

LULUBELLE

SANDY THOMAS BOOKS - 1

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS MOTHER."

THE LULUBELLE TRILOGY Part I



LEWIS' MOTHER HAS A
PLAN TO GET HER
SON "LULUBELLE"
BACK HOME AND INTO
DRESSES!

LIKE A WOMAN # 7 PART ONE OF THREE

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“THE BOY, A DRESS AND
HIS MOTHER”

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QUOTE BOARD

Face life like wearing a new pair of high heels ...
Painful at times but totally worth it.”

THE BOY, A DRESS AND HIS MOTHER

By

Jane Kingsley & Sandy Thomas

A TYPICAL WEEKEND.

Lewis sat at his desk with his eyes fixed firmly on the clock. It was rapidly approaching the time of his mother's arrival and there was no doubt in his mind that she would be her usual demanding and overbearing self. He had never been able to say no to her, she just overwhelmed him with the force of her personality. He recalled the Halloween party when he was twelve...

The store was called Seventh Heaven, but for Lewis it represented one of the seven circles of his own personal hell. He'd never imagined that one place could be so utterly girlish. There wasn't one centimeter of decor that wasn't pink, ruffled, sparkly, or a combination of all three. Everywhere were displays of the most elaborate dresses imaginable.

As soon as they entered they were greeted by an immaculately groomed lady of indeterminate age

that some women maintain for years. She greeted them warmly, “You must be Marianne and Lulu,” she announced.

“I’m Juliet. I’m so glad you’re here. My good friend Carol told me all about you. What can I do for you today? Your wish is my command.”

“Oh wow!” Marianne gushed. “Your store is simply divine, Juliet. Don’t you agree Lulubelle darling?”

Lewis cringed at his mother’s use of her pet name for him and managed to stammer something to the effect that it was nice.

“Nice! Why it’s just heavenly! I can’t wait to look around!”

“Well then,” Juliet replied. “Let’s get you started right away. Did you have anything specific in mind?”

“My son is going to a party,” Marianne explained, “and needs something special to wear. I was thinking along the lines of a fairy or princess or bride.”

Lewis could have died on the spot. A fairy! His mother was going to dress him as a fairy or worse!



The hour or so that followed was pure torture for Lewis as he was forced to try on outfit after outfit while his mother and Juliet hovered about him like hummingbirds, admiring the different styles until both women settled on a dress they

both agreed was perfect. Lewis, of course, was given no say in the matter.

A few more purchases completed the outfit – a tiara, sparkly pink high heeled shoes and, naturally, a wand, topped with a glittering silver star.

Marianne declared herself thrilled with the result. “Oh Lulubelle darling, you’re going to look absolutely beautiful! You’ll be the belle of the ball!”

“But I don’t want to go as a fairy!” he protested. “I’ll look like a sissy!”

“Nonsense, darling!” Marianne replied. “You’ll look very sweet and adorable. Plus it will be fun. Everyone else will be going as boring old ghosts and monsters, while you get to dress in something special. I bet the other girls will be green with envy!”

“But that’s just it! I’m not a girl and shouldn’t have to dress like one!”

Marianne gave her son a look of dismay. “What is it with you these days? Sometimes I think all you want to do is hurt my feelings!”

“Of course I don’t, mother!” Lewis cried. “It’s just that...”

*“Just nothing! I’ve spent a lot of money on your costume and you **will** wear it!” She gave him a stern look. “Well?”*

Lewis gulped, and, as he always did in the face of his mother's determination, backed down. "Yes, mother, I'll wear the dress."

"There, you see?" she said, softening slightly. "It won't be at all bad. You'll have a wonderful time, I just know it."

At the party, Lewis certainly was the center of attention. While the other children were running about dressed as vampires and zombies, he was forced to mince around in his flouncy fairy dress and suffer the cloying attention of his mother's friends.

"Oh, doesn't he make a darling little fairy! So pretty with his hair done up with that lovely tiara! Grant me a wish, Lulubelle!"

"And isn't his makeup perfect. You've done a wonderful job, Marianne!"

"See how well he walks in those heels! Have you been practicing, Lulubelle?"

Marianne beamed with delight. It was one of the longest days of Lewis's life.

Since 'the day of the dress' as he came to think of it, Lewis had to fight to repair his damaged reputation in the eyes of his friends. A label, once attached, can be difficult to remove, and having the badge of 'sissy' applied to him was a very

heavy cross to bear. When he confided in his mother, she merely dismissed it with a shrug.

“I wouldn’t take any notice of the teasing if I were you, Lulubelle darling, they’re just jealous. If they were *real* friends they wouldn’t tease you anyway,” she sniffed. “I really don’t know why you would want to hang around with those ruffians!”

But Lewis was determined to salvage his ‘honor’ as he saw it. In the ensuing years, he threw himself headlong into every boyish recreation there was, particularly football at which he was pleased to find he had no little ability.

As proud as he was of his achievements, his mother’s enthusiasm was lukewarm at best. On the rare occasions she came to watch him play, she embarrassed him by calling from the touchline or haranguing the coach for letting her ‘little darling’ get roughed up by the bigger boys. She tried to persuade him that he wasn’t suited to such physical sports, but Lewis, for once, stuck to his guns.

Marianne, however, was not about to be beaten so easily. Though she relented in allowing him to continue to play football, she just subtly changed her tactics.

Saturday afternoons were when the matches were played and so she designated the mornings

as their ‘mother and son time’. This invariably involved a trip to her beauty salon where Lewis was subjected to all kinds of expensive and elaborate treatments, such as highlights, facials and manicures, at the hands of his mother’s willing accomplices.

Marianne was careful not to make the results overly feminine – his hairstyle, for instance, was modeled on that of a famous rock star and could – at a push – be described as unisex. His nails were kept just long enough that they peeked from his fingertips and coated with a clear polish that she assured him was simply a means to keep them healthy and wouldn’t be noticed by anyone. Not willing to put this to the test, Lewis eventually announced that he was dropping from the team.

Marianne sympathized with his decision. “We’ll have so much more time to spend together!” she said happily.

And so began Lewis’s journey on the road his mother had so carefully plotted for him.

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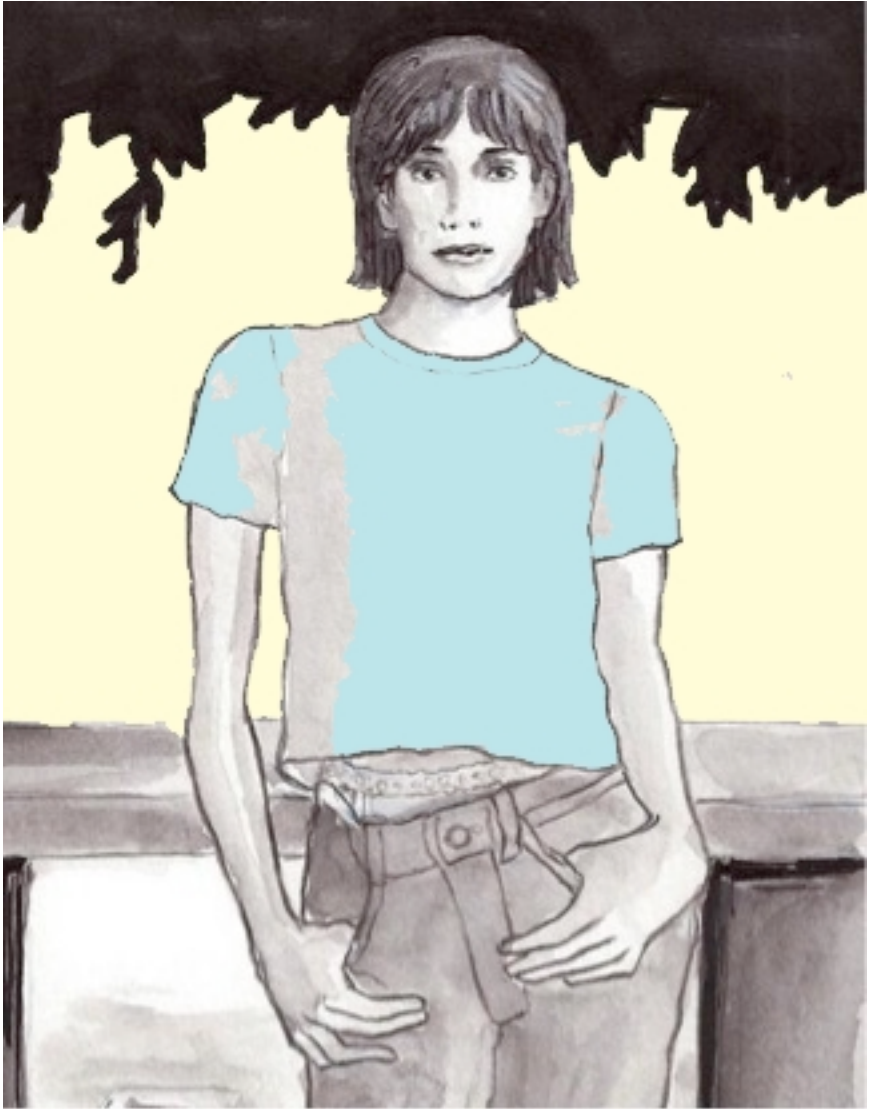
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Lewis was just a regular guy who let his mother pick out his clothes. It meant so much to her and he didn't care.

On the stroke of five a waft of expensive perfume heralded his mother's arrival, followed by the sing-song lilt of her greeting. "Lulu, darling, Mother's here!"

Lewis sighed inwardly. She had only just arrived and already she made him feel like he was twelve years old all over again. Since landing his internship with the publishing house (admittedly with his mother's help), Lewis thought he had loosened himself from her apron strings.

He was eighteen years old now, had a small but serviceable apartment near his place of work, and felt he was finally beginning to branch out and form his own identity – one dictated by *his* desires at last. His mother coming to pay him a visit was welcome of course, for despite her somewhat eccentric manner, he did love her. Already he felt those apron strings begin to ensnare him once more. Determined not to appear rude, he greeted her with a smile.

Marianne Trevayne was a stunningly attractive woman. Five feet seven inches tall in her stocking feet, she sported a luxurious mane of auburn hair that clung to her back like molten lava. She had a figure that attested to her years as a professional dancer. She was, as always, flawlessly made up and exquisitely attired. When she moved, she did so with a measure of grace and elegance as if she were acting out a role on

the stage. She was one of those women who, upon entering a room, no-one could take their eyes from.

The thought of living alone terrified Marianne. The future she had envisioned for herself and her ‘Lulubelle’ was now under serious threat since he moved out two months ago. She cursed her lack of foresight in not realizing that the publishing house provided company accommodation for all its internees. She was determined to put things back on track. All her hard work would not go to waste.

She tottered over to her son in her impossibly high heels and planted a chaste kiss upon his cheek. “I hope they haven’t been working you too hard of late, Lulubelle darling,” she said, “it seems like an age since I’ve seen you and we have a lot of catching up to do. Besides,” she added in an undertone, “there’s a little problem I need your help with.” The feeling of those apron strings tightening around his waist suddenly became stronger.

As they were leaving, Marianne announced that they would not be returning to Lewis’s apartment, but would be going straight to their family home. Lewis protested, “Mother, I need to collect my things if I’m going to spend a weekend back home. I can’t go around in my work clothes all the time.”

“Of course not, darling!” Marianne replied. “You have an entire wardrobe full of clothes in your room. I haven’t thrown anything out. You’ll have plenty of lovely outfits to choose from.”

“Those are the clothes you bought for me,” Lewis said sullenly. “I have new clothes I’ve bought with my own money.”

Marianne feigned offence. “And whatever’s wrong with the things I bought for you? I’ve spent a fortune providing you with a decent wardrobe and it pains me to think that you could be so ungrateful.”

Lewis sighed inwardly. His mother was *always* backing him into a corner where his only route of escape was to hurt her feelings. “I...I’m not ungrateful, mother,” he stammered, “I just like to have my own identity, that’s all.”

“Oh what nonsense!” Marianne tatted. “I think I know what’s best for my little Lulubelle.” She saw her son about to object and moved quickly to override him. “Now let’s have no more talk on the matter. Besides,” she added, “we don’t have time for a detour to your apartment. There’s a lot to do. As I mentioned earlier, I have a small problem that I need your help with. You *do* promise to help me, don’t you?”

“Of course I will,” Lewis replied, “What is it exactly?”

“I’ll explain later, darling. It’s enough to know that my Lulubelle knows how to keep a promise.” Lewis said nothing, but suddenly felt very uneasy.

When they arrived home, Marianne turned to give her son a closer appraisal. “I’m concerned that you aren’t looking after yourself properly,” she said as she patted his hair. “The girls at the beauty salon told me that they haven’t seen you for weeks. I’ve arranged that you have a standing appointment every Saturday morning, so what’s been happening? Have you been ill?”

“I’m fine, mother,” Lewis said. “I don’t need to visit a beauty salon anymore, that’s all. I’m old enough to make my own decisions now.”

Marianne was horrified. “That won’t do at all, Lulubelle!” she cried. “You can’t just ignore your obligations like that. The bond between a girl and her hairdresser is sacred! We must do something about it immediately. I’ll book you an appointment for tomorrow afternoon. Hopefully we can repair the damage your neglect has caused before it’s too late!”

“But – “

“No buts now, darling, my mind is made up. Really!” she added with a theatrical sigh, “It looks like I arrived just in time to save you from yourself!”

Lewis knew it would be a waste of time to argue. Once his mother had decided upon a course of action, he could do nothing to stop her.

“Now why don’t you go upstairs to shower and change, Lulubelle darling,” Marianne said. “I’ve laid out an outfit for you. I’ll tell you all about my little problem when you’re all freshened up. I’ll make us a nice cup of tea while we’re waiting.”

With Lewis gone, Marianne sat down and reviewed her strategy. It seemed that the two months living away from home had given Lewis a growing sense of independence – more so than she had feared. She was determined to rectify that at all costs. She had her Lulubelle’s future mapped out in her mind and wasn’t about to let him ruin it for her. Or for himself, for that matter – for she was convinced that when he finally accepted his new life he would be so much happier. They both would. It was just a case of keeping up the pressure.

Lewis sighed with a heavy heart as he traipsed from the shower to his room. His mother had been back in his life for only a few hours and already it was as if he had never been away. He was trapped in her web and with no means of escape.

His bedroom had been kept spotlessly clean, he noticed, and was as fussy and girlish as ever. He

remembered when his mother had decided to have it redecorated. It had been just after his father had passed away when Lewis was fourteen. Marianne had insisted that his room be ‘softened a little’ to make it more relaxing for him, telling him that a new start would help him not to dwell too deeply on the past.

He had tried to object to her chosen color scheme of pinks and creams, and had nearly had a fit when he saw the frilly pink curtains and lacy bed linen, but his mother was not to be moved. To top it all off she had replaced his desk with a large white vanity table with a lighted trefoil mirror and laced valance. Marianne also saw to it that his dressing table was generously stocked with the various different creams and lotions he would need to keep up his ‘beauty regime.’

When he saw the outfit his mother had laid out for him his heart took a tumble. There was a lacy corselet, the tightness of which he could feel even before putting it on, a white silk blouse with flared three-quarter length sleeves and a pair of pale peach slacks. If that wasn’t bad enough, she had also added a pair of matching pale peach court shoes with two-inch heels and decorated with a pretty sequined design.

After dressing in the humiliating clothes, Lewis exhaled loudly and looked himself up and down in the mirror. He had hoped he had put all this behind him when he had moved out and tried

to console himself with the thought that this would surely only be for the weekend. If only he could convince himself of that fact.

He went downstairs to the kitchen where his mother greeted him with a delighted smile.

“There now,” she said brightly, “doesn’t it feel better to be out of that horrid suit and into something more comfortable? You look lovely darling; that outfit really suits you. And I hope you remembered to use your depilatory cream. We can’t have any nasty fuzz scratching your pretty clothes now can we?”

“But I shouldn’t be wearing these kind of clothes mother!” Lewis cried. “They’re girl’s clothes and I’m not a girl, I’m a boy!”

“Oh come now Lulubelle darling,” Marianne chided softly. “That outfit looks perfectly adorable on you. And as we’ve discussed many times before, ladies clothes are far more appropriate for someone like you.”

“I still don’t understand! What do you mean, someone like me?”

Marianne paused and placed her teacup on the table in front of her. “Sit next to me, darling,” she said.

Lewis pulled up a chair and sat down, unconsciously mirroring his mother’s way of

sitting, with his knees together and his back straight.

“I’ve suspected for years that something was, how can I put this delicately, *different* about you,” she began. “Even as a young child you were always running around getting into mischief and whatnot.”

“Well of course I was!” Lewis exclaimed. “That’s what boys do!”

“Yes, be that as it may. But don’t you see? It was the way you went about it all that concerned me. You were always the first to volunteer for some hair-brained scheme, always the one who got into a fight. And as for sports, why! I lost count of the number of teams you joined and how many competitions you entered.”

“That’s because I like sports, mother. I’m good at them!”

Marianne smiled sadly. “Don’t you understand what this all means, Lulubelle darling? What you were doing was *overcompensating*. The reason you threw yourself so completely into all those rough pastimes was because deep down you knew that you really wanted to be a girl.”

“But that’s preposterous,” Lewis snorted. “I’ve never wanted to be a girl. I’ve never wanted to wear dresses or play with dolls. None of that sissy stuff!”

Marianne was unmoved. “There!” she cried triumphantly. “You see how strongly you’re protesting? It’s a classic case of self-denial. I’ve researched it thoroughly. The signs are all there. It really is a most profound case. In some ways I suppose you ought to be rather proud.”

“Proud! Of what? There’s nothing wrong with me!”

“Oh darling, you shouldn’t think of it that way. There’s nothing *wrong* with you as such, it’s just that we have to redress the balance. Pretty soon all your repressed and hidden emotions are going to come bursting to the fore and if you’re not properly prepared then it could do lasting psychological damage. Trust me, I’ve read all about it.”

Lewis was in a state of wild confusion. Surely this wasn’t right? He was a boy. All boy!

Seeing a chink in her son’s armor, Marianne resolved to press further.

“OK then,” she said. “Let’s look at it from another angle. “All those boys you used to hang around with, what are they like now? They’ve all filled out and started shaving, while you haven’t – why? You’re still as slim and delicate as you were when you were fourteen! You see, even your body is telling you that you should be wearing softer, more delicate clothes.”

“With a little help from the ‘vitamins’ I’m providing you with,” she thought silently.

“But...but that’s just genes,” Lewis stammered. “I just take after you more than I do father, that’s all.”

“Yes darling,” Marianne replied taking her son’s hands into hers. “You’re just like me. And you’ll remember that you did eventually pack in all that silly football business, didn’t you?”

“That’s because we spent every Saturday at the beauty salon and going shopping together!”

“Exactly darling!” Marianne cried. “And that was much more fun, wasn’t it?”

There was just no way out of the argument. His mother seemed to have every angle covered.

Marianne smiled lovingly at her son. “Now why don’t we go and sit down in the living room, and I can explain what I want you to do for me tomorrow.” She looked once again at Lewis’s hands. “And while we’re at it I can do something with these nails of yours. Really darling, you have been letting yourself go!”

When Marianne had finished explaining her ‘little problem’ and how Lewis could help her, he was horror-struck.

“I can’t do that mother!” He protested loudly. “I won’t do it! It’s too much to ask!”

Marianne huffed, and with a skill that would have made her old drama teachers proud, she turned on the waterworks. “I can’t believe you’re behaving this way!” She sobbed. “After everything I’ve done for you over the years! All the pain and worry I’ve had to go through watching you torment yourself over your true feelings – it’s as if all you want to do is hurt me!”

Lewis just wished he had the fortitude to stand up to his mother. Deep down he knew he was being manipulated; it was just that she was so convincing!

“I know, mother,” he said. “But what you’re asking me to do...”

“Is no more than any loving child would do for a poor mother!” Marianne replied tartly. “Really Lulubelle! Have these time away from me robbed you of all compassion?”

“Of course is hasn’t....”

“And you made me a promise!” Marianne continued. She stifled another sob. “That you could do this!”

Lewis was by now robbed of all his defenses. As appalled as he was at what his mother was asking him to do, he felt compelled to acquiesce. “OK mother,” he said guardedly, “I’ll do what you ask.”

The transformation in Marianne was immediate. “You will?” She cried. “Oh thank you darling! I knew you wouldn’t let me down! And I know you’ll be just perfect!”

The facts of the matter were that Marianne, as a wealthy and prominent member of the local community, had been approached by certain individuals with a view to joining the board of the local charity commission.

Apart from all the good work they did, it was, as she would be the first to admit, a golden ticket into the front rank of society. Marianne was not someone who would let such an opportunity go begging.

“The ladies of the board are coming here tomorrow morning,” Marianne explained to her son. “And I need everything to be perfect. I think it’s a given that I’ll be asked to join, but just in case, I want to show them that I know how to give a proper reception.”

“And so you want me to serve them their tea.” Lewis said. “In my pinnie!”

Marianne chuckled and took her son in her arms. “Just so!” she said. “And I want you on your best behavior! It’s not every day that I get a chance like this!”

“I suppose it’ll be alright,” Lewis said. “Just this once.”

“Of course, darling,” Marianne replied with a glint in her eye. “Just this once.”

Later that evening, when Marianne was idly flicking through the TV channels looking for something to watch, a soccer game came up on the screen. Instinctively, Lewis reacted. “Oh, mother can we watch this?”

Marianne gave her son a look of pure horror. “Football! I think not, Lulubelle, darling. I hope you haven’t reverted back to your old ways? I thought we had agreed that all that nonsense was behind you?” She fixed him with a look that sent a chill down his spine. “Have you been watching football in your apartment?”

“Well yes I have, but only a couple of times I promise! It’s just that the captain is really good and – “

Marianne, never slow at spotting a good opportunity, asked coyly, “Really good looking, do you mean?”

“Mum!”

“I think we’ll give the football a miss tonight,” she said teasingly. “It seems to get my pretty Lulubelle too excited. All those athletic young men gallivanting around being so macho!” She giggled and softened her tone. “Believe it or not, I was once a young girl too, and I developed

crushes on lots of boys! I remember pining for months over one particular film star....”

“Mother!” Lewis cried. “I don’t have crushes on boys or football players!”

“Now then darling,” Marianne cooed. “We’ve been over this already. Keeping your true emotions suppressed is a very dangerous thing to do. Who knows what amount of damage it could do? I simply cannot bear the thought of my precious Lulubelle in pain!”

Lewis noticed that his mother was fighting to hold back her tears as she gently stroked his long hair. He hated to see her unhappy and was riddled with guilt at the thought that he could be the cause of her pain. He ached to be able to return to his former boyish self but realized that to voice such sentiments would only hurt his mother the more. So he swallowed his rapidly diminishing pride and allowed her to soothe him.

Marianne was more than aware of Lewis’s burgeoning inner turmoil and congratulated herself on a job well done. The seed she had so carefully planted in his mind was beginning to sprout shoots...all she had to do now was to keep supplying the nourishment and to ensure that Lewis was constantly immersed in all things feminine.

“I know!” she said, as if at a sudden thought. “Why don’t we watch a film together? I could do

your nails at the same time. Wouldn't that be fun?"

Without waiting for a response, Marianne took Lewis's hands and began working on his nails with a large emery board, muttering to herself about how he had let them get out of condition. Once she had coated them with clear varnish, Lewis relaxed a little thinking the ordeal was over.

"We're not finished yet," his mother told him. "That's just the base. Next I'm going to add some color to match your pretty pinnie."

Lewis was beaten and he knew it. By the time his mother had finished, his nails were painted a glossy sugar pink.

"Now doesn't that look just precious," Marianne said, admiring her work. "Aren't you glad you came home for a little pampering?"

The rest of the evening passed by in a blur for Lewis. He couldn't concentrate on the film – it was some sappy romance of the type his mother seemed to lap up in droves – and spent most of his time glancing at his newly feminised nails. Marianne noticed this and kept commenting on the color and how much he obviously admired them.

"You like the color, right darling?" she asked knowingly. "You like being pretty, don't you?"

Lewis flushed scarlet and said nothing.

The next morning Lewis awoke to the sound of his mother's cheery voice.

"Come along sleepy head," she sang. "We need to get you up and ready. My friends will be here in a couple of hours." Of course. Her friends. And the dreaded pinnie.

The frilly pink pinafore had been a recent addition to Lewis's growing girlie wardrobe. His mother had insisted that he wear it when attending to his chores around the house. She had plenty of hired help to do these things, of course, but claimed it was important that Lewis 'do his share.'

"Besides," she informed him seriously, "every girl should know how to keep a good house."

When he moved out of his mother's house and into his new apartment, he thought he had left all that behind.

"Well, it's only for one day," he told himself. "And it *is* important to mother."

After showering and washing his hair, Lewis returned to his bedroom to find his mother waiting for him.

"I thought I'd help you get ready," she announced. "I want you to be perfect this morning."

Lewis told his mother that he was more than capable of dressing himself but she brushed his objections aside. "It's better if I help you," she stated firmly. "I've a few little additions to your outfit, and of course you'll need me to help with your hair and make-up."

"Make-up!" Lewis cried.

Marianne moved quickly to crush any sign of rebellion in her son. "Yes Lulubelle, your make-up! Or do you want to greet my friends looking all plain and horrible!"

Lewis could think of nothing he wanted less than to be made up like some simpering girl but was smart enough to know when not to argue. It seemed that his mother had indeed brought along a few additions to his 'outfit'. She'd sewn some padding into the cups of his corselet; there were a pair of sheer white stockings that could be attached by the clips.

"Oh mother," Lewis groaned as he put them on. The corselet or corselette...there was perhaps no garment that spoke more clearly to one's movement from being a boy to becoming...well, much less of one. Girls wear them to dream of what it must feel like to be a grown-up woman. They were a delicate but efficient garment designed to make the wearer feel sexy...like a woman.



She'd sewn some padding into the cups of his corselet! It felt like a grown up woman garment!

And, horror of horrors, a silky white half-slip trimmed with delicate lace and decorated with tiny pink bows. Once she had him step into it, Marianne had him twirl around the room.

“See how nice it feels swishing against your stockinged legs, darling?” She cried enthusiastically. “Doesn’t it make you feel like a princess! And LOOK at the way that bustier gives your shape a naturally curvy look.”

“I don’t know,” Lewis sighed, feeling his legs, and how soft and silky they felt as he moved or walked and the stockings would rub together.

Lewis thought the embarrassment would kill him, but under his mother’s determined gaze, he was powerless to do anything but comply with her wishes.

Marianne, of course, had no such reservations and was enjoying herself immensely. She counted the times she’d been forced to watch her Lulubelle running around a football pitch with all the rough and ready boys while she harbored secret dreams of her own – if only they could see him now!

Half dressed, Lewis was led to his dressing table where his mother introduced him to the subtle mysteries of make-up. She talked him through every stage, from the ‘tidying’ of his eyebrows, through the application of foundation,

eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara and blusher, to the final touch of glossy pink lipstick.

“You’ll have to learn to do your make-up yourself, Lulubelle,” Marianne told him. “It takes a lot of practice to get the look just right. And, of course, you need to know how to alter it slightly for different occasions and different outfits.”

“What! Do you mean I have to wear make-up all the time?”

“Mostly just basic makeup: eyeliner, mascara and lip gloss. You have to learn to not go overboard with tons of eyeshadow,” Marianne replied breezily. “Just the things Mommy uses to make herself even more beautiful.”

“Wearing makeup makes me feel idiotic?”

“Oh honey,” she said softly. “Not wearing makeup is even worse. It makes you look like someone who doesn’t make an effort to make the best of assets. I want you to look natural, like me, not all made up. Don’t be lazy.”

“I’m not lazy. Maybe I should just wear a paper bag over my head?”

“Now you are being silly. Make-up is a very important part of a girl’s daily routine, and I’d be shirking my responsibilities if I didn’t pass on my knowledge. And no daughter of mine is going to be seen without her face on!”

“But I’m not your daughter!” Lewis protested. “I’m supposed to be your son!”

“Once you begin tinkering, you’ll see how fun it is to use your dawdle-time to hone a makeup routine. It won’t take more than a week of daily wearing for you to feel naked without makeup. Now let’s get some more blush on those cheekbones.”

“But I’m a boy?”

“Gawd moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and I think that He has provided us both with a wonderful opportunity, don’t you?”

Lewis was dumbstruck. All he could envision was a future of pink, girlie torture.

Marianne was in her element now, and felt as if she were dancing on air. All those years she had endured watching the child she had so desperately wished were a girl becoming more and more ensnared in a masculine world that, to her admittedly biased eyes, he was not at all suited – and now she was on the verge of correcting that hideous mistake! It was almost too good to be true.

Smiling broadly, she continued to dress him.

First she handed Lewis a white silk blouse with short puffy sleeves and a darling Peter Pan collar.

But Marianne knew Lewis better than he knew himself. She smiled in faint disbelief as her son gingerly moved his fingers to close the remaining little fabric-covered buttons of his blouse.

“I should be really careful, right?” he quipped and then carefully did the last top button! He moved and the breast button popped open and it gaped at the result!

Lewis’ new prominences were awesome as the top of his lacy bra was easily visible through the half-open blouse.

“Oh my,” Lewis gasped.

“Honey, don’t worry. It happens to all of us. Keep your shoulders straight.” Her son’s pert, promising breasts, seemed barely contained by the silky blouse.

Then she helped him into his frilly pink pinafore style dress that she tied at the back in a huge fussy bow. Then she had him step into his shoes. They were a pair of pale pink four-inch stilettos with sweet little bows attached to the toes.

Marianne sighed with joy at the sight. “Walk up and down for me darling,” she instructed her precious son. “I want you to get a feel for them. Walking in slim heels is an art in itself and I want you to be proficient.”

As Lewis teetered, unsurely at first, up and down the room, Marianne continued to coach him.

“Take smaller steps sweetheart,” she instructed, “That’s it! Take slower steps, making sure not to bend your knees too much. You’ll notice that high heels tend to shorten your stride and the taller the heel, the shorter the stride ends up being. Don’t fight it by taking bigger steps. You just take small, dainty steps that will force your walk to be smooth and help you to feel steady. And if you think pretty thoughts, you’ll find it so much easier!”

“Pretty thoughts?” Lewis moaned. “Do you really think I’ll ever like wearing high heels?”

“Before you know it, you’ll be walking like a lady and forget you even have them on. Putting on a pair of pretty heels always makes one feel something special is going to happen.”

Lewis moaned again.

“Your grandmother loved her heels, I love high heels and you will too. They symbolize everything that is womanly and good in the world.”

After some practice Lewis felt more comfortable in the shoes. That is to say, he felt as if he was getting the hang of the technique, but

he was still aghast at the thought of what he was actually doing. “My Gawd!” he said to himself, “I’m never going to escape this!”

For the final finishing touch, Marianne led Lewis back to his vanity table where she placed a string of pearls around his neck and another smaller set around his wrist. “Such a pity your ears aren’t pierced,” she lamented, “I have the perfect pair of earrings to go with these. Never mind,” she added wistfully, “that’s something we can easily remedy.”

Even then it appeared that his mother was not yet finished. She produced a sparkly pink Alice band and fastened it to Lewis’s hair. She then spritzed him liberally with sweet smelling perfume and stood back to admire her work.

“Oh heavens, Lulubelle!” Marianne declared ecstatically, “You look divine! My friends are going to be so thrilled at the sight of you!”

Lewis studied himself in the mirror. What he saw chilled him to the core. There, staring back at him, was the image of a very pretty girl. He flicked his eyes between his own reflection and that of his mother’s beaming face. She seemed so utterly happy that he couldn’t bring himself to ruin the moment. He was stuck, and he knew it.

His mother had instructions. “Now I know we’ve gone through this Lulubelle, my sweet,” she said seriously. “But there is one lady to whom I

want you to pay particular attention this morning. Her name is Lydia Chambers and she chairs the board of the Charity Commission. It's important that we impress her. She's quite the queen bee and always holds the most lavish receptions when she entertains guests. I want to show her and the other ladies that I'm more than a match. So remember to be polite and attentive at all times, smile and answer their questions nicely. Do you think you can do that for me?"

"I'll do my best mother," Lewis replied meekly.

Marianne kissed him gently on the cheek. "I know you will, darling," she said. "You'll make the perfect hostess."

That morning was an emotional rollercoaster ride for Lewis. His mother's friends were all ladies of a similar age and, like her, the kind of women who always looked as if they had just stepped out of a beauty salon. They all carried themselves with poise, shoulders back and chest out.

Lewis was pretty sure none of the women wore anything other than a dress or skirt. His mother wore skirts nearly all the time and Lewis was learning that women considered the skirt the preferred weapon in their woman's arsenal.

The fact that Lewis was showcasing his legs and subtly declaring that he was different than

other men was okay. As long as he was feminine and his clothes orchestrated to bring out his best features (and hide his worst.)

Like the women, Lewis had subtly enhanced his features with makeup, nails polished, gorgeous hair and pretty, feminine clothes.

The women were all predictably delighted with Lewis's appearance and he had to suffer their constant approving comments as he bustled around them in his pretty pinnie, serving them tea and dainty little cakes. They even adopted his mother's pet name for him.

"Look at you! You do everything so gracefully, Lulubelle," one of the ladies remarked. "You must make your mother so proud."

"Oh yes!" Marianne agreed elatedly. "And see how nicely everything is kept. Lulubelle is very house proud. I barely have to lift a finger myself and all of the domestic tasks are completed in a timely manner."

"Oh, what I wouldn't give for such a darling little helper! My daughter does nothing and is always in jeans." The woman teased Lewis. "You come to work for me and I won't insist that your make-up be so perfect and during breaks you can take off your high heels."

"Oh no you don't, Elizabeth Brown!" Marianne admonished. "I know your little game. I haven't

trained Lulubelle so you can steal him away, thank you very much!”

The woman winked at Lewis and said, “Shame! I bet your mother doesn’t give you a day off?”

Another lady asked him if he’d had girl dreams yet. He shook his head.

“You will,” she said as the ladies collapsed into fits of giggles while Lewis flushed bright scarlet under his make-up. There was no use trying to deny or hide that fact that he was fluttering around in skirts, swishing and doing his best to be one of the ladies.

And Lewis knew what they were thinking. Each and every woman was looking for any male signal or reluctance but their eyes saw none.

For all intents, he knew they might as well see him as female. What little he had down there was well tucked back and hidden in the silken gusset of panties.

Lewis kept to his promise to his mother and made a particular effort to impress Lydia Chambers. He noticed how she scrutinized every little thing as if she were taking mental notes and he made a point of attending closely to her without trying to appear intrusive.

Throughout the morning his mother gave him plenty of encouraging smiles and he felt he had

done enough to earn her approval. That was when she dropped the bombshell.

Lydia asked Marianne about her days as a dancer. “I know you no longer dance professionally, but I was wondering if you still kept it up. I mean, you must do *something* to keep your figure in shape.”

Marianne blushed and giggled rather shyly. “Oh not really! I do occasionally slip on my old ballet shoes, but I’m afraid I no longer have the necessary discipline.”

“I know what you mean dear,” Lydia replied confidentially. “None of us getting any younger are we? But I see that Lulubelle has inherited your genes...such elegant poise and lovely long legs. Does Lulubelle dance as well?”

“Oh yes!” Marianne gushed. “Lulubelle loves to dance, don’t you darling?” Noticing the look of shock on her son’s face, she continued before he could offer any form of protest. “And I don’t mean to boast but I like to think that a good deal of my grace has been handed down as well.”

“Well I think that’s just marvelous!” Lydia sighed. “I simply adore ballet. Perhaps next time you invite us around, Lulubelle could entertain us with a little recital?”

“Why, we’d be thrilled! Wouldn’t we Lulubelle?”

Lewis was dumbstruck and blushing fiercely.

“Oh look at you going all shy!” Marianne teased. “There’s no need to hide your face like that. I know you’d love to show the ladies what an accomplished ballerina you are!”

“Then it’s settled,” Lydia exclaimed happily. “I’m sure all of us are looking forward to it immensely, aren’t we ladies?”

There was general agreement as the other guests clucked enthusiastically.

While he was tidying up after her friends had left, Lewis seemed to be in a hypnotic state as he relieved all the women swooning and cooing over him. He moved his hands down to his hips and felt the heavenly silkiness of the fabric as it rustled about his hips and bottom.

He smelled his own perfume and the many ladies who had just left. He tasted his own creamy lipstick and more than ever before, he felt the total lack of maleness where his control panties had continued to compress his male parts well up into his crotch area. Trips to the bathroom confirmed nothing was getting away and he had only a smoothed over surface between his legs...a sensation surprisingly not all that unpleasant.

“You really liked all the attention, didn’t you?” his mother asked.

“It was sort of fun,” he said softly. Lewis had never in his life received so much attention from women and he absolutely loved it. He turned to Marianne, “Mother? What was all that about?”

“What was all what about, darling?” She replied innocently. “I thought everything went wonderfully this morning. You played your part quite beautifully. I could tell that the ladies were impressed with the way you moved and stood.”

“You told them I danced! You even promised that I would dance *for* them!”

Marianne chuckled mischievously. “Oh, perhaps I did get a *little* carried away. But actually, I think it’s a lovely idea. And it will certainly show Mrs Lydia-arent-I-wonderful Chambers just who knows how to entertain her guests,” she added wistfully.

“But I can’t!” Lewis cried. “It’s...I...I don’t even know *how* to dance!” He exclaimed, desperately searching for a way out.

“Hmm, yes, there is that to consider I suppose,” Marianne mused. “We’ll have to get working on that straight away. Starting tomorrow I’ll give you your first ballet lesson.”

“Ballet!”

“Yes darling, ballet. The more I think about it the more I like the idea. Actually, teaching you to dance is something I should have done years ago.

You have the perfect figure for a ballerina and I know you'll just adore it."

"But..."

"No buts, Lulubelle darling," Marianne said firmly. "You made a promise to help me and I expect you to be true to your word. Now, let's finish up here and we can get you ready for your appointment at the beauty salon. You've been very neglectful of your appearance lately, and that is something I intend to put right."

It was a relief for Lewis to know that his mother wasn't planning on taking him out dressed in his frilly pinnie but that relief soon faded when he saw the outfit she had prepared for him.

They were a pair of white pants, but they were unquestionably girl's pants, decorated with sequined butterflies on the pockets and flared slightly below the knee. There was a silk lavender blouse that had long strips hanging from the collar. He wondered what they could possibly be for until his mother tied them together in a large flouncy bow that sat prettily on his slightly swollen chest – for of course he was still wearing his corselet. She finished his outfit with a pair of tan suede ankle-tied platform heels.



“I used to wear this combination quite a lot when I was younger,” Marianne explained. “It’s probably a little too youthful a look for me now,

but you carry it off wonderfully.” She thought for a moment of the wild young men it had attracted.

Lewis cringed and started to protest but one look from his mother persuaded him otherwise.

And there was another thing. Lewis had learned the hard way. Standing out as a sissy was dangerous but as a girl, much less so. “But mum, my make-up. I can’t go out like this!”

“Of course,” Marianne said. “What was I thinking!” She took a tube of lipstick and deftly repaired his lips. “Much better,” she declared. “And of course you’ll need a handbag. Let’s see if I can find something suitable.”

Something ‘suitable’ turned out to be not the discreet wallet Lewis had hoped for but a ruched suede leather shoulder bag that matched his heels. He watched in bemusement as his mother began filling it with the few ‘essential items’ he’d need for the day. A floral pink makeup bag stocked with his lipstick, mascara and a compact; a hairbrush; some tissues and a dainty little purse. Finally, she took a bottle of perfume and sprayed him liberally before adding it to the other items in the bag.

“I just love that fragrance, don’t you darling?” she said.

“Wow, it’s so strong!” Lewis choked.

“It smells wonderful on you, Lulubelle. You need to have a signature scent.”

“So they know I’m coming before they see me?” Lewis said softly.

“Your own signature scent creates memories for you and loved ones. A good perfume can linger on your clothes, in your closet and remind others of your closeness. Hair carries scent really well and when it moves, it creates a net of fragrance. And we’ll have to do something with your hair until Sandra sorts it out,” Marianne mused. “It’s not quite long enough to put up yet and I don’t think you’re sparkly ‘Alice’ band is appropriate. Hmm, let’s see.”

After a few moments foraging around in a drawer, Marianne finally selected a large silver hair slide. She pulled a bit of Lewis’s hair away from his face and secured it tightly at the back with a clip. “Very nice,” she declared with a satisfied smile. “Now, are you ready to go?”

I’m never going to be ready for this, Lewis sighed inwardly. But he knew it was pointless to try to object. His mother always won.

The girls at the beauty salon greeted Marianne warmly and, only half jokingly, berated Lewis for neglecting them.

Sandra, the girl who normally attended him, nouted theatricallv. “I thought I’d done something

to offend you,” she said. “Don’t I always take good care of you?”

“Poor Lewis has been very busy lately,” Marianne explained for him. “And as you can see, is in dire need of some tender loving care. I’ve done what little I could but he needs some professional attention. He’s all yours!”

Sandra beamed. “Then we’d better get started, hadn’t we? Don’t worry Lulubelle, I’ll soon have you back to your beautiful self! By the way, I love that perfume you’re wearing. What’s it called?”

“Uh, Temptation or Submission or something like that, I think,” he stammered.

“You think! Surely a person should know the name of their favorite perfume!”

“Oh, Lulubelle has so many different fragrances these days, it’s hardly surprising she gets a little confused!” Marianne laughed.

“Lucky thing!” Sandra declared. “It is delightful and a perfume reveals more about a woman than her handwriting. I have searched high and low for a new signature scent.”

Marianne agreed. “The right perfume can transform anyone into a princess. It can change the way she feels about herself and the way the world responds to her.”

Lewis was indeed confused. One moment he was being referred to as he, the next as ‘she’. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely at his expense and he felt powerless to do anything about it.

For the next two hours Lewis was made to sit obediently while Sandra got to work. His hair was washed, trimmed and highlighted, and then put up in large curlers ‘to give it some body’. His make-up was removed and expertly reapplied and his nails manicured and painted a light shade of pink. All the while the ladies swapped small talk and occasionally invited him to join in as if he were just one of the girls.

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It would not be Lewis' last time in the beauty parlor. Same time every Saturday was set up.

Once his ordeal was over, everyone declared themselves delighted with the result.

“And I expect to see you back here again next week, young lady,” Sandra reproached him. “No more staying away. It only hurts my feelings! I feel like you are my creation.”

“Oh don’t worry, Sandra,” Marianne exclaimed brightly. “We’ll both be here, won’t we Lulubelle? We’ve missed our quality time together.”

“Good,” Sandra replied. “Shall we say the same time next Saturday?”

When that was agreed, Sandra asked them what their plans were for the rest of the day.

“I thought we’d hit the shops,” Marianne said excitedly. “I can’t resist some of the new fashions I’ve been seeing, and Lulubelle’s wardrobe could do with a few additions.”

“Oh, what fun!” Sandra cried. “I only wish I could come with you. I wouldn’t mind a girlie day out.”

Lewis was never short of amazed by his mother’s enthusiasm for shopping. She rushed around giggling like a schoolgirl as they toured the boutiques.

“And now it’s even more fun,” she said happily as she linked her arm with Lewis’s, “as I finally

get to share the experience with my beautiful daughter!”

“Mum!”

“Oh hush now, Lulubelle! Just relax and enjoy yourself. Shopping is one of the most pleasurable pastimes known to womankind.”

Rather than cause a scene, Lewis submitted to his mother’s will and endured the next few hours with barely a whisper of complaint. If ever he hesitated for even a second when being coerced into trying on any of the clothes Marianne selected for him, she fixed him with a look that somehow managed to combine disappointment with stern disapproval. His emotions were in turmoil.

The most humiliating point came when his mother had him stand in just his pretty underwear while she and a saleslady compared notes on the many dresses they had picked out for him to try. He felt sure that the saleslady could see he was a boy, but she acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world. “My Gawd!” He thought. “Does mother have *everyone* so well trained?”

Laden with their purchases, they went to a coffee bar in one of the big new malls. As they sat down with their orders, Marianne sighed and declared herself ‘all shopped out’.

“And I dread to think how much of a dent I’ve put in my credit card!” she added in mock horror.

“Mother, all these clothes you bought for me....” Lewis began.

Knowing what was coming, Marianne overrode him. “Yes I know, darling,” she said soothingly. “I realize I did splash out a bit, but I really enjoy treating my precious Lulubelle and I like to see you in nice things. You *do* like them, don’t you?” She added archly.

“Well they are very nice outfits,” he replied. “I just don’t think they’re right for me....”

Before Lewis could finish they were interrupted by what can only be described as a whirlwind of feminine fluster and confusion. Carol Barnes, one of Marianne’s oldest and dearest friends, came barging up to their table, trailing in her wake a tall and rather good looking young man who appeared to be quite amused at the whole situation.

Immediately Carol launched into a torrent of complaints that had Lewis’s head spinning.

“Well, of course it’s an absolute disaster,” she blurted. “An. Absolute. Disaster. I’ve a hundred orders to ship out by next weekend, that ghastly woman Mrs. Mills is ringing me day and night – day and night...about her infernal curtains – not that she would recognize a decent color scheme if it jumped up and bit her on the behind mind you

and to top it all off my addle-brained sister decides that now is the time to go flitting off on holiday with that new fancy man of hers – who, incidentally, is a piece of no good if ever if ever I saw one and lumbers me with young Patrick here – oh! For goodness sakes, Patrick, don't slouch, you're in company – and I simply don't have the time or, frankly, the energy to – oh! You must think me so rude to come barging in like this but I'm at my wits end, I really am!"

Taking a quick breath, she went on... "Marianne darling you look as young as ever and isn't young Lulubelle looking so demure and pretty. I must say it's about time you started making something of yourself...always in those tatty jeans and T-shirts... I don't know what's the matter with young people these days really I don't... I remember that time when you wore that lovely fairy dress to the party – how long ago was that? I see that you've had your hair done and if you don't mind my saying so it really suits you, you needed a bit of lift to bring out those pretty brown eyes of yours...."

"Carol, stop!" Marianne said laughing. "Lulubelle darling, would you go and fetch Carol a decaffeinated coffee? I think she could do with some refreshment."

"Oh bless you, darling!" Carol said as she sat herself wearily at the table. "I really don't know what I'm going to do!" She glanced up at her

nephew. “And Patrick, for heaven’s sake, don’t just stand there! Make yourself useful.”

The young man rolled his eyes in Marianne’s direction and, with a smile on his face, went to help ‘Lulubelle’. “Here, let me,” he said, taking the tray from Lewis’s hands. “You girls go and sit together. Don’t worry, I’m quite used to all this,” he added with a sly wink.

Lewis thought he was going to die. This boy – this young man thought he was a girl! He supposed it was preferable to having him know that he was a boy in girl’s clothes! He did a quick mental comparison. Patrick was so big and masculine while he was waif-like and slim, with thin neck, shoulders, wrists, and fleshy bottom. Any weight seemed to go to his rounded belly and upper hips and bottom.

Lewis looked at Patrick. He had confidence, intelligence, a sense of humor, and seemed to be a guy who was comfortable with himself. His hair trim and short, his shirt open and his pants tight. Lewis caught himself staring and looked away shyly when Patrick caught him looking.

Marianne was quick to note her son’s discomfort and had to suppress the desire to hug herself with glee. It seemed that Lewis was learning what she already knew.

“So tell me what’s bothering you, Carol dear,” she asked her friend.

“Well I really don’t know how I’m supposed to cope!” Carol cried. “I’ve got work coming out of my ears and now I’m supposed to babysit this young lump of a man!”

“Really Aunt Carol,” Patrick said with an easy smile. “I’m in my twenties and quite capable of looking after myself. I’m sure there are lots of things to do in this big bright city. Hey! Maybe I could take Lulubelle out and see the sights.”

On hearing this, Lewis wanted nothing more than to crawl away and die. His mother, however, had other notions.

“What a wonderful idea!” She cried excitedly. “It solves everything! Carol won’t have to worry about looking after Patrick. Oh! I know you don’t need looking after Patrick, but you know how we women worry...and my Lulubelle gets to step out with a handsome young man. How perfect!”

Lewis tried desperately to find a way out of his dilemma. He stared at his mother but she...not to mention Patrick – clearly had a different agenda.

“Well I think it’s lovely!” Marianne said “What do you say Carol?”

Marianne’s friend Carol took a moment to appraise her nephew and told him firmly, “You must remember Patrick my dear, that Marianne is one of my dearest friends, and that I’ve known

Lulubelle for nearly all of her life, and so I expect you to behave like a gentleman at all times.”

“Scout’s honor!” Patrick replied, throwing an easy salute. “I’ll be on my best behavior, I promise.”

“Well, that’s settled then,” Marianne said merrily. “Come around at about seven o’clock tomorrow evening. Lulubelle will be all dressed up pretty and waiting anxiously!”

“Mother?” Lewis moaned.

“What?” she said. “You don’t think Patrick is good enough for you?”

“Nooo...” Lewis flushed from the confusion of what had just happened.

Patrick said, “You’re so beautiful...when your pretty face is blushing. I bet you blush a lot?”

Lewis looked up into Patrick’s eyes and felt another flush of heat wash across his face. He tried to be confident but it was hard to do in a thin dress while a young man’s eyes roamed over the delightful swell of his padded brassiere.

Lewis’ appearance was sensuous, uninhibited and designed to reveal and emphasize a feminine silhouette. He felt it, the anguish and the strange excitement mixing and forming a lump in his belly.

There was something strangely scary but exciting happening. Ignoring Lewis’ little squeaks

of embarrassment, his mother and Carol finalized plans. Patrick watched excitedly and in another minute, the date was arranged.

Patrick said, "You're tense and squirming. You don't have to go if you I make you feel too uncomfortable."

Marianne answered for Lewis, "Lulubelle doesn't date and is just a little nervous around handsome men."

"I'll be her prince and treat her like a real princess," Patrick laughed.

"Princess", the word, its very connotation, sent a quiver up Lewis' spine.

As they were about to leave, Marianne paused to refresh her lipstick. She motioned to Lewis to do the same. He fished around in his handbag and plucked out his shiny pink gloss. As he was repainting his lips, his mother turned to Patrick. "You must think us so terribly vain," she giggled, "but you know how we girls are."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," he replied. "We guys get a real kick out of watching girls enjoying being girls. It's best when the ladies make an effort to look attractive for men."

The next morning Lewis awoke feeling slightly groggy. His dreams that night had been very

strange and confusing. He tried to recall exactly what they had been about but it was like chasing a rainbow – he just couldn't quite reach them.

He rose from his bed and went to stand before the long mirror on his wardrobe. The nightgown his mother had given him to wear hung almost to the floor and swished about his legs as he moved. It was pale pink and trimmed with lace and matched the delicate panties he was wearing. It's a theme; he thought numbly, "I'm having a pink themed weekend, actually pink, violet, black and white." The room smelled of new lingerie.

He wrapped himself in the matching pink silk peignoir his mother had also provided, slipped on the fluffy pink high heeled mules, and, resigned to his fate, went to join his mother downstairs.

Marianne greeted Lewis warmly and placed an affectionate kiss on his cheek. "You look beautiful darling," she said, "although your eyes are a little puffy. But don't worry, after breakfast I'll show you a little trick to remedy the situation. Actually, there are quite a few little things I can teach you, things I really ought to have passed on to you years ago. But never mind, we can still make up for lost time."

Ordinarily, Lewis would have at least pretended to put up a show of resistance, but so complete was his subjugation to his mother's will that he merely accepted her instructions without question. After a light breakfast of cereal, a

reminder to take his vitamin and the normal warning about watching his figure. She asked, "Are you wearing one of your new bras?"

Lewis was just standing there embarrassed. "Mother, I'm not wearing a bra."

"Oh?" Marianne said, "I just assumed that it was a bra pushing out your peignoir." She reached out and ran her hand over his bosom to accentuate her point, making Lewis wince slightly.

"Look how pretty they are sticking out! Are they sensitive and ache?" Her fingers stroked and fondled the tips gently.

Lewis shook his head but they did itch and a bra's soft protection felt pleasant against the swelling and soreness.

Marianne sent Lewis back upstairs to shower and put on a bra. "And don't forget to remove any excess hair," he heard his mother call after him. "And use that nice body wash I bought for you."

As if in a trance, Lewis did as he was told.

When he returned to his room, Marianne was waiting for him. "Now then," she said happily, "let's get you ready for your first dance lesson."

"Oh my!" Lewis thought. "Ballet. Is this really is happening?"

Marianne seated Lewis at his vanity and began brushing out his hair. "My mother used to

do this for me when I was a young girl,” she told him. “Doesn’t it feel nice?”

Lewis said nothing but managed to nod his head.

“It’s such a pity your hair isn’t quite long enough to put up in a pretty ballerina’s bun,” she said ruefully, “that style would really suit you.”

Lewis sat obediently while his mother fussed with his hair, pulling it up and back and securing it with a variety of pins and slides. Once satisfied, she began to apply his makeup, first taking a small pot of cream and dabbing some around his eyes. “This will help reduce the puffiness,” she explained. “It’s a little pot of miracles!”

Marianne seemed to be taking an enormous amount of care over his makeup, even more so than when she’d prepared him to meet her friends the day before. She smoothed his complexion with liquid foundation and set it with a sweet smelling powder. She accentuated his eyes with liquid liner, silver-grey eye shadow, and, after curling his lashes with a bizarre looking instrument, coated them with a thick layer of mascara. She brought some color to his cheeks with a dusting of rose-pink blusher. And all the while she hummed a pretty tune to herself.

“I always dreamed of doing this with my beautiful daughter,” Marianne sighed exultantly.

“You dreamed it too, didn’t you, Lulubelle? When you were out and about acting all rough and boyish with those horrid so called friends of yours, what you really wanted was to sit and be pampered like the pretty girl you knew you really were. Aren’t I right?”

Seeing her precious child about to speak, Marianne hushed him gently. “No, don’t say anything, darling, just accept what we both know to be true. Well, guess what? It looks as if both our dreams are coming true!”

Lewis felt totally emasculated and helpless. He was seeing his whole previous existence vanishing before his very eyes and entering an entirely new and alarming future from which he was powerless to escape.

When it came to his lips, his mother insisted that he do them himself. He took the slender tube of lip-gloss and painted his lips a bright shade of pink.

“Perfect, darling,” his mother crooned. “You do that so well. The next thing you know you’ll be giving me tips! Ooh, wouldn’t that be fun, we could give each other facials!”

Next, Marianne helped Lewis into his ballet dress.

She sighed in ecstasy as she brought out the beautiful garment. “I wore this when I danced at Covent Garden with Andropov,” she said, as if in

a dream. “Swan Lake. I like to think that was my crowning moment. I danced better that night than I ever had before. And to think that now get to pass my knowledge on to my darling Lulubelle!”

The dress was everything Lewis had feared. The bodice was elaborately embroidered and stitched with what seemed like a thousand little fake diamonds that sparkled in the light.

His embarrassment and nervousness was overwhelming as he began fiddling the bodice. Brushing his fingers, he felt tiny nubs harden beneath the fabric. He squirmed, and then shifted his hips then fidgeted with the hem of the skirt.

Lewis’ torso was ‘skinny’, but unlike some boys had been softer and more rounded. His chest did not have breasts, but it was soft there and had small fleshy lumps that protruded outward. Sometimes they protruded more than others. And in this top, they were pushed up like little mounds.

His tights caressed his smooth legs and when he saw how the ribbons on his ballet shoes crisscrossed prettily around his ankles, he could have died. Worst of all was the skirt. A dozen layers of floaty pink gauze fluttered around his knees.

Marianne was ecstatic. “Oh Lulubelle!” she cried. “You look so beautiful!”

There was no denying it. Lewis was forced to admit that the vision before him held no trace of his former self. Lewis the sportsman was gone and only Lulubelle remained. He felt a little part of himself die.

His mother was swept up in her own emotions. She dabbed some perfume behind Lewis’s ears and, taking him by the hand, led him downstairs. “Let’s start you on the journey you were always supposed to travel!”

Lewis saw that the drawing room, which his mother decreed was the only room spacious enough to accommodate a dance class, had been cleared of all furniture except for the baby grand piano Marianne liked to play occasionally, and a single sofa.

“When did you do all this, mother?” Lewis asked.

“Last night while you were sleeping, angel,” she replied. “I wanted to make sure everything was just perfect for you.”

Marianne led Lewis into the center of the room and adjusted his posture until he was standing ‘just right’.

“Now remember,” she told him firmly, “a ballerina doesn’t simply go through the motions, she expresses what she feels inside. She reacts to the music, be it mournful or joyous or however it feels at the time, and translates it into her movements. First of all I’m going to show you a few basic steps and once you’ve mastered them, we’ll move on. And remember, poise and elegance at all times!”

For the next forty minutes or so Lewis went through the routine under his mother’s strict supervision. He started rather haltingly, but under her constant and somewhat demanding guidance, he was soon moving more naturally. When he complained that her instructions were coming too thick and fast, Marianne scoffed.

“This! This is nothing! You should have seen some of the slave drivers I studied under. I’m telling you, nothing was good enough for them, nothing!”

Seeing her son’s pretty face turn to shock, Marianne softened. “But don’t you worry, Lulubelle darling, you’re doing absolutely fine. In fact you’re a natural, as I always knew you would be. Isn’t it a shame that we didn’t do this years ago?”

“I feel kind of silly,” Lewis said.

“Why ever for? Running around a field with lots of grubby boys chasing a ball, now that’s

what I call silly! But this is dance! This is art! It's a celebration! Now let's go through it again. And remember, keep your head held high and for heaven's sake smile! Dance is a joyous thing!"

Lewis repeated the steps he had been taught until he finally had them committed to memory. When Marianne was satisfied, she decided to move things a step further.

"Now then, Lulubelle, you remember how I told you that a ballerina always expresses herself with the music?"

"Uh huh."

"Good girl. So what I want you to do, is to just keep going through the little routine I taught you. Once you've finished, start again. Just keep going OK?"

"Yes mother," Lewis replied.

"That's it, darling," Marianne said soothingly. "Oh! I'm so proud of you! These exercises are designed to shape a ballerina's body into graceful curves."

Lewis moved gracefully into the center of the room. First he executed a sweet little curtsy and then began to dance. As he took his first few tentative steps, Marianne began to tap out a light refrain on the piano.

Steadily she increased the tempo of the music and watched in absolute rapture as her darling

Lulubelle leapt and twirled around the room with growing confidence.

He was keeping his chest up, belly in tight, a slight curve in his lower back, his chin was up and head held high.

Never had Marianne imagined that such happiness was possible. She put her whole self into the music, playing better and with more passion than she ever had before. As she keyed the final note and let it die in the air, the tears were tumbling down her cheeks.

Lewis immediately rushed to his mother's side. "Whatever's wrong?" he cried.

Marianne dabbed away her tears. "Nothing darling, nothing at all. I just never dreamed I would see the day!"

"What do you mean?"

"*You*, Lulubelle! I've watched you all these years and I've been so worried. But now, seeing you dance so beautifully and expressing your true nature, I feel as if I've been blessed!"

"I certainly liked the way you played," Lewis said.

"Oh, be honest now Lulubelle darling. Didn't you feel free and wonderful as you danced? Didn't you feel, for the first time in your life that you were really, truly being yourself?"

Lewis blushed slightly. “It felt kind of liberating, I guess.”

“Oh, I knew. I just knew!” Marianne gasped.

“Knew what mother?”

Marianne took her son’s face in her hands. “All those years I had to stand back and watch you suffering under the weight of all that pretend masculinity, wondering when it would break you. But don’t you see? We’ve made a major breakthrough and I’m so happy!”

“Do you really think that’s what’s happened,” Lewis asked.

“My gosh yes!” Marianne exclaimed elatedly. “This is a new start. For both of us!”

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Lulubelle's diary.

I've actually called it that. Lulubelle's, not Lewis'. Is this how I now see myself? I'm so confused. For years I've had to endure the ordeal of my mother's overbearing personality and her curious conviction that I should have been a girl. Not, please note, that she would have preferred it (although she said exactly that enough times when I was growing up) but that somehow, deep down in my psyche, I longed for it too.

When I landed the internship with the Carlton publishing house (and their oh so glorious promise of company provided accommodation) I felt I had finally freed myself from her apron strings. But now she's back. And with a vengeance.

Thinking about it, I can see now that she was never really away. My job, for instance, that has mother's influence written all over it. You see, when I went for the interview, I prepared myself thoroughly. Carlton Publishing has two main divisions: sport and lifestyle. I researched every avenue I could and presented myself as the perfect candidate for a position on one of their sporting titles. I was taken on as a junior researcher for a women's fashion magazine. Would it surprise you to learn that my mother is a close friend of the managing director?

Didn't think so.

As I write this, my mother is in the next room gleefully preparing my outfit for my date tonight. Yes, I'm going on a date. Not a real date but with a boy. I have no choice. My mother has decided.

I must put my pen down now and heed to her demands. Whoever you are, we'll talk later. I'm especially concerned about 'The List', whatever that might be.

Marianne was in heaven. For so long she had yearned for a daughter and now, thanks to her efforts, that dream was becoming a reality. All those things she'd missed! All those pleasures blocked by the gross injustice of a biological anomaly and a husband who was intent on rearing a son in his own image.

She had managed to put a brake on that, thank heavens, and while she mourned her husband's passing, his sudden absence had given her the opportunity she'd been looking for. She'd put a lot of time and effort into luring Lewis away from any masculine tendencies only for him to lapse back into his former bad habits when he took the job at the publishing firm.

Marianne still cursed herself over that foolish oversight, but she was confident that she had things back under control. She was determined to be the author of 'Lulubelle's destiny.' After all, doesn't a mother always know best?

SPARE ROOM....

Lewis entered the spare room with an air of trepidation. Since he'd been living away from home his mother had transformed the room from a cluttered storage area into what she gleefully described as the 'girlie room'.

"I thought it would be nice for us to have our own little space," she declared. "After all, your father had his 'den', where he kept all his silly sporting trophies to show off to his friends when they visited, so why shouldn't we have a place where we can do what we enjoy. Look at it, darling. Isn't it divine!"

Lewis couldn't help but make a mental comparison between this room and the 'den'. They were polar opposites. While his father's sanctum was a snug, if somewhat austere looking area, with its oak paneled walls, creaky leather armchairs and the ever present ghost of cigar smoke lingering in the air, the girlie room was light, airy and devoid of any masculine influence whatsoever.

And 'little', it wasn't. It featured a dressing table large enough to accommodate two people and with room to spare; vast floor-to-ceiling walk-in wardrobes; a seating area with twin overstuffed sofas and an elegant cocktail cabinet. And everywhere there were elaborate displays of flowers.

“I was thinking that as one of your chores you could keep the floral arrangements fresh, Lulubelle darling,” Marianne said. “You have such a good eye for color.”

“What do you mean, my chores?” Lewis asked nervously. “I have my own apartment now.”

“Oh no, Lulubelle. I think we should agree that it’s for the best if you move back home. I’ve missed your company terribly and going by what I’ve seen, it’s clear that you need my guidance more than ever. I’ve already spoken to your bosses about it and they are in full agreement. I’ve even arranged for you to have a couple of weeks leave, isn’t that good news? We can spend a lot more time together.”

“But you can’t do that!” Lewis protested.

Marianne gave her son a withering look. “Lulubelle,” she said sternly, “I only have your best interests at heart. Ever since you moved out you’ve been behaving in a manner that is totally inappropriate and one that will ultimately lead only to doing yourself irreparable harm. You’re in a very delicate stage of your life right now and I simply cannot bear the thought of you damaging yourself.”

“Mother, I’m fine!” Lewis cried. “I like living in my apartment and I like living on my own. There’s nothing wrong with me!”

Marianne sighed theatrically and mimed blinking back her tears. “Oh Lulubelle! When I saw you dance this morning I truly thought we’d made a breakthrough with your condition. I know you must still have some doubts, but surely you can see how far you’ve come?”

The memory of the dancing lesson was etched firmly in Lewis’s mind. The feeling of humiliation at being made to prance about as a pretty ballerina under his mother’s adoring eye, was mixed with his ever present desire not to hurt her feelings.

He even had to admit to himself that he felt a little tinge of pride at how well he had performed – earning his mother’s approval was something he’d been conditioned to for years.

Marianne, ever alert to her son’s moods, was quick to notice his uncertainty and moved to press home her advantage.

“Lulubelle, my sweet,” she said fondly, “these past two days have been a little bit fraught, I know. But everything is working out for the best. I want you to trust me on this. Our lives are moving forward and it is important that we help one another. You’re helping me to earn my rightful place in society and I’m helping you to become the best person you should always have been. It’s wonderful, the way it’s all working out. And to think, tonight you’re going on your first real date! He seems so nice.”

“It's not a date.” Lewis said. “Not a real one.”

“If it's not a ‘real’ date, what kind of date is it?” his mother asked.

“I guess it's sort of a fake date, right?”

“If Patrick is excited about taking you out, it is a real date!”

“I can’t seriously go out with a boy!”

“You most certainly can and will! It’s only natural that someone as pretty as you should start dating. Patrick seems like a very nice young man. He’s quite a catch!”

Lewis could see that there was no way of opposing his mother’s wishes. And with the news that she had arranged for him to move back in with her, he felt more trapped than ever.

Marianne gave him a gentle hug. “I know you’re feeling a little bit nervous, but it’s just first night jitters, that’s all. Every girl feels apprehensive before her first proper date - it’s all part of the fun! Trust me, everything will be just fine. If I know Carole Barnes, Patrick will have been given his orders and will behave like a perfect gentleman. Now let’s get you ready!”

Marianne, Lewis saw, had pulled out all the stops. After instructing him to shower using a perfumed body wash, she led him back into the ‘girlie room’ to prepare his outfit. She was

beaming with delight. “Ooh, this is so exciting!” she gushed.

Lewis did as he was told but was desperate to convince himself this was not a real date even though his legs were freshly shaved and everything.

Firstly, she showed him the underwear she had selected. Lewis was quite used to being made to wear a tight fitting “control garment” that always made him feel like a sausage. He had been expecting something similar.

What he saw took his breath away. There was an elegant bra and panties set in pale blue silk and lace, complete with a garter belt and sheer nude stockings. They were just like the ultra feminine lingerie his mother wore nearly everyday.

“You bought these for me? To wear?”

“For a special occasion.” Marianne had him remove his frilly dressing gown and studied his naked body objectively.

“Lulubelle darling,” she asked seriously, “have you by any chance stopped taking the vitamins I had prescribed for you?”

“I...er... they ran out. I haven’t had the time to get a replacement.”

Marianne uttered a sigh of disapproval. “I thought as much! Really, Lulubelle! It would

appear that I've brought you back not a moment too soon! You haven't been taking care of yourself at all!"

"But I feel fine!" Lewis protested. "I don't really need those vitamins."

"I'll be the judge of that," Marianne said firmly. "I take those same vitamins and look at my soft skin. I'm getting you a new supply first thing tomorrow morning. From now on, you take yours when I take mine."

"Yes mother," Lewis replied sheepishly, "whatever you say."

"Good. Now come along and try these on. They were very expensive," Marianne said, holding up the lingerie.

"Those panties look too small?" Lewis said staring at the panties.

Marianne said, "That's something I don't want you to argue with me about. Tight undergarments enhance figures and will give you the right curves. These panties are made to keep a woman's stomach flat and will keep your little thingy nice and flat and up between your legs...which is where it needs to learn to be happy."

"Happy?" Lewis moaned but stepped into the silky panties and marveled at how the silky but restrictive material flattened his tiny bulge.

Lewis moaned, “It’s so uncomfortable...how am I supposed to use the bathroom?”

“In a skirt and sitting, the bathroom won’t be too tricky. I’ll help you if you have a problem? And those panties? Oh, they do the job just perfectly!” Marianne declared. “Just like the saleslady said they would. She said it’s fortunate that you’re not so developed down there,” she added mischievously, causing Lewis to blush bright red.

“Oh mother...you told the saleslady that?”

“All women have little figure problems to smooth out.”

“Am I really that small?” Lewis looked in the mirror and gasped. He felt the rush in his groin but no sign of any male response. Everything was smooth in the void between his buttocks. He swallowed hard, fighting down a queasy sensation.

“Everything fits into the grand scheme and is for the best,” Marianne said. “Look how nice those look on you?”

Lewis couldn't help himself. He dared to look between his legs and compare to his mother's appearance in panties. His heart skipped a beat; and he pressed his smooth shaved knees together as his eyes ran down his over his just slightly rounded belly, then down to the disappearing crotch of his panties.

There was no sign of maleness, just the shimmering fabric of his panties. Tense and confused, Lewis tightened his legs more and turned to look at his backside. The satin fabric snuggled so enticingly over the cheeks of his fleshy bottom.

And if there was ever a reminder needed to keep Lewis' legs together, the tight panties were it. Any allowing of his knees to separate in an improper way would suddenly make the gusset press upward and tighten uncomfortably.

Lewis discovered that the "extra firm control" forced him to walk, stand, and sit in a very refined and graceful way. There was certainly no 'plopping' down. With a short time...between his legs; the fight was over and Lewis relaxed; letting the garment just hold and control.

"See how easily you have adjusted?" his mother said. "Let it do its work and, you will learn to love the enhanced 'curve appeal'. With almost invisible control, the smoothness between your legs will feel as feminine as it looks. No more embarrassing bumps and bulges."

Lewis sighed, "I'm like a girl down there, aren't I."

"You are getting there. You need to watch what you eat and take your vitamins."

Lewis' legs were round and had fleshy pads that caused a slight flare to the hips. Was it an

accident his body was storing fat in the places females store it for childbirth? His mother thought, “If his bottom gets any bigger, he’ll need a girdle with some outfits.

Now then!” his mother said sweet-talkingly as she held the blue bra up by the straps for her son to admire. “Here’s the matching brassiere. Isn’t it pretty?”

Pretty it certainly was to look at, but rather disturbing for a boy to admire and wear. It was made of satin, the top edge beautifully trimmed with a scalloped band of lace, a pretty ribbon bow marking the center of the cups; the fabric was beautifully embroidered with a pattern of flowers, and even the straps were decorative lace.

All the sweet-talking could not cover up the real purpose of the feminine frippery. It was to make and enhance curves on the female inside it.

“Isn’t it dreamy?” she asked.

Lewis’ “dream” bra was like his mother’s, only padded to assure mother and son of their common bond. It was her favorite brand; the ones she wore daily in her travels: shopping, working, dining and enjoying dating activities.

Lewis’ mother coaxed, “Come on, darling. You can do it! It is so pretty, right?”

Lewis didn't know what he was feeling. His eyes were just glued to two lacy cups. He was speechless. and breathless. His eyes looked in

the mirror and traveled down to his panties, which showed nothing...no visual response. That was comforting in one way but disconcerting to see nothing between his legs.

“Yes mother, it is a very pretty brassiere.”

She helped him into the bra, and with a mischievous little giggle, inserted a pair of soft pads into the cups. “To give you a little more shape,” Marianne explained. “I want to help you do everything you can to enhance your assets! The women in your family were all blessed when the boobs were handed out. For now, you’ll need to make padded bras your `breast friends’.”

With the bra firmly on his shoulders, his nervous fingers toyed with his bra straps. His eyes were watching the mirror as the globular curve of lovely curves became visible.

“Oh mother... I shouldn't... oh my,” he whispered in a trembling voice...yet he shivered with excitement.

Once Lewis had worn a bra, no matter how reluctantly, it was becoming significantly easier to have him do so again and again. He could no longer argue that he shouldn’t wear a brassiere.

“It looks like a perfect fit to me!” she said.

He knew the enhanced shape called complete attention to his chest and to the display that announced, “I am female!” No matter how much

he tried to cover up the curves; he simply could not hide the shape. And he had no idea how to escape the unwanted attention his mother was so excited about.

Next his mother showed him how to roll on the sheer stockings and attach them to the garter belt. “Oh yes!” she clucked. “Very demure! When I was a girl, I could hardly wait for my first real stockings.”

“Wouldn’t pantyhose be easier?” Lewis asked.

She laughed, “Stockings are for between your ears as much as for between your legs. You have to be grown-up enough to manage a garter belt and wear stockings. They required constant attention to ensure they were not sagging or twisted around your knees. And like me, you’ll love the swish-swish-swish when you walk.”

The thought of swishing in lingerie like his mother should have made a lump but the new control panties didn’t allow any of that. He’d seen his mother swirl in the mirror checking her lingerie around her hips and thighs. He had often wondered what it would be like to wear elegant, sexy lace and silk lingerie all day!

His mother said, “I do not care what type of garter belt someone wears, be it a four, six or eight strap, eventually you will be alerted with that ‘pop’, signaling that you just lost a garter. Trust me, it always happens at the wrong place

and time and requires a quick trip to the ladies room.”

Since the men’s room would be off limits, Lewis went about double-checking each garter. As his stockings were now totally exposed and the straps of his lacy garter belt lay exposed, stretched tautly from his stocking tops up to his panties! Lewis’s creamy smooth thighs contrasted with the shiny nylon, making both more visible.

Lewis quivered with growing excitement. Marianne assumed that it was the stockings and garters that were exciting him.

As he stroked the nylon panties above his stocking tops, he shivered and pressed his fingers against his belly. The sight of his stockings framed the smooth flat gusset between his legs.

“Looking good,” his mother commented. “All this just takes a little time to get used to....”

Could he learn to love the feel of the stretchy nylon panties as they molded everything flat?

Lewis posed in the mirror and stretched the way his mother, the ballerina, warmed up and he suddenly felt weak at the knees from fear.

Lewis was quickly led to the dressing table to have his make-up applied. “I think we should go for a really glamorous look, darling,” Marianne said. “Bold and yet subtle at the same time. Oh!

You have such lovely features. I swear, you make me quite jealous!”

By the time his mother had finished, Lewis was quite stunned at his appearance. Whereas before she had made him up to look pretty and youthful, he now looked positively vampish! His eyes were smoky and dark under his artfully sculpted eyebrows and his long lashes fluttered like bats wings. His cupid bow lips glistened a deep shade of crimson.

“Wow!” he gasped, in spite of himself.

“Wow indeed!” Marianne echoed. “Patrick is one very lucky young man!”

Lewis’s hair, already styled and highlighted by Sandra at the salon, needed only a few touches here and there, although Marianne took a good deal of time to get the style ‘just so’. Once she was satisfied, she set it with a generous misting of hairspray that made Lewis cough.

Marianne laughed at her son’s discomfort. “I know, darling,” she said. “We girls go through an awful lot to make ourselves attractive. But it’s all worth it in the end when you see your man smile! Now for your dress!”

Lewis gulped in anticipation. Several of the dresses his mother had bought him the day before were laid out on display, along with one or two he recognized as belonging to her.

“Isn’t it marvelous that we’re about the same size, Lulubelle darling,” Marianne cooed. “Think of all the fun we’ll have trying on each other’s clothes!”

Lewis was then subjected to a session of trying on each and every outfit until his mother was happy. She had him parade up and down the room each time and adopt a series of poses designed, so she said, to ensure that he was comfortable. “I want you to feel at ease, darling,” Marianne told him. “The way you present yourself is very important, and you wouldn’t want Patrick to think that you’re a slob, now would you?”

As he wiggled back and forth to the mirror, he reeled in the body-hugging fit of each outfit. Lewis felt light-headed in a way he had never felt before. It was all so mischievous and naughty. The dresses his mother liked best were mostly flamboyant and femininely sexy. These were not clothes Lewis could hide in.

The dress enjoyed wearing was his mother’s gold brocade cocktail dress with matching jacket. The dress was sleeveless, with wide straps, a nipped waist, and a wraparound-style skirt. Not a wide skirt, but wide enough to walk without mincing.

The waist-length jacket was trimmed in gold braid as was the skirt’s front panel. Lewis said,

“I like this because I feel like I’m wearing armor.”
His mother’s armor!

“No honey, too old looking. Maybe for lunch at the club but not on a first date.”

The dress Marianne had chosen for Lewis – his opinions were invited but given no real consideration, ‘until you’re confident enough to express yourself fully’ – was a swathe of midnight-blue silk that clung to his slender frame like a cascading waterfall. Even he was impressed.

Lewis smoothed the fabric against his body. “I feel...” he couldn’t find the words. He was in a big girl dress and about to do a big girl activity. He was beginning to get pretty freaked out and overwhelmed.

Lewis felt a strange ripple of excitement washing through his taut belly; sensing a little tickle between his thighs at the gusset of his panty crotch. Squeezing his thighs, along with a subtle wiggle of his hips, didn’t seem to reduce the tickle. Nothing helped, even the thigh compression at the snug crotch of his panties.

A bright blush crept onto Lewis’ pretty face, and as he looked at his mother who kept him busy with questions like: “Did you want a matching ribbon for your hair?” and “Maybe you should wear your grandmother’s sapphire necklace?”

Lewis had to admit, having his mother fuss over him was pretty fun. He couldn't take the dress off; it was now his dress and he felt pretty, no sexy and maybe a little of both.

“You are my princess,” Marianne said with tears in her eyes. “You look *beautiful* darling! In my wildest dreams I couldn't have wished for more!”

Lewis' nerves were on edge as he tried not to think about what he was about to do. He tried not to think about what would happen if anyone found out.

Marianne spoke in a way to make him feel calm and confident. Confidence was everything in a dress and high heels. Lewis looked in the mirror and didn't want to see “himself.” He smoothed the non-existent wrinkles from his dress nervously with his hands as that shivery tickle now ran up his spine.

In front of the mirror, there was only the slow rise and fall of his bust line breathing. Lewis finally mumbled, “I shouldn't be doing this.” Lewis was almost in tears.

“Honey,” his mother said. “The reason for dating is to get to know someone better. Just relax and enjoy the attention.”

“But I'm a boy?”

“I raised you to be yourself. Ultimately, that will be enormously fun and memorable.”

“I’m so scared....”

“Fix your lipstick,” she said. The vision of Lewis being panicky and trying to get a final coat of lipstick on straight made her giggle to herself.

“You look beautiful. Like a bride.”

Not a single inch of Lewis had gone unpolished and un-primped. His nails were glossy with a lip-matching bright polish.

She said, “Time for you to enjoy being a sexy, young princess.... You are going to love this.”

He wanted to argue with his mother but it was too late. Not then...he had a `date`.

The matching shoes were vertiginously high and caused Lewis to have to walk in tiny, slightly unsteady steps. “I’m not sure I’ll be able to keep my balance in these all night,” he said to his mother.

“Why, darling!” Marianne exclaimed. “That’s what men are there for! You just have to take Patrick’s arm and let him steady you. It’s a lovely intimate gesture and it will make him feel like he’s protecting you. Men like to think that they’re in charge.”

“Mom, I’m really not sure about all of this.”

“Maybe you need to take an extra vitamin? Just relax and you’ll know soon enough,” Marianne said. “Trust me, Patrick is a very handsome young man?”

Lewis felt himself blush again as his mother went on about Patrick and his manly attributes. She said, “Make him feel like a man. Sit back and let him open your doors and pamper you. It will make him feel like more of a man....”

“OKAY mother, I get it. He’s a *real* manly man and I’m...not.” Lewis’ voice was breathy and shaking slightly as he tried to strike a maleish pose in the mirror.

“Being submissive just allows Patrick, or any man, to feel more like a man around someone like you. He will find you to be very sexy!” his mother exclaimed. “It’s okay for you to be uncertain. Let Patrick make all the decisions for you.”

Lewis sighed. “So I just go along with anything he wants?”

“Competing with a man is not only unattractive, it’s pointless. Think about how I react in situations. I am a strong, independent woman but when around a handsome man, I let his male energy take over.”

Lewis said, “I’m scared.”

“You should be,” Marianne smiled. “A man’s vitality can be intense and scary. But this isn’t

like being bullied in school. Oh Lulubelle! I know we've never really had a proper birds and bees talk."

"Am I a bird or a bee?" Lewis groaned.

"Confused? I promise to put that right from now on. There are so many things I can share with you now; so much we need to catch up on."

Lewis' mother was such an aggressive woman but he saw that she easily fell into being alpha male dependent. He asked, "What if I don't like or want to do something Patrick wants to do?"

His mother smiled, "The key to becoming male dependent is to keep relaxed. Once you trust a man, you will feel really great and probably become quite addicted to the feeling. Some women routinely do things they don't want with men from their teens, gradually, inevitably feeling like they cannot function properly without a man. I just want you to understand your power. I can't wait to start checking off the little experiences on my list!"

"What is this list, mother?" Lewis asked nervously.

"We haven't got the time to go into that now, darling. Patrick will be here any minute. Oh! I nearly forgot!" Marianne darted off and returned moments later bearing a pair of dressy gold clip-on earrings. "These should set off your outfit wonderfully," she said as she attached them.

“Next time we’re at the beauty salon, I’ll get Sandra to pierce your ears for you. That way, you can enjoy wearing some of my prettier styles.”

Lewis studied his reflection in the mirror as his mother continued to fuss happily around him. He felt so odd and yet...a powerful surrender. He could hear the tempo of his beating heart while he waited and listened for a doorbell.

It was an awesome experience.

When Marianne handed Lewis his little clutch purse, she mused, “Now, have we forgotten anything?”

“Only that I’m a boy,” Lewis thought. “Is this really how my life is going to be?”

He was afraid to answer his own question. As Lewis sat there, the seconds moving slow as his heartbeat raced. It was more that just being dressed in a feminine manner: dress, makeup, perfume and sitting in a girlish way.

There were mental changes too. With the submission, there was a serenity, a graciousness, and a desire to look the best he could as others treated him totally as a young woman.

Marianne said, “Honey, I need you to make a good impression.”

What was that impression? It was that Lewis loved being a girl. She added, “You’ll learn, being

around young men will make you enjoy these pretty things even more.”

Marianne’s eyes widened when she saw how pretty Lewis looked gently holding his designer purse. She couldn’t resist a little memory. “Honey, do you remember when I used to try my new lipsticks on you first and when I gave you your own lipstick and your first real purse?”

“I never wore even the nude lipstick to junior high,” Lewis defended.

“But you did carry the purse in your backpack.”

“You kept putting in there.” It was a nice little purse, yellow, patent leather with a big pink flower decal on it.

“I put some tissues in it for you and even your lunch money in a little matching wallet.”

“Sometimes I didn’t eat lunch,” Lewis moaned.

“Look in your purse at your new little wallet.”

Lewis looked confused as he opened his new purse. Inside Marianne had placed a makeup mirror, lipstick, tissues and delicate wallet with a few bills and a little stack of gift cards all for a variety of exclusive dress, lingerie, footwear and accessory shops for the active, fashion-aware young woman.

“It’s your money Lulubelle,” Marianne smiled sweetly. “You can spend it on anything you like.”

“Just like any young woman, right?” Lewis sighed, remembering his manners, “Thank you mother.”



“Honey, do you remember when I used to try my new lipsticks on you first?”

Patrick and his Aunt rang the doorbell promptly at seven o'clock. Carole, predictably, was firmly in control.

“Come along Patrick! For heaven’s sake don’t dawdle! You’ve been slouching around all day doing Gawd alone knows what and it’s not as if I’ve got the time to do everything for you not with what I’ve got on my plate right now and dear me child have you forgotten your manners! The flowers, boy, the flowers!”

The young man smiled his easy smile and stepped past his Aunt. He held two bouquets. The first, a large and vibrantly colored arrangement of carnations, he presented to Marianne. “For you,” he said formally. “And for my lovely date this evening....”

Patrick handed Lewis a simple but exquisite posy of pink and white roses.

Marianne gasped with delight. Lewis was simply rooted to the spot, unable to think of anything to say. He took the flowers from Patrick and held them unsteadily in his trembling hands.

“Oh Patrick!” Marianne cried. “They’re so beautiful! What a gentleman you are!”

Enlisting her friend Carole’s help, Marianne rushed around in search of a couple of vases. “You two kids go and sit down in the living room,” she said cheerfully, taking the flowers from Lewis. “And Lulubelle, you haven’t thanked Patrick!”

“I..er...thank you Patrick. They’re lovely.”

“My pleasure,” he replied. “You look stunning in that outfit.”

Lewis blushed to his roots. Accepting the flowers proved that Patrick cared or at least it was a possessive gesture meant to make a female feel special, attractive, sexy, and wanted.

The next few minutes were awkward for Lewis as he struggled to make small talk. Patrick, however, was relaxed and seemingly full of confidence, as if he had done this sort of thing many times before. Which of course he probably has, Lewis told himself. Only this time it’s a little bit different and Patrick seemed to enjoy all the nervous skirt adjustments!

Lewis was relieved when the ladies returned, only to have that relief turn sour as Carole assailed him with a torrent of questions about his outfit and appearance.

“And is that Sandra’s handiwork I detect in your hairstyle? I thought as much...that woman performs wonders I do declare and I hope you’re suitably loyal to her a girl should always treasure a good hairdresser...they’re worth their weight in gold.”

“Aunt Carole,” Patrick said, interrupting her. “I think it’s time Lulubelle and I were on our way.”

“Yes well. Yes I suppose it is. But just you remember what I told you young man! If hear here one mention of you behaving improperly, then mark my words, nephew of mine, I’ll have your guts for garters! Your guts for garters! Do you understand me?”

“Of course, Aunt Carole.”

“Mind me, young man. You may think you know it all, but I’ve seen every trick in the book. Lulubelle, be sure to tell me if this clump of a so called gentleman fails to live up to expectations.”

In spite of his anxiety, Lewis was amused by it all. “I certainly will,” Lewis said bashfully, and was surprised to hear that his voice had taken on a decidedly feminine lilt.

Continued in Part Two!

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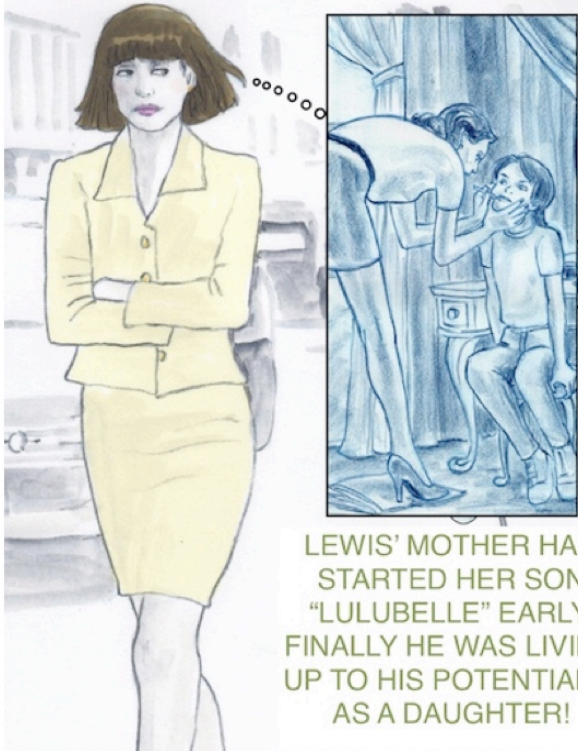
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