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I NEVER WANTED TO BE A WOMAN

*"Politically Corrected" by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack*



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FICTION



C H E R Y L L Y N N

***I NEVER
WANTED TO
BE A WOMAN***

**“Politically Correct” by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack
A Crossed Fiction Story**



2013 Digital Edition

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POLITICALLY CORRECTED

Margaret Abigail Wilkerson was a proud woman. Her hardened features were cut from granite, and her resolve was twice as solid. Margaret's heritage came from a long line of distinguished old-money conservative politicians. She had won re-election in a hotly contested race as a judge on the appeals court. She had her sights set on becoming the first woman supreme court justice in her state's history.

But in her cold, calculating, political mind, she had realized she could never garner the support she would need to be elevated to the top court. That was because her only living son had a knack for putting himself in the media spotlight, and it was giving her fits.

Michael Jordan, or "MJ" as he preferred, had become a major liability ever since he started college and fell in with very liberal campus organizations. It was his overt participation in liberal publicity stunts and public rallies that had made the last election such a close one. MJ's exploits had been used relentlessly against her by her opponents. His continued involvement in those ultra-liberal groups would surely destroy any chance she had to win a supreme court seat.

How a son of hers could ever see Lenin and Che Guevara as heroes, and the military and police as oppressors, was beyond her comprehension. If his late father, the Honorable Michael Jordan Wilkerson, could see his son now, he would surely be turning over in his grave. Her son was the only one on either side of the family that had turned so radical.

"Maybe it's my fault," she said, one late evening. She was swirling around two ice cubes in her drink, the clinking noise acting like a chime. Margaret spoke aloud, even though her one companion, a staffer, wasn't expected to answer her questions. "If I had spent more time with him, he wouldn't be doing the crazy things that he does. The adverse publicity from his arrest for spray painting that poor woman's fur almost cost me the last election. Gracious, it wasn't even a real fur! What's gotten into that boy, Carl?" The staffer remained silent, but attentive.

Margaret sipped her cocktail. "First, it's joining that radical left wing group on campus, then it's his army surplus clothing, free trade goods and strict vegan diet. What's gotten into that boy? Now I hear he was picked up for picketing city hall to free a murderer on death row."

She turned to face her sympathetic assistant. "Hell, I'm the one who sent that bastard to the executioner! If he continues behaving like this, I won't stand a chance of getting elected city dog catcher – let alone to the state supreme court." Margaret slammed her glass down on the table in a rare display of emotion. To anyone that knew her, they would have recognized that she was at the height of anger. "Damn it, he's embarrassed me for the last time. We have to do something!" she raged at her Chief of Staff.

Carl Perkins was a poster boy for the conservative right. He looked just like a revivalist preacher with a Rolex on his wrist. He was only twenty-four, but had



been with Margaret since he was eighteen. He started out as her intern but was now her Chief of Staff. He stood silent, listening to Margaret vent her rage and frustrations.

He was good at that – listening, making mental notes for further research, and whatever else he needed to do to help his mentor and best friend. MJ certainly was a liability and could derail any further ambitions his friend might have. MJ's continuing publicity stunts and aggravated assaults to further his ultra-liberal causes were seriously undermining Margaret's political future. He had heard rumors that the higher officials in the party were considering backing another for that position.

Carl agreed with his employer. His own future, as much as Margaret's, was in jeopardy. Something radical had to be done to curtail MJ's errant behavior – and soon.

"I'll look into it," he said.



1971 was a tumultuous year for the country. The hippie movement from the late sixties and the evolution of 'free love' had stressed society to the breaking point. The generational change was a chasm between the traditionalist and the non-conformists. Margaret had made the mistake of underestimating the effect it would all have on her family.

Her older son, Darrin, had been the strength of the Wilkerson lineage. When her dear husband Michael had died of a heart attack five years ago, in 1966, Darrin had become the new head of the household. Just like his father, he had enlisted in the military, becoming a pilot. He was flying his first mission in combat when his plane was shot down over Vietnam in 1968.

The loss of Darrin was heart-breaking for Margaret, and it left her with just her son, Michael Jordan Wilkerson the third. Maybe she should have anticipated that losing a father and brother so quickly would have driven MJ away, but she had no idea he would fall in with with hippies.

She first thought he was just going through a phase or sewing his wild oats, but he embraced the counter-culture more and more as the years went by. Now, with his long hair, unwashed clothes and impertinent attitude, Margaret had practically disavowed her son. She had long accepted that she was alone now, and that was just the way it was. Except for Carl and her servants, Margaret Wilkerson had no one to rely on or confide in, and was embracing the solitary role of matriarch.



A week later, Carl, being his fastidious self, had compiled a file on the "MJ" problem. He was ready and prepared when Margaret asked him for options regarding her son. "I've done the research, Margaret, and think I have a plan that will take care of our little situation. Of course, I did it on the Q.T. and no one can link this to us."

This sounded quite serious, and Margaret leaned forward to listen. "There is this... Woman..." Carl explained. "Mademoiselle Marie Labeaux – who came highly recommended. She's from some place deep in the bayous of Louisiana. Some very well-connected people say she can do the impossible, and perform honest-to-goodness miracles. Some, from personal experience, even say it's nothing less than magic."

"Magic?" Margaret said. "Pshaw."

"I've researched this thoroughly. I stand by my findings. It won't come cheap, but I think this woman can do what we need done."

"And what, pray tell, do we need done? Mesmerize the poor boy?"

"No. She's not going to make him a zombie, or any such thing. She does, however, have a potion, or drug of some sort, that will force him to do everything you say."

A skeptical glance from Margaret was met with a stern, confident return glance from Carl. She had learned to trust the man, even in situations like this. He had never let her down. Besides, the prospect of having her son completely under her control, to mold him into the man she wanted him to be, was too tempting to not consider Carl's plan.

"Another positive in using her is that there will be no paper trail. No prescriptions, no doctors," Carl said.

"Let me understand – you plan on giving my son some kind of magic potion that will make him do whatever I tell him? Don't make me laugh, Carl." Even though she trusted Carl implicitly, she needed to press the man. "Magic potions are just old wives tales and nothing more. Besides, if all his friends suspect he's been drugged, what happens when the truth comes out? Well, I don't think we even want to go there," Margaret replied with a laugh.

"You have a point, and I've anticipated this. An immediate change in his behavior and ideology will certainly draw attention and suspicion which we don't want. So I propose we change both his appearance and political views, but do it gradually," he suggested.

"Well of course, we have to get him out of army surplus and into Pierre Cardin, but how will that help?" Margaret countered.

"I was thinking that we have to go in a totally different direction. Giving MJ a haircut and cleaning him up, even done gradually, will attract attention which we don't want. What I'm suggesting is more radical, something so different that it will draw attention away from his political opinions. Something so shocking that his associates will focus only on his physical changes rather than his mental ones. By the time his liberal friends recognize his new political stance, they will assume it a natural course of events." Carl cocked an eyebrow as he looked at his employer. "How would you feel about having that daughter you have always wanted?" Carl finished.

"What?" she gasped, "You're proposing that I change him into a woman?"

"Yes, I know that sounds as ridiculous to me as it does to you, but I've been assured that it can be done. Remember, he will have to do whatever you tell him, no matter what. He will resist it, but he will have no choice but to obey. With his cooperation, and the help of a few experts, I think MJ will make a nice, if not beautiful woman in time."

"A daughter?" Margaret asked herself. True, she had intended on making MJ into the man of the family, but her own desires for a daughter were stronger. She had always wished for just one girl to raise, to follow in her footsteps. When her husband died, that possibility died with him. To have the chance once again was irresistible to Margaret's mind.

"He's not that tall or big, a little help from a surgeon, and his face will be quite feminine," Carl stated.

"What a strange concept... I always wished that I had a daughter but this idea of yours... You said he would resist it. That drug won't change his mindset, will it? It will just make him do what I say... I don't know Carl... I don't know if I

like the idea of him being changed like that..” You could almost see the gears turning in her mind. “But I’ve done everything in my power to put him on the path of becoming a Wilkerson man, the spine and strength of our family line, which he has rejected.” She tapped her chin as she continued to contemplate the idea. It was fascinating, but surely, it wasn’t truly possible. Margaret felt that reason and common sense told her not to entertain the notion. But she couldn’t resist it. “What you are suggesting is so...”

“Margaret, I know it’s harsh, but I don’t know of another way. If he’s allowed to continue on the same path, you can toss any aspirations of higher office out the window. So what if he doesn’t like it?” Carl pulled out a long, typewritten list of arrests. “Look what his behavior and lifestyle has cost you and the family. How many times have I had to sit idly by while you cried your eyes out over something he did? How many more times does he have to cost the family their dignity and harm their legacy? So what if he doesn’t like wearing designer dresses instead of tie-dyes? Maybe in time he will grow to love the feeling of delicate lingerie and beautiful gowns. There are a lot of men out there that already do.”

“But a woman? A daughter?” Margaret asked, staring off into the air.

“Think of the liability. If we merely altered his mindset and appearance to become a handsome eligible bachelor, his reputation would be in tatters. He would be seen as a sell-out or worse, throwing away his values for money and luxury. What decent woman would marry a man like that? Think of the way the press would treat a man with that kind of history. How would it reflect on you? No, I don’t see where we have any choice in this. We need him to become an entirely different person. So what do you say?”

“You make a good argument, but seem to be forgetting one thing. Having a liberal son is bad enough, but wouldn’t it look just as bad having a transsexual son? I don’t think our conservative friends would look very approvingly on that kind of change,” she countered.

“No one will know. True, his closest friends may recognize that he has changed, but to everyone else, he will disappear, replaced by a daughter.”

“How, Carl? My friends and associates know I have one living son and no daughters. They would never accept him as a woman.”

“Margaret, with all due respect, you haven’t been very forthcoming with your friends and colleagues about the family for some time. Besides, your reputation is unquestionable. If you merely assert that you have no idea where MJ is, or what he is up to, they’ll believe you. The presence of a daughter can be easily explained as her having lived in a foreign boarding school for several years.”

No, it wasn’t the most convincing story, but the intoxicating prospect of having a daughter of her very own got the best of Margaret. “Carl, we’ve been friends for a long time and I trust your judgment.” She took a moment to steel her nerves and come to a decision. “Besides paying this woman for her potion, what else do I have to do?”

“All she needs is either a lock of his hair or nail clippings,” he responded with a laugh.



Back in his office, Carl exhaled and then smiled a satisfied grin. Margaret had approved his plan. He reached over to the humidifier sitting on the mahogany desk, took out a cigar, lit it and sat back. It was time to celebrate. The large, overstuffed leather chair made him look smaller than he was. He was five-nine and weighed one twenty, but his intellect and determination made him stand out in any crowd. Even slight of stature, he was plenty intimidating. He had been Margaret's Chief of Staff for several years and fiercely loyal to her. He initially met Margaret working as an intern and he was impressed by her intelligence and forthright manner. For her part, Margaret recognized his talent and brilliance as well. They got along so well that after he graduated first in his law class, she hired him for a permanent position.

What Margaret didn't know at the time was that Carl was a closet homosexual. It wasn't until Carl became her Chief of Staff, and being paid handsomely, that she found out. He came to her late one afternoon with tears in his eyes and handed her an envelope. Inside were incriminating photos and a letter demanding payment. He was being blackmailed. He confessed everything to her, expecting to be fired on the spot, with poor references that guaranteed he would never work in the field he loved again.

Instead, she issued a bench warrant for the arrest and confinement of the man responsible for the blackmail. It was an open and shut case. The man's fingerprints were all over the contents and envelope, the letter was in his handwriting, and a full confession was obtained. Justice was dispensed quickly and quietly. In return, all Margaret asked was that he refrained from any further sexual contact with other men while in her employ. It would be difficult, but not impossible. He agreed, though – to keep his job.

As a result, Carl would do anything she asked without question or qualm. Finding a way to stop her son's destructive ways became an all-consuming job for him. He discretely made inquiries, checked out leads and finally came up with a solution. It was drastic and certainly questionable, but his research had proven beyond a shadow of a doubt it would work. Not only that, but it would provide Carl with an opportunity. If he played his cards right, he could retain his loyalty, keep his pledge, while getting a sexual partner. It had been very hard maintaining his promise to Margaret, and now he saw a way out. MJ was a handsome youth and would make a very passable, obedient woman – someone to fill Carl's aching needs and at the same time assured his position within the family.



MJ sat on the bed, his fingers gently stroking Saffron's back as her head bobbed up and down between his legs. They had just returned from a planning meeting where the final steps on a raid to free the animals kept in the school's

labs were made. Planning and executing such actions were a huge turn-on for the both of them. They would free the animals the first day of summer break, figuring there would be so much confusion with everyone moving out, they could easily escape. Now MJ was getting his reward for developing such a bold plan.

MJ met Saffron the first week during freshman orientation. She was a Native American with long blue-black hair, high cheek bones, flawless light copper skin and a body to die for. They were sitting beside each other in the large auditorium listening to some official from the school. She was wearing skin tight black leather leggings and multi-colored sleeveless tie-dyed baby doll



blouse. He was dressed in designer tan colored slacks, white dress shirt, blue silk tie and navy cashmere jacket. Both were obviously from totally different ends of the social spectrum.

It was MJ's lustful male mind that dictated his initial desires, but as time went on, he came to love Saffron's passion and intensity. Her love of the environment and hatred of injustice had a profound effect upon him. At first, he just followed along, participating in minor protests about one inconsequential thing or another. However, as his relationship with her deepened, he began to see things from her perspective.

At first, Saffron Yellow Leaf thought MJ to be nothing more than another rich spoiled kid and led him along just to fuck with his mind. She quickly discovered that he had plenty of money and didn't mind parting with it. She didn't go out with him for monetary gain, but it didn't hurt that he could fund some of her protest groups. She got a kick out of seeing this rich conservative boy funding her liberal agenda. He was attractive, in a cute way, plus he didn't try to place any demands upon her. What really turned her on was mind-fucking this naive and gullible rich kid.

"You know nothing, Michael Jordan," she would tell him time and time again as she supplanted his conservative beliefs with her own. From that day on, MJ was never seen in his sports jacket and slacks again. Ratty cords, frayed jackets, army fatigues and sandals became his new look.

Saffron found that in time, using her sexuality and MJ's gullibility mixed with his obvious love, she changed his views and obtained his enthusiastic support. It didn't hurt that he had a talented tongue and accepted her demand that oral sex was as far as she was willing to go. While he was obviously in love with her, she would never marry outside her race. He was nothing more than a means to achieve her goals. Once he served his purpose, she would dump him and move on.

The last day of term, MJ sat typing furiously on his typewriter, writing a manifesto called "The Man Must Go," ranting about the inhumanity of caging poor helpless animals for so-called research. He was brash and gave information about the pending raid. Feeling confident that by the time it was published in the student newspaper, it would be too late.

He was right – to a point. He forgot that his submission to the paper could easily be sent on to the campus police. They didn't get half the cages open before security pulled up and they had to make a mad dash for the exits. They all got out but by the skin of their teeth. Rodger Goodsbee, their electronics expert, had disabled all the security alarms, but The Man might have gotten a look at some of them. It was decided that it would be best if they all scrambled out in different directions, go home for summer break and lie low.

MJ didn't want to go home to his chauvinistic, capitalist pig family – as he now thought of them. He especially didn't want to be around his mother, who was the personification of The Man. While in school, his grandfather's trust paid for all his expenses, but once out on summer break, that access ceased. He didn't have any other choice.

After a year of college and his persistent radical activity, he knew his mother was incensed with his behavior, but would allow him to come home. He had received a letter from her Chief of Staff saying as much. The fact that Carl had sent it, reinforced just how much he had infuriated her. Rodger had offered to let him stay with him during the summer, but he didn't want to share a dinky basement apartment. Rodger was a good comrade, but a real pig and his apartment was a sty. The same could be said about his other male friends.

Another thing that didn't even cross his mind was getting a job. He had never worked a day in his life, and once he reached twenty-five, he would receive his grandfather's legacy. He was too immersed in the rich and famous lifestyle. Giving up starched shirts and ties was what appealed to him, but living a common life most certainly did not. The very idea of having to live like Rodger and the rest of his cadre sent shivers up his back. It was the under-privileged lifestyle that made him become a hippie. Seeing the deprivation in their lives and wanting to improve their happenstance was one thing, but giving up on his luxuries was another. His current-day heroes like the Kennedys and James Dean certainly didn't give up their comforts, so why should he?

Giving out money to support the campus' liberal organizations was easy. It was his grandfather's anyway, and the amount was negligible compared to the whole. It fed his weak ego to be the leader of his little group of activists. Having Saffron as his girl was the real bonus in his campus activities, she was uniquely exotic, and the desire he saw in other men's eyes when they saw her fed his ego even more.

As he headed for home, in his red Aston Martin sports car he had been hiding off campus, he had high hopes that next semester Saffron would finally give in to his desires. If he and Rodger could figure a way to break into the college's files then maybe she would let him bust her cherry. She had given him enough hints, so with that thought in mind, he drove home.

He arrived before his mother had come home from work and felt a tinge of shame when he let Ames, the butler, carry his bags. Ames and his wife Amy, the cook, had been with the family ever since MJ could remember. Despite all his rhetoric, it felt good to have someone carry his bags and unpack for him while he chilled. It had been a long, tiring drive, so that was his justification for letting Ames do his job.

His room was just as he left it. The model planes, the plaques he had won in prep school, and all his baseball equipment were all still there. The large walk-in closet contained all his designer clothing and imported shoes. He lingered a moment in the closet fingering a blue silk dress shirt.

"I kind of miss these, but shit – I have a new image to maintain. Can't let mother think I'm coming back into the fold," he thought.



“Alright, Mademoiselle Labeaux, tell me exactly what you have for me,” Margaret said as the elderly woman sat down beside her on the office couch. She had been waiting several days for a visit from the woman. Carl assured her that the Mademoiselle needed time to prepare her potion, but the wait had worn Margaret thin. She was more anxious than she had been in years.

Mademoiselle Labeaux was wearing a blue/gray gingham below-the-knee-length dress, white knitted shawl around her shoulders, slightly humpbacked with age, her hair was covered in a snood, wrinkled but intelligent looking. Her piercing black eyes glistened with life despite how old she appeared. With gnarled hands she held out a small brown bottle.



“This, Madam, is what you asked of me,” the old woman said, in her heavy Louisiana drawl. “I make it with special herbs ‘n mushrooms found only in the deepest darkest places in de bayou. Den I puts my spell on it.”

Margaret took only a moment to realize she was not dealing with a witch, but a genuine voodoo priestess. The Mademoiselle wasn’t like the ones she had seen in the movies. This woman was threatening and genuinely frightening.

The old woman continued. “One tablespoon twice a day until it all done gone. Da first person to tell dem what to do after dat first dose will have da power to make whoever done take it do as you done toll dem ta do. My potion is strong but need to take it all ta be permanent, oui?” She said, smiling with shockingly white teeth. “Now you have my payment?”

Margaret looked over to Carl who was sitting nearby. He nodded his head and handed over a thick envelope. The old woman handed over the bottle, stood, and walked out of the room.

“Your honor, it’s as she says. I think you will be more than satisfied with the outcome,” Carl said to Margaret.

“That woman gives me the shivers,” she said, once the Mademoiselle was gone. “Did you see the look in her eyes? They were so intense. I don’t believe in magic, but now I’m not so sure. Carl, are you sure we are doing the right thing?”

“She’s no fraud, Margaret. The bit about casting a spell, the need for hair or nails may be just a ruse – but I still wouldn’t want to cross her. What she gave you is a strong natural psychotropic drug. I had a sample she gave me analyzed.”

Carl picked up his “MJ” file and opened it to a document he needed to reference. “The only thing the chemist could come up with is that it won’t kill and is similar to a powerful class of pharmaceuticals that work on brain functions. He indicated that it is a strong psychotropic, amongst other things.”

“Other things?” Margaret asked.

“The lab report wasn’t specific. The chemist said he had never seen anything like it before. Mind-altering drugs, genetic material, retro-viruses...”

“Is it safe?” Margaret asked.

“I’ve got fifteen confirmed cases where people took this potion. No one has suffered any adverse effects.”

“Very well Carl, I trust you, let’s get this done. He should be home by now, if he’s coming,” she said.



MJ was sitting at his desk reading the latest newsletter from the ALU – the Animal Liberation Underground. He was happy to see a short article about the release of the animals at his university. It praised the unknown saviors that had the courage to ‘liberate the unjustly incarcerated animals.’ He looked up when there was a soft knock on his door followed by Amy coming into his room. She had a tray with some fresh-baked cookies and a tea service.

“Master Michael, I thought you might like a bit of something before dinner,” she said, placing the tray down on his bedside table.

“Yea... Yeah, thanks,” he replied, not looking up from his typing.

He was a bit surprised by the fresh baked cookies. The last time they talked, he had given Amy holy hell for daring to cook meat. That nasty incident occurred on his first and last visit home during the Thanksgiving holidays. He was hungry, and the cookies were very good, but the tea had a slightly ‘off’ taste. He drank it anyway, as the peanut butter cookies dried out his mouth. He finished off the last of the cookies and tea, then turned his attention to his typewriter. His intension was to write a response to the article, but suddenly, he felt very tired. Deciding that he could write a response later, he went to go take a nap.

Sometime later, there was a loud, sharp knock on his door. He looked up, glanced at his bedside clock and was surprised to see that it was nearing seven

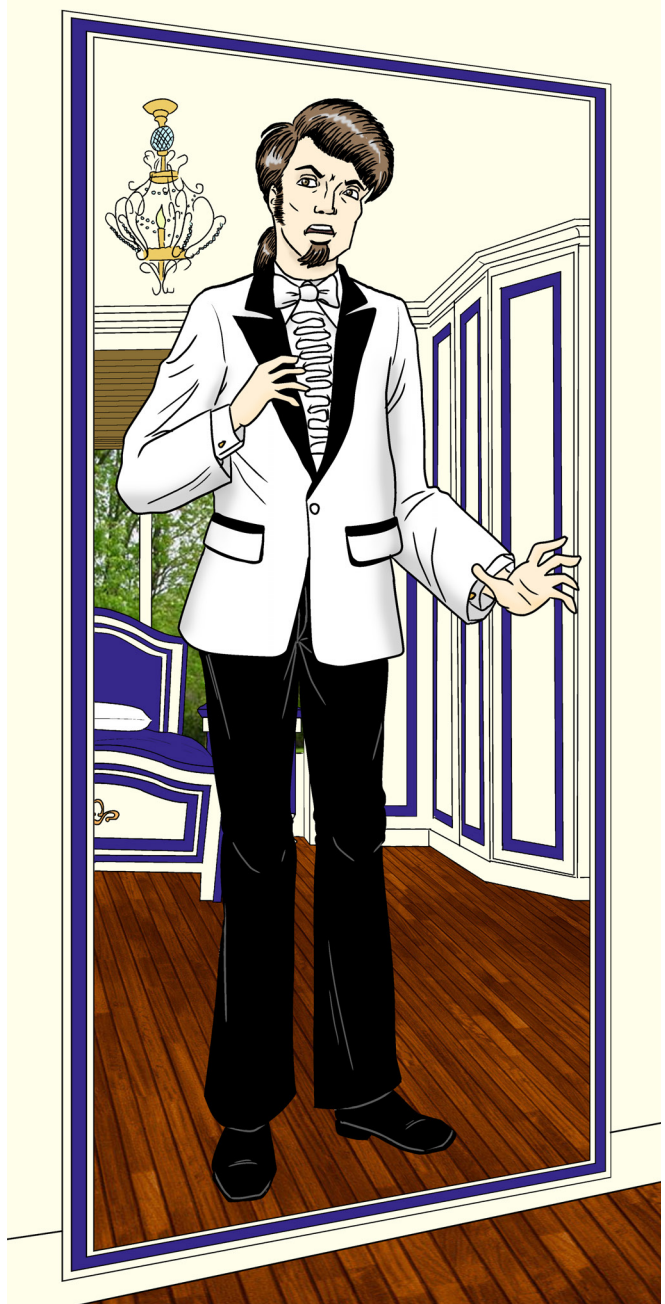
o'clock. His head felt fuzzy as he sat up, just when the door opened. It was his mother.

He hadn't seen her in a while, but little had changed in her appearance. She still carefully maintained her image of authority and integrity. Her clothes were expensive and conservative. Not a hair was out of place and her expression didn't betray any emotion.

"Darling, it's nice to finally have you home, where you belong," she said. "I want you to get dressed for dinner tonight, as we are having guests to celebrate your arrival. It will be a formal dinner and I insist. I expect you to be dressed accordingly." Her message was short, terse and to the point – then she was gone.

MJ got up, went to the bathroom to shower and clean up. Without realizing it, he then bypassed his duffel bag full of his usual clothes and headed to his closet. He stood before the full length mirror tugging the black bow tie into place. He was wearing his tuxedo with a stiff white dress shirt and black alligator Italian shoes. His long hair was tied off in a low pony tail. As he looked at his reflection, he paused, and shook his head, confused.

Why am I wearing this? I... I shouldn't be dressed like this! He



thought, as he turned from the mirror and headed to the dining room. He didn't understand why he had just put on these stuffy clothes, and while he was trying to figure that out, he didn't realize he was already in the dining room.

There were about a dozen people milling around, socializing, and most with a drink in their hand. All were dressed for dinner. The women were wearing cocktail dresses and the men in tuxedos. When MJ entered, they stopped whatever they were doing and looked his way.

"What the fuck you looking at?" he snapped, irritated by wearing a tuxedo and having them stare at him.

"Michael Jordan! Is that anyway to speak to our guests? Behave yourself and watch your language," his mother demanded.

To his great surprise, he couldn't tell her to "fuck off" like he wanted to. Instead he promptly apologized. Confused, he turned and went back to his room.

There, he quickly stripped off the offending attire and went to his typewriter. Writing, he hoped, would shake him out of whatever strange compulsions he was feeling.

Amy found him there several hours later, sitting in his silk boxers, typing away on the keys. "Master Michael, I thought you might like something to eat since you didn't stay for dinner," she said placing a tray on his bedside table.

"Look bitch, how many times have I told you to call me MJ? Now get the fuck out and leave me alone." That's what he wanted to say, but all that came out was, "Thanks Amy." His mother's order to watch his mouth and be nice made him comply, despite his desires.

MJ felt a little guilty after she left as Amy was one of the down-trodden, unwashed masses he was supposed to support. However, she was different. She actually enjoyed playing the obedient servant to his mother. She had made that very plain to him when he had tried to explain his ideology last Thanksgiving. She also told him exactly where he could put his notions. Her husband was the same. No matter how strongly he argued his points, Ames rebuffed him all the same.

She's just another brainwashed puppet of society. You can't help someone who doesn't want help, he thought, after that conversation.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, MJ found himself doing more and more of the things he detested. He began dressing not only for dinner, but for regular daily activities. He soon found himself dressed in designer slacks, shirts and shoes on a daily basis. For a trip to the yacht club, he wore his white slacks, blue long-sleeved shirt, blue socks, white alligator loafers and baby blue long-sleeved cardigan draped over his back with the arms tied loosely in front.

With each passing day, try as he might, disobeying his mother's instructions became harder and harder. MJ Didn't understand how he came to do the things he was doing, but he had come to believe it was the stress of coming home that was affecting him.

During the first week, when he found himself dressed in stale and ostentatious outfits he was able to change back into his old clothing and revert to his

old habits. He could rant and curse about his family and friends being capitalist pigs and tyrants – but it was becoming harder and harder. Mentally, he knew something strange was going on, and it scared him, but resistance seemed futile.

He could hardly believe it, but he no longer had complete confidence he was in control of his life, or even his thoughts. With each passing day his mental anguish and fear grew, but whatever his mother suggested, he did.



“Your honor,” Carl said, addressing Margaret, “it’s been two weeks and MJ is dressing and behaving as you wish. I think it’s quite obvious the potion is working, and therefore, I think it’s time to go to the next logical stage in the plan.”

Margaret was uncharacteristically enthusiastic. “Carl, I can’t begin to tell you how happy I am seeing Michael like his old self.” She almost smiled, she was so pleased.

They were in Margaret’s office, late at night, with the curtains closed and the lights dim. Only the yellow light from Margaret’s desk lamp lit the room. Carl took his MJ file and flipped to a new page, from which he started to read. “His sudden change is attracting attention like we surmised. It’s causing a number of your acquaintances to question what’s going on. I’ve had several people ask me if you are drugging or brainwashing him.” He briefly paused to glance up above the page to measure his employer’s expression. It was stony, as usual. “Again, we expected this, and I’ve told them he’s struggling within himself. I’ve implied that he is seeing a psychologist.”

“Very well,” Margaret replied.

Carl continued. “With your permission, an anonymous source will reveal that his psychological issue was the cause of his rebellious behavior. Once that information is leaked out, it should divert attention away from him being drugged, and we can move on to the next step. I just want to verify this is where you want to go,” Carl said.

“Inside, I want to keep him like this – but you’re right. People are starting to ask embarrassing questions.” Margaret’s reluctance was only visible by the way she was fiddling with the cap of a pen she held in her hands. “We can’t let them think that I would drug him into submission. There are outside forces that would try to save him if given the chance. We can’t afford that happening, so, yes, let’s continue as we originally agreed,” she said, with a resigned sigh.



When he wasn’t fighting his strange impulses, MJ would be sitting at his typewriter dressed in his boxers and undershirt. Most of that time was used to write his treatises and manifestos on animal rights, materialism, and the oppression

of the industrial military complex. His mother knew what he was doing, but didn't want to stop it just yet. Although she also preferred that he had on something besides his underwear. Again, not wanting to rush his transformation, he was not told otherwise.

Ranting on while partially dressed was an outlet for his inner frustrations. Having to dress and behave like a true gentleman was making him very uncomfortable. He obeyed every one of his mother's suggestions, and he still couldn't figure out why he would do it. Another thing that bothered him was that he couldn't tell his friends. Every time he started to write about his odd compulsion to conform to elitist behavior, he had a mental block.

One evening, Margaret entered his room and gave him a book. "Darling, you seem stressed lately. I want you to read this. I understand that it will help you relax," she said.

MJ took it and looked at the book, then up at his mother. "What?" he asked, confused. "This is a blank book." He flipped through the pages, seeing nothing written on them.

"Take another look, it's a book of poetry. From that poet you like... What is his name?"

"Ginsberg?" MJ asked.

Margaret agreed, without knowing who that was. "Yes, that's it."

MJ looked at the book he held, and realized it wasn't a blank book at all, but a rare first edition of Ginsberg's poems. He opened the book again, and saw the pages were no longer blank, but filled with poetry. The effect of the potion was that strong on his mind. To anyone else, it was a book filled with untouched white pages, but the spell had forced him to see what he was told to see.

After a moment of doubt, MJ just accepted the book as real. He was powerless to resist. "Well, thank you, I guess," he said to his mother. "This is unexpected."

Margaret proceeded only after she was sure that the plan was working and her son was under the influence of her suggestion. "Oh, I know you like poetry, even if it isn't exactly my sort of thing. After all, they're just poems."

"Read the book dear. Sit back with a nice drink before you retire for the night," she replied then left the room.

Just as she commanded, MJ was compelled to open the book immediately and start to read. In fact, he couldn't stop himself from reading. "What the fu..." he wanted to say the word "fuck" but couldn't. Cuss words had long become his descriptive adjectives and he used them freely but now he couldn't even say the word "hell." His mother had insisted that he refrain of speaking such vile language.

He ordered tea through the intercom, and was drinking it as he read through the book. What he had failed to notice when he had the chance, though, was that the book wasn't completely blank. There were hand-written lines on the first page, which he read as if they were just another one of his imaginary poems.

“You will heed your mother and crave her advice.”

“You hate your body as it is. You hate that ugly body hair. You hate your rough and blemished skin. You hate your unruly hair and ragged nails. You hate your body shape.”

“You want a smooth hairless body and soft smooth skin. You want your hair to shine and have body. You want your finger and toe nails to always look their best. You want a thin waist and rounded hips.”

“You love the smell of flowers, berries and spice. You want those fragrances to be a part of you.”

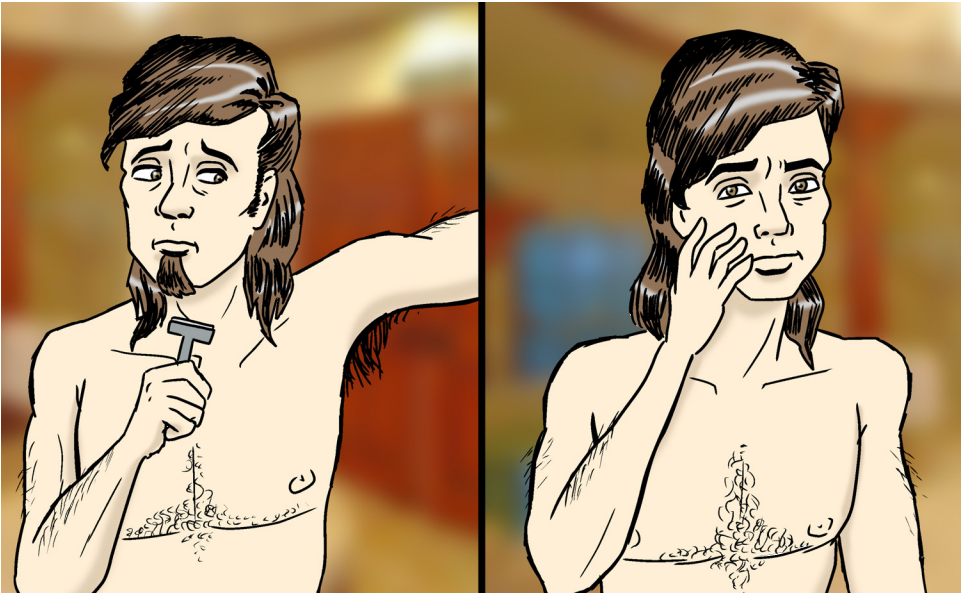
“You hate showers. You love a leisurely bubble bath where you can relax and smell the flowers.”

“You will heed your mother’s advice and seek it out.”

He read the lines over and over again, unable to comprehend them as instructions, but at the same time, the words were burnt into his mind as if they were from a branding iron.



The next morning MJ got up feeling very refreshed. Normally, he woke in a daze until he had his first cup of coffee. In the bathroom, he saw his reflection and was disturbed by it for some reason. He shook his head, trying to clear it but the image still bothered him. After his shower, he lathered up his face and began shaving what little fuzz he had accumulated. He had tried for the last nine months to grow a beard, hoping to look more like his rebel heroes but it was so thin and patchy that he had given up. In two quick passes of the razor, it was gone. So too, his masculine sideburns.



In mid-stroke, he stopped, gazed into the mirror and had the strangest thought. *I should shave my legs and armpits.* But then, realizing how odd the thought was, he shook his head and continued shaving.

Back in his room, he saw his reflection in the full length mirror as he held the boxers he planned on wearing that day. Again, he felt very uncomfortable seeing his hairy chest and arms. Shaking his head in confusion at the weird idea of having a hairy body, he held the boxers up to his nose.

Ugh, these stink. Maybe I picked up a dirty pair by mistake, he thought, then lifted an arm and took another sniff. “No, it’s me that smells. Did I forget to use my deodorant? Maybe it’s my aftershave? It doesn’t smell right. Can aftershave go bad? Man, this is so weird.”

For the rest of the day, MJ would often raise his arm and take a sniff. He felt very uncomfortable for reasons he couldn’t fathom, but shrugged it off. He was dressed neatly in fashionable slacks and collared shirt like his mother demanded. He had taken his shower – so why did he feel like he was still dirty?

Maybe I should ask mother? He thought, but again shook off the idea.

It was only three days later that MJ finally couldn’t resist the urge to get rid of all his body hair. In the bathroom, he took his razor and tried to shave his legs. It was not only a frustrating experience, but a painful one as the razor kept clogging up, and the sharp blade left bloody nicks in his flesh. Giving up, he did the only thing he could think of. He wrapped a towel around his waist and went to find his mother.

“Mother could I ask you something?” He asked, catching her coming from her room.

“Of course darling but please, call me mummy. ‘Mother’ sounds so formal don’t you think?” She replied. Pull that towel up to cover your chest properly. Now what can I do for you?”

“Ye... Yes of course, mummy,” he answered, while pulling the towel up as requested.

This doesn’t feel right but I can’t stop myself from doing what she tells me, he thought. *I’m too old to call her mummy – and why do I have to cover my chest? This is all so confusing!*

He stood in his bathroom, hopping from one foot to the other as the foul-smelling cream covering him from his nose to his toes burned. His mummy had given him explicit grooming instructions along with the strange cream. She also saw to it that he had a plentiful supply of sweet-smelling body lotion, bath salts, oils, shampoo, conditioner and lavender-scented talc. He kept glancing at the watch he placed on the counter top as the minute hand seemed to have stopped.

Man, this stuff is really beginning to burn and itch... But mummy said I had to leave it on for a full fifteen minutes, he thought. *It reeks of rotten eggs but I only have a minute to go...*

When the time was finally up, he stepped into the bathtub, which he had filled almost to overflowing with fragrant bubbles. Using a natural sponge he

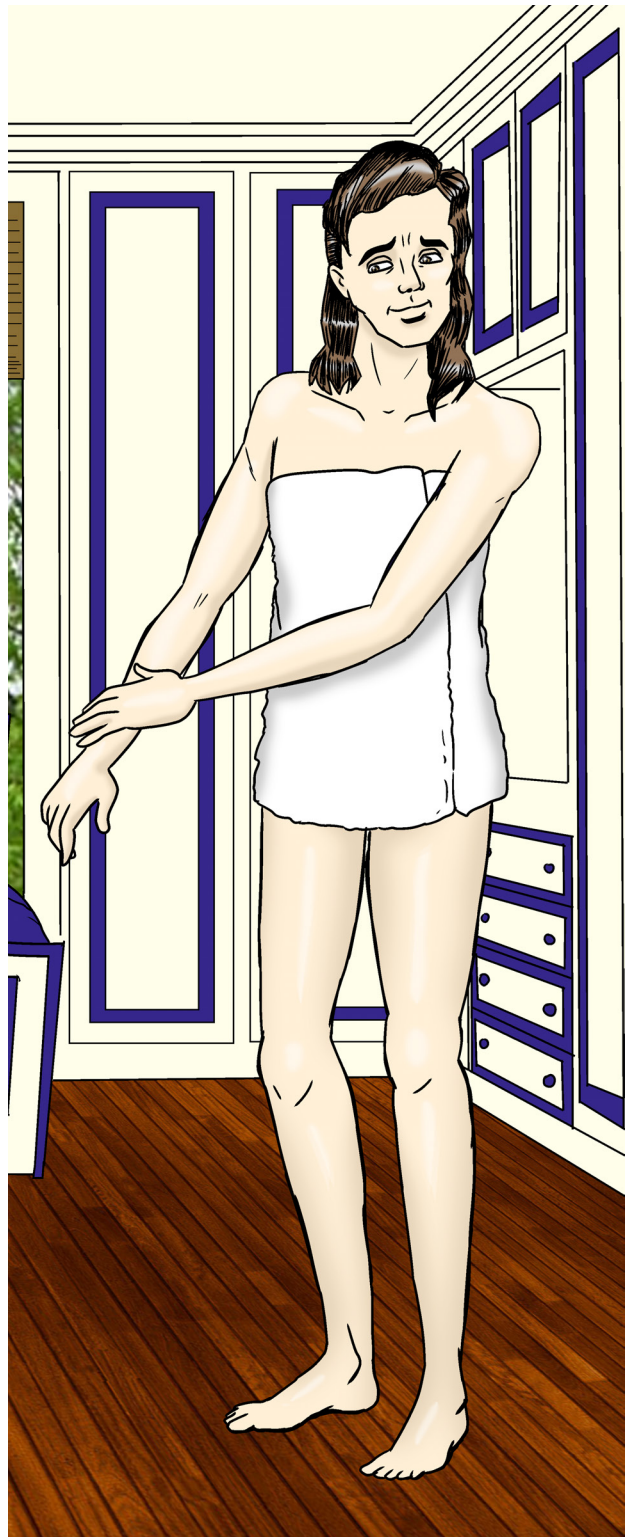
happily removed the offensive cream. With his bath completed, he massaged a floral-scented moisturizer on, then used the lavender-scented talc to dust his body. All just like his mummy had told him to. Finished, and feeling much cleaner, he examined his reflection.

MJ admired himself, standing naked in front of his mirror. He was totally hairless from his lower face down. His body smelled of lavender and his long hair of strawberries, and he now felt much more at ease as he twisted back and forth before the mirror.

“It’s all gone, and I smell so sweet,” he said looking into the mirror. “I can’t believe I let all that ugly hair grow on my body. That new body lotion and talc really helped get rid of that sour smell, too.”

His pleasant mood turned when he focused his attention to his head. “Now I have to do something with my hair. It’s such a mess, maybe I should get it styled like she suggested. Mummy said I needed to brush it one hundred times. Mummy had some really good recommendations.”

He was stepping into his boxers when he had another thought. *What the heck? You look and smell*



like a girl! Why did you do that? You dummy! Just as quickly as the thought formed, it was gone.

At breakfast, he asked his mummy about styling his hair and doing something about his ragged-looking nails. She smiled and speed dialed her hairdresser. In less than an hour, MJ was sitting in Madge's styling chair getting the works. His well below-the-collar length hair was trimmed to remove split ends. With his brown hair neatly cut, Madge lightened it to a softer chestnut color and then styled into a feathered look. As he was sitting under the dryer, a young oriental girl came over and went to work on his hands and feet. She began to polish his fingernails, when he pulled his hands back in surprise.

"Let the girl do her work, dear," Margaret said, scolding her son. He gave his hands back, and watched as acrylic extensions were glued to his nails, which were shaped into ovals and then painted a smoky brick red. His toenails were varnished the same color.

Finished with the hair dryer, Madge brushed it out, combing his bangs from right to left such that it draped down almost touching his left brow. Next she parted it down the middle and brushed the hair twisting under at the ends. The style she created was for easy maintenance, and cupped his chin to give his face a more feminine look. She added a bit of hairspray and handed him a hand mirror.

Initially, MJ felt a tinge of fear at the image before him. "Darling that looks marvelous on you, don't you just love it. I really do like the color but you must thank Madge. She did a wonderful job," Margaret said.

When his mummy said that, his fear melted away, replaced with happiness. "Miss Madge, it looks absolutely beautiful. Thank you so much. I just love it," he replied dutifully.

Later that evening, he looked into his mirror, his hand barely touching the side of his head. "Oh Jesus! Ho... How did I let this happen?" MJ was distraught and puzzled over what had been done.



“My... My hair looks like some girl’s style an... And my nails... They’re long and painted. What’s gotten into me?” He tugged at the hair as if he thought it was going to come off. “I want to cut it all off – and my nails too.”

But every time he reached for the scissors or clippers, something distracted him. *But Mummy likes it*, he thought, and he couldn’t bear to do it.

Giving up, he put on his pajamas and went to his typewriter. He was typing clumsily due to his long nails, ranting on about his causes when his mummy came into the room. She watched silently over his shoulder for a moment or two before interrupting his concentration.

“Darling, don’t you think that kind of message inflammatory,” she said. “Writing such things only brings sorrow into the world. Wouldn’t it be much more constructive if you only had nice things to say about people? Most people are good at heart and if you are nice to them, they will be nice to you.”

MJ stopped typing, and wanted desperately to tell his mother to get the hell out of his room. But somehow, he just couldn’t find the words. Besides, his mother was talking and he wouldn’t dare interrupt. “Remember,” she continued, “flattery will get you more than being mean or nasty. I want people to think of you as sweet-natured, and not some bully.”

Margaret paused to read some more of what her son had written. “You should revise this to be more positive. Remember, your place is not to question authority, it is to follow.”

“Oh, and when you send it in to be published, don’t forget to send them a new picture. I think your friends would love to see your new hair style. Here, I brought you another book that I think you will really enjoy. Read it tonight when you go to bed,” she said.

She handed him the book then left him sitting with a confused look on his face. Shaking his head to clear the fog, he started to type when he paused and looked at what he had already written.

“Oh my goodness! Did I write this? How horrible! Mummy was right, if anyone in the administration reads this about their research program, they wouldn’t be very happy. Worse yet, they might even stop funding it and put all those people out of work. Gosh, that wouldn’t be good and it would be my fault.” He ripped the paper out of the carriage, crumpled into a ball and tossed it away. Once he had revised what he had written, to a more positive comment about all the good scientific research resulted in, he attached a new photo and sealed it in an envelope to be mailed.



When MJ was ready for bed, he picked up the new book his mother had left him. “Love Poems,” the title read. But he was the only person who saw it. Strangely, his mother had not told him what the book was about. It was his own subconscious which decided what the title was and what was inside.

In fact, it was the same blank book he had read yesterday, but he thought it was different. He believed it was filled page-to-page with flowery, elegant poems about love. Just like yesterday, He never noticed there were new messages written for him to read.

“You will do what your mother tells you happily and enthusiastically.”

“You hate wearing anything too masculine.”

“You don’t like the rough image masculine clothing gives you.”

“You have a gentle, sweet nature.”

“You will feel better about yourself if you dress less masculine.”

“You want a softer look.”

“You will do what your mother tells you happily and enthusiastically.”

That next morning, as he stood before the mirror in his room fully dressed, he felt ill at ease. He was wearing navy blue slacks and a eggshell white pullover, collared shirt looking like any other privileged college student. The longer he looked, the more uncomfortable he felt. Again, with a shake of his head, he dismissed his feelings and went to breakfast.

By the fourth day, MJ couldn’t stand it any longer and went to see his mummy. “Mummy I don’t feel comfortable wearing these clothes. I think I would look a lot better if I had some... Some softer looking styles,” he said.

“You know, darling, I was going to suggest the very same thing. Your clothing is much too masculine for that new hair style. I believe Anna’s Boutique is open and we can go there. She has some lovely clothing that would look tremendous on you,” she replied.

The shopping trip took up most of the morning. When they returned home, he was wearing black crepe de chine flare legged slacks and light blue man-styled polyester blouse. On his feet were thin black nylon socks and blue snake skin loafers with a slightly raised heel and rounded toe. The rest of his purchases were similar.

Since most of his new slacks didn’t have pockets, he bought a black leather satchel with a thin shoulder strap. He didn’t seem to interpret his bag as a purse, even though that’s exactly what it was.

His mummy didn’t like the way his boxers bunched up in his new slacks, so new underwear was added to the purchases. Instead of boxers, he now had a large assortment of colorful nylon briefs and thin-strapped square-necked silk undershirts.

He had to admit that the soft nylon and silk felt wonderful against his skin. However, his mind was screaming in outrage as he examined his reflection. “I look like the biggest faggio... Fairy. Why can’t I stop all this? I don’t want to look or dress this way but I can’t seem to help myself. Whatever mo... Mummy tells me, I do it. I need to write Saffron and see if she can help me.”

At his typewriter, he typed his message, and attached some Polaroids. “Saffron, something is terribly wrong. I need your advice and help. Do you think I



should wear my gold top with these tan linen slacks? Or would I look cuter in this darling baby blue one?"

He sat back and read what he had typed. *What the heck, that's not what I wanted to say! The 'terribly wrong' is the only correct part of what I was thinking. Why can't I say what I'm thinking? Gosh, I can't send her this,* he thought, as he licked the envelope shut. He then laid it on the desk for the help to mail for him.



A few weeks later, MJ didn't have the foggiest idea why he was with his mummy at the yacht club's afternoon tea. The male members of the club never attended this gathering, it was strictly for the ladies. That day, his mummy had entered his room shortly after lunch and told him to put something extra nice on as they were going out to tea. He couldn't object.

At the time, he had been attempting to write a scathing article about conditions at the local zoo. Instead of writing about the conditions, he rambled about how cute the animals were. "And the baby lions were just the cutest little darlings. All balls of cuddly fur with big orange eyes," he read with disgust.

What's wrong with me? I can't send this garbage in for publishing, he thought. My comrades will think I've totally lost my mind. Maybe I have, seeing what I

actually wrote. It's nothing but fluff that only an air-head would say." And then, he licked the stamp for the envelope and left it to be sent.

Now, here he was with his mummy sitting with a bunch of old fogies having afternoon tea. He was wearing his powder blue pants suit and plum-colored poly shirt with a small floppy bow at the neck, his hair neatly arranged and lightly set with hairspray.

When he complained about going, his mother told him to be polite and follow along with the other women. As much as he tried to stop himself, MJ's little pinkie stuck straight out from the small tea cup's handle taking a dainty sip. Instead of gulping down the tea cookie like he normally would, he took small nibbles. He sat ramrod straight, knees pressed together and tucked back under the chair.

He had very little to say during the meeting as the women talked mostly of clothing styles, the men in their lives and gossiped about the women who had not shown up. The inane chatter made him want to scream and pound his fists but the smile never left his lips. He did comment on how precious the new baby lions were at the zoo. MJ couldn't believe that comment came out of his mouth. What he wanted to rant about was the small cage the pride was kept in.

That night, mummy gave him another 'new' book. This one was titled "Stories of Unrequited Love" and he thought it was full of short love stories. What he didn't consciously read was:

"You will listen to your mother and seek her advice."

"You want to look beautiful."

"You want to learn all you can about looking beautiful."

"You are uncomfortable without makeup."

"To look beautiful you must wear makeup."

"Your lips feel dry and cracked if you don't use lipstick."

"Your eyes look dull without using mascara and eye shadow."

"You need makeup to feel comfortable and beautiful."



With each passing day MJ found himself licking his lips more often and becoming agitated with the way he looked. He didn't figure out what was wrong, until a few days later, when he saw his mummy putting fresh lipstick on after lunch.

"Mummy, why do you wear lipstick?" he tentatively asked.

"Why darling for two reasons," she responded. "First, it keeps my lips moist so they don't chap. It also makes my lips look beautiful. Why, would you like to try it?"

"Y... Yeah, I guess, if it would make my lips feel less dry," he replied.

“Darling, it will certainly help, but you can’t borrow or use another person’s cosmetics. All cosmetics get contaminated, so you will need your own. If you are going to be wearing lipstick, then you should also use other makeup like mascara, powder and such. Otherwise you would look funny. Think of your face as a canvas. If you just splash on a bit of color the rest of the face will look blank and washed out. You don’t want that. You want to look beautiful darling.”

“Yes mummy, I do,” he heard himself reply, almost hypnotically. “I want to be beautiful.”

What? I don’t want to wear any makeup. That’s for girls! his mind yelled.

“I think you will look beautiful with the right makeup. Grab your purse and we’ll go to Merle Norman,” she said.

“Who’s Merle?” he asked.

“Merle Norman isn’t a person, darling. It’s a store that specializes in cosmetics,” she replied. “They have expert consultants that will help you select the right colors to match your skin tone. They can also teach you proper cleansing, skin preparation and application techniques. Normally I would go to Lord & Taylor’s to get my cosmetics, but their consultants tend to be busy and there’s always people walking around. I don’t want you distracted, darling. You’ll get a more personal and private consult at Merle’s. Then we can go over to Lord’s to get your supplies.”

Helpless but to do what his mother wanted, MJ was led to the car where they drove to Merle Norman’s. Still, he wasn’t able to comprehend how this was all happening. The consultant at Merle had said that current trends were for wearing less obvious makeup and bright colors. “The natural look is in but that doesn’t mean forgoing any makeup. Let’s begin by preparing the face,” she had said. She spent some time showing him how to clean and prepare his face for makeup application. When he left the shop, he had an even complexion with natural looking eyelids and pale pink lip gloss.

Margaret was not happy with the so-called natural look. She still believed that a woman’s face should draw attention and cosmetics were to be used to bring out the best features. Merle was good at teaching preparation and cleansing techniques but she wanted a more dramatic look for MJ. She had him sit at the Max counter and undergo a complete makeover. MJ left the Max counter with bold eye shadows and bright red lips.

By the time they got home, MJ was carrying several heavy bags filled with cosmetics, brushes and other odds and ends needed to make one beautiful. He had been amazed at all the paraphernalia and work that went into applying and taking off makeup. He had also gotten several instructional brochures like “Mastering Mascara,” “Vivid Color” and “The Brow Perfected,” along with a couple of manuals from a bookstore.

“Now that you have a selection of cosmetics darling,” his mummy said as they left Lord & Taylor, “You need a vanity. To apply makeup you need a good workstation. We’ll stop on the way home and see if we can’t get one delivered this afternoon.”



It was MJ's intention to drop everything into his closet. The last thing he wanted was to sit down and actually put any of that stuff on his face. The entire day had been a mix of pure humiliation mixed with his longing to wear lipstick and look beautiful. He wanted to forget all about it. But instead, he found himself sitting at his desk reading the "The Brow Perfected" brochure. It didn't take him long to unpack a white marker pencil, ruler, angled tweezers and mirror. Following along with the brochure's instructions, he marked off two-and-an-eighth inches for the length with the pencil, then began meticulously plucking, following the directions. When he had finished, his brows rose in distinct high feminine arches with a thin tapered tail. Reaching up with his index finger he slowly traced the new line of his eyebrow. It was very close to what the model on the cover of the brochure had.

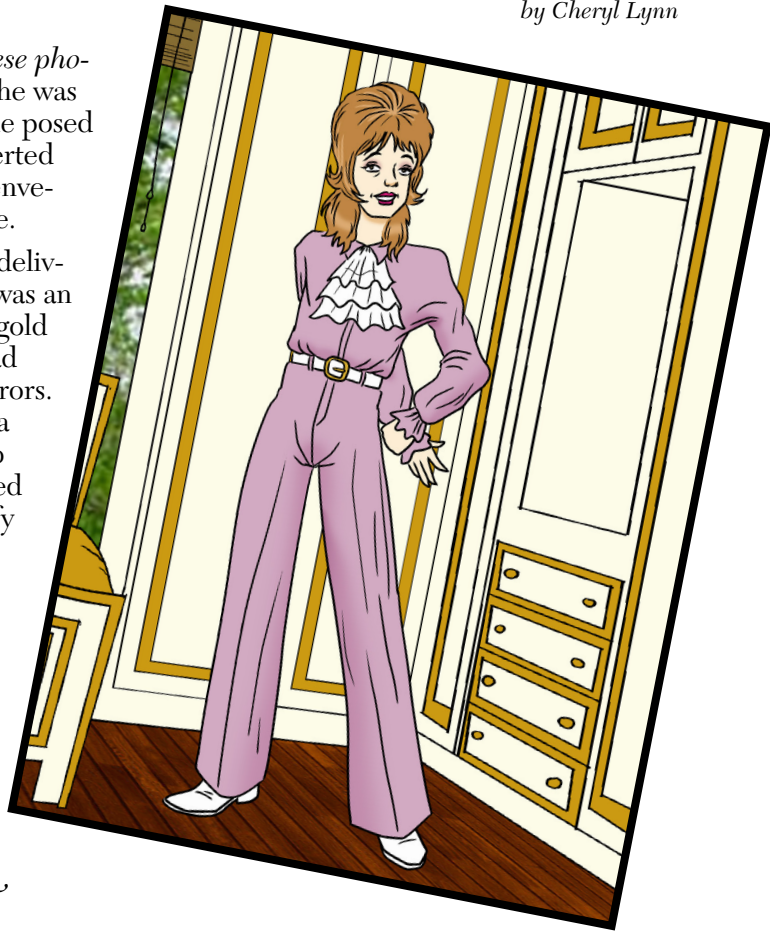
Oh! What have you done? His mind screamed.

His mummy came in as he was finishing up and praised his efforts. "Darling, I'm surprised that you did such a wonderful job with your first effort. Your brows look very lovely. I bet all your friends would love to see what you have done. Why don't you let me take a few pictures, and then you can send them to all your little friends."

Huh? *Send them to my friends?* He thought. *She must be nuts if she thinks I would do that. I'm getting enough flack over my articles and what I did to my hair. Rodger even asked me if I had turned homosexual while I've been home.*

No way I'm sending these photos. Of course, even as he was thinking those words, he posed for his mother, and inserted them into the mailing envelopes of his latest article.

That afternoon, a van delivered his new vanity. It was an off white with delicate gold floral pin-striping. It had three beveled glass mirrors. The center mirror was a large oval while the two side mirrors were lighted and designed to magnify the image. It had five drawers with lavender satin box pleated skirt-ing and came with a matching padded bench seat. MJ spent the rest of the day practicing makeup techniques.



Two weeks later, Margaret took him back to the salon for a touch-up and to have his nails redone. She wanted his nails lengthened further, filed into neat ovals and varnished a vivid red. Natural varnishes were in style but Margaret didn't think they were feminine enough for MJ. He was wearing a pair of navy blue leggings and one of his old silk dress shirts left untucked, with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow. He had applied his makeup in an understated daytime look using black mascara, soft brown eye shadows and a coating of peach lipstick. Madge was very complimentary of his look when she saw him, saying that he looked lovely. MJ couldn't help but beam at the compliment.

Leaving the salon, mummy suggested that since they were out, that he should get his ears pierced. MJ readily agreed. As she drove them to the mall, he began having second thoughts.

I don't want my ears pierced. Why did I agree to that? Mummy wants it done though.

When he left the jewelry store, his ears had been pierced three times. The lower lobes now held four inch gold hoops, a large pink pearl above then a small diamond solitaire stud.

That evening, Margaret wrote new instructions for MJ to read in his special book.

“You will obey your mother in all things and seek her advice.”

“You love using makeup and being pretty.”

“You love wearing soft sensual clothing.”

“You want to be more feminine.”

“You want to look more feminine.”

“You want to be pretty.”

“You will obey your mother in all things and seek her advice.”



The next morning, he found a stack of women’s magazines on the corner of his vanity. They were all high-end fashion magazines. After he had taken care of his hair and applied his makeup, he flipped the pages of a couple of them before pushing them off to the side.

Why did I just do that? Those are all about women’s fashions. Like I would ever need to know any of that stuff, he thought.



With each passing day he glanced through the magazines with growing interest. The fashionable dresses and gowns really made the models look beautiful. By the third day, he was imagining wearing some of the outfits. It wasn't until his mother took him to a fund raiser that he became agitated. Gundula Janowitz was going to perform Mozart at the opera and anyone who was anyone would be there. He obviously had to dress as fashionably as he could.

When his mother first told him about the event, he flatly refused. "Mummy, an opera is so elitist. I have absolutely no desire to go to an opera or anything like it," he said.

"Darling you love the opera, and you *are* going," she said, a little more forcibly than she intended.

"Yes, mummy I love the opera and can't wait to go with you," he submissively replied. Whatever objections he had instantly evaporated once she told him he loved opera. A small voice in the back of his mind was screaming in outrage, but between the potion and the messages from the book, it was impossible to refuse.

He selected his black silk pants suit. The lightweight long-sleeved jacket had padded shoulders with a single button just above the navel. The hem of the jacket reached to just below the groin. The matching pants were flare legged with wide cuffs. To go with the suit, he chose a polyester silver cowl necked blouse, sheer silver knee highs and black pointed toed alligator loafers with elevated heel. It was the most feminine outfit his mother had picked out when they purchased his latest batch of clothing. He remembered hating it at the time but tonight, he thought it wasn't quite good enough but would have to do.

At the opera house, MJ was feeling quite self-conscious. Seeing most of the women wearing beautiful dresses was really bothering him. Other women were wearing pants suits like he was, but for some reason he thought they looked too 'mannish.' He couldn't seem to stop comparing the way he was dressed to the women.

During the intermission he couldn't contain the mental itch that was being so bothersome. "Mummy I really don't think I'm dressed appropriately for an affair such as this. It's really making me feel uncomfortable. Please can we go home?" he asked.

"Why darling, I think the black silk pantsuit looks very nice on you. Why, do you think you're underdressed?" she replied.

"People keep staring at me, when they think I don't see them," he answered. "It must be because I'm not wearing something more appropriate. If you're planning on taking me to any more of these events, I need an appropriate wardrobe. Don't you think? Can't we go now?"

"We can't leave yet," she replied. "The final curtain is about to go up. Sweetie, if you go back in with me, I'll take you shopping in the morning. I'm sure we'll find something you are comfortable wearing then. Maybe we will get you a whole new wardrobe while we're at it. Won't that be fun?"

"Oh yes mummy, that sounds fantastic," he gleefully replied.

What did I just say? He thought. I don't want to wear any dresses. I can't seem to refuse my mother anything!

Margaret didn't pay much attention to the opera for the rest of the performance. She was too busy thinking about the major changes she was going to



make in MJ's life. Carl had told her that once he asked to wear dresses the hard part would be over. Now, all she had to do was decide on what kind of daughter she wanted.

She was torn between modern chic and classic. She remembered all the wonderful clothing she and her mother had worn growing up and compared it to current styles. Finally, she decided that the current styles weren't feminine enough. She wanted an ultra-feminine daughter and the classic look would be perfect.

MJ will need training once he is in skirts and heels, she thought. He will have to learn how to manage his clothing, maintain the proper poise, develop the mannerisms required and he'll definitely need etiquette lessons. Even dressed and made up like he is tonight, people are noticing.

Of course, most of them must know that he is my son and that has drawn a lot of attention tonight, but that's exactly what we wanted, she reminded herself. I don't particularly like what they're saying behind my back but that gossip will eventually stop when "Michael" disappears. I'll tell Carl to make the necessary appointments, Margaret thought, as the final curtain went down.

That night, she added some more messages to MJ's book.

"You will listen to your mother and do what she says."

"You love old fashioned lingerie especially the foundation garments."

"You love the way bullet bras with their pointed cone cups give your bust line such a crisp look."

"Wearing a firm control girdle gives you confidence."

"You love all the lace and embroidered detailing on lingerie."

"Any clothing styles from the late fifties to the sixties strongly appeals to you."

"You're an old fashioned girl and love to dress that way."



"Darling, you don't have anything to worry about," Margaret said, approaching the shop. "I made an appointment, so there will be nobody but us at the store. I hear that the It Girl has the most exquisite collection of beautiful clothing in the area. You do want to look and feel pretty, don't you?"

MJ, from the deepest part of his soul, wanted to object. "Yes! Oh, yes!" He blurted.

"Well, that's why we are coming here," his mother explained. "Classic lingerie is much more elaborate and delicate than what you can find among today's fashions. I just adored seeing my mother wearing such beautiful and lovely lingerie. I hated it when they went out of style. You'll love the way they make you feel when you try them on."

MJ's first appointment was with Ms. Edna McFadden. She was a tall, older woman with salt-and-pepper hair, styled in a bouffant page boy. She owned the

“It Girl” clothing store. When he and his mother entered the shop, Ms. Edna was wearing a green polyester pants suit, a copper-colored satin blouse with floppy bow tie and black patent leather stiletto heels. Her prominent breasts poked out the front of her blouse in a crisp point.

Margaret was wearing a neatly-tailored navy-with-white pin-striped business suit, white cotton blouse and sensible white block heels. MJ had on a pair of red leggings and large white cotton men’s dress shirt with the sleeves neatly rolled up to mid-arm. Instead of tucking it into his waist band, it was tied off on his left hip. MJ was nervous, but his mother’s assurances that everything would be okay, helped.

“Ah, you must be Mrs. Wilkerson and MJ. Welcome to my establishment. Please come, in and what may I assist you with today?” Ms. Edna greeted.

Margaret looked around at the merchandise filling the shop. Satisfied by what she saw, she said, “I remember wearing much of this and how feminine I felt. I want my so... I want MJ to experience that same feeling. At least two, maybe three, complete outfits – from the skin out, if you please.”

“Certainly, I know just what you mean,” Ms. Edna said with a big smile. “I myself can’t resist wearing these wonderful classic styles – and especially the lingerie. All the lingerie is brand new, same for the outerwear.” The woman gave MJ a visual evaluation. “Shall we start with the basics? I think we ought to get some measurements before we go any further. No sense spending a lot of time looking at items that won’t fit.”

The next thirty minutes were profoundly embarrassing, but MJ made it through the ordeal without crying. Back in the recesses of his mind he was screaming at the indignity of what was happening. He fought with all his will power, but only managed to stand still while Ms. Edna measured. Mother had told him to behave and enjoy the experience, so of course, he was compelled to do so, and to all outward appearances he couldn’t have been more agreeable and pleasant.

It was obvious that the woman knew her client was a male but acted as if it was no concern. No doubt the promise of a big sale and continued patronage from a wealthy customer encouraged her. With MJ’s measurements written down in a neat organized script, they were taken to the lingerie section.

They were led over to a counter overflowing with foundation garments. “I think the first things your son... Errrr... MJ needs are good foundations.” Ms. Edna picked up a set. “Here’s one of my favorite matched sets. Maybe a tad small, but should fit nicely. As you can see it is in a soft mauve with brown lace and embroidered details. The high rise long-leg girdle has a convenience slit so it doesn’t have to be removed. I particularly love the flue de lies embroidered pattern on the satin front panel and the sides of the legs. It has a side zip and triple hook and eye closure on the left. There is the matching panty girdle, wide waist cinch garter belt with six garters and bullet bra.” She turned to pick up another garment. “Over here, we have the matching lingerie to the set. Isn’t the heavy floral lace trim on the bust and hem delightful? The material, so soft and slinky, it practically flows through the fingers. There is the half-slip and

brief cut all-nylon panties. I have one other complete set in bright purple with lavender detailing. Additionally, I have a partial set in baby blue with navy details. Unfortunately, I sold out of the matching lingerie for it but I have some things that are close enough.”

Margaret was completely sold on the foundations being offered, and bought the lot. Taking MJ by the hand, she pulled him into the curtained changing room. Stripped, she had him put on the mauve panties and then the long-line girdle, which proved to be a bit of a problem, until Ms. Edna passed a bottle of baby powder through the curtain. The girdle pulled his waist in a good four inches. There was a bit of padding at the hips and butt which gave him more feminine outlines. The wide band of the bra was a little snug, but helped push up the flesh on his chest. Margaret added two pink satin pillows to fill out the “C” cups into nice bullet points. Satisfied with the fit, she took him out of the stall and into the store. Standing in just his foundations, MJ turned crimson but did as his mother instructed.

He stood with his arms slightly away from his body and slowly turned as the two women examined the fit. The blush never left his face as he was marched over to the dress racks. As the women dove into the racks, MJ kept looking around, scared that somebody would enter the store and see him. The store was closed for their private appointment, but that didn’t keep him from looking around nervously.

Oh my lord! What’s happened to me? His mind wailed. *I don’t want this, but I can’t seem to stop any of it. What am I doing, wearing a bra and girdle? I can’t stand the tightness across my chest or those straps cutting into my shoulders. This girdle is killing me. It’s so tight, and my balls feel all smashed!*

MJ was in a full-fledged tizzy. *Ever since I got back home, everything has gone so totally wrong. I never had any trouble telling my mom to go to he... heck before. I want to get out of here. I want to get back to my girl and school. I want my life back!* He wanted to tell all of this to his mummy, yet he stood patiently.

“Darling, come over here and sit down,” Margaret said. “We need to get you into a pair of hose and shoes before you try on some of these wonderful dresses,” her instruction broke him from his thoughts.

Margaret showed him how to roll the hosiery into a donut and knead them up his legs. The hose were sheer black with a rose lace welt that reached to mid-thigh, and had a thick seam running up the back. He had problems keeping the seam straight and hooking the girdle’s tabs to the welt, especially the back ones. His mummy told him to unhook, lower the zipper and pull down the girdle. Once he had enough slack in the girdle, hooking the tabs was a lot easier. Next, she gave him a pair of black satin pointed toed pumps with a one inch heel. They were a tight fit and with the small heel able to walk.

He complained after taking a few steps. “These shoes are tight and hurt my feet. It feels like my toes are being clamped together by a vice.”

“The pumps need to fit tightly, darling, otherwise they wouldn’t be able to support your feet. Don’t worry, in time you will be walking around in four inch stilettos without any problems.” MJ’s mother dismissed him without concern.

“Women’s shoes aren’t designed for comfort but for style. You will love them, and find that you aren’t comfortable wearing anything else. Now let’s get you some nice dresses, blouses and skirts,” she said.

MJ was taken back into the changing room more times than he could keep up with, trying on this and that until the final selection. He had to change into a strapless bra a few times, and switched from full to half slip as well, as he tried on the various outfits. Finally, his mother handed him the full slip to put on. A powder pink chiffon blouse with billowing sleeves and tiered lace cuffs and jabot was buttoned up the back with little pearl buttons. He then stepped into a dark pink, satin lined, mid-calf length woolen pencil skirt. His mother then pulled up the skirt, grabbed the hem of the slip and blouse, and tugged them snugly into place. Stepping back, she examined the fit with a broad smile.

“That’s a Chanel original and looks charming on you, darling,” Ms. Edna said, handing him the matching jacket and helped him into it. The jacket’s sleeves didn’t quite reach his wrists and didn’t button in front. The frilly lace at the cuffs, neck and his slip were visible.

“You know dear, I had that exact same outfit when I was younger,” said MJ’s mother. “It looks divine. Dresses like that are classic and really never go out of style. Maybe the hem lines change but I love the way this outfit looks on you. Come and let’s see if we can find a nice white straw pill box hat with a pink net veil and some white gloves to complete it,” she enthused.

As they were checking out, Margaret spied a rack off in the corner containing furs. She told Ms. Edna to wait a moment while she checked them out.

“Oh my! I can’t believe it. This is a Rifkens fur!” she gasped pulling a white Russian sable fur stole from the rack.

Ms. Edna walked over and reached behind the rack and retrieved a matching pair of ear and hand muffs. “And these go with that fur. I don’t get much call for real fur now a days, thanks to those horrible animal rights people. Would you like them?” She said, smiling broadly.

Margaret was hesitant, “It’s too hot now, but in a few months...”

“I’ve discounted the set to only three thousand dollars.”

“Yes... Most definitely, I want them,” Margaret replied.

When they left the store, Ms. Edna had a big smile. She was right to follow her instincts. She had the biggest sale of the month – who cares if it was to a sissy?

Margaret and MJ were carrying a large number of bags out of the store and loaded them into the car. They found the hat, gloves, white patent leather letter purse and some very chic white leather peep toed pumps and a pair of silver strappy sandals with a three inch stiletto heel. Margaret even found some white and chunky bracelets and matching necklace for him to wear.

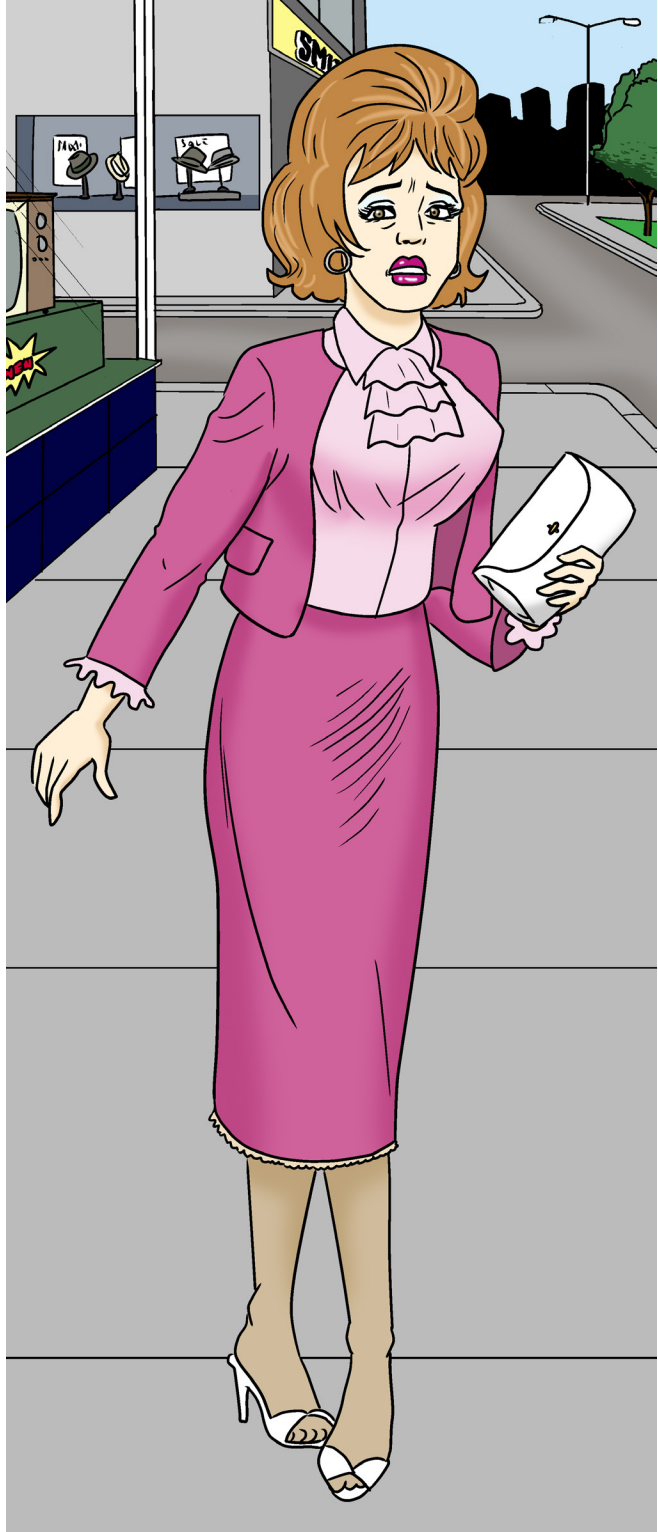
Wearing an outfit out, MJ’s mind was bombarded with new sensations coming from the clothing, none of them good. Besides the pressure from the bra, girdle and shoes, the tight skirt’s satin lining kept rubbing against his nylon clad legs in a bothersome way. The clothing and shoes also forced his body to move

differently. He could only take small steps and it seemed like with every movement his breasts got in the way. The way the bra made his chest stick out prevented him from seeing his feet making him look straight ahead. Every sensation was totally alien and his ego was severely bruised by them. MJ's mind was telling him that everything he was wearing and the way he looked was totally wrong.

"I don't know about you, but I'm famished. What's say we stop by Yvonne's Tea House for a bite? I think Bunny and her mother might be there. You remember Bunny don't you? I think she was a year behind you and is a delightful girl," Margaret said putting the car into gear.

"No... Please mummy," he whined, "I... I'm tired. Let's just go home."

"Nonsense, darling," she replied, "you have to be hungry by now, and it will do you good to show off that wonderful outfit. You want others to see how proud I am of you, don't you. Now no more pouting let me



see a happy smile.” She made eye contact with her son. “I *insist*, dear.”

When she said that, what little resistance he had melted. By the time they arrived at the Tea House, MJ found himself half convinced he was looking forward to it. After all, he reasoned, Mummy was proud of his outfit.

In a far booth, a girl and her mother were sitting at a table. Immediately Margaret waved, and grabbing MJ’s hand, pulled him along over to the table. “Beverly and Bunny, it’s so good to see you both again,” she said planting an air kiss on Beverly’s cheek.

Oh, fudge! MJ thought to himself. *The last thing I want to do is see that silly Bunny and her stuck-up mother. She was a royal pain in prep school – along with her snotty stuck-up prima donna friends. Mummy says I have to do it, and with a smile, so I don’t have any choice!*

Then the full horrible, terrifying reality suddenly struck him. *I can’t be seen by them! I’m dressed like a girl!*

It was the first time anyone outside of the inner circle of MJ’s family and friends had seen him dressed and made up like this. He gripped his mother’s side frantically. “Please don’t, Mummy!” He whispered. “They’ll ruin me! They’ll tell everyone and then I’ll be the laughing stock of the state!”

“Darling, please!” Margaret said, brushing her son away. “Watch your behavior!”

All MJ could do was just duck his head and look away, hoping his tiny hat and wispy veil would protect his identity.

“You know my daughter, of course. You don’t mind if we join you, do you?” she quipped.

“Daughter?” Bunny and Beverly replied, in unison.

“You have a daughter?” Beverly said, her already suspicious eyes narrowed in deep skepticism. “Since when?”

Margaret sat and crossed her legs. “You haven’t heard? Oh, I guess the news hasn’t gotten to you, dear. An indiscretion of my poor late husband’s, I’m afraid. It was years before we met.”

Beverly was practically salivating at the prospect of some delicious gossip. “Do tell!”

“There’s not much to tell. When Michael was in the war, he fathered a child. He never even knew about it. The mother died young, and the girl was raised by relatives. She’s been in boarding school in Canada for the past several years. We found out just a few months ago, and I insisted she come live with us. She’s the daughter I never had.”

“How fascinating!” Beverly said. Her delight was obvious, in having such an explosive tidbit to spread amongst her friends. “And your name, sweetie?” She asked MJ as she sipped her tea.

“Mary Jane,” Margaret said, intercepting the question. “Why, say hello, Mary Jane.”

“Hello...” MJ answered, as frightened and anxious as he had ever been in his life. He looked at the eyes of Bunny and Beverly, to try and detect even the slightest bit of cynicism from the story his mother had just told.

“Delighted,” Beverly replied.

MJ had never spent a more miserable hour and a half than he did that afternoon. He didn't think the blush ever left his face as the three women interrogated him. He figured that they would catch him in a lie with every answer he gave, but they accepted everything he said as true. Where he grew up, how old he was, what he thought of living with a new family...

Beverly was being overly sweet and Bunny with her flighty little brain couldn't stop with the embarrassing questions. The most embarrassing concerned whether or not he had a boyfriend and if he would he like her help finding one. It was an uncomfortable situation for him and was more than happy when they took their leave.

As they all stood gathering their purses to leave, Beverly grabbed MJ's hand and said, “Don't you worry sweetheart, we're here to help you. It must be hard for... Errrr... For someone born out of wedlock... Well, they say we live in a more liberated age, now! So very brave of you, my dear. Don't worry, my Bunny will be more than happy to be your truest friend and help guide you through this difficult time.”

What Margaret and MJ didn't hear was what Beverly told Bunny just after they left. “Bunny I don't care what you think. You will be Mary Jane's best friend. I don't want to hear it. Enough! You will do as I say. Don't you realize who Margaret is and the influence she can wield? Our family needs her family's support and if means being that girl's best friend... So be it.”

“Mother I don't want to! What will my friends think?” Bunny pouted.

“Bunny, your brother is graduating law school at the end of semester. Judge Wilkerson is in a position to see that he gets a very good job. You love your brother and will do this for him, understand?” she snapped back, ending the discussion.

Margaret was more than pleased with the luncheon. There wasn't a bigger blabber mouth on the planet than Beverly and her daughter. Word of her new “daughter” would quickly spread and any question about the sudden arrival of a new member of the family would be dealt with.

Now, all she had to do was write the lines of programming in MJ's book that would bring him into the political fold. No more hippies and their tedious “causes.” MJ would be a right-thinking American. Carl had promised that after a week or two, MJ would have new heroes like Eisenhower, Nixon and McCarthy. She may lose a son in the process, but all in all, considered it a big win. With lunch over, there was one more important stop to make. Despite her son's progress, there was one essential ingredient missing.



“Why are we stopping here?” MJ said fearfully. His mother had pulled up into the parking lot of small building with the name ‘Delmar’s Prosthetics.’

“Darling you look wonderful, but to make your clothing fit perfectly you need a more realistic bust line,” Margaret replied. “Just stuffing your bras with pads doesn’t work. I thought it best if we obtained a more realistic set of falsies than those silly pads. Delmar’s came highly recommended and I made us an appointment. You want nice natural-looking breasts.”

Breasts? No! I don’t want breasts, natural or otherwise! The words flashed through his mind, but he got out of the car anyway.

The inside of Delmar’s was like a medical clinic. Light green walls, white tile flooring, a receptionist desk to the right, and two offices to the left. Elevator music was softly playing and the air had a medicinal smell to it. The receptionist was a pert teenager with curly red hair and a bright toothy smile.

After checking them in, she escorted them into the first room. The room was similar to a doctor’s but lacked all the paraphernalia and gauges. A partition with a swivel chair on one side, two cushioned stools on the other and a padded examination table were the only furnishings.

“MJ, please remove your blouse and bra,” the teen said. “There is a smock if you want, on the hook. Mrs. Delmar will be right with you.” She closed the door behind her.

MJ most certainly wanted the smock. The goose bumps running up and down his arms were not totally due to the chill in the room. It wasn’t long before a middle-aged woman wearing a pink lab coat entered. After greetings were exchanged, Mrs. Delmar got down to business.

“This is not the first time I’ve fitted prosthesis on a male, so please relax, MJ. As a matter of fact, that is my sub-specialty. If you would please remove your smock, I want to examine your skin and shading if we are going to get this right,” she said, pleasantly.

“What... You mean that you do this for other men?” MJ asked, caught by surprise. He didn’t think any man would want breasts.

“Sure honey! You’d be surprised at just how many I have taken care of. Of course, most of them cannot afford the ones you’re getting,” she responded.

As she went over his chest using a lighted magnifier, prodding here and there, MJ wanted to jump and run. Margaret, seeing his unease, touched his hand and said, “Just relax darling. You will absolutely love the results.”

Finishing her exam Mrs. Delmar went over to a series of numbered cabinets lining two walls. Opening one she removed its contents and returned sitting down across from MJ.

“These are the latest prosthetics, and technologically better than anything available in the past,” she said removing two breast forms from the box.

“As you can see, they are very realistic, not only by sight, but by touch as well. Once attached, they quickly warm to your body temperature and with the gel



filling weigh and move quite naturally. Unlike mastectomy forms, these were specifically designed for transitioning males. With the adhesive they can be left attached for four to six weeks at a time. Of course, that all depends on skin aging and oil production, but usually they can stay attached for a month. I think with your build, a C-cup would be perfect but if you would rather, larger ones...”

MJ shook his head “No.” He didn’t want any kind of breasts, but seeing the size of the prosthetic definitely didn’t want anything larger.

Mrs. Delmar had MJ lay down on the padded table and placed one form over his right breast. Using a blue pencil she marked around the upper, side and bottom of the prosthetic. “Mrs. Wilkerson, you will have to do this when replacing the forms in order to set them properly.” It didn’t take her long to affix both forms to his chest.

“They look so real!” Margaret said. “If you pinched them, I think you could even feel it, dearest.” She didn’t quite understand that her suggestion had just conditioned her son to imagine he would feel as if they were real.

As he was waiting for the glue to set, Mrs. Delmar went over to another cabinet and removed a box. “You probably didn’t know about this product, but my other transgender clients swear by it,” she said to Margaret.

“Oh? What do you have there?” She replied.

Mrs. Delmar directed her attention to the contents of the box. “As you can see, it’s quite realistic and functional,” she said. “There is a silicone sheath connected to the vaginal opening that runs between the legs and lined with ridges that simulate the vaginal canal. Add a bit of lubricant and it will feel close to the real thing. This design also allows for the passage of fluids, urine and menstrual. This device, they tell me, eases their transitioning process and to a large extent prevents unwanted detection. It comes with a supply of artificial blood. It will only take a moment to fit it. Like the breast prosthesis this can be worn for an extended period of time. Of course it will have to be removed from time to time for cleansing but not as often as the breasts.”

“Heavens! I never... Why, it even looks like the real thing. Doesn’t feel quite right though, you said your other... Errr... Patrons swear by this?” Margaret commented.

“Oh, most certainly, once it is attached and warms to body temperature, it will feel more realistic. If it weren’t so expensive, I think all my male clients would have one. Shall I go ahead and attach it? It will only take a few more minutes,” she replied.

When MJ was shown the device he immediately objected and refused to let her put it on. Margaret intervened by telling him that he really needed it, that he wanted it desperately and would make his clothing fit better. As much as he wanted to refuse his mummy, in the end, he compelled to agree that he needed it. He laid back passively as Mrs. Delmar fitted the artificial vagina. Later, once the glue had dried, he examined it closely and could tell it wasn’t genuine. But even from a short distance away, it appeared all too real. Inserting a finger between the realistic lips, he quickly pulled it out.

Oh my goodness gracious! that feels... Oh my... How did I ever allow this to happen? Maybe I can peel it off...

With earnest, MJ started to try and find the edge to the material, but his fingers absolutely refused to do what he wanted them to. His hands just trembled, with his instinct and his programming fighting each other. *Darn, why won’t my hands do what I want them to? Mummy insisted that I wear it... She also said I would like it.*

Instead of removing the rubber prosthetic, MJ went about the process of getting dressed. *I guess in a way it’s cute, he thought, and my panties do fit so much better. My girdle doesn’t squish me down there like it used to either. So I guess I do like it.*

As MJ dressed behind a curtain, Mrs. Delmar talked to Margaret in the hallway. “He’ll need to maintain his attachments by keeping them clean. And don’t expose him to any paints or solvents. It’s all here in the instructions.” She handed over a small, folded piece of paper.

Margaret was effusive in her praise. “I can’t thank you enough. He’s almost completely undetectable as a male.”

“And once his real breasts are fully formed, he’ll be used to the weight and balance of having breasts,” Mrs. Delmar added.

“Pardon? Real breasts?”

“Yes, you can already see his breasts are growing in and in less than a year, they should be fully grown.”

Margaret was sure Mrs. Delmar was mistaken, but she did note that MJ was a little “puffy” in the chest lately. She was going to have to keep an eye on that.

As they walked out of the shop, Margaret was more than happy to toss the pink pads into the trash. “Darling, how do they feel?” She asked her son, “They look marvelous in that blouse.”

“Very unnerving, mummy,” he replied, blushing crimson.

“I imagine so, dear, but you’ll get use to them soon enough. Every woman does. I think I will wait a bit before I have you start a regular period though. You’ve been traumatized enough for now.” And to herself, she thought, *I don’t know how far or for how much longer I can push that potion’s capabilities.*

That night, as MJ was relaxing in his evening bath, he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off the two floating mounds stuck to his chest. They were a good hand-filling size with stiff, pert, fat eraser nipples. He pinched a nipple and like Mummy had said, he could feel it. It was a strange feeling but not a bad one. He was more tentative reaching down between his legs. MJ had misgivings in his mind about the breasts, but what they had done to his groin left his male ego screaming. As much as his mummy had control of his actions, his screaming ego could make itself felt on a conscious level. He tried to peel the prosthetic off, but stopped.

I need this to make my clothing look right, he thought as he pulled his hands back. *I really do.*



The word went out a couple of days later. Confused, troubled and beleaguered Michael Jordan Wilkerson the Third had run away from home. The rumor was he had gone on a crazy drug binge and violently threatened his mother, Judge Margaret Wilkerson. The rumors were denied, and it was made clear that the judge was anguished over the fate of her son.

Her assistant, Carl Perkins would not comment on the record about these “scurrilous” rumors, but reassured those who asked that the judge was expected to continue working and that she was overjoyed to welcome her step daughter Mary Jane into the family.



A few days later, MJ had an appointment with someone named Mademoiselle Estelle. She was a tall, reedy woman with a severe countenance. Dressed all in black and minimal makeup, she was a very intimidating older woman. She lived in a Victorian styled multi-level wood framed house with a veranda. Only after he asked his mother did he learn that Mademoiselle Estelle was the woman that the social elite sent their daughters to learn the necessary social graces and mannerisms to be debutantes. She was very demanding and a bit unorthodox, but produced the most elegant of ladies.

For the occasion, MJ was dressed in his baby blue foundations, pastel blue chiffon leg-of-mutton sleeved blouse with tiered ruffled lace jabot and mid-calf length black satin hobble skirt. Sheer black-seamed hose and three-inch blue snake skin open-toed stiletto pumps completed his dressing. For accessories, he wore an antique cameo fastened with a blue velvet ribbon, three-strand pearl bracelet, blue leather kid gloves, black satin box hat with a net veil, reaching to eyebrow level and a black Hermes purse.

“Darling,” his mother had said, “Mademoiselle Estelle came highly recommended and it’s important that you do everything she tells you. I know it will be hard, but you *will* pay attention and try your very best. Yes, I know the clothing I selected is uncomfortable, confining and you’re still not use to heels but it’s what she wanted. Just do your best. That’s all anyone can ask.”

When he was presented to Mademoiselle, she gave him a close inspection while he stood trembling in his heels. *Oh please, I don’t want to be here. I don’t want to learn how to be a debutante, much less a girl! This woman scares me. Why can’t I make myself run away or even fight this?*

The old woman swatted MJ on the butt with her cane. “Back straight, chest out, shoulders back, arms at your side and hands clasped in front,” she demanded.

And so it began, four hours every day of intense training in the arts of femininity. The first two weeks were spent solely on poise, posture and walking. Tight straight skirts and high heels were required dress for those lessons. Lessons were driven home with liberal use of Mademoiselle’s cane. At the beginning of the third week, full skirts with petticoats were allowed. During the ensuing weeks, MJ learned how to curtsey, how to handle his skirts, sit, stoop and move with elegant grace. Later, he would learn table manners, etiquette and neatness.

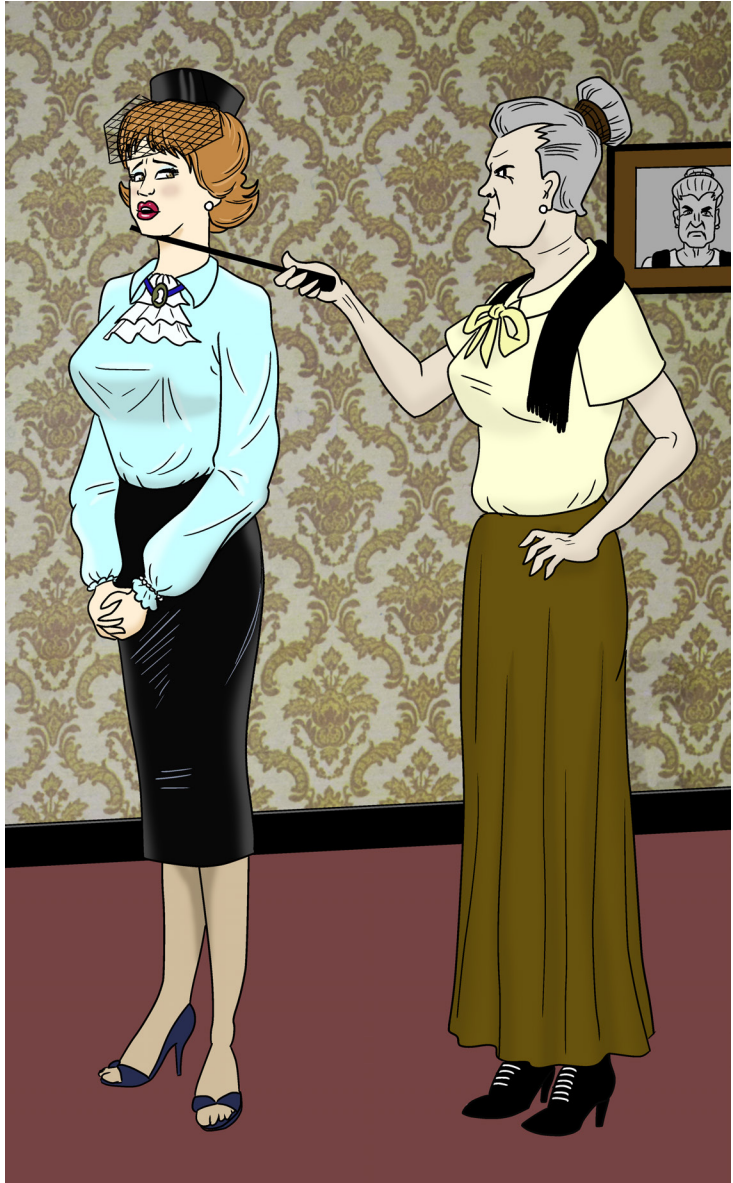
When class was over, MJ had two hours before he met with another teacher, Mrs. Harriet Ford. Mrs. Ford was a speech pathologist and would spend three

hours each day with him. Under her guidance he learned how to speak in a higher feminine range using proper feminine vocabulary. Words such as “darling,” “cute” and “precious” became part of his everyday speech. Along with his changing voice and vocabulary, he learned the proper feminine hand and facial movements.

MJ’s days weren’t spent totally absorbed in learning feminine graces. Margaret took him out on the weekends to enjoy the opera, ballet performances, art galleries and museums. Walking and talking like a refined young lady also re-

quired a strong foundation in culture. By the beginning of fall, MJ’s prior love of rock and electric guitar was replaced with classical music. He developed a firm knowledge and appreciation of the arts during those excursions. He absolutely hated everything that was being done to change him, but helpless to alter the course of events.

Margaret was pleased with MJ’s development, so she began a plan of action to get him more socially involved. Initially, her efforts focused on short luncheons with Beverly and Bunny or attending afternoon teas at the club. These sessions were designed to make him feel at ease around women. As he became more



conservative in his political view points, she began taking him to various political fund raisers. These events made MJ want to puke, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't stop smiling and participating.

One evening, as he sat before his typewriter reviewing his latest article, he had to sit back and rub his eyes. *Did I actually write that?* He thought. He reviewed what he had typed. It read like a press release for oppression.

It was nearly impossible to believe he was doing this. He continued to rub his eyes in disbelief, then abruptly stopped. *Oh dear, did I smear my makeup?* That caused MJ to shake his head, to try and clear his mind. *What's wrong with me? My mind is so confused. I think one thing and something totally different comes out.*

He looked over at the small pile of letters he had been receiving. *No wonder my girl and college friends sent me those hate mails. I'm so messed up,* he moaned. He reached for a mirror to check his makeup then neatly folded his article and put it in the mailing envelope, kissing the seal, leaving a lipstick imprint.



With the end of summer, Margaret wasn't sure what she wanted to do. MJ had made significant progress, but there was still a lot to be done. She could still see fear and hostility in his eyes, but had no complaints regarding his comportment. He had to finish college, but had serious doubts about sending him back to his old school. His current look and conditioning could be undone if his old friends became involved. They had already proven that their influence could change him. She had fond memories of her own college days but her beloved women's college was just too far away. She needed him nearby in order to continue his conditioning.

It was Beverly who came up with a solution. They were having lunch at the club one beautiful afternoon. The girls were in the tennis shop getting a court time. Playing tennis and doing gymnastics were MJ's only source of exercise. Plus, it had the added feature of forcing him to mingle with others his age. Bunny was a good player, and had offered to be his teacher.

Ever since their first luncheon, Bunny did everything she could to be MJ's friend. Of course, with his tough lesson schedule it didn't leave him much time and he was reluctant to go anywhere in public, but Margaret had insisted, and the girls occasionally went out to the mall and played tennis most Sunday afternoons.

He was reluctant at first – especially when he tried on the short tennis dresses with their ruffled nylon panties. Margaret smiled fondly, remembering how MJ looked wearing that oh-so-cute box pleated pink-and-white tennis dress with the bright pink panties and white ruffled bottom. All MJ could do was complain about how much of his bottom and top would be exposed by the low,

rounded collar. His complaint sounded just like a shy modest young lady, but was actually rooted in fear.

The first few times he was required to join Bunny and some of her other girl friends, they were very difficult experiences. Mummy had insisted that he positively loved being with other young ladies and so, programmed as he was, he did.

“MJ darling, how else are you going learn to be a refined young woman?” Margaret had told her son, “Associating with, and talking to, other girls your age will be a great learning experience. I remember having so much fun with my friends. You will too. Now I insist that you become comfortable and enjoy being around other girls and women.”

Like Bunny, most of her friends were vapid gossips. The only serious discussions they ever had were over which designer was the best and what fashion trend to follow. A couple of the girls he had actually dated before going off to college. None of them even hesitated in accepting “Mary Jane” as a girl, and never suspected a thing.

Of course, when associating with a bunch of young ladies, the subject of boys always came up. One of them, Victoria, was a girl MJ had dated for over a year. At one time, he even thought he might marry her. But now, she never missed a chance to talk about how macho her new beau, Stanley, was. Every time she brought him up, MJ couldn’t help but compare Stanley to his own failures as a man.

“Oh, Mary Jane you move with such grace. My Stanley is always trying to impress me with his speed and strength,” or, “Mary Jane, I like playing tennis against you. You hit the ball so softly – not like my man Stanley. He positively slams it, with those huge, powerful arms of his,” she would say.

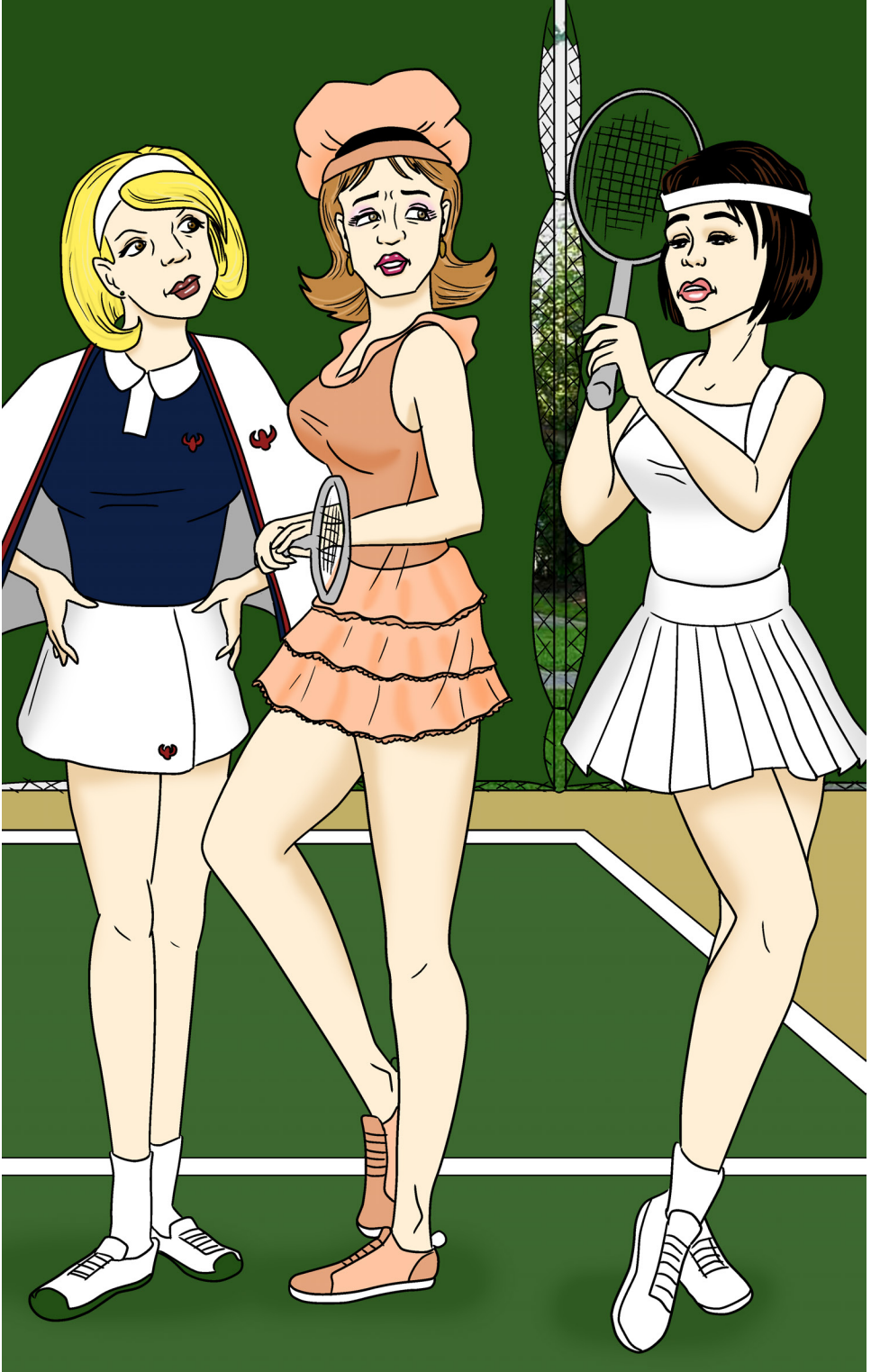
Nancy, another old girlfriend, would sometimes team up with Vickie asking all kinds of embarrassing questions about the boys “Mary Jane” dreamed of dating. MJ could only just blush and avoid direct responses. Fortunately, Bunny sensed his discomfort and always stuck up for him.

Bunny even tried to set him up with a boy she knew for the mid-summer social at the country club. He refused, and Margaret didn’t force the issue. She correctly assumed it was too early in his conditioning to make him date. Of course MJ had some limited contact with boys while with Bunny, and on the tennis courts, but always in a very public arena.

He complained about such incidents to his mother. “Mummy, boys stare at me and stare at my boobies. I don’t like those stares. It’s like they are undressing me. It gives me the creeps,” he complained one afternoon.

“You’ll get used to it, darling,” she replied. “You’re becoming a very beautiful woman and will have to expect men to be attracted to you. At first it can be very intimidating having men ogle and undress you with their eyes but we all adapt. You will too, I *insist*,” she said, locking in the command.

However, there will come a time when it will be necessary for him to be seen on the arm of a handsome young man. I need to get with Carl and see what he



suggests, she thought. She left MJ to absorb what she had said.

To help MJ accept going out with a man, Margaret hired another expert. A woman with a background in clinical psychology was hired to treat MJ's relationship problems. Sara Mills used role playing in her treatments, as well as other methods, to establish a feminine libido. One of the first things she had him do was keep both a diary and a scrapbook. He had romance novels to read and review as well as a number of books dealing with female to male relationships. After three months of her intensive therapy, he was beginning to understand relationships from the feminine viewpoint.

It was a result of her influence that MJ was more often than not looking at women like he used to, but rather looking at them and then comparing them to himself. He seldom thought of them as sex objects, as his conditioning and training advanced. Instead he found himself wondering if their clothing or hair style would look good on him. Looking at men, something he seldom did in the past, resulted in different thought paths as well. Now he checked out their physical attributes, like their butts and eyes. Instead of comparing their musculature to his, he wondered what it would feel like to be held in their arms – whether or not they were a good kisser would come later in his training.

During one of their regular visits at the Tea House, Beverly mentioned that Bunny would start school in three weeks. "Oh, yes," she was boasting, "my Bunny can't wait to get back to St. Catherine's. It's a very exclusive finishing school for young ladies you know."

"St. Catherine's you say," Margaret interrupted. Her interest was plain on her face.

"Yes, it's located just outside the city, on the old Harmon estate. You must know it. It's been mentioned in the Social Register for some time now. Very exclusive and one of the finer liberal arts schools in the state," she replied.

"I wonder if I could get my darling Mary Jane enrolled," she mused.

"It's a very exclusive girl's school," Beverly said emphasizing the word "exclusive."

Margaret caught the inference and gave her a tight smile. "They'll take my Mary Jane or I'll use my position to make life hell for St. Catherine's," she said. *Dimwit*, she added, mentally.



MJ hated the very idea of having to go to St. Catherine's and having to major in Art History but did it anyway. He could never deny his mother anything she asked of him no matter how hard he tried. He didn't like associating with Bunny and her clique of feather-brained chattering gossips. either. All they could talk about were boys, fashions, makeup, music and the next social event

on the calendar. With his training, he was able to easily participate in their conversations, but disliked having to.

The school was saturated in estrogen, further shrinking the small shell left of his masculinity. He really missed his old friends and school but what he wanted didn't matter now. His old friends had deserted him long before summer was over. Their revulsion wasn't because of his supposed revelation that he was a transsexual but rather at his apparent relapse into the conservative social elite. His articles in which he opposed the youth movement and wrote that "colleges were a breeding ground for communism" were the last straw as far as they were concerned. That one had really pissed them off. He was now a target for their scorn and hatred.

One day, as he walked through town, MJ was almost feeling at peace with himself. One of his few joys was choosing his own outfits, and he loved what he had worn today. He was wearing a matched set of pink panties, bra and panty girdle under his powder blue leggings and Louis Vuitton powder pink oversized Mongolian lamb fur. The fur went well with his fuzzy sheep skin shafted boots with the three inch heels. Slung from his shoulder was his Hermes bag containing his cosmetics and hair needs, wallet and two tampons along with other assorted items. His makeup was a bit over done for daytime, and his hair was in a big bubble cut. He wore his large pink framed Jackie O styled sunglasses, several bangles on his wrist and rings on his fingers as accessories.

It was a crisp early November, and he was headed to Yolanda's to meet up with Bunny and several others before going to Lord & Taylor. He didn't relish the idea, but mummy had insisted.

Besides, it was a chance for him to show off his wonderful sense of style. It would be good to see Bunny turn green with envy when she saw his opulently expensive ensemble, especially the fur. It came as a surprise when his mummy spent over \$4,000 getting it all for him. He was feeling very smug as he neared the tea room.

He was less than twenty feet away from the entrance when four people detached themselves from leaning against the wall and approached him. He smiled when he first saw them, recognizing Saffron and Rodger – but not the other two, who were wearing ski masks.

Splendid! They've come to save me, he thought and hurried his pace to meet them. *I knew my true friends wouldn't desert me!* He thrust out his arms for an embrace.

They were less than a foot away when they raised their hands and MJ was engulfed in a cloud of red, purple and florescent orange paint. "Animal killer!" They shouted. "Traitor! Animal killer!" Their screams came through the fog of paint that hit him.

"You're a disgrace to everyone!" Saffron shouted. "You're not even half a man, you little pansy!"



He stood frozen in both fear and disbelief as the four figures ran past, yelling other obscenities. It seemed like hours as he stood frozen on the sidewalk with other people coming and standing around before Bunny grabbed his arm and pulled him away, just a minute later.

“Oh for shame!” Bunny exclaimed. “Those people are nothing but terrorists. They should all be put away,” he heard as he was shoved into a car. “Oh Mary Jane, you look simply awful! We’ll get you home safe, and get that paint off, somehow.”

He couldn’t see, as his eyes were too full of tears. He was bawling like a baby. Fortunately, his sunglasses kept the spray paint out of his eyes but much of his face was covered in bright purple and orange. His beautiful Anne Klein fur and boots were absolutely ruined.

As Bunny drove MJ home in tears, Vickie and Nancy were giggling.

“Heavens! Did you see that outfit Mary Jane was wearing? That jacket was absolutely ludicrous. It made Mary Jane look like a great big over stuffed pink teddy bear,” Victoria giggled.

“Indeed! How gauche! I think someone should thank those pranksters for doing the fashion world a favor,” Nancy snickered.

MJ’s mother was horrified by what had happened, and wanted to know who had done the dastardly deed. MJ was almost too upset to say, mostly because his old friends had so callously turned on him.

Saffron, Rodger... How could you do this to me? I was your leader. I funded our group activities. How could you turn on me so? Saffron – I loved you. I should give you all up to face my mummy’s justice but I can’t. I’m a bigger ma... Person than you.

“It was my old friends from college. Oh my, look at my beautiful jacket. Look what they’ve done to it,” he said breaking out into fresh tears. His conditioning was too strong to overcome what he truly wanted to do, which was to be angry. Now, all MJ could do was weep, dabbing at his eyes with a tissue.



Damages of over \$4,000 resulted in a serious felony charge brought against his old friends. MJ was desperate to avoid a trial, but there was nothing he could do. Margaret used her position to get the prosecutor to ask for the maximum penalty. The case was generating a lot of publicity and the media turned out in full force for the trial. Saffron and Rodger were the only two charged as the others wore masks and couldn’t be identified.

On the day of the trial, MJ wore a blue Chanel woolen knee length straight skirt, white chiffon blouse with a prominent lace jabot tie, matching jacket and his Russian Sable stole with hand muff. A pert blue satin box hat with a long rooster feather decoration sat on his big bubble styled bob. His makeup was overdone to a theatrical level, at his mummy’s insistence.

He thought the outfit and makeup made him look too old. “Darling, there is going to be a lot of media at the trial and your makeup has to stand up to the cameras,” his mother said. “Plus, I want you to look more mature. Your appearance will make an impact on the jurors and I want them to think of you as a stable, sophisticated young lady. You want to look your best don’t you?” she said.

“Yes mummy, but I’m scared. These were my best friends once. They know who I really am. What if they tell the judge or say it in court?”

“You have perfectly legitimate identification as Mary Jane Wilkerson, female, aged 21. There are certain advantages to having a judge for a mother.” She patted her son on the head. “Besides, if they make such an accusation, that will seal their fate as unstable rabble-rousers.”

MJ pouted. “I really don’t want to see them punished over some mischief done to my clothing,” he replied.

“Darling, stop that. These people are nothing but bullies and thugs. They do nothing but go around terrorizing honest citizens simply because of what they wear. It’s time we stop all this nonsense. How on Earth can you think that they were your friends doing something mean like that to you? Heavens, if you hadn’t been wearing those glasses you might have lost your eyesight. Now I want you to go in there and tell the jury exactly what transpired.”

“Very well mummy. Let’s go,” he softly replied.

“No darling, I’m sorry but I can’t go with you. Carl will accompany you,” Margaret said. “If I attended, being a judge, the defense may say that I was an unfair influence on the jury. Don’t worry, Carl will protect you and see you safely home.”

MJ was very surprised, seeing all the cameras and newspaper people waiting at the courthouse. He was very nervous as Carl assisted him getting out of the limo.

“Don’t worry MJ, I’m here. When the reporters approach, just smile and give them a little wave. You don’t have to say anything if you don’t want to,” Carl reassured taking hold of his arm.

That’s easy for you to say, MJ thought, you’re not the one being splattered all over the papers and television stations. Shoot, I don’t want any photos or interviews. I hate how I’m dressed and having to rat out my friends. If I had any balls I’d rip these clothes off and stuff them down your throat!

As MJ walked up to the witness stand, the sharp click-clack of his four inch spike heels on the hard wood flooring reverberated in his ears. As he swished his hips in a decidedly feminine manner, he could feel his slip slide across the bottom of the long-leg girdle and brushing against his sheer black seemed hose. Mummy had told him to act his feminine best like he had been taught.

When he stepped up onto the witness stand, he made sure a bit of lacy slip hemming showed as he pulled up his skirt. Carefully, he brushed the back of his skirt as he took the witness chair. He performed admirably. His voice sounding sad and body language suggested humiliation as he described what



happened. He actually produced a few tears when he related how mortified he was by their act of vandalism.

“You’re a joke!” Saffron shouted from her seat at the defendant’s table. Leaping t her feet, she was being held back by her lawyer. “You’re the biggest fairy...!”

Scared his secret was just about to be revealed, MJ had to do something. “Get a job, you filthy hippie!” He screamed. It was the first thing that had come to his mind.

Saffron was brought under control by her lawyer and the court bailiff. Once the ruckus was over, MJ was politely applauded by the audience.

The trial was short. The boisterous indignation and hostility of the two defendants as MJ testified convinced the jury to pronounce them guilty. As they left the courtroom, the media swamped Carl and MJ. MJ stood erect, feet and knees pressed together, elbows tucked to his sides and smiled broadly at the

reporters. He gave a brief statement that he forgave his tormentors but random acts of violence should not go unpunished in a civilized society. He was so nervous under all those cameras that he found himself grateful for Carl's supporting arm around his waist that kept him from collapsing.



It was his hope that his mummy would let him go back to being a man when she tired of this punishment. That hope was all he had. It had been trying enough being seen in public dressed and acting as he was. All the publicity and photos of him diminished that hope. He never wanted to testify but mummy insisted. He didn't want to dress or act this way but mummy insisted. He didn't want to associate with girls as one of them but mummy insisted. Whatever he wanted didn't matter just because his mummy insisted. MJ couldn't understand why he obeyed his mummy – and that bothered him most of all.

The public exposure of the trial had given MJ a certain amount of notoriety. Instead of focusing on the trial itself, the media focused on the poise and dignified manner of “Mary Jane.” Up until then, his changes had been pretty much kept within the the family. Close friends knew about “Mary Jane,” but no more than a few dozen. It was now common knowledge all over the metropolitan area that one of the most prestigious families in the city now had an eligible young daughter, and, as a result, the media wanted more information. Publishing juicy tidbits involving prominent politicians was a media favorite and “Mary Jane” was the daughter of an important conservative judge.

Carl advised Margaret to take advantage of the media attention by suggesting they make a big deal of “Mary Jane” by having MJ work at a local charity. She thought it a splendid idea and less than a week later, MJ was seen smiling on the local society page and on a morning talk show.

For the occasion, he was dressed in a retro Oscar De La Renta creamsicle-colored woolen suit with a bright pink chiffon blouse. The hobble skirt of his dress was mid-calf and molded to his body, forcing him to take very dainty steps in his white satin pointed-toed four inch spike-heeled pumps. Draped across his shoulders was a white seal stole. He was all smiles as he ‘supervised’ the workers at the charity.

Margaret's office and home received a deluge of requests for interviews and television appearances after that. Apparently, Mary Jane Wilkerson had become somewhat of a local sensation. However, MJ had been quite upset after the trial and the publicity, and had to be given some breathing space.

Carl responded to all the requests refusing any further public contact with MJ or the judge. He cited “personal privacy issues” for denying the requests. “It is a very difficult time for Miss Wilkerson after the effects of testifying in such a grueling trial. Mary Jane, with the loving support of family and friends, is spending sometime alone to recuperate. The Honorable Margaret Wilkerson and family wish to thank everyone for their understanding in this matter,” the statement concluded.

“Well what do you think of it?” Carl asked, as Margaret finished reading the release.

“It’s all very well,” she answered. “The debut if my daughter is going quite splendidly.”

“By the way, the latest polls indicate that you had a twenty percent jump in ‘favorable’ ratings overall but a five percent drop by the far right. All-in-all, I’d say our original plan is a complete success. I think we need to take advantage of this and put him on the lecture circuit. I’ve got the Rotary and Lions already lined up,” he replied.

“I don’t know, Carl. The court has a heavy case load, and I don’t have much free time... And... I don’t think MJ’s ready for public speaking,” she answered.

“No problem,” he replied, “it will take a bit of time to get him ready. I can escort MJ and be his mentor. All you have to do is insist that he listen to me. With your re-election, I have the time to do that. Just instruct him to obey my commands. I’ve prepared some messages for the book you give him that will put him at ease when he appears in public.”

MJ was sitting at his vanity wearing his white silk robe with bright oriental floral embroidered design loosely tied at the waist. He was too scared to tie the robe tight, as his ever-disappearing waist reminded him of how girlish his body was becoming. His skin had become so much softer, and his body so much thinner in such a short period of time. His legs had taken on a thin, curvy shape that made any skirt or dress look great on him, and even now, he could look down and see his unmistakably dainty and feminine legs poking out from his robe.

Under the robe, he was wearing an orange bullet bra and matching panty girdle. When Sara Mills told his mummy to start his period, she also insisted that he wear a bra and girdle all the time.

“Besides having a period, wearing a bra and girdle which are strictly women’s garments, will reinforce his feminine libido. He needs to be constantly reminded of his womanhood,” she had said.

He was putting his hair up using bristle rollers for the night. He wasn’t comfortable sleeping in them but his mummy liked his big hair look. His face was covered in a green night time mud pack. As he was doing that, Margaret entered, stood behind him, and placed her arms over his shoulders.

“Darling I just wanted to say how proud I am of you. It took a lot of courage testifying, facing the media and making that charity appearance,” she said.

“Thank you mummy but...” he started.

“No buts, MJ. You did very well. Maybe a bit nerve racking so I’ve brought you a new book to read. This book will help make you feel less nervous and comfortable when you are in public. Now, when it comes to school, I insist that you get involved with the Young Conservatives organization at your school. I insist that you express conservative views,” she said.

“Yes mummy, but I don’t know much about such things,” he dutifully answered.

“That’s alright, darling. Carl will be helping you, and I insist that you listen to what he has to say,” she replied, gave him a kiss on the cheek before leaving the room.

What was all that about? I don’t want to do that! I’m not ‘The Man’ but she insisted. I hate everything that I’m doing but can’t stop. Every time I try to express the real me, my will evaporates and I can’t. How did she get this hold on me? He thought, as mummy walked out the door. He picked up the book, which in his mind, was brand new. The title he saw said “History’s Most Romantic Love Letters,” his mind inventing the title.

“You enjoy public speaking.”

“Talking to groups will let you show off how beautiful you are.”

“Being thought of as beautiful makes you very happy.”

“Carl is handsome. You like Carl. You will listen to Carl.”

“You like being with Carl. Carl makes you happy.”

“You enjoy public speaking. Talking to groups makes you happy.”

“Carl makes you happy. You like Carl,” MJ’s sleeping mind repeated to itself, over and over.

Margaret had no idea of what the book contained. If she had, she wouldn’t have given it to him. Yes, she wanted MJ to be seen with men – but not in the way Carl intended.



MJ met with Carl every day for a few hours, and quizzed him on conservative positions and issues. Carl spent that time teaching him about the ten amendments of the constitution and how liberal judges had stretched their meaning way beyond what the Founding Fathers had intended.

“Free speech was never intended to include pornography and violent speech. The second gives the right to bear arms to all citizen. That means all current laws limiting firearm purchases or access are unconstitutional. Preventing discrimination wasn’t intended to include giving minorities preferences in hiring or education. Freedom of Religion was never intended to throw God out of government or public places. It was meant to guarantee that everyone had the right to practice their own religion without government interference.” The lessons were brief, but to the point, and so MJ’s indoctrination went.

MJ tried to resist at first. *That’s so small-minded and stupid,* he thought. *People don’t need to hunt for food anymore. All they do is kill defenseless animals. Of course minorities need preferences to make up for all the past sins of our nation.*

However, when his mummy asked him what he learned that day, he reflexively spouted the conservative line. “And what do you think about gun laws?” She asked him.



“Guns are a part of our freedom,” MJ replied. “The right to bear arms cannot and should not be abridged.”

As his lessons continued, MJ became aware of an even more disturbing line of thought. He was beginning to have feelings for Carl. Due to Sara’s and the latest instructions in his book, he had found his eyes lingering over Carl.

He’s quite handsome, he thought one day soon after the lessons began, I like the color of his eyes. Such a deep blue I could lose myself in them. His butt’s nice too. Later he began thinking how much he liked just being around him. For some strange reason, he really preferred to be around Carl as much as possible.

I can’t believe how much I’ve come to like Carl, he thought, When I first met him, I hated him. He was such a stuffed shirt. Always thought of him as one of those right wing over achievers like that Pat Buchanan creep. Maybe being this close to him has made me see the real Carl. He’s surprisingly handsome and I never looked at him that way before... Hey, wait a minute! What the heck am I thinking? I don’t like guys that way! I’ve got to stop this!

MJ was very nervous as they rehearsed what he was going to say at his very first guest speaking engagement. As they were finishing up, Carl handed MJ his book full of commands, with new pages written by Carl.

“I know you love romance and I want you to have this. I got it from a dear friend. Read to it when you go to bed tonight. It will keep your mind off tomorrow’s presentation so you will get a good night’s sleep,” he said.

Once again, MJ thought he was reading a book, but in reality, he was being programmed. He read the imaginary title as “Meeting Mr. Right.”

“You find Carl attractive and enjoy being with him.”

“There is nothing wrong with being attracted to Carl.”

“You want to be with Carl. You love Carl.”

“There is nothing wrong with loving Carl.”

“Carl will make you happy. You want to make him happy too.”

“There is nothing wrong in loving Carl and making him happy.”



At school, MJ made sure to attend the meeting of the “Conservative Government Ladies’ Auxiliary” or CGLA as it was known. He wasn’t surprised to see Bunny there and rushed over to give her a girlie hug and air kiss. It was a cool, crisp day and MJ was wearing a grey woolen suit. The straight skirt was mid-calf length with a kick pleat. The skirt hugged his bottom snugly revealing a bit of girdle line and was satin lined. A white silk long-sleeved blouse with ruffled lace at the cuffs and knife-pleated high neck tied off with a thin pink satin ribbon bow was covered by the matching long sleeved jacket. His Ragu open bottomed girdle, bullet bra and full slip were all bright white. The bodice and hem of the slip had intricate lace detailing combined with elaborate floral embroidery. White nylons, pink patent leather three inch spiked heeled pointed toed pumps, white gloves and a cute white satin box hat completed his dressing.

“Oh MJ, it is so good to see you come to our meeting. You’re going to join? Oh, that’s just splendid news!” Bunny beamed. “Come on, Vickie, Nancy, Debs and the rest of the gang will be just thrilled to see you. By the way, I just love your outfit. Where on earth did you find it? It’s so...so chic.”

MJ followed Bunny over to where her friends were gathered. They all greeted him warmly with girlish hugs and air kisses. They all asked him about his outfit or commented on his hair and makeup. Each of their compliments he returned in kind.

The meeting was more of a social event than serious discussion of the issues. Deborah or as she preferred to be called, “Debs” was the president and introduced MJ to the gathering. He was welcomed by the group but some of them snorted derisively, unable to accept new blood to the group. Those individuals had to accept him because of his mother’s and family’s influence, but didn’t have to like him.

During the meeting Janice did most of the talking, campaigning for a young man running for the state legislature. MJ found it a bit boring, as she mostly talked about how handsome the man was rather than his position on the issues.



When she did say that he was a strong anti-abortionist and NRA supporter his ears pricked up.

Holy crap, this guy is a real loser, he thought. I don't believe in any of his rightist beliefs. How can any modern woman support such a position? These girls should be outraged but look at them, all dreamy eyed and ignorant. I should get up and get the fuck out of here. So why am I just sitting here smiling like a jackass? Come on feet, let's get a move on! I don't want to listen to this shit! But, as usual, he could think but didn't move.

When Janet finished, Debs addressed the group. "Okay girls, we have one more item on the agenda and that's to nominate someone to take charge of our monthly newsletter. Do I have any volunteers?"

"Oh, I nominate MJ," squealed Bunny, "She's had lots of experience writing."

MJ shrank back into his chair upon hearing that. The room became very quiet, uncomfortably quiet for MJ as the others looked from one another. It was plain from the looks on their faces that Bunny's suggestion was unwelcome. After all, "Mary Jane" was new and they weren't very sure about "her" political views.

Bunny gave MJ a nudge and whispered into his ear, "Come on Mary Jane, you would be great at this! Get up and tell them you have given up all those stupid liberal ideas. Tell them that you have seen the light. I know your mother would insist."

MJ for reasons he could not fathom, stood, and unable to stop himself said, "Look ladies, I... I know what you... You're thinking but... but I... I am a true blue conservative. I used.. I was rebelling... I was fighting my need to be a... what I was on the inside... a patriot. As you can see, I... I am myself and totally committed to our cause. I would love to help an... and I want to do the club's weekly newsletter if you will let me."

MJ left the meeting feeling really weird. He was put in charge of the CGLA's weekly newsletter despite some minor objections from some of the longer serving members. Deep inside, he detested any and every thing related to such right-wing causes, but was helpless to stop.

Needless to say, Margaret was thrilled that he was given an active role in the club. However, when it came time to actually write that week's newsletter, could only write an article espousing the need for women to stop accepting the dictates of the feminist movement. It was not an article he wanted to write, but by now realized he couldn't do a thing to stop it. He could only stare in disgust as he hit the keys.

I can't believe that I just wrote that women should be content to be good housewives and mothers, he thought.



Over the next month, MJ made presentations to various clubs and political fund raisers. Carl was always with him, lending encouragement and support. As they rode to various events, Carl would sit right next to MJ in the limo. He sat so that their hips touched and placing his arm around MJ's shoulders pulled him in closer as they went over their notes. Also sitting next to one another, MJ's nose was filled with the scent of him. The aftershave had a spicy overtone with a musky undertone. For some reason he couldn't explain, MJ was drawn to it. Occasionally when Carl whispered some comment into his ear, it made MJ's flesh tingle. At those times, MJ had a strong desire to lean over and kiss him. As much as he denied it, MJ was beginning to really fall for Carl.

If I didn't know any better I'd think I was falling in love, MJ mused one night. *That can't possibly be... He... He's a guy, and so am I. I'm not gay and never felt what I'm feeling now. This is so terribly wrong... But... I have to admit, that I'm really drawn to him. Maybe that's because we're spending so much time to-*

gether. He's so nice and helpful. Besides, he has those smiling eyes and a cute butt... Whoa...! Where did that come from? It doesn't matter how I feel, this isn't right. I've got to stop thinking these crazy thoughts. He shook his head to rid himself of his strange impulses, and laid down to bed to read his book.



After a meeting in which MJ advocated the need for the repeal of civil rights laws and a crackdown on the “long haired troublemakers,” Carl asked him if he would like to celebrate his successful speech over at his place.

“MJ you did a great job this afternoon. You've been working hard and swayed a number of young ladies to our cause. What's say we go to my place and celebrate? I have a great bottle of wine chilling as we speak,” he asked.

“Oh Carl, I don't know. I believe mummy has something planned,” he was stopped in mid-sentence as Carl placed a hand under his chin, raising it. The kiss was totally unexpected and MJ was overwhelmed. He was left gasping, unable to speak as Carl broke the kiss.

“MJ, I don't think your mummy would mind if we are a few minutes late. I insist that you join me,” he said with a broad smile.

What the fuck just happened? MJ's mind screamed. I can't believe he kissed me. How gross! What... He wants me to go to his place? He's out of his fucking mind if he thinks...

“Dearest Carl, I would be delighted,” he heard himself say. *Oh gosh! I didn't say that did I? Oh no, oh no I don't want to be anywhere alone with him. Why can't I stop myself?*

MJ was sitting on Carl's plush sofa, his purse, gloves and silk headscarf sitting on the coffee table. He was surprised, looking around at Carl's apartment. It was so unlike the man he knew – or thought he knew. Instead of hardwood flooring, there was a very thick plush beige carpet. The walls were painted in an eggshell white instead of the wood paneling he expected to see. The furniture even had a feminine influence in that the sofa and chairs were covered in an abstract floral material with the wooden legs delicately curved. If it weren't for the large humidifier sitting on the mantle, it was a very feminine looking room.

While MJ was examining the room, Carl was preparing cocktails. Deciding to go ahead with his devious plans, he was mixing chocolate martinis. Only in MJ's drink, Carl added a tablespoon of his potion. Smiling, he placed the drinks on a silver tray. He made sure to give MJ his glass before sitting down beside him on the sofa.

“Here's to a wonderful life together,” Carl said raising his glass in toast.

What the shit? Life together, what is he talking about? MJ thought as he automatically raised his glass before taking a sip. All he could remember after



that was warmth. The sort of warmth from another human body pressed against another.



MJ was standing before the full length mirror in his bathroom, naked. He was skinny when he came home last summer but now he thought he was positively wasting away. His waist used to be twenty eight, now he could almost get his hands around it. What muscle he had was long gone. He couldn't even make his biceps bulge.

These breasts even seem to be getting bigger, he thought. *How can that be? They're artificial! And my skin underneath itches all the time, I must be getting allergic or something.*

He hated looking down "there," too. The last time his mummy taken him to get his device cleaned, he swore his dick seemed so much smaller than before. *I look so much like a girl that I'm beginning to believe that I am one, shit!*

"Darling I have wonderful news," Margaret gushed as he entered his room. "I have reserved the ballroom at the club for Saturday the fourteenth the week after school lets out. After all the progress you have made and the way the city has welcomed you, I have decided it was time for your coming out ball. What better way to bring in the Summer? So what do you think?"

"Mummy, what, a ball, for me?" MJ began to object. "I... I don't want that. It would be too embarrassing. Tha... That would bring more media attention and I really don't want that. Ever since the trial... Well... Someone is always trying to take my picture."

"MJ, sweetie, I insist. As a mother, I want you to experience all the wonderful things I did growing up. I couldn't wait for my debutante ball, all the excitement, all the beautiful clothing, the glamour of it all. It will be the social even of the year. Besides, you don't have any choice. I've already scheduled the club and gotten a caterer. Get your things, we need to get you a beautiful dress before word gets out."

What the fuck! he thought as started to get dressed. *A damn debutante ball for me? I don't want to go to any ball. Shit!* MJ sighed. *Why fight it? I can't stop doing whatever she or Carl tells me anymore. I'm getting tired of fighting when all I do is keep doing what I'm told. It's like trying to run on ice, the more I try, the less progress I make...*

MJ walked over to his closet. *It's been so cool out lately, so I'd better pick something warm but simple if I'm going to be trying on dresses.* He pulled out a pair of thick woolen leggings, along with a short red, green and grey tartan short skirt and a forest green angora cowl-necked long sleeved sweater.

As he dressed, he glanced at the forecast on the front page of his newspaper. *Cold? Hell, its seventy and I'll freeze. I remember when I would happily go out in just jeans and tee at that temperature and not think a damn thing about it. So why have I gotten so thin blooded?*

Before long, they were in the car, on their way into the city. "Darling," Margaret said, "I want to stop at the It Girl first and see what they have. I remember my gown from my debutante ball. It was a Loretta Young design and I just loved the way it made me look and feel so feminine. I hope Ms. Edna has something similar in her collection. If she doesn't then we'll try Lord's"

“Mummy, why get a dress now? Its almost three months before school lets out,” MJ complained.

“Because, sweetie, it takes time, and there are a lot of preparations to make. Things will be getting hectic enough without worrying about picking out that oh so perfect dress later. I want to get that out of the way now before we get side tracked,” she replied.

Ms. Edna greeted them warmly, as she led them to the formals section. She couldn’t help but remark about how beautiful MJ had become. They went through the racks until Margaret found something to her liking and gushed, “Oh my, this is almost like the one I wore at my coming out.”

Pulling the garment from its protective plastic bag, she held it up in front of MJ. “Yes, it looks like your size. Go ahead sweetie try it on. I can’t wait to see it on you.”

She can’t be serious. This is the most frou-frou girlie-girl dress I have ever seen, he thought, taking the garment.

The dress was a confection of organza and chiffon reminding him of the styles from the civil war period. It was a soft powder pink, with mid-elbow length puffed sleeves, a square necked bodice and a very full ankle-length hoop skirt. The tiered, rippling outer skirt was a pale pink, almost white. The ruffled tiers were fluffed chiffon in a “V” pattern layered over the stiff skirting in overlapping layers. The puff sleeves were in the same pattern as the skirt. The inner skirt was a pink organza that rustled loudly. The bodice, a brighter pink, was sequined and glass beaded in an elaborate floral design. A wide, bright pink satin sash at the high waist tied into a floppy bow at the zip back. The square neck was cut low enough to display a seductive view of bare breasts with a hint of tucked chiffon trim. As it was held up to MJ for a look, he noticed that without his four-inch heels, the hem hugged the floor. He dejectedly took the dress to a changing area.

Margaret was quick on his heels, carrying a voluminous taffeta petticoat in pastel lavender. The petticoat was made of yards and yards of taffeta and tied at the waist. Between the skirt and petticoat, the swishing of the two would make a very noticeable rustling sound with every step.

It took him over thirty minutes to get the surprisingly heavy petticoat and dress properly fitted. It was a tight fit, and he needed the help of a waist chinch to zip it up. There was no way for that dress to fit into a cubicle so he had to strip to his foundations in the common area. That brought a slight flush to his cheeks, but was fairly used to it by now. Having to appear in various stages of undress before other girls and women over the preceding months had taken the edge off his humiliation. The few customers in the store only had nice, pleasant comments and gave him heartfelt encouragement.

The dress was indeed from the late fifties, but looked brand new. With every little movement, the dress rustled and crinkled loudly and would definitely draw attention. Margaret had gotten him a strapless pink satin uplift bra to wear and he was embarrassed by the amount of cleavage the dress revealed. He hated it, but his mummy was thrilled and his opinion did not matter. All

that was left to do was obtain the necessary accessories and his debutante ball ensemble was purchased.

From the It Girl, they went to a stationary store to select the invitations, before stopping at an upscale jeweler. Margaret decided he needed the appropriate jewelry. She bought him a pair of large pink teardrop pearls with diamond studs and matching solitaire ring.

When MJ complained about her extravagance, she smiled and said, "Sweetie, it's your coming out party and I want only the very best for you. Now come on, let's get to Lord's and find some lovely shoes and a purse to go with that outfit."

I hate this, he thought. *If my old friends could see me now, that paint job would be nothing compared to what they would do to me. Oh well, after this what more can she do to humiliate me*, he decided as they got back into the car.

"Honey, the only thing we have left to do is find you a suitable date for your party," Margaret mused, "No self respecting young lady would go to the ball without a handsome beau on her arm. I was thinking... Thinking about that friend of Bunny's... What's his name... Oh, yes, John... John Baxter. Betty had a lot of good things to say about him, you know. Good family, well-bred and going to Harvard, no less. I think he would make a very nice..."

"Mummy, no, please..." MJ interrupted "I... I already have some... Someone in mind. Besides, John is a stuck-up stuffed shirt who thinks he's God's gift to women."

"What? You have someone else? When did all this happen? Why didn't you tell me? Well, don't keep me waiting. Who is it?" Margaret replied, startled.

"Errrr... It... It's Carl," MJ answered blushing fiercely. "I... I've sort of... Sort of fell in love, with him mummy."

Oh no, please tell me that I didn't say that! I don't like him. No not really, he thought, furiously. *Why on earth did I say that? I'm a guy, and certainly don't want that kind of relationship with any man!*

Margaret was shocked, not believing what she had just heard. "MJ, did you say Carl? As in *my* Carl? That is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. Why he's... He's... Well never mind but I certainly am not comfortable with the idea of you dating Carl. For one thing he's older than you and...he's ga..." she quickly stopped herself from speaking.

Carl is as queer as a three dollar bill and promised me that he would never get involved again. What's going on? She thought. How come I didn't see this coming? Now that I think about it, it makes some sort of weird sense. We both know what MJ really is.

She ruminated further. With all his intense training and behavior modification, MJ is acting and thinking like a young lady. Maybe he's fallen for Carl – but something just doesn't ring right. By God, I'll get to the bottom of this when we get home!



In the large, cacophonous office of the judge, Carl was sitting on the hot seat, being grilled by a very irate Margaret. She paced back and forth with a wicked scowl carved into her face. “What the *hell* is going on Carl?” She barked. “Between you and my so... Daughter? I thought you promised me to keep it in your pants. Now I hear MJ telling me he’s in love with you. How the hell did that happen?”

Carl was oddly calm and unnervingly confident. “You honor, may I suggest you calm down? I didn’t plan on any of this. It... It just happened. I didn’t mean for it to, but one minute we were sitting in the back of the limo coming back from that fund raiser, the next we were kissing. That’s all there was to it.” Carl stated.

“I don’t like this one damn bit Carl!” Margaret shot back. “I want you to stay away from MJ from now on! You’re not to have any contact! Is that clear? Now get out, I have some thinking to do,” she finally replied.

Carl took his time, but he stood and walked, the steps of his hard leather shoes echoing off the walls. *Maybe she’ll buy that kettle of lies, but I knew this was coming, I’m tired of being her lap dog, I’m sick and tired of being celibate. Now she’s telling me to stay away from MJ when I’m so close, he thought.*



As he made his way to his car, he reminded himself that he had little to worry about. *She doesn't know I have plenty more of that Cajun woman's potion, so when her "daughter" begs to keep seeing me, she'll back off. If she doesn't I have more than enough potion to change her mind, as well. Hopefully in time she'll come to embrace the idea of us living full time together. Hell, I almost forgot how good a blow job felt and MJ is a quick learner. I'm looking forward to taking little MJ's cherry before too much longer!*

vjv

Even as the weeks passed, things didn't get any easier for Carl. MJ's pleading with his mother to let him be with Carl fell on deaf ears. Margaret summoned Carl into her office and demanded why he had continued seeing her daughter despite her orders to the contrary. Their meeting was heated and Carl appeared to give in when she gave him an ultimatum.

"Carl, Mary Jane needs to be with a man of good breeding and lineage," she said in a voice of absolute authority. "You're a good staff member, but not for my daughter. If you insist on seeing her, then you give me no choice but to relieve you of your duties without references. Understood?"

Carl left that meeting determined and confident. *So she wants to play hardball with me after all these years? I'm fed up with being the errand boy! She wants prestige and good breeding for her daughter, well there is a Senate seat opening up and I still have plenty of that potion,* he thought.



MJ stood blushing slightly in front of his CGLA club meeting as Debs was praising his efforts. "We are so pleased with your writing activities this past month, Mary Jane, that I wanted you to be recognized by the rest of the membership," Deb said. "Thanks to your efforts, our readership is up thirty percent. Adding commentary about fashion and makeup trends along with the gossip column was a really nice touch. However, your expose of that liberal candidate was brilliant."

The crowd made their appreciation known, with an excited buzz. "According to our candidate's campaign office, his ratings among the eighteen to twenty-five white female focus group went up five percent. They attributed that increase to your articles. Let's all give Mary Jane a rousing round of applause," she said.

The room was filled with the muted clapping of the white-gloved women, and a few uttered, "Well done."

Carl picked MJ up from the meeting, as usual, and drove him back to the house. The large town car pulled into the driveway and Carl assisted his passenger through the front door like a gentleman. MJ looked up into Carl's eyes like a lovestruck teen.

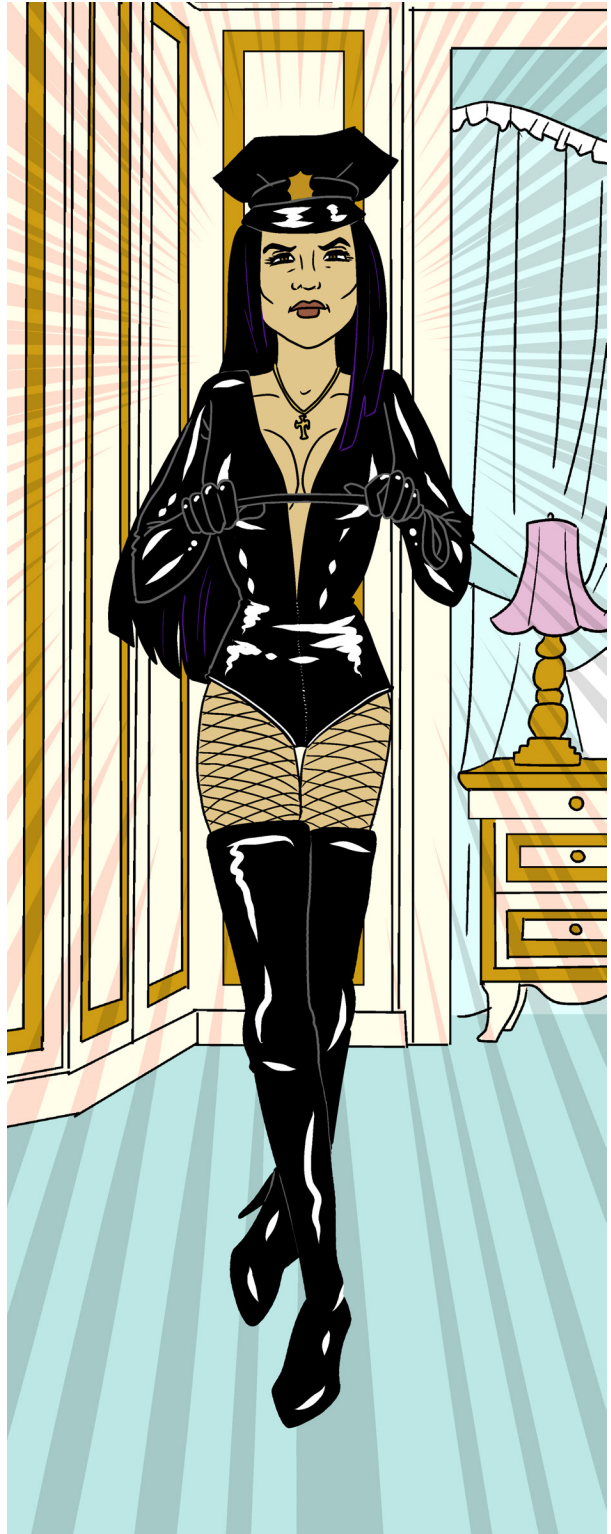
Margaret saw them drive up from her office window, she could no longer deny that her MJ had fallen for her assistant. She had been closely watching the two for the past several days, and from all appearances, MJ was smitten with the man.

“Maybe there’s a silver lining to this,” she tried to tell herself. “Maybe this isn’t as awful as I think it is.” She turned back to her work, and sat down for a long evening of reading her legal briefs.

Upstairs, Carl was leading MJ to his room, his hand firmly placed in the cross-dressed boy’s back. Once Margaret accepted the fact that Mary Jane loved Carl, she had generously offered Carl a suite of rooms in the mansion. An offer he certainly wasn’t about to refuse. Once they were inside, Carl closed the door behind them and locked it shit.

The extra click of the handle startled MJ, and he turned to see what was going on. *Oh God, he’s not going to do anything to me, is he?* MJ thought. *He’s had his hands all over me since...*

“Hello, MJ,” said a voice from the bathroom. In stepped a tall, thin woman with long, straight, jet black hair. He angular features were menacing and



her form-fitting black leather suit and five-inch heels made her look sinister.

Then, suddenly, MJ realized who it was. Even through the glasses she wore, he recognized her. "Saffron?" He said, apprehensively.

"That's Ms. Leaf to you," she replied. It most definitely was Saffron Yellow Leaf.

"But you were sent to jail!" MJ said. He looked to Carl for help.

Carl stood his ground, blocking the exit. "Ms. Leaf is here on work release," he explained. "The judge was good enough to approve an internship for her to spend some time as your personal assistant."

"She what?" MJ warbled. "My assistant? Mummy would never..."

"She signs a lot of papers. It wasn't too much trouble to slip this one by her," Carl said. "It's a shame the judge never actually met or saw your former girlfriend, or maybe she'd have recognized her."

"Carl, darling!" MJ emoted. "I don't understand!"

"I finally have everything I want, MJ. I've been miserable for years, keeping my desires for power and by desires for men secret. That's over. I will have you, MJ – and through you, I'll control the family's money and reputation."

"But I don't..."

"Quiet!" Saffron commanded. She snapped a short riding crop against the black-leather gloves she wore. "You will not talk back to your future husband like that!"

MJ looked into the eyes of his former lover only to see a foreign look of intense focus. "But Saffron!"

"Ms. Leaf!" She yelled. "You will call me Ms. Leaf, and I won't have to talking back to me, either! Please continue, Mr. Perkins."

Carl explained. "I've never asked for much, MJ. I just wanted to work in politics and gradually move my way up the ladder. But your mother has been holding my one indiscretion over my head for too long! Now, I'll finally have the upper hand. She'd never move against me with you as my wife!"

"Wife?" MJ replied, unable to understand. It was true, he had been having feelings, but marriage? This could never happen. But even as he assured himself that it was impossible, MJ's heart pounded in his chest, as if he found the prospect of becoming Carl's wife was thrilling. "I can't be your wife!"

"You have a female ID, you have a female body. Or haven't you noticed? You probably don't even need those adhesive breast forms anymore. As far as that contraption between your legs, well, that's definitely going to be removed when you're in bed with me, sweetie. I don't want you to ever forget who you really are."

MJ clutched the lapels on his jacket closed. Just this morning, he had been thinking the exact same thing. His own chest had been growing real breasts, and the forms were becoming irrelevant.

“In a year, you’ll be as realistically female as any woman ever born,” Carl said. He didn’t mention it was the mysterious Cajun potion that was doing it. It had properties beyond mind control, it was slowly re-shaping MJ into a shapely woman, breasts and all. “Except for where it counts, mind you.”

He decided it was safe enough to walk away from the locked doors, and talked as he slowly strolled around MJ. “I will finally have the prefect companion. A beautiful woman to stand by my side, and a sissified man under the sheets.”

“But darling...” MJ said. As hard as he tried to curse, yell and fight, all he could do was to timidly whine.

“Your lessons on becoming a female have finally crafted you into a fine, appealing woman of good bearing,” Carl said. “However, what I want from you is the simpering, sniveling persona of a man constantly humiliated by being dressed in frilly and constricting women’s clothing.”

“That’s going to be my job,” Saffron said. She broke her rock-hard expression of indifference with a sly smirk. “I’m going to make sure that you’re the whiniest, most craven, pathetic excuse for a man that ever existed. I’m going to make you cry like a baby when Mr. Perkins shoves his cock up your tight, virgin ass!”

MJ was in complete horror. He couldn’t know that Carl had used his little potion on Saffron, and convinced her to become the sadist she now appeared to be. MJ would never know that he had removed any last ounce of compassion and love from her soul with just a single dose.

“You can’t!” MJ said. It was all he could think to say. In reality, he knew very well that he was beaten. He knew he was on a one-way path to becoming a sorry excuse for a man, just like she had said.

Saffron used her riding crop to whip MJ’s thigh, causing him to fall to his knees. Once he was there, she used her high-heeled foot to push his head down, burying his face in the carpet.

“I’ll leave you two to get re-acquainted,” Carl said, letting himself out of the room.



With school over, it was time for MJ’s debutante ball. The week before the ball, the local media was full of articles and stories proclaiming it to be a great kickoff to the social season.

Margaret had put out all the stops, and spared no expense to make sure this was indeed the social event of the year. Only the very best caterer, interior decorator and event coordinator would do. The ballroom was elaborately decorated reflecting the grandeur of the old South. There were small gifts at every place setting. The string section of the city’s orchestra was there to provide appropriate music for a fancy ball. It was going to be a very grand affair.

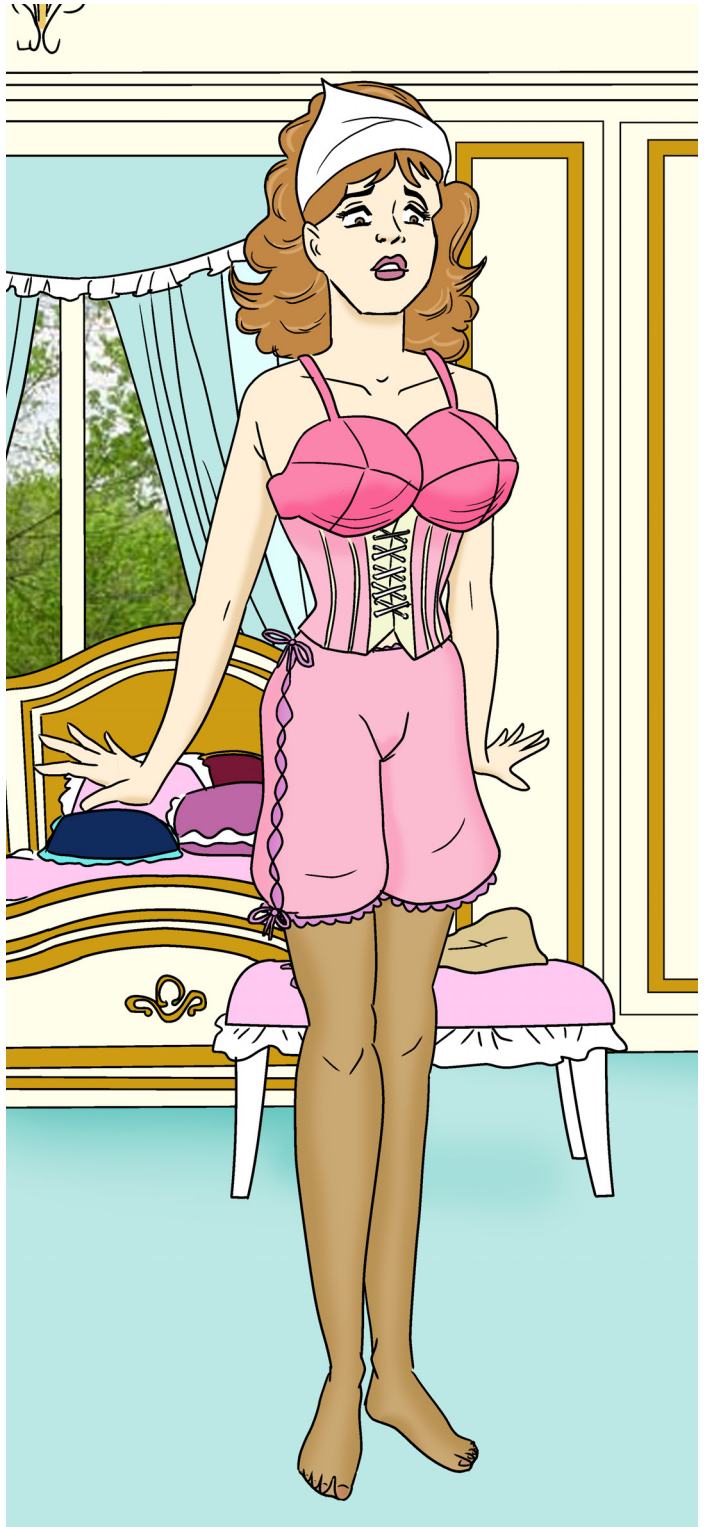
On the day of the ball, MJ spent most of the morning preparing for it. A long leisurely bubble bath helped him to relax. His ensemble for the day would be

uncomfortable, and he wished he could wear something else, but Margaret came to assist with his dressing.

In keeping with the style, she gave MJ a pair of bright pink nylon bloomers with layers of lavender floral lace trimming running up the legs which tied off just above the knee with bright lavender satin ribbon bows. Using a pink nylon boned-waist chinch, she laced his stomach down to eighteen inches. Once he had the pink uplift bra fastened around his chest, she had him sit at the vanity.

MJ's mother was at it for nearly an hour. "Sweetie, I think this hair will work beautifully, don't you?" Margaret said, finishing up a darling Gibson style on his head.

MJ grunted as the full weight of petticoat and dress made itself felt on his thin frame. He only weighed one hundred ten pounds, and the



clothing added at least twenty-five more.

Before long, he found himself standing behind a curtain arm in arm with Carl, waiting for their announcement to the packed ballroom. Carl was wearing a powder blue tuxedo and white ruffled shirt.

“You two make an adorable couple,” Margaret gushed. She could spend more time now with her ersatz daughter, since she had just announced her retirement effective in a few months. Carl had convinced her that it was time to step down, using that strange sort of influence on her that Margaret found herself unable to resist.

Carl cracked a thin smile to his sissified companion. “Darling, I know that dress has to be both hot and uncomfortable, but you look divine. I wouldn’t mind seeing you dressed like this all the time. Once we’re married you can dress like my very own June Cleaver all the time. You do want to please me don’t you?” he whispered.

MJ looked up into his future husband’s eyes. He was going to run for Senator next year, with the endorsement and backing of his mother. He was almost certain to win. The thought of being so close to a man with that kind of power made MJ weak in the knees. “Oh, Carl, you know I do. I love you,” MJ replied, blushing crimson.

Carl used his hand to clutch at MJ’s butt, which was aching sore. It sent a tingle of delight and a bolt of terror through him at the same time.

No, no, no never, I don’t want this but... But I can’t stop myself, screamed a small voice in the back of his mind. He imagined that he felt the sting of another whip of Ms. Leaf’s riding crop on his backside.

Knowing his fate was about to be sealed forever, MJ tried to gather himself. In a moment, he would be displayed to the world as the most desirable of young women from the most prestigious of families. He would be locked into a life-long relationship as the dutiful wife and the secret sissy lover of Carl. He would be trapped in a life somewhere in between being a silent, comely decoration and an abused, pitiful lover. He would be Mary Jane Wilkerson, née Mrs. Carl Perkins, forever.

The End



Titles by Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

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Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

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"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

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"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

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"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

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From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

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"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

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"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

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"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

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"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

“Hey, Cutie!” by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that’s what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything.

Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: “The Fairest One of All” By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn’t suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day.

Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: “Quality Health Care” Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse.

My Boss, The Bimbo

“If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man” By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas’ competitive nature, he’ll make any bet to prove his dominance over women.

Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He’s the Girl They Want

“Rallies” by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he’s got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn’t quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet.

Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

“Trixie the Secretary” by Angela J. Cindy didn’t much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary.

Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rock-etxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face.

Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

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“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay.

Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic.

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Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

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“Peace and Harmony” By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them?

Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

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“Pansy Cheers” By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He’d have to pay for his conquests.

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By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough?

Paperback / 194 pages / text only



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