

Laura

© 2015 By Sue Erickson

Chapter 20 - Beauty

Laura and I were both working in the office when she was interrupted by an incoming telephone call. "I think so. I have to talk with my partner. Great idea; could be tricky pulling it together. This could be fabulous, or a disaster." She hung up the phone and explained the call to me.

We had bought the home equipment for removing unwanted hair. She went after my renewing facial hair with extra vigor. That wasn't a pleasant experience for me even with a topical analgesic.

Saturday morning five weeks later Laura took both of us to her favorite beauty salon. She had put me in a thick fresh disposable diaper which was a clue she thought we might be there longer than usual. They knew me all too well, but didn't make any embarrassing comments about me. Laura told them just enough and asked them how to make our appearances about as best as possible. That is as best as possible short of all out for a TV appearance or a live performance by a nationally known singer.

Their response was brisk. "Pedicures and manicures."

Laura pointed a finger at me. "Tolerate it quietly, or I'll put a pacifier in your mouth."

The beauticians giggled which made me blush. "All out would be airbrushed makeup. Do you want that?"

Laura frowned. "No. Or are you saying we should?"

They didn't say so. The manicures were bad enough, but the pedicures sent shivers up my spine. Laura reviewed dozens of nail polish colors. They essentially ignored anything I wanted to say, but I also retreated into being a quiet submissive. They finally chose a red in a midrange of the colors and intensities. I thought the matching lipstick was way too bright and strong.

At the sink for a hair shampoo, rinse, and tint Laura had her hand holding up the back of my head. My hair had grown into a pony tail. "Is this long enough to kick this all the way to the stars?"

Their expressions went the range of doubting scowls, big smiles, and tilted heads as they thought about that. One of them hooked a finger at Laura and whispered in her ear. She burst out laughing. "Sweetie." We rarely called each other 'sweetie', but my guess was she used that word for their benefit and understanding. "I should tell you and bring you in on this, but this is so big maybe we just do it." She

turned to them. "OK. Don't explain. Just do it. No mirrors until its all complete."

Anxieties soared all over my back.

They gave both of us a shampoo. They had tinted Laura's hair with a little auburn. They had her under a hair drier while they were still fiddle faddling with me and my hair. They kept changing the hair color rinses. Laura came to me and put her hand on mine resting in my lap. "Don't fight. Don't revolt. Don't get up. Or I'll really lay into you right here." She hadn't threatened me that way for a very long time. I took her seriously.

They didn't put me under a hair drier which was OK with me. Instead they used a hand held blower as they kept brushing my hair. They used one big and two small hair clips. They took so long I had wet my diaper. Laura was reading a magazine as she sat there and watched. They signaled her with a finger. She looked up at me. "Mindy. This is so good I don't want you to see just a little part. Close your eyes as we guide you to the right place with several mirrors. OK?"

I nodded. Standing up was tricky without seeing where my feet could go. Laura had her hands on my arm guiding me as we walked a noticeable distance. "OK, sweetie. Open wide."

I was so surprised and astonished I let myself have girl style obvious facial reactions. "Wow." They had made me into a natural blond with my hair pulled over my right shoulder. "Oh, Laura, I'm so glad you didn't ask me. What a surprise. What a difference."

"Honestly, Mindy, you are more attractive this way than even me. Good thing your singing voice isn't real good as I would lose you to the stage. Jeez, what a bomb shell." She held me by both of my arms as she put me that exact distance away from her as she studied my face and hair. "We're buying you a skirt suit of just the right color for this. Oh my God."

The beauticians all beamed with their joy of their success with me. "Now, about airbrushing."

Laura backed away. "Mindy stay there. Let me think." She had her hand to her chin with an index finger across her mouth. "Interesting, but no."

Laura drove us straight to a Nordstroms. A sales clerk intercepted us. "I can tell. You need a very special consultant for this. I think she is here. I'll call."

"Uh. OK. But what?"

She lowered her voice at first. "You're knees are too far apart. You are a guy, and you are in diapers. You just had your hair done. We want this to be a big success for you." She had a cell phone out and swiped a pre-loaded contact. "Cindy; Sherri here; we need you bad at skirt suits. I don't care what else is going on. We need you and only you and we need you now!" There was a pause. "No. They can do without you. This needs YOU! And right now before we loose this customer."

A few minutes later a slender woman of medium height, with blond hair over her right shoulder, was breathing heavily as she darted up. "Oh, Sheesh, am I glad you came here. Now come on in back." She led us into a fitting room with a real door that

closed with a latch. "I brought you here for a very private conversation."

She described both Laura and me so perfectly I thought she knew of the party that evening. But no, she just knew from experience. "Let me set you at ease just a little. I can tell you are a cross dresser because of the way your legs move. I can tell you are in diapers for more subtle reasons. You need very special costume hips. I have a unique market nitch because a good friend came out of the closet with me. There are hundreds like you in this metropolitan area. Betcha you just want one thing right now. Party this evening, maybe?"

We agreed.

She interrupted. "Let me try." She had a tailor's measuring tape out and all over me. "Just let me try. OK?" She went out and returned with a royal blue fully pleated skirt, matching jacket, and an amazingly good blazing white blouse with ruffles. She also had new panty hose in her hand. "Sorry, but everything off down to your bra and panties. Can't do this any other way."

I blushed deeply. She had me pick up one foot at a time as she pulled the panty hose up my legs. At one point her face wasn't more than foot away and facing directly at my plastic pants over my damp to wet diapers. That made me blush all over again. She pulled that blazing white blouse with ruffles up my arms and buttoned it in place in back. She had me step into that skirt which she pulled up my legs and fastened it in place. She held that jacket as I slid my arms into it. She gently pulled my hair over my right shoulder again. She told me to rotate in place and look in the mirror.

Wow.

Laura wanted an equally good outfit for her.

Cindy was amazing. She returned with a coral pants suit for Laura, but Laura wanted something a little more authoritarian. Cindy took that selection away and returned with a gray wool outfit. "Look you two. I now know this isn't just a lark seeing what you can get away with for a day or an evening cross-dressing costume party. You are into this lifestyle. My problem is Nordstroms' very liberal return policy. I don't want this expensive suit coming back after a smelly diaper leak. In short, you are a very special needs customer. I simply wont sell to you without your signing off on a no-return. Sorry, but that's what's up, and I don't want to mislead you. You can have a discount for that no-return signature. You can walk out without a purchase. But let me show you the shoes and broaches these outfits need."

Cindy selected two silver broaches. She pinned the one of a flower on Laura, and the one of the Greek Goddess Artemis on me.

Both Laura and I had to try on each other's broach, but in the end we returned to the choices Cindy had made. She also brought out a pair of faux pearl earrings with matching necklaces for both of us. We already had those, but these new ones seemed better. The total for the VISA card kept inching upward as Cindy recommended a light sweater for each of us.

She told us those two outfits needed a little altering, but only after the party that evening. She gave us a business card each. We felt so cared for we gave her our phone numbers.

Laura and I walked out wearing those terrific new outfits feeling we had just made a fabulous friend. We knew this was commercial, but that's how we felt.