

DEMOTED

By Cheryl Lynn

Myra's Bridal was "The" place for the aristocratic high society within one hundred miles for anything bridal. They specialized in very high end weddings from detailed planning and wedding attire to the venue selection and honeymoon. It even boasted a full service beauty salon to ensure the bride would look her absolute best. What made Myra's so unique was its avant-garde approach to the traditional wedding. Well that and Myra herself. Myra was tall, almost six foot bare footed, lean with mannish good looks. Not all that uncommon. What made Myra stand out was her mode of dress and haughty manner. Her wardrobe consisted of top designer pants suits or slacks with men's styled blouses. Her raven black hair was in a short pixie style and always in full makeup. Despite her body shape and clothing choices there was no doubt that she was all woman. Sort of like the thirty's and forty's movie starlets who appeared in tuxedos on the big screen. Myra had their grace and commanding presents. Few people ever said no to Myra. She was that imposing.

One might also think she was a lesbian but while mostly true swung both ways. It didn't so much matter who Myra's partner was as it was her ability to totally dominate them. Dominate them in such a way as to make them do things they normally would never consider. Myra didn't have any qualms about using drugs or blackmail to get what she wanted. She was particularly drawn to inexperienced and innocent women and men. The kind of people she could twist and mold into her kinky ideal of a sexual partner. People like Ellen and her fiancé MJ. Normally Myra didn't select a conquest from her elite clientele but Ellen and MJ were the exception.

Ellen Marie Sarah Jones was blond, blue eyed and a bit thick in the waist. She could have been pretty if Ellen wore makeup and dressed the part. Her mode of dress and style could best be described as frumpy. Her underwear was just as plain, Playtex eighteen hour bras and white nylon full cut briefs. As a result when combined with her shyness seldom asked out on dates. She was an education major at the University in her junior year. Despite being a "Plain Jane" Myra was struck by Ellen's shyness and innocent demeanor. Adding to that allure was Ellen's lack of high society awareness. Ellen had been brought up in the State's foster care program. She didn't come from money but was marrying into it.

Myron Jeffers Baxter better known as MJ did come from old money. He was a senior majoring in history simply because he enjoyed the subject. He had no intentions of ever getting a real job and no need for one. MJ was twenty-two but looked eighteen, also shy with a slender body and brown longish hair. The word "Nerd" best described MJ's personality and life. What made him appealing besides his boyish good looks to Myra was his lack of any close relatives. Both his parents were deceased. His father from a heart attack. His mother from cancer in his freshman year. He had been ostracized by what family he had as they didn't inherit what they thought they should have. The icing on the cake was when Myra found out they were both virgins and saving themselves for marriage.

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They had met in the university's library. Two "loners" with few if any real friends doing

research on a school project. Being the “odd men out” they were stuck as partners. Over the course of the year they became friends more to have someone to talk to than sexual attraction. She was shocked when MJ proposed but accepted. Now she was feeling a bit intimidated as she entered Myra’s Bridal. She, like all young women knew the basics of planning a wedding but MJ had insisted she go to this place. Ellen given her choice would have preferred a simple private ceremony. Myra’s was too high brow for her tastes and the idea of how much it would cost made her head spin. However MJ had insisted and given her his black American Express card.

“Look honey I want this to be really special for you. I know we don’t have many friends or family but every guy knows weddings are really special for a girl. So, I want this to be super special and we can more than afford it. I’ve agreed with you about keeping the wedding private and small. Just the two of us at the Justice of Peace’s office so do this for me. Get the dress of your dreams and for once in your life indulge yourself. Take this card, it has an unlimited credit limit, go to Myra’s. I understand they’re the best and that’s what I want for you,” he said.

When she entered Myra’s Ellen had every right to feel intimidated. She was wearing tan cargo pants, the school’s navy sweat shirt with logo and black Ugg boots. Immediately she drew the sale’s staffs attention then just as quickly ignored. They figured she was just another co-ed looking for a free handout for some school function. A customer standing with a friend looking through a rack of gowns gave her the once over. Quickly she turned up her nose and whispered loud enough for Ellen to hear, “The nerve of some people.”

For a moment Ellen was tempted to turn on her heels and walk out but MJ had insisted. It was then that a tall elegantly dressed woman wearing a pewter silk pants suit and baby blue colored blouse came up to her. Ellen was immediately struck by the aura of confidence and authority emanating from the woman.

Myra always approached new customers then after finding out what they wanted turned them over to a sales representative. At first sight she thought the same as her sales staff. “*Another sorority girl wanting a donation again...?*” she thought. Then somewhat frostily said, “How may I help you dear?”

“I...I need...need a wed...wedding dress ma’am,” Ellen hesitantly replied opening her purse.

Myra’s initial opinion immediately changed when she saw Ellen pull out the credit card. “Well of course you do darling. Come with me and we’ll discuss your needs in my office,” she replied then turning to a staff member said, “Darlene bring some champagne to the office.”

Myra’s office was indeed plush. You could sink your feet into the thick beige carpet, the furnishings were antique Georgian and original oils decorated the walls. Ellen was led over to the red velvet settee with a delicate coffee table piled high with bridal catalogs. They had barely sat with hips almost touching when a pretty young woman entered with the bubbly. Ellen was feeling very uncomfortable sitting so close to this imposing person and the rich setting. Taking the flute of champagne quickly gulped it down to settle her nerves. She wasn’t sure if it was two or three hours later when she left Myra’s Bridal but was feeling extremely good. In her purse was a schedule of consultations and fittings. When MJ asked how everything went Ellen broke out in a broad dreamy smile and replied, “Wonderful.”

Over the course of the next six months MJ noticed changes in his intended’s behavior. Ellen was more confidant and began dressing much more femininely. Gone were the

bulky sweatshirts and baggy slacks she had always worn. She was now wearing dresses, skirts and frilly blouses. He was totally taken aback when she showed up for a date wearing full glamor makeup. All Ellen could talk about that night was how wonderful her day had been at Myra's Bridal. She still wasn't what a lot of men would consider beautiful more like your typical suburban mother. While MJ loved her physical changes he wasn't so happy about her new found assertiveness. In the past where to go or what to do were mutual decisions. She was doing all that now and it was so much easier to go along than argue. Still MJ was looking forward to the day when they would be husband and wife and living in his home.

"I really like how Ellen looks now but she sure is becoming bossy. I still find it hard to believe how she let Myra's set up the wedding. She was so adamant about keeping it simple but now it's more like a costume party. Said Myra was being creative and catering to my love of history. Instead of going to the Justice of Peace, she's set us up in a small chapel. Oh well, weddings are the Bride's day after all so I'll go with it even if it means some embarrassment. I've heard the guys talking about how marriage changes them. I remember Mom doing pretty much the same with Dad, so I guess this is normal. Besides, it's so much easier letting her have her way than argue. Best get this over with," he thought heading out the door for his appointment at Myra's Bridal.

This was MJ's fourth trip to the shop and happy that it would be his last. His first time was for a general interview with Ellen and wedding consultants. Meeting Myra he was as impressed as Ellen had been. He also didn't remember exactly how long he had been there. The second was for getting his body measurements as his clothing was being hand made. The third for an initial fitting. Again as with each visit he was a bit fuzzy about what happened but very happy. This afternoon was the wedding and Ellen had insisted he let Myra get him ready. As he was parking his car still wondered why he had to be there five hours before the ceremony.

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The small chapel was maybe at best one thousand square feet of white marble. Most of the area was taken up by oaken pews arranged in arcs to conform to the raised circular pink marble alter at the far end. Four columns rose up around the alter supporting a dome decorated with nude cherubs, flowers and butterflies. MJ stood on shaky legs beside the alter awaiting his beloved still in a daze over what had transpired over the last five hours.

As soon as he entered the shop Myra handed him a glass of champagne then led him into the beauty salon. Nervous he gulped down the drink which was promptly refilled. After the second drink things became blurred but he remembered everything. What surprised him was that for some reason he allowed it to happen.

First, something he would never consider, he was stripped and given a total body waxing. Not a single hair was left from his neck down when that was finished. He initially had tried to object but it was so much easier just to let Myra have her way. His modesty barely maintained by a pink nylon smock, he was given a facial that left his complexion smooth and porcelain white. Another glass of champagne as he was led to the stylist chair. There his brown hair was cut into a classic pageboy and given blond highlights. While that was being done, his finger nails were lengthened by half an inch, rounded into neat ovals and varnished a vivid gel baby blue to match his toes. MJ could see what was happening through half lidded eyes but feeling too mellow to object. It wasn't until his brows were being tweezed into high arches that he managed to mumble an objection. He didn't have the energy to do more than that. Myra had told him it had to be done and it was so much easier to comply. The same occurred when

makeup was being applied lightly to his face. Baby blue eyeshadow, black eyeliner and mascara followed by a dusting of pale rose blush and pink lipstick.

If MJ could have seen his reflection might have been able to rouse himself enough to resist. He was taken dazed and confused into a changing room without any mirrors. Myra told him that Ellen, in honor of his love of sixteenth century English history, had selected a pageboy outfit for him to wear. There his smock was removed and replaced with a baby blue below the bust hour glass satin corset with five hook front closure and back laced bringing his waist in five full inches. Breathing in short gasps MJ couldn't focus on much else, much less raise a fuss. A pair of white opaque tights were rolled up his legs and billowing long sleeved white silk blouse with lace frilled cuffs and layered lace jabot was buttoned up the back. MJ had to be helped into the above the knee baby blue satin balloon pants with vertical white lace inserts. A baby blue low shouldered satin jacket that left the cuffs and front of the blouse visible came next. The final adornments were a very stiff ruff collar that crinkled with slight movement and prevented MJ from looking down. A pair of black Mary Jane styled shoes with large brass buckle and black satin floppy hat completed his dressing. MJ didn't think pageboys wore corsets and was beginning to rethink his love of that period. Another glass of champagne eased his concerns as he was led out to the limousine.

Now he was standing at the alter with a man he had never met before as his best man. Myra had introduced him as Ivan and was hired to serve and act as a witness. Ivan was over six feet tall and all muscle wearing the traditional black tie tuxedo. MJ had a good idea of how he looked even without the benefit of seeing his full reflection. Standing next to Ivan MJ's male self-assurance and ego evaporated. His wooziness and inability to resist what was happening MJ blamed on the champagne. He had no idea Myra had been spiking his champagne since the first day they met. She was using a strong psychotic on both Ellen and MJ to make them conform to her ideals.

Unbeknown to MJ, Ellen had spent that morning in the same salon where she received a similar treatment. Hers wasn't as dramatic as MJ's but definitely made a statement. Myra decided she wanted a more matronly look for Ellen. She had convinced Ellen that a historical theme would be perfect and selected a nineteenth century dress and look. The dress was a copy of English Princess Charlotte's wedding dress from 1816. It was floor length, full straight cut with a short rounded train. Made from unbleached linen and elaborately detailed with silver thread. It had a square slightly ruffled neckline, narrow ribbon empire waist and apron front. The shoes were an exception to the age theme as they were four inch pencil heeled silver strappy sandals. With the heels Ellen would be three inches taller than MJ. The makeup and dress made her look much older. For Myra's plans to fall into place these contrasts were important.

In the salon Ellen's long blond hair was dyed black with a hint of grey and styled in an updo intertwined with baby blue ribbons and silk violets. Her makeup wasn't overly heavy but gave her a more mature look, earth tones for the eyes and black cherry red lipstick. The small smile lines at the corners of her mouth and eyes were highlighted with brown eyebrow pencil. Her nail polish had been removed, then buffed but left natural. A period perfume smelling strongly of vanilla completed her wedding ensemble. Staring at the matronly image reflected back from the mirror didn't bother Ellen. Looking ten or more years older wearing that period dress made her smile. Like MJ she had enjoyed more than one flute of champagne and feeling very relaxed. Ellen just wished that everything wasn't so blurry.

"The exact look I wanted. The contrasts will reinforce the programing once they see

each other. Six months of hard work but oh so worth it," Myra thought.

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As Ellen began walking down the aisle on the arm of Darlene Myra smiled broadly. "Oh this has turned out to be one of my best ever. The dress, the theme, the contrasts are perfect. After the ceremony I'll have them where I want them for the most part. The final conditioning will have them seeing life from a totally different perspective," she mused.

Both the bride and groom were smiling blankly at each other as a woman dressed in all black velvet hooded robes with scarlet piping began the ceremony. "Do you Ellen Marie Sarah Jones take and promise to raise Mary Jean Baxter as your lawful daughter. To cherish and ensure that she becomes a very proper young lady," the woman intoned.

Ellen had to shake her head not sure she fully understood what was being said. It sounding nothing like what she always expected to hear at her wedding but at the same time seemed right. Looking at what appeared to be a young girl dressed as a pageboy confirmed that.

"Raise a daughter? I always dreamed of having a daughter of my very own. Myra said I would and I love her dearly. This must be some kind of strange adoption formality. I just never thought she would be a teenager. I do adore MJ and she's just so cute but too Tom Boyish. It's obvious that MJ needs my guidance and I do want a daughter so bad," she thought puzzled. Then in a soft voice replied, "I do."

"Daughter? I'm being demoted from husband to daughter?" flashed through MJ's mind. For a moment he struggled knowing deep down that something was terribly horribly wrong yet unable to act.

"Do you Mary Jean Baxter promise from this day forth to be Ellen's lawful daughter? To love, honor and most importantly obey her in every way a good daughter should?" the woman said turning to face MJ.

"No, somethings not right here. Myra said Ellen would be my mother and teach me to be a good daughter. I don't want to be anyone's daughter but Myra said I really needed a mother's guidance. She's right as I do miss my own mother. She was always there for me like Ellen will be. I love Ellen....yes I do but...but not like I thought I did," he deliberated then answered, "I..I do."

After the brief ceremony legal papers were signed. Instead of nuptials these documents had MJ change his name to Mary Jean Jones. Other legalities declared MJ Baxter mentally incompetent, placed Ellen as his responsible party and Myra as financial advisor. After MJ signed the last document his old life was over. The only rights he would have from now on would be those of any underage child. Giving Myra control of his trust fund and finances made both MJ and Ellen totally dependent.

Once the formalities were taken care of they went to MJ's estate to celebrate. Myra had visited more than one aristocratic home and this one was better than some but not the most lavish. While Myra's bridal paid well for her efforts didn't compare to the wealth she now controlled.

"Now I can live the life I was destined for. Instead of abasing myself placating those rich bitches now I'm one. I'll turn over the operations of the shop to Darlene while I concentrate my efforts on MJ and Ellen. They still need additional conditioning and whole new wardrobes but that can wait. Tonight will consummate all my plans and

make them totally mine," she mused as the limo came to a stop.

Ellen was anxious as she exited the bathroom into the Master Bedroom. She was wearing a snow white nylon and chiffon baby doll over seed pearl embroidered white garter belt, white floral lace thong, thigh high white sheer hosiery and white patent leather three inch open toed pumps. She had put her hair into a tight bun at the back of her head and applied full evening makeup. Ellen would have preferred her floor length flannel nightgown but tonight was special. Tonight she would lose her virginity.

Myra stood in anticipation. She was wearing scarlet satin pajamas, no makeup and feet clad in black leather slippers. She had been waiting a long time for this. Reaching down she grasped her groin as the bathroom door opened.

"I've been preparing for this for so long. Taking my time, letting the drugs and conditioning do their part. I've never been this excited before. Well tonight will prove just how effective it has all been," she thought.

As Ellen was preparing for her night Darlene was assisting MJ. When Myra had told him to go with Darlene, he wanted to object. There was something about everything that had happened that wasn't right but he couldn't refuse. Arriving back at the house he had argued about changing his costume but Myra insisted they enjoy more of the bubbly. Any arguments he may have had melted away as he sipped from the crystal flute. Myra was talking to him but her words sounded far off and echoing. Now he was following Darlene up to one of the guest rooms.

His eyes slightly glazed his mind in a fog he allowed Darlene to undress him in the attached bath. He flinched when she pressed his testicles up inside his body. The flesh toned chastity she locked in place was made of heavy duty rubber with reinforcing steel boning. Sort of like a jock strap but left his groin flat and smooth. It would allow him to do his bodily functions but only sitting down. The fog in his mind lifted slightly when he was given an enema from the shock but still he couldn't react. Her words made a crazy sort of sense to his dimmed mind.

"Be still and let me help you with your douche Mary Jean. All young ladies want to be fresh and clean inside and out. After tonight you will do this by yourself, understand," she said.

"Wha...I...I'm MJ...Mary Jean...oh yes bu...but am I a...a girl? My head feels like mush...I'm so confused. She called me Mary Jean an..and that's a girl's name... Douche...men don't do that..I have to do this...Myra said I was Ellen's daughter now....so I must be a girl. Don't remember being a..a girl but Darlene and Myra said I was," he thought.

Much later that night as he was in bed, the door opened and the dimmer switch moved to provide a soft glow. Myra stood in the doorway in her scarlet pajamas examining him. He was dressed all in glimmering white laying on top of the satin comforter. MJ had been dressed in a white satin training bra with tiny pink ribbon between the cups, white lace thong, embroidered garter belt and thigh high white sheer hose. Covering the undergarments was a triple layered baby doll gown in sheer chiffon.

"The way Darlene braided his hair into those cute pigtails tied off with floppy white satin ribbons. The subtle makeup and nightie make him look like an innocent sixteen year old. MJ turned out even better than my expectations. I'm tired and would rather wait until tomorrow but need to consummate this night," she thought adjusting the strap-on at her waist.

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The morning light woke Ellen and she stretched sighing softly. For a moment she didn't know where she was. Feeling the slight burning coming from between her legs, everything came rushing back. Her lover Myra had taken her cherry and consummated their relationship. They had been lovers for months now but not to this extent. She didn't remember all the details except that she had had the best climax of her life. The way Myra had tenderly kissed and stroked her breast, the passion in the intimate kisses to lips and groin were wisps of memory. The loss of her hymen, the fullness and depth of penetration were in crisp detail and Ellen moaned in pleasure. She lay there lightly touching her pubic mound, her mind lingering on the night's pleasures.

"Myra was so wonderful last night, so tender so loving. I can't understand why I ever let a man touch me, make me pregnant. Gosh, I can't just lay here. I have a daughter to take care of and over slept. I promised to take her shopping for a whole new wardrobe today," she thought getting reluctantly out of bed. The headphones on her head totally forgotten until then.

Ellen entered MJ's bedroom and stood motionless for several moments admiring the sleeping form. He was lying in a semi-fetal position, the hem of his nighty well above the hips. Pink earbuds were in his ears.

"MJ is so pretty but how many times have I told her not to go to bed wearing makeup and listening to her music. She has so much to learn about being a young lady. I'm so glad she's coming out of that Tom Boy phase and can't wait to teach her all about being a woman," she thought with a broad smile.

At Ellen's touch MJ cracked open encrusted eyes, the nightmare vanishing. "Ellen?" he mumbled half awake.

"Mary Jean I don't care if you're a teenager now but you will call me Mommy or Mother. When you become an adult you can call me Ellen. Now get out of bed we have a lot to do today," she snapped giving his exposed butt a slap.

"Okay Ell....mommy I'm up," he replied rubbing his eyes. Sitting up he was immediately reminded of the burning sensation coming from his bottom. Fragments of memory like single snap shots appeared in his mind in rapid succession. Myra sitting astraddle is face, thick mat of pubic hair around his lips and metallic taste. Then the mushroom head of the dildo was pressed against his lips. He swallowed half before he choked but sucked at Myra's urging until he could take it all. The initial burning pain as it entered his bottom then pleasure as it touched a certain spot. Myra telling him what a good girl he was as he took it all. Remembering what she said about being her lover brought a smile to his face. He didn't know why but he loved Myra and would do anything to please her and his mommy. Still deep in his mind something didn't seem right but he shrugged it off.

While MJ was in the bathroom Ellen was confused. Looking into the closet and dresser she couldn't find any of MJ's clothing other than the pageboy outfit. Finally she noticed the small suitcase beside the bed. Inside she found a pair of pink denim skinny jeans and sunflower yellow cap sleeved tee with hello kitty on the front and a pair of white flip-flops.

"Oh my, I knew I had to get MJ a complete wardrobe but didn't realize how much. At least I found something but she'll have to wear the same lingerie. Don't like that idea but I'll make it up to her. I'm going to make her such a good mommy," she thought putting the suitcase back on the floor.

Seeing MJ come out of the bathroom with a towel draped around his waist muttered,

“Looks like I got my work cut out for me.” Then said, “Mary Jane you’re a young woman now. Cover up your chest with that towel. You need to learn modesty young lady and apparently a whole lot more. Here let me show you.”

MJ stood dazed and confused as Ellen came over to him. He was still stunned seeing the flat surface where once he thought he had a dick and balls. “Am I losing my mind? I thought I had a penis and balls but I’m all smooth down there. I feel something inside but...but I look like a girl down there. Myra said I was a good girl an...and Ellen..no mommy says I’m her little girl...so why am I so confused? I must be a girl if I don’t have a dick and balls,” he thought when he disrobed and saw what Darleen had done.

He was still disorientated as Ellen applied a light coating of makeup and brushed out his hair but he liked what he saw in the mirror. “I’m wearing a bra and panties. Mommy put makeup and pink lipstick on me. Now I look like a pretty girl. Only girls wear a bra and makeup, so I guess I must be a girl; yet, something doesn’t feel right about all this,” he thought.

As they entered the kitchen Myra and Darleen were sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee. “Good morning my darlings. Come sit, we have some tea set out for you,” Myra gushed making them both smile.

The tea eased what confusion Ellen and MJ had and happy to see that Myra was there. They both listened enraptured as she instructed them on what they were going to be doing. Myra’s words resonated in their minds as they finished up and headed out the door.

“Well Darlene what do you think of my new acquisitions?” Myra asked once they had left.

“Mistress you have done well. Though I think I still see some disturbance in MJ’s eyes. He hasn’t been under your influence as long as Ellen,” she replied.

“Yes I noticed as well but that’s part of my plans. I want him to remember his real identity but unable to act on them. When Ellen first came to me I could see how she was both intimidated and attracted to me. Getting her to first think about a lesbian relationship then engaging in one wasn’t all that difficult. She was so naive and innocent it was easy to sway her mind. Probably could have done it without using drugs but MJ was around. That’s when I had that brilliant idea of mine when I first met him. He was just as naïve but had that baby face look too. Thought it would be hilarious and fun if I made them think they were mother and daughter while making them my love toys. Last night was exhausting but thoroughly enjoyable. Never had so many virgins in one night before. Did you do what I asked with Ivan?” Myra said.

“Yes Mistress I didn’t enjoy it but as you said slept with him. You know I only exist to please you Mistress,” Darlene replied.

“So what did he do when he discovered your little secrets? Obviously he didn’t get vicious,” she pried.

“He...he spanked me...hard the...then took me like you do with your strap-on. He was not gentle like you are Mistress,” Darlene answered as a tiny tear dropped.

“It was necessary. He has been conditioned to do whatever I want and the muscle if I need it but Ivan can be a handful at times. A little reward now and again keeps him in line. I need to get to the shop. You stay here and make sure the painters and decorators do what I want,” Myra stated.

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MJ was surprised when limousine pulled into the parking lot of a vintage clothing shop. Ellen saw his look and explained, "My foster grandmother was a very strict and old fashioned woman. She believed a woman's virtue was paramount and her body not put on display until she married. So she bought most of my clothing here until I left for college. I wasn't happy about it as my life in high school was traumatic but I endured. You are fortunate in that I can afford for you to be home schooled and not face the scorn from other girls your age. Like I said, I wasn't happy but now that I have you I can see Grannie Jill's point of view."

Ellen had no idea that what she had just said was a total fabrication. Myra had created those memories. She also added a strong compulsion to dress MJ in a certain style. A style that would definitely get him noticed whenever he was in public and reinforce his girlhood.

By the time they had finished shopping the limo was filled with boxes and bags. MJ was exhausted, miserable and near tears. He was wearing a white cotton short sleeved blouse and below the knee length gray full skirt fluffed out with three stiff white net petticoats. On his feet were a pair of black patent leather blunt toed three inch pumps. To add a little color Ellen had tied a red silk scarf in a floppy bow under the collar of the blouse.

It wasn't the outer wear that made MJ so glum but the undergarments. A white long-line padded bullet bra with spiral stitching and long-line white girdle with bright white satin panels were the cause. The girdle was especially uncomfortable as it retained heat and squeezed in his waist at least four inches. Attached to the garter tabs were a pair of ecru seamed nylons. Ellen had found six matching sets of these horrible foundations. Two were in white, two beige, one red and the other set in black. All the center panels on the girdles had elaborate silver embroidered fern or floral designs.

When MJ complained about wearing the girdle, Ellen explain why it was necessary and that he would get used to it in time. "Mary Jean you know how hard it was to put on. Just imagine how hard it would be for some young man to get it off and take your virtue. It may not stop unwanted advances but it will hinder him enough so you can maintain your virtue."

"I don't want to date any young man. I love you El..Mommy," MJ blurted.

"I know dear but in time I think you will change your mind," she replied with a giggle.

Ellen had Ivan drop them off at a tea room not far from Myra's Bridal for a late lunch. Ivan wasn't about to enter and said he would stop across the street and get a burger. The few customers and staff gave them long looks as they entered and escorted to a table. As they settled into their seats a few comments were heard. "How odd," "Haven't see that style in years," and "Must be some costume thing." MJ knew the comments were directed at him and all he could do was blush. He would have slumped down in his seat but his foundations prevented that. Finished with their meal Ivan took them to Myra's.

Ellen was given a glass of champagne and escorted into Myra's office while MJ taken into the beauty salon. There a cosmologist taught him about facial care, makeup application and hair styling.

"Mary Jean you'll need to apply this Nair Face cream every night for the next couple of weeks. You only have some peach fuzz but this cream with almond and baby oil will get rid of it and leave your face visibly smoother. After two weeks I think you can then use it once a week. Now for your makeup. A lot of ladies use all sorts of colors and

makeup to attract the boys. Do you want to attract the boys? No, you don't want to do that so here's what I recommend. A pale concealer and foundation like these to keep that fresh porcelain look for starters. Black eyebrow pencil, liner and mascara to define your eyes. Only green or blue eyeshadows to draw attention to the eyes but not appear sexy. For the lips again, only bright pink or glistening red. Today since you're wearing that cute red bow tie we'll go with the green shadow and scarlet crème lipstick," she said applying the makeup.

"Myra said she wanted a fifties look and these were about the only colors available back then. Well Mary Jean is certainly dressed for that era and what Myra wants Myra gets," she thought as she began removing the makeup so he could do it.

Once he had applied the makeup to the cosmetician's satisfaction continued his instruction. "Very good Mary Jean. I think with a bit more practice you'll be applying your makeup in no time. Now for your hair. That pageboy is a cute cut for you but it needs both volume and under tucking. To get the volume, you need to back brush it like this. To get it to curl under you need to put it on rollers every night before bed. These one and half inch bristle rollers will do that. Then in the mornings after you brush it out, need to fix it in place. This hairspray with extreme hold instantly freezes your style in its tracks. Make sure you apply it liberally. That way when you go out you won't have to worry about the wind messing it up. However I do recommend you wear a pretty scarf to protect it just in case. Also you will need to shampoo and condition it at least every other day to prevent build up," she said as she worked on his hair.

"Don't know any young girls that even use hairspray that much but Myra wants that big hair shiny shellac look," she thought.

With his hair in a stiff tucked bubble, bright green shadow and red lips standing out MJ wasn't so sure. He didn't think he had ever seen a girl looking like he did now. However the face reflected back at him was all girl further ingraining his conditioning. In the back of his mind there was a scream but he ignored it.

"Thank you so much. I love what you have shown me," he said taking a large bag of supplies from her.

He found Ellen in Myra's office with an enraptured look on her face and set of earbuds in her ears. Myra stared at him for a moment then burst out happily, "Mary Jean you look absolutely stunning. Come here and give me a great big hug. Then we can go home and you can show me all the wonderful clothing your mommy got for you."