments. His pen tap-tap-tapped on his note-pad.

“How do you know I'm not married and take care of my mother?”

“Oh. That's easy,” said Lewis. “There is no wifely décor in your office and that picture is of you and your mother, right?”

The doctor blushed when Lewis added, “If I was your wife, I'd make your office more female friendly. Were you ever married?”

Dr. Croker reflected for a moment and said, “I was married for a short time. She ran off with a stupid lifeguard. But we're not here to discuss me. Lewis, let's move on to something else. Sex.”

“How fun. Please call me Lulubelle,” said Lewis settling back on his chair and eyeing the clock?

“Why not,” the doctor nodded. “So Lulubelle, I assume you are a normal boy physically.”

“I have always been slender and had a fleshy bottom. It looks good in a tight skirt, doesn’t it?”

“I do have trouble seeing you as a boy?” the doctor admitted.

“Then relate to me as a young woman, maybe like a daughter. What would you want my life to be?”

The doctor thought and said, “It would be more than wearing pearls and nice dresses? You seem to have the mannerisms down, with those dainty curls, coy smiles, and batting your eyelashes? But femininity and womanhood are more than looking and dressing the role. There’s more freedom, power and privilege in being a man.”

“I’m learning that! But I like doors being opened for me.”

“Do you admire any men or respect traditionally masculine traits.”

“I used to like watching football and I have a friend who is one of the star players. I even thought about becoming a cheerleader by some of the guys on the team.”

“Do you feel funny taking on feminine behaviors in front of other men?”

“They seem to like it.”

“Could you take on traditional femininity like the role of a housewife and mother to children?”

Lewis said, "I like doing housework. You seem to have a thing about gender roles — no wonder you're all hung-up and can't find a wife!"

"I'm not hung-up!"

"Gender roles are not so black and white. Women can be working moms, just as men can be stay-at-home dads. Do you have many female patients? Gender does not determine a person's identity."

"Most normal people believe we are happiest in traditional gender roles of women as homemakers and men as providers."

"Maybe some MEN do?"

The doctor said, "As you defy stereotypes of a boy, do you really accept what it means to be a woman and the submission of being a woman in society?"

"I have never been very manly. Mother says I should embrace femininity rather than rejecting it. It takes courage to be vulnerable."

"You are a very smart young..., " Dr. Croker stopped, "I have to say young lady. I guess I am sort of rigid in my views of gender roles. You are right, I do not have many female patients."

"I'll bet you're so wrapped up with the problems of others that you have no time to think about your poor self. There's nothing worse than neglecting your needs."

“Others can sap one’s strength....”

“Male patients probably never even think to ask you how YOU feel...you poor dear. Think of me as your daughter and tell me why you are so grumpy and what seems to be the problem?”



The doctor reported back to Lewis' Uncle, "She's...er...He's too far gone. You have a delightful, charming and quite intelligent niece!"

THE PARTY....

In the following few days, Marianne grew ever more enthusiastic about the impending party, a celebration to mark Lewis' coming of age or more like a coming-out party.

Lewis still had his chores to perform, and his dancing lessons continued apace, but she also began to instruct him more intensely in how to conduct himself when he was with his friends and she wasn't there to guide him.

"It'll be good preparation for you Lulubelle," she told her son. "Sooner or later your girlfriends are bound to invite you to a girly get together and you need to know what to expect and how to behave. My friends and I will teach you everything you need to know and oh! I know we're going to have so much fun!"

On the day of the party Lewis was hauled out of bed at an ungodly hour of the morning and instructed to give the house 'a good clean from top to bottom!' When he reached for his sweats, his mother admonished him severely.

"Whatever are you thinking, Lulubelle? Get dressed properly. When you do your chores you do so wearing the correct outfit. Petticoats and pinnie, if you please!"

"But what does it matter mother!" Lewis protested. "I'm only cleaning!"

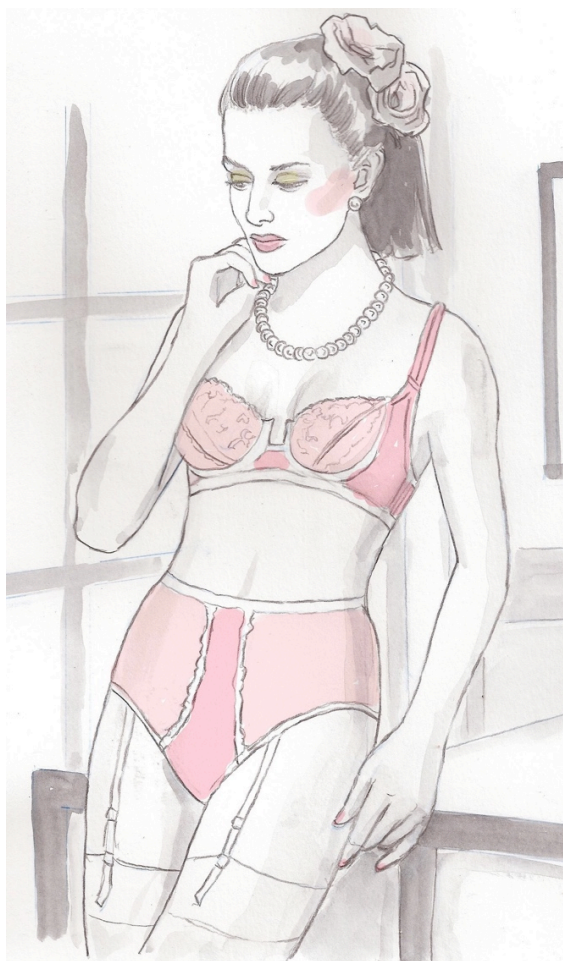
“It always matters, darling! It’s a case of ensuring that you’re always in the right frame of mind. Today’s a very special day for us both. In fact, I think we should make an extra effort today. Now come along, I’ll help you get dressed!”

Lewis sighed resignedly and once more allowed his mother to take charge. As she was helping Lewis into his clothes, Marianne kept up a running commentary on how much he had changed since their journey began. “Look how your lacy corselet sculpts your lovely figure now!” she exclaimed. “Who knows, we might soon be able to dispense with the bra padding altogether!”

She handed Lewis his stockings and delicate slip, helped him into his puffy sleeved blouse and then sat him down at his dressing table. “I’ll do your hair and make-up this morning,” she said. “I know you’ve become quite adept at doing it yourself but sometimes a mother just likes to pamper her daughter!”

Lewis sat patiently while his mother applied his make-up and ran the curling tongs through his long fair hair. “We won’t go with the Alice band today,” she declared. “Today we’ll be a little more radical. Let’s have some fun!”

Lewis watched in stunned silence as his mother then proceeded to pull his hair into two pretty bunches and tied them with bright pink ribbons arranged in bows.



As a young teen boy, Lewis was so excited by the women in the newspaper's lingerie ads....

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“You look so darling, Lulubelle!”

Lewis couldn't help but think about when as a young teen boy, he was so excited by the women in the newspaper's lingerie ads. His mother thought he was reading the newspaper in my bedroom. What he thought while gawking at the half clad women was nothing like now when saw himself in a pretty bra and panties set.”

He knew those lingerie ads touched deep into the hearts of many young men. While other boys were encouraged to be boys, to Lewis, a lacy bra was now about the importance of being femininely attractive.

When his mother helped him into his frilly pink pinafore dress and high heel shoes, the look was complete.

Lewis stood before the mirror in a state of shock. This outfit had always been one of the most girly he was required to wear but now it was as if his mother had regressed him to toddler years.

“Isn't this a bit too much, mother?” he said, though careful not to sound too offended lest he attract her displeasure.

“Oh I suppose it is. But you must indulge me Lulubelle! We have so many wasted years behind us, years when I rarely had the chance to put my precious little poppet in fancy outfits and I really regret that. Besides, it's only a bit of fun. Just

relax and enjoy it! Oh wait! You need your pretty pearls and of course a spritz of your nice flowery perfume!”

Lewis spent the next couple of hours dusting and cleaning while Marianne reclined on the sofa supervising his every move. He was actually quite pleased to notice that his mother no longer scolded him so often for failing to comport himself with suitable feminine grace, even complimenting him from time to time on how he moved.

“You see, darling! It’s all starting to come naturally! All your dancing lessons and deportment lessons are having an effect. You’re becoming quite the little lady!”

The day continued at a hectic pace. His chores completed, Lewis was ushered upstairs to change once more, ready for a visit to the beauty parlor. He selected a floral print top, three quarter length beige suede skirt and knee high, platform heeled boots. He took the ribbons out of his hair and put it up with a large butterfly clip.

“I’d choose a slighter darker shade of lipstick as well,” his mother suggested. “And maybe a pair of nice dangly earrings.”

It was one of the things Lewis struggled to understand at first, how it was deemed important to make himself look nice before he went to the beauty parlor, but Marianne’s rules were ironclad

and, as she constantly reminded him, all part of his education.

The girls at the beauty parlor greeted them both warmly. “We’re all so excited about your party tonight! Just us girls having a good old giggle with no men getting under our feet all the time!”

As they chatted, Lewis was encouraged to talk about his relationship with his new boyfriend. Sandra, the girl who always looked after his hair, was particularly keen to hear ‘all the gossip’. “Patrick’s quite the catch, Lulubelle!” she told him. “And I hear he’s very taken with you. You want to hold onto that young man!”

Lewis smiled shyly, feeling suddenly quite pleased with himself.

For the party Marianne had insisted that both mother and son treat themselves to a new dress each, new shoes, new handbags and even new perfume. “I know we said it isn’t going to be a fancy affair, but don’t you believe a word of it, my girl. These things are always a competition, particularly between friends. And to hell with the expense! This is a special night for both of us. My Lulubelle’s coming out party!”

What became immediately apparent to Lewis as they prepared to receive their guests was that

this party really was going to be all about him. While he was in his room changing into his new dress he heard his mother bustling around in the living room.

When he went down to investigate, he was shocked by what greeted him. The living room had been transformed into a gallery. Everywhere there were enlarged photographs of himself, from when he was a toddler (including one or two of him dressed as a girl), through his early teens (he was actually hard pressed to recall the slightly awkward looking young boy depicted), right up to the present day, with him being shown posing in all manner of elegant female attire.

"I thought it would be a nice idea to show everybody just how your transformation has progressed and perhaps tell them the story behind it. Only your Aunt Carole knows the full details and my friends are all eager to learn the real story. What do you think, sweetheart?"

"I thought this was to be just an informal evening, just a couple girls together?"

"Well that's exactly what it is darling. What could be more relaxed and informal than a group of girls sharing their secrets? And besides, all my friends know about you. This is more about giving them my side of the story."

Lewis was really quite surprised at how comfortable he felt when the guests arrived and

the party began. He was quite used to the feeling of being on display and having his looks, bearing and behavior constantly appraised and commented upon. It was almost routine to have to endure his mother's friends touching his clothes and hair, sometimes even having to lift his skirts so they could admire his pretty underwear and see how his 'bits' were kept hidden. This time, however, things were much more relaxed. For now, at least, he reminded himself, there was little to hide.

The ladies all arrived in high spirits. They spent a few minutes swapping pleasantries and admiring each other's outfits and pretty soon the wine started to flow and the party began in earnest.

"So Marianne," her friend Lesley said. "You must tell us how this story began! You've done such a marvellous job with young Lulubelle and we're all itching to know the story behind it!"

The others excitedly echoed their agreement.

"Well ladies," Marianne began in a dramatic voice. "My tale is a sad one to begin with, although as you can see it has a happy ending. And I hope with a further few chapters to add!"

MARIANNE TELLS THE EARLY STORY....

When the result of her pregnancy scan was confirmed, Marianne burst into tears.

Her husband mistook those tears as tears of joy. "Oh wow!" he cried. "A son! I have a son! I'm going to take him hunting and fishing and teach him how to fight and play ball."

Marianne thought... "And put her in frilly little dresses and teach her to dance and show her how to put on make-up and laugh with her and comfort her when some boy breaks her heart - Marianne saw all these dreams fading away as the reality hit home. She had longed for a daughter, prayed for one. All through her pregnancy she had felt sure she was having a girl: she had taken to believing any Old Wives tale that predicted she was having a daughter; she had kept all of her thoughts and emotions purely feminine in nature, hoping that somehow this would influence the sex of her child. All to no avail. All hopes dashed.

Marianne was forced to keep these emotions bottled up for fear of appearing unloving and unmotherly. The birth of Lewis and the first few months of his life was a deeply troubling time for her. The only person she could turn to for help was her closest friend Carole.

"I feel so helpless and alone! I never thought I could feel this depressed. I so desperately want to love my baby but I'm so bitterly disappointed that

it's a boy! The doctors told me that I can't have any more children, so what am I going to do?"

Carole was gravely concerned for her friend. Usually such a strong and vital woman, Marianne seemed on the verge of a total breakdown. She resolved to do anything she could to help her.

"You mustn't torture yourself, Marianne," she told her. "You're not a monster, you're just extremely upset and that is entirely understandable. Don't you worry, we'll think of something."

And think Carole did. She read countless books and articles relating to parenting and the problems experienced by new mothers. One thing in particular caught her attention. She decided to broach the subject with her friend.

"Marianne, if you're so hung up on having a daughter, why don't you just raise Lewis as a girl? It's much more common a practice than you might think. A lot of mothers in your position bring up their sons as little girls, even if it's only until they reach puberty."

Marianne felt a glimmer of hope, but soon dismissed the notion. "David would never agree," she replied, mentioning her husband. "In fact he'd go mad! And what would such a thing do to Lewis in the long run?"

Carole was not a woman to be beaten so easily. "Then we'll just have to do it without David noticing," she declared. "Men are such ignorant creatures, it shouldn't be too difficult to achieve. As for Lewis, well, we'll just have to persuade him that he was always meant to be a girl and that deep down he realizes this too."

Marianne was struck breathless by the boldness of the idea. Perhaps...

Over the next few weeks the two women continued to talk until eventually a plan was conceived.

Marianne paused and asked for a refill of wine. "I just need to catch my breath, ladies," she said to her audience. "Just give me a moment."

"Oh you can't stop there! What was the plan? Tell us!"

Lewis's christening was an intimate and very traditional affair. There was the usual church service, Godparents were confirmed and afterwards they all adjourned to the house for a small celebration. The only thing was, that as far as Marianne and Carole were concerned, the whole thing was merely a pretense.

Later that evening, when everyone else was gone and Lewis's father had retired to his 'den'

with his buddies, Marianne and Carole performed a ceremony of their own.

Lewis's nursery had been decorated in yellow. Her husband had pushed to have it painted blue but Marianne had, with the assistance of a few strategically shed tears, and insisted on something 'neutral'. If she couldn't have it in pink then at least it would be pretty!

Marianne cradled her tiny baby in her arms. Now that she had decided upon the course she and her child were to take, she was delighted to discover that her heart now burned with a fierce love for him.

"Are you ready?" Carole asked.

"I am," Marianne replied.

"And what name have you decided upon?"

"His name shall be Louisa, though I shall call him Lulu - no wait! I shall call him Lulubelle."

Marianne gazed lovingly at her child. "Little one," she said, "in my heart you will always be my daughter. And I promise you that your Aunt Carole and I will do everything that needs to be done to ensure that you grow up to be a beautiful young woman. From this moment on you are Louisa Julie Marie, my little Lulubelle!"

"Of course, it was never entirely smooth sailing," Marianne continued. "David proved to be

more determined than we had foreseen and did his best to turn Lulubelle into a boy, but Carole and I were equally determined - more so in fact - and David's pride and joy was led away from masculine pursuits at every opportunity."

"My, what a wonderful story, Marianne! And Lulubelle, I never knew that was your full name! Louisa Julie Marie! How pretty!"

Lewis was equally stunned. "I didn't know either!" he exclaimed. "Mother, why didn't you tell me? Why wait until now?"

"Because, darling, I wanted to wait for just the right occasion. And this, your official coming out party seemed perfect! Your Aunt Carole has a present for you."

Lewis turned to his Aunt in nervous anticipation.

"Lulubelle, my lovely God daughter," Carole began. "In the past I haven't been able to help you as much as I would have liked. I was able to provide a sanctuary for you and Marianne when you were very young, a place where we could isolate you from your father's intentions and allow you to run free in your frilly little dresses, with ribbons in your hair, and let you play with dolls and a pram and experience all of the things we wanted for you, if only for a brief time. But now I have something more substantial. Here is my gift to you on this special day!"

Carole handed Lewis a small, prettily wrapped package.

Lewis accepted it and, with the others prompting him on, began nervously to unwrap it. Inside were a number of documents.

“What is it?” he asked.

“It’s all about you, Lulubelle,” his mother replied. “Aunt Carole and I have had your birth certificate amended to show your true gender, and there’s your passport, social security - everything you will need in the future. You’re now officially Louisa Julie Marie Trevaynne, Lulubelle! “It is like you never had a M on anything. You are now legally female and proud!”

Lewis gasped, “But how?”

His Aunt Carole giggled, put her hand on her hips and said, “Never underestimate the power of a woman and her control over men who think they are in charge.”

All the others cheered and applauded and rushed to congratulate Lewis with kisses and hugs. They toasted his future with champagne.

“This calls for something really special to celebrate,” Sandra, Lewis’s hairdresser, declared. “I know! There’s a club that’s just opened in town. A lot of the girls I know have been and they rave about it. Apparently they have women only

nights, you know, with male strippers and sexy shows! What I'm thinking is, why not!"

Whoops of excitement greeted this announcement and plans were made.

"I'll see if I can book a couple of taxis." Sandra said.

"Oh no! That won't do!" Marianne protested. "I'll book us a limousine, one of those stretch limos we can all fit into! My Lulubelle is going to arrive at the male strip club in style!"

The ride to the club was riotous and crazy. All the girls were in extremely high spirits and had started to party already. Lewis, already a little woozy from the wine he'd drunk, found his head spinning as he was bombarded with questions from all sides.

"So you've never been to a strip club before? Not even a men's club when you were, well you know?"

"When I was working at the magazine and I had my own place for a while, a few of the guys at the office went and invited me along but I didn't go. I was too scared of what mother would say."

"Very wise!" Marianne cut in. "That was a bad enough time as it was, when you went off the rails and fell into bad habits. Thank the Lord I was able to rescue you before any real damage was done!"

“I’m curious, Lulubelle,” another girl asked. “When you were growing up and attending high school, did you ever have a girlfriend?”

“There was this one girl once and we were kind of friendly, but mother soon put a stop to IT.”

“Lulubelle! You make it sound so bad! All I did when I found out about this budding and obviously dangerous relationship, was simply to invite the girl in question over for tea. She broke it off immediately afterwards.”

“Mother took her up to show her my bedroom,” Lewis explained. “She saw how pink and frilly and girlie it was and she bolted. I don’t think telling her that mother dreamed of me being a ballerina helped either. The thing is, I hadn’t even started to learn to dance by that time!”

“More the pity!” Marianne intoned. “But it served my purpose well enough and Lulubelle was once more protected from a dangerous experience. Even she agrees with that now.”

“I suppose I do!” Lewis admitted.

When they eventually arrived at the nightclub, the doorman asked if there was any special occasion being celebrated.

Lewis was bundled to the front of the line. “This is Lulubelle and it’s her coming out party. So bring on the hunky men and don’t be shy

because we're not! We want a table right at the front and just keep the cocktails coming. We have credit cards and we're not scared to use them!"

Lewis was swept along in the frenzy of it all. He was surprised - and not a little shocked - to see how wild and outrageously the women behaved. Even his mother and Aunt Carole! When the main troop of (admittedly very sexy) male dancers came on, Lulubelle was hauled onto the stage - a difficult maneuver in his tight fitting skirt and stiletto heels. To the screams of the other girls, Lulubelle was coaxed into performing a very risqué dance with the dancers. He rubbed oil onto their rippling chests and even had his hand pushed onto their oversized private parts. All the while the other girls cheered and shrieked in excitement.

"I think I need another drink!" Lewis declared when he was eventually escorted back to the table.

He whispered to his mother, "Are all men like that?"

"See, that is why you are in panties."

Lewis was a bit tipsy and asked his mother, "I mean, how could THAT fit anywhere?"

"Ohhhh...they make it fit," she squealed.

MORNING AFTER....

“I’m never drinking again!” Lewis moaned as he slumped at the breakfast table the next morning.

He couldn’t bring himself to look in the mirror. Not just in fear of how wrecked his physical appearance might be, but because he was afraid of those guilty eyes staring back at him. His recollections of the previous night were hazy at best but of one thing he was sure: he had behaved like a slut!

Worse still, he had really enjoyed the experience! For the first time that he could remember, Lewis had really let go and abandoned his inhibitions. For years, it seemed, he had been restrained by uncertainty: trapped between the knowledge of his physical maleness and his mother’s contention that his true identity was female and her unrelenting efforts to force him to accept that fact.

Being treated like a girl, being made to live like a girl, and understanding that his future as a woman was inevitable and inescapable - all of this pushed him towards the only realistic conclusion: if he was fated for femininity, why not embrace it and enjoy it?

For the rest of the night Lewis had done just that: partying with the girls, feeling very much like one of the girls. The only problem was, by finally letting his hair down (literally, at one

point in the evening) he was worried that he'd gone too far!

"How am I ever going to face anyone again? And, my Gawd! What if Patrick finds out?"

Marianne was highly amused and more than a little pleased. Lewis's party had gone better than she had dared hope: he had now taken an even bigger leap into accepting his femininity. Worried about his reputation as a lady! How sweet!

"You've got nothing to worry about, Lulubelle!" she said. "It was all just harmless fun. And it was a lot of fun! As for Patrick, you can put your mind at ease. He knows all about our party and he's fine with it. In fact he's coming around later this morning to see you."

"Oh no, he can't see me like this! I must look terrible!"

"Relax, darling!" Marianne replied. "There's nothing that a little TLC can't fix. That's what cosmetics are for. Now go upstairs and run yourself a nice bath. I'll come up in a moment and help you get ready."

As his mother was busy fixing his hair, Lewis shyly asked her a question. "I've often wondered," he said. "Have you ever thought about remarrying?"

“Now there’s a question!” Marianne replied. “Whatever has brought this on? Have you been thinking about the ‘M’ word yourself?”

Lewis blushed. “Well I suppose I have been thinking about things lately, you know between me and Patrick. I mean he’s really nice and he makes me feel special and...oh gawd, listen to me I’m gushing like a silly lovestruck....”

“Girl?”

Lewis giggled. “I am aren’t I?”

“Like a girl? Of course you are. And it’s official now, you’ve got all the documentation to prove it.”

“I know. Louisa Julie Marie. Do you think I could ever be Louisa Julie Marie O’Connell?” he asked shyly.

“What does your heart say?”

“My heart is hopeful, mother,” Lewis replied.

“As I’ve told you all along, darling,” Marianne began, “all you’ve ever had to do was believe. Believe in yourself as Lulubelle, believe in yourself as a woman, and all good things will follow naturally. I swore this to you when you were a child and I keep my promises!”

As it became obvious that Patrick was going to ask for Lulubelle’s hand in marriage, Marianne picked up her efforts to make sure he was ready for being a wife.

AT THE DOCTOR....

“In your medical opinion Doctor,” his mother asked, “Since Lulubelle is getting married, can you suggest any procedures that will make for a better wife?”

“Like cooking lessons?” he joked. “Seriously, a marriage is between two people. You and I are not a part of the two.”

Marianne said, “We want Patrick to be happy....you know?”

“Attraction is more important than sex.” The doctor said, “Patrick is obviously very attracted to Lulubelle...as is. But as we know, Lewis has had some pretty crazy hormonal cycles. That is due to testosterone spikes and since he is committing to being a bride, we can fix that. Lulubelle, have you discussed having marital intimacy with Patrick?”

Lewis blushed, “He says he just wants me to be me. To trust him and be vulnerable to him, and to give myself to him. He says I’m special because most girls just want to be equals or boss.”

The doctor nodded and looked at his latest blood test. “See? You already have much higher estrogen than most women. We practically have you ovulating. I’m sure that Patrick senses that and knows you have respect for his maleness. That’s one of the ultimate feminine acts of love towards a man.”

His mother interrupted, “But shouldn’t we DO something? You know?”

“I think that is up to Lulubelle and Patrick. Anything we can do...we can do now or after the wedding or never.”

“Honey,” she said to Lewis, “Wouldn’t you love to surprise Patrick with a full C cup?”

Lewis moaned, “I think I have enough....”

The doctor said, “Look, we can do breasts, permanently eliminate testosterone, or add estrogen pellets and even gender confirmation surgery. But Marianne, that is no longer up to you. In fact, if you want Lulubelle to totally and completely commit to Patrick, you have to turn over control to him.”

“I just want what’s best for Lulubelle.”

“Lewis obviously has a desire deep down to be dominated. Patrick is trustworthy and sensitive and is marrying to feel like he has the freedom to dominate and take care of his woman. Let Patrick decide what he wants from Lulubelle.”

Lewis nodded agreement.

Marianne sighed realizing that her Lulubelle was going to be leaving her control again. Did Lewis have the necessary appreciation for the male sex? She just wanted to make it a smoother ride for the newly weds.

The doctor added, "Patrick's need to dominate is not unusual and Lulubelle is used to being submissive. A match made in heaven!" He turned to Lewis. "My only suggestion.... If we eliminate your testosterone, you will always feel like your man admires you for being feminine; the gender you love to be."

EPILOGUE:

One Year Later.

Lulubelle awoke one bright spring morning to a very special day. His heart was fluttering with excitement and he was consumed by a feeling of complete happiness. Briefly, he was transported back to another waking moment, a moment when he climbed gradually back into consciousness after his final transformation had been achieved. He recalled seeing the beaming face of his mother waiting at his bedside.

"How do you feel?" Marianne had asked softly.

"Sore, mother." Lulubelle replied. "Sore but contented!"

"No happier than I, darling. No happier than I!"

The following days and weeks were a little strange at first as Lulubelle adjusted to his new self, but it was also a time when mother and

daughter truly bonded, finding a connection deeper and more fulfilling than anything they had shared before.

As a precursor to another, forthcoming ceremony, they had performed one significant ritual together. Taking the last vestiges of the life of a boy called Lewis, they lit a ceremonial bonfire in the garden and saw the ashes scattered to the four winds.

“All that’s left now is Lulubelle,” Marianne declared.

Lulubelle rose from his bed and shook the sleep from his head. As he moved gracefully toward his dressing table he delighted in the feeling of his beautiful ivory silk nightdress caressing his lithe young body and the fullness of his breasts.

How wonderful it was no longer to have the intrusion of testosterone and to feel truly feminine as a woman! Well, maybe not truly whole, not yet at least; but tonight, after the day’s ceremony he would take that last magical step. How he longed for that moment, to be taken in Patrick’s powerful embrace and give himself entirely unto him.

I’ll be the best wife Patrick could wish for, he promised himself.

For months his mother had been training him. Her lessons still focused on how to look, act and

think like a woman; his ballet classes continued (he now also attended a local school, where it was commonly agreed that he was the star pupil, a ballerina whose grace and elegance the other girls could only aspire to) but now Marianne also schooled her daughter in the art of handling his man: how to keep house for him, support him and how to keep him satisfied.

“The feminine arts are subtle arts, my dear,” she told him, “and we Trevaynne women are acknowledged masters of the craft. You’ve learnt all my lessons diligently so far, but this is no time to relax.”

Lulubelle was surprised and gratified at the ease with which he could manipulate his boyfriend. With just a shy smile or a hand placed gently on Patrick’s arm he could subtly alter his mood or focus his attention where it belonged, and Patrick none the wiser or with any idea how much thought and practice had gone into that simple submissive movement.

As the weeks progressed and their relationship bloomed, Lulubelle and his mother continued to spin a web from which Patrick would find no escape. No woman was more feminine.

When Patrick finally proposed it was at the end of a romantic dinner in the fanciest restaurant in town. Lulubelle cried with joy.

When he told his mother, they cried together.

Planning the wedding was the most exciting time for Lulubelle and Marianne. They experimented with dozens of possible hairstyles and make-up. Shopping for the dress was a high octane, thrilling, sometimes panic stricken dream.

And now, Lulubelle thought dreamily as he sat at his dressing table, the time had finally arrived. “I’m getting married to the man of my mother’s dreams.”

When Lewis was in the thick of planning his wedding, it was easy to get so focused on the girly details that he’d forget about the goal... the ceremony and becoming a man’s wife!

Marianne was in the happiest fluster of her life. There was just so much to do! There were the flower arrangements to oversee (although Carole was actually responsible for that), the bridesmaids were due here any moment and of course both she and Lulubelle were due at the beauty parlor that was opening exclusively for them.

At the beauty parlor, Sandra (who was thrilled to be Lulubelle’s maid of honor) fussed around like an old mother hen. “I hope you realize,” she said teasingly, “that I’ve been up since the crack of dawn. I’ve had to set my own hair, do my own make-up, just to be ready for

you! But this is your day! What I really want to know is, where are you going on your honeymoon??"

Lulubelle blushed. "Tonight we are here in the bridal suite."

Sandra laughed, "I bet he'll have to use that bridle too!"

"HA! After tonight, Patrick won't tell me exactly where we're going, only that it will be romantic. Mother has taken me shopping for beautiful lingerie to excite *my husband*.... Oooh, Sandra, I'm scared stiff!"

"That's his job, not yours anymore," Sandra laughed. "I can still remember that reluctant young boy who used to come here and who would squirm under the dryer and recoil in feigned horror when we would shape his eyebrows and manicure his nails. But we all knew! You were this young women in the making!"

Lulubelle smiled, "All brides are scared, right?" He looked over at his mother in the space next to him. She was beaming and said to Sandra, "Don't worry about Lulubelle, I've taught her all she needs to know."

Lewis made a face in the mirror; a practiced, innocent come-hither look with a kissy, frosted pink lip pucker. Then he said, "Gawd mother, I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT?"

For his mother, the wedding was the culmination of her lifetime's work: she'd taken a somewhat scruffy teenaged boy and transformed him into the beautiful daughter she'd always longed for. The result was truly remarkable. Lulubelle was as feminine as could be, as girlie a girl as could be imagined and whose life Marianne would continue to guide and oversee.

Lulubelle was aglow. In a few hours he would adorn himself in the most beautiful dress that could be imagined, a ball gown style, V-neck with a satin sweep train and beaded ruffles, and walk down the aisle toward a future with the most extraordinary and wonderful man; a man who would take care of him and love him and finally fulfill him as a woman.

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Lulubelle was marrying the man of his mother's dreams! As he walked down the aisle, Lewis knew all eyes were on his buttocks. They had had continued to round out so much that at the last minute, a long-line girdle was required.

THE WEDDING....

Lulubelle was in a long, white wedding gown; sleek and princess like, with a puffy lace sleeves and skirt of tulle and lace that made him look like he was floating on air but were actually four-inch heels. The church was full as Marianne sat in the front with a cascade of curls the hairstylist had spent most of the morning sculpting.

There was a buzz in the church, as most knew this was celebrating Lewis' passage into womanhood. It was the normal elaborate, ritualized pomp of a society wedding...with a twist. But Lewis was such a stunningly beautiful bride that all the men felt a little arousal at the creamy white softness in the cups of his bridal bra.

As he walked down the aisle, Lewis knew all eyes were on his buttocks. They had had continued to round out so much that at the last minute, a long-line girdle was required.

Lewis knew he was committing to Patrick and a lifetime of tweezed eyebrows, makeup, shaving of legs, wearing jewelry and high heels. If Lewis had any hope of maleness again, saying "I DO," put away any likelihood of such potential and Lewis was no longer balanced at the cusp of womanhood.

Surprisingly, Lewis' Uncle was there to give him away and do the father-daughter waltz. If

this wedding had anything in common with other, it was that the bride was most grateful of being a “princess for a day.”

After the ceremony Lewis said the phrase, “my husband.” For the first two dozen times, it gave him such a tingle to refer to Patrick as “my husband.”

The idea of being called “Mrs. O’Connell” felt like an out-of-body experience and it was also so incredibly real and amazing to use his new name, officially and in real life...forever!

Marianne ran up and squeezed her new son-in-law’s arm affectionately. She whispered, “I’ve made a list of do’s and don’ts. Make sure Lulubelle stays on her meds and....”

Patrick rolled his eyes. “I’ll take it from here!”

LATER....

Patrick had graduated from college and was now working at one of the largest law firms in town, and Marianne had worked hard at teaching her daughter how to be the perfect little wife. Lulubelle would host intimate parties for Patrick’s colleagues, be at his side at important company events and take care of all the little details that men needn’t worry about.

Lulubelle’s main role in life would always be that of an attentive and supportive wife, ever

conscious of his husband's requirements, but his mother was determined that he wouldn't be idle.

Lulubelle would work part time; primarily as a dance teacher, passing on his ballet knowledge to the pretty little girls at the local school, but also helping his Aunt Carole in her dressmaking business. His future was set.

AND BEST OF ALL, LEWIS HAD GOTTEN AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER!

THE END

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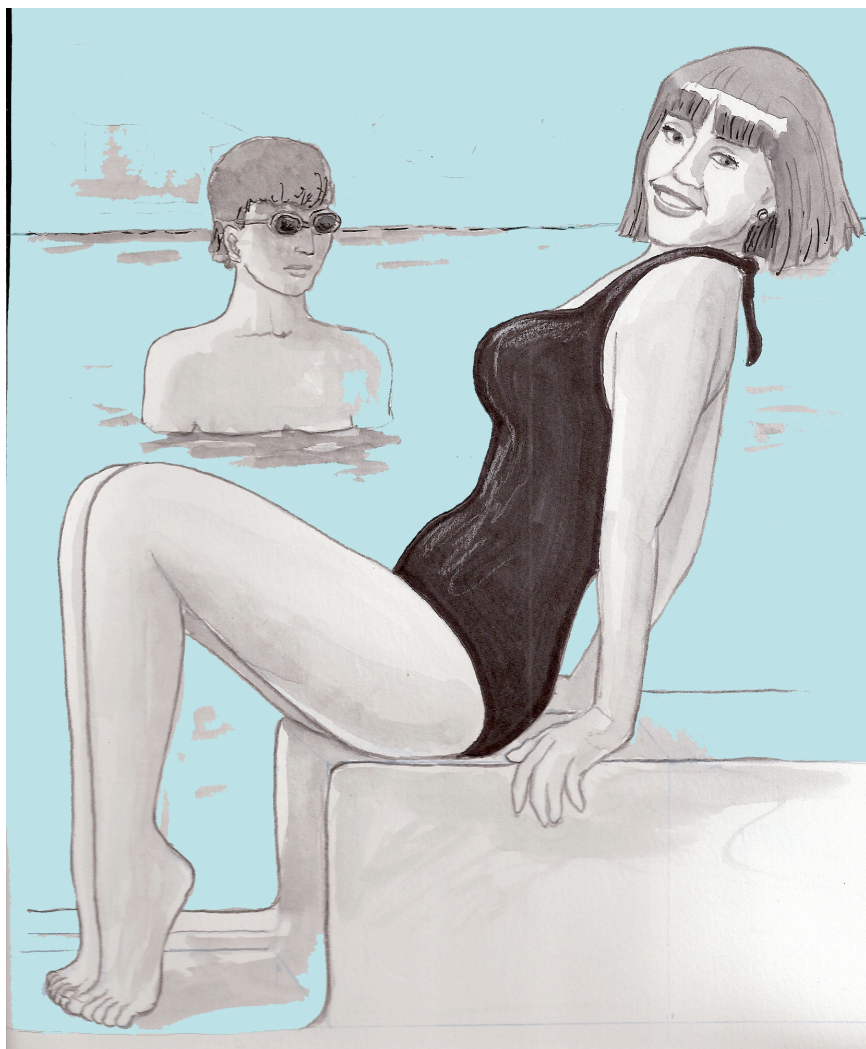


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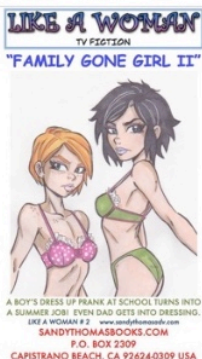
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