

Judge Not (Woman to Latina Waitress TF RC AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Matt

Donna is a nosey, judgemental, Bible-thumping woman whose only real view of her Lord and saviour is as an excuse to bother other people and demean them. But when a witch decides that she not only doesn't deserve her life, but needs to be taught a lesson, Donna soon finds herself as Ramona, a gorgeous young waitress who must learn to put aside judgement, and accept her new path in life.

Judge Not

Donna held her nose up high as she passed the Marquez family. She had just left her church and was high on the Gospel, not that she'd ever describe herself that way. But after a good dose of church it was always good, in her mind at least, to carry on the Lord's good work. Of course, in the stuffy, overly zealous and self-righteous world of Donna Maynard, this meant visiting judgement on everyone and everything that irritated her. And that especially meant the Marquez family, who had moved in not far from her.

"Good morning, Mrs Maynard," said Gabriella, the mother of the three children she was shepherding.

"That's *Miss* Maynard, thank you very much!" she retorted, looking down her spectacles at the woman.

"Oh, well, of course."

"And you're a miss as well, yes? Only you didn't get that title by simply not marrying. No, you're divorced, yes?"

Gabriella paused, clearly uncomfortable with this situation, especially since Donna was blocking access to the sidewalk. "Um, I was never married."

"Ah, an even worse sin. I didn't see you at church today, Miss *Gabriella*." She said that last part with a rather bigoted emphasis, placing a fake accent upon the word that was thick with disgust.

"I was busy, I'm afraid. We had to clear out the-"

"Nothing takes priority over the good Lord!" Donna announced, pointing her sharp nose at the sky. "It just seems *some people* don't care about him and the Word. Perhaps it's simply a Mexican thing, who knows?"

Gabriella glared. She placed her hands around her children almost protectively, and her demeanour became sharp and protective.

"We are American, *Miss Maynard*. We are *not* Mexican. Our ancestry is from Colombia. We are latina and latino."

"Same thing as far as I'm concerned," Donna said dismissively. "As far as I'm concerned, you people need God more than he needs you. Perhaps next time consider that before skipping church."

And with that, and a stuffy 'harumph', she marched past the Marquez family and on her route back home. Other church members who were walking home or to their vehicles took great pains to ignore her. Everyone knew of Donna Maynard's reputation, it was well-earned. Of the many lovely people who visited or frequented the local Baptist church, she was not one of them. A stuffy middle-aged woman, Donna was thin as a rake and quite tall too. She had brunette hair that was often pulled back into a severe ponytail, and she always wore her glasses, which only enhanced her withering glares at others she condemned for a host of sins, real or imagined. She gave the impression of being a cruel former headmistress of a school, but in truth she had worked at the church all her life, helping run its finances and being a paid member of the board. As such, despite several attempts to be rid of her, the local community simply couldn't be: she was too entrenched and powerful, no matter how horribly judgemental and self-righteous she could often be. As the Marquez family had discovered more than once, her favourite targets were immigrants, or those who were simply persons of colour, and even more when there was a young, unmarried single mother who also fit those criteria. She heaped out many a cruel mockery of those poor women.

"Gold diggers coming to America without a care for common sense and decency," she often remarked to herself.

This was a rumour she had spread about Gabriella Marquez and other women like her as well. That such women were not following God's light but just entering the church to seduce a rich white man and live off of their gains. A group of Jezebels who could never understand 'proper' culture. Suffice to say, she had her allies in the church, but many more simply tried to avoid her. Those that pushed back had to be prepared to suffer her endless passive-aggression, rumour-mongering, and snide comments.

But things were about to change for Donna Maynard. She made several other comments to neighbours as she approached her home. She praised Mrs Jasmine's vines, though she made clear that they still needed some work to reach the standards of her own. She reminded Bill Thompson that he had once been an alcoholic when he mentioned going to his kid's party, and that he 'best take care of himself.' His face fell, and it gave her delight to know that the man was reminded of his sins. Yet when she reached the door to her home it opened just before she could reach the handle, and then her own face fell, twisting into shock when she saw the interloper who was on the other side.

It was herself. Donna Maynard. Tall and thin, her hair loose rather than tight, her smile warmer rather than severe, but herself all the same. Practically identical.

“What - I - who are you?”

The woman grinned somewhat maliciously and gestured for Donna to enter.

“Come on in, there is much to explain.”

Donna stepped over the threshold. She clutched the crucifix upon her neck, muttering brief and fragmented prayers to herself. Was this a twin? A forgotten twin? Surely that was impossible!? She walked into her living room where her doppelganger was already waiting expectantly, her arms folded, that sadistic grin still fixed to her face.

“Who are you?” Donna said, voice more confident now. “I demand to know who you are and what you are doing inside my home!”

The woman cackled - actually *cackled*. “Oh, there’s no need for me to tell you my name, dear. After all, I’m the one who’s going to be taking your life. So you might as well call me Donna Maynard, just as you might as well call this my home.”

Donna balked at this, not even knowing what to say. “Were you sent here by the devil?”

“Hardly! In fact, I rather think you’re his plaything, Donna, though you would never admit it. Think of me as righteous retribution, dear. You have lived a poor life, one that has been far, far too judgemental and small-minded and wasteful. You have mocked and belittled others, especially those who are different from you, be it in colour, situation, background, or economic status. Quite unChristian, I should say. But don’t worry, there is still time for redemption, Donna Maynard. I don’t judge as quickly or finally as you do. I believe in atonement, and atonement you will make.”

Donna grit her teeth together, not liking what she was hearing at all. “What do you want? Is it money, hmm? Is it objects? I can get money from the tithe if-”

“I don’t want any of it, though it’s nice to know you’ve also been a thief from the church all this time, for all your judgement of others struggling to get by far more honestly. That’s the hypocrisy of the prosperity gospel for you, I suppose. No, you’re going to have to atone in a much more . . . *radical way*, Donna. I’m going to live your life, and you’re going to take on a new life. Who knows? Maybe having a chance at a new life will get you some new experiences outside your stuffy little box, and lead you to being less judgemental. But that’s up to you now. Here we go.”

She raised her hands, causing Donna to flinch. The stuffy, nosy woman was now terrified, sensing that there was something potentially supernatural about this whole situation. She was right, because vibrant coils of multicoloured light extended from the woman’s fingers, enveloping Donna’s body completely. The woman gasped, trying to escape, but the translucent light beams coiled around her like tendrils, preventing her

escape. They wrapped her body over and over again, making her look like some kind of disco-light Egyptian mummy, and soon the light even swept over her face, preventing her from fully seeing what was happening to her. She tried to scream and pray for salvation from this witch-like entity, this cruel demon, but it was as if the light was gagging her. She could still breathe easily, but all she could do was grunt and moan while it wrapped tightly around her body.

“There we are,” the doppelganger said. “Now we can get to the good part. It’s time for a change not just in your behaviour, Donna, but in everything. Try not to fight it and it might even be enjoyable!”

The light changed, shifting colours like an endlessly shifting kaleidoscope. Energy thrummed through Donna, coursing through her very being. The light tightened around her body in some places, loosened in others. She groaned and moaned, overcome by how strange and invasive the sensations were. Her skin felt luminous, old wrinkles pulling tight again as her form seemingly smoothed over. Her tight hair was allowed to come unbound, and it cascaded further down her back, feeling bouncier and wavier than it should have been. The rest of the light held her fast though, and she could only feel what changes were occurring there.

Her waist pulled a little tighter, the light strips altering her very structure to give her a thin middle. She had always been rakish, but this was quickly overturned by an opposite change in her shoulders and hips. Both expanded wider, especially the latter, the coils of light loosening to allow for the change. She groaned, trying to fight against this abominable curse, but there was nothing stopping the bones from changing shape, her pelvis expanding wider, her hips becoming far more womanly. This was followed by a change in her thighs which also thickened, and her legs shortened just a little even as they seemed to be flooded with a more youthful energy. Even her rear expanded, and this was perhaps the most embarrassing change of all, because it expanded in quite an impressive fashion, becoming round and full and even slightly bouncy, despite being cupped by the tendrils of light.

“N-no!” she managed to cry, before quickly being bound back by the light. Her arms went through a similar change, de-aging and becoming smoother and more powerful, all while sculpting to nicer proportions. Her face began to reorganise itself, an alien series of sensations that flat-out horrified her. Her longer nose reduced down to something smaller yet still aquiline, while her lips became full. Her cheekbones, usually hollow, rose up higher to feminine prominence. Her sagging neck tightened.

“S-stop thissss!” she cried, but again the light gagged her. The thrumming of energy was all over her now, and she could have sworn her voice sounded different. Younger. Even . . . accented? She struggled even more furiously against the light, drawing on her new strength, but this only had the effect of accelerating the changes. Her skin - all of it - burned

for a brief, discomforting moment. Through a gap in the light she could just manage to see part of her bare arm, the light leaving as it was 'finished' with its work. She gasped at the realisation that not only was her arm younger and blemish-free, but it was also darker. She now had copper-brown skin, just like . . .

"Gabriella," she stammered. The light again prevented her from speaking, shifting her face further into beauty as if to punish her. But its main concern was upon her chest. She had always been flat-chested and looked down on women who were otherwise, likely from repressed jealousy. She need not be jealous anymore, because suddenly her breasts bloomed, surging forth larger and heavier and fuller, up to B-cups, then impressive C's, then large D's and finally wonderful, full Double-D's. They were far too big, she felt, but they were hers now, and there was no stopping the magic.

The judgemental middle-aged woman struggled and fought against the changes, but there was no hope. The final little changes occurred all across her body, and this was followed up by a change in her wardrobe. Her plain sweater and long skirt shifted and altered, becoming lighter and thinner and *tighter* and more revealing. She tried to move and pull at this clothing, all to save her sense of pride, but she might as well have fought against an avalanche or a wildfire. Soon the struggling stopped. She felt new jewellery form upon her person, and makeup apply itself to her face by magic.

And then, slowly but surely, the light finally began to fade, and Donna was left standing there, breathing heavily, and no longer Donna at all.

Her doppelganger grinned, tapping her own chin while bearing an amused smirk. "Not bad, not bad at all. Among my best work, I'd say. How do you feel?"

"What. Have. You. Done. To. Me!?"

Even her voice had changed massively; it was young, higher, and had an accent to it. An accent of someone south of the border, as far as she could tell.

"Go to the bathroom and have a look, my young dear."

Donna did. She *raced*, her younger and more powerful legs bounding her forward in a way she had not felt in well over a decade. Already her new form was revealing its unfamiliarity; her large breasts bounced in whatever strange top she was wearing, and the same was true of her now quite *rondure* behind. Dark wavy hair spilled over her vision, and she had to part it when she reached the mirror, at which point she gasped.

Donna Maynard no longer looked remotely like herself at all. The woman in the mirror was unrecognisable. She was a young, gorgeous, and certainly very voluptuous woman who was obviously latina to judge from her ethnic makeup. She couldn't have been much older than twenty, still having some cute baby fat on her cheeks that only made her look more entrancing. She was wearing a tight crop top with a slight plunge to the neckline. This managed to reveal not just her new double-D breasts, the black lace of the bra visible from

the straps, but also showed off her toned copper-brown midriff. Her hips swept wide, and when Donna turned she could see just how peach-like her behind now was, especially since her new body was wearing a pair of tight yoga shorts that were hot pink in colour.

“*Dios mio*,” she said. “I mean, my God.”

Donna - the new Donna - laughed behind her. “I told you, I do good work. Welcome to your new body, *Ramona Perez*. I hope you enjoy it.”

“Ramona?” she said with her new accent. “My name isn’t Ramona! It’s . . . it’s . . . why can’t I say it? Oh God, why am I thinking of myself as Ramona now?”

“Because that’s who you are,” the new Donna explained. “You are now Ramona Perez, a twenty one year old waitress whose family heritage hails from Ecuador, though you are American born and bred, I assure you! Not that everyone will always treat you as such. I’m sure that will be a lesson to you about your former behaviour. You work at *The Green Gardens*, a rather lovely restaurant that I believe you’ve visited frequently, only to mistreat its workers there. I recall, in fact, that at several points you spoke loudly and slowly to a waiter and waitress because you assumed they couldn’t speak English.”

“Please,” Ramona said. “Please change me back. I’m sorry, alright? Perhaps I was a little too harsh at times. I was only trying to be a good neighbour and spread the good word!”

“You weren’t doing squat except to serve yourself. Now, if you don’t mind, I’m kicking you out.”

Ramona, who was trying very hard not to think of herself as such and failing badly, struggled to keep her clam. “You - you can’t do this! It’s my home.”

The woman smiled. “No, it’s *my* home. And who will believe a twenty one year old woman who looks nothing like Donna Maynard against a woman who looks and sounds exactly like her. Now scram, before I call the police.”

She began to urge Ramona towards the exit, and the newly-changed woman was helpless but to go along.

“But - but where will I go? When do I change back?”

Another smile, even broader than the first one. “You know where to go, Ramona. I’ve given you the memories you need to sort yourself out. Oh, and you won’t be changing back. Better get used to your new life, and your new style.”

And with that she slammed the door, leaving the new latina woman trembling in shock, and not knowing where to go. That was, until her brain conjured up a piece of knowledge she hadn’t possessed before.

“I live in the inner city,” she said, still getting used to her new voice and accent. “I live in the freakin’ inner city?”

Ramona was struggling to get used to her new life. A whole week had passed in that time, and despite all her other avenues of research into anything supernatural or religious that could change her back, nothing was of any use. She was stuck as the twenty one year old Ramona Perez, beautiful and young, a waitress at *The Green Gardens*. She lived in a small but respectable apartment in the inner city, paying rent in order to get by. It was a totally different lifestyle than what she was accustomed to, especially since others now treated her totally differently as well. Her peachy rear and double-D chest along with her new natural beauty meant that men constantly looked her way or even commented on her body, while other ladies stared at her with envy, though some were kind enough to compliment her. She was young again, and that was something she supposed, since she had a lot more energy and vigour, able to run and jump and leap as she wanted, which she actually did a few times in her apartment just to test her body. But she no longer had the respect or command she once possessed, and she felt like a child.

Of course, she wasn't a child. She was a fully grown woman, and one whose voluptuous form gained a lot of attention. Worse, over that first week she came to find out that her mental changes extended a lot further than merely having a new identity as Romano and the knowledge of a different language. Despite her best efforts to dress modestly and, at least she saw it, *respectfully*, she literally couldn't help but wear hip and sexy clothing that showed off her form. When she wasn't working as a waitress, being forced to act professionally even in the face of the rudeness she had once dispensed, she was putting on tight dresses, cute crop tops, tight blouses, torn denim jeans, hot yoga pants, and other outfits that did their best to emphasise her wide hips and generous rear, and her equally generous chest.

"I can't believe this!" she whined in her higher, yet quite sultry voice, the first time she found out that it was impossible *not* to show off her delightful curves. "I'm dressing like a slut! A pure slut! God, forgive me! I never wanted this! I don't deserve this!"

But the new Donna, whoever that witch truly was down deep, hadn't been lying when she had implied the mental changes might aid her. Despite all of Ramona's efforts to be continually disgusted by her new style, a growing part of her felt a strange joy in showing off her body. It was, in a way, a kind of torture or punishment. She would go into town to buy makeup - also of which she felt she wore too much - or purchase groceries or go to the library to find books on spells to end her condition, and in doing so would be revealing much of her gorgeous olive stomach and swaying her hips from side to side. She had a damn sexy sashay, and more than one man stopped and whistled at her. It didn't help that her new big boobs jiggled in her tops and dresses, bouncing in plain view and causing more than a few onlookers to hunch over awkwardly from the obvious erections she gave them. And once

more, her mind was hit by endorphins in response to this. She was turning them on and tempting them, and it felt *hot* to do so.

“N-no!” she stammered to herself as she was walking to the male wearing a hot cocktail dress that was not remotely needed for such a trip. “I won’t give in! I won’t learn any lesson. I’m not going to be like those whorish single mothers or those immigrants who sell themselves out for a dollar!”

But complain and judge and pray as she might, it didn’t stop her from continually making herself look like a drop-dead gorgeous latina bombshell. When men catcalled her she found herself smiling, only to turn around and cuss them out in Spanish. That fact that she was speaking a language other than ‘good, proper English’ as she saw it was another fact of disgust for her, yet when she was livid or panicked or depressed she continued to revert to it. The same happened for her taste in television and reading. She had always castigated families like the Marquezes for not assimilating properly. Their music was wrong, their tastes were wrong, their interests were, in a word she liked to use often, *unamerican*. And in her old world, to be unamerican was to be unchristian, which was to be unrighteous.

Except how could she truly believe that anymore, when her tastes as Ramona had begun to drift? She had resisted for the first few days of her new life, choosing to force her way through English books from the classics library, and watch her usual soap operas and evening news. But it felt *wrong* in some indefinable way.

“Maybe just a little of the Spanish news channel,” she said to herself, changing the TV on the fourth day.

By the seventh, she had given in entirely. She not only watched the Spanish news station, but had also tracked down Ecuadorian television shows and films, and began making adaptations of their dishes in her small kitchens. Consciously or not, she was starting to embrace her new, magically-enforced heritage. And she was *liking* it, no matter how much she tried not to. She was absolutely engrossed in the telenovella and already desperately hoping that Maria would not choose Juan and end up with Santiago instead.

“What is wrong with me?” she bemoaned, collapsing back into her bed after another evening of shows. “I can’t stop watching this stupid foreign trash! But it’s so addictive! Maybe just one more episode . . .”

Of course, the most trouble she had with her transformative punishment was her work as a waitress at *The Green Gardens*. Her mental changes gave her enough information and skills to get by, but she still had to learn quickly. She had to serve meals, clean tables, remember orders and allergies and customer temperaments, deal with their payments, and most importantly of all keep a smile fixed to her face and a good manner at all times. For someone who had once been so deeply stuffy, it was a tall order. Ramona often found herself having to bite her tongue and keep from making a judgemental comment, especially

when she dealt with rude customers or tables of men who salivated at her like she was a piece of meat. The only good thing was that if one of them ever tried to grope her or make a comment that went far over the line, she was able to have them kicked out, usually after delivering a tirade in exceptionally speedy Spanish. Still, the treatment never quite stopped, and all because she couldn't help but wear her waitress uniform tight and cute, the top button undone to tease at her beautiful cleavage. Worse still, she started to realise that, without even realising it, she was often *flirting* with customers.

It began as just the occasional wink or extra smile. Soon she began sashaying her hips from side to side with a little more exaggeration. Her steps upon her heels became further pronounced, allowing her breasts to jostle in her uniform, threatening to split apart the buttons that held her tight white uniform top together. When boys around her age - her new age - made little flirtatious comments to her she would grin and make some statement back about how they looked 'pretty cute yourself' or somesuch. It was positively sinful to act that way, especially in public! This was her view, at least. But there was no stopping it. Thanks to her doppelganger, she was forced to dress youthful and sexy, always showing off her body and letting others appreciate it, all while slipping further into her new culture and fashion sense.

This wasn't the final revelation though. The big one came after *two weeks* of being stuck as Ramona. By that point the former middle-aged woman was finding more and more solace in reading Ecuadorian novels, such as those by Malraux, and strangely enough she was beginning to concede that she had indeed been too judgemental about the lives and natures of people like her new self. There was indeed beauty and romance, gorgeous prose and true culture, to be found outside the country of her birth, and it was a shame that it had taken so long to realise that. She prayed for forgiveness genuinely, and for once it didn't matter that she wasn't dressed modestly for church, or that she was in a tube top and short skirt. All that mattered was being genuinely penitent, and perhaps hoping for change.

Change was what she got, but not quite as she would have conceived it. That night she had another shift, and others such as Tyler and Meg were happy to see her, treating her like she was their friend. Perhaps one day they would be.

"Got one that's exactly your type on table twenty-one," Meg said with a wink.
"Bachelor too. You're welcome to go home with him; I know you like that."

"Um, thank you, I think?" Ramona said, not sure what her 'friend' was talking about. When she got around to taking table twenty-one's orders, she was surprised to see that the customers were all around her original age, being in their late forties and early fifties. There were two obvious couples, and one man who was clearly older and single. He took her in as she walked rather sexily to their table, requesting their orders in her sweet and demure voice. It was then that she realised, as soon as she locked eyes with the older man, the one

with the fine grey whiskers streaking through his dark goatee, the fine lines around his face, the firm shoulders and coarseness from hard work across his decades of living.

“Wh-what was that, sorry?” she had to say several times, until finally she got all the orders. She practically darted straight to the kitchen, deposited the orders, then ran to the bathroom.

“Oh God, oh God no, it isn’t fair! It isn’t right! What’s wrong with me? Why has she cursed me with this as well? Why am I attracted to *him!*?”

God knows that Donna had practically been sexless and disinterested her whole life, judging such matters through a lens of obsessive prudeness. Now as Ramona, she realised that her brain was *buzzing* with anticipation after interacting with the older man. He had stared at her with clear sexual interest, and it was doing things to her body, so many things.

“Mhmm, but he looks so attractive. I know he was into me and - what am I saying?”

She resolved to swap tables with Meg, but when she approached her new friend in this new life, she couldn’t bring herself to ask the question

“Well?” Meg asked, “is he cute or what? I know you like older guys so I thought I’d help you out.”

“Older guys,” Ramona said, realising the horrid irony. She had criticized and mocked women - especially those she viewed as ‘foreign’ - for getting together with rich older men. She had viewed them as gold diggers. Now she had a genuine attraction to that same category, and it was lighting a fire in her rejuvenated womanhood.

“Yeah, older guys. He’s handsome, right? I mean, I can’t say I get it, but I know you like to take them home or go with them after a shift, so I figured I’d help a gal out, right?”

Ramona gritted her teeth and smiled. She had to head out to the table with their drinks, and once more the mental changes hit her, making her eager to do so. It was the final layer of her punishment, but one that made her realise just how foolish she had been. Whether it was God or demons or witches or something else that had changed her in the form of her doppelganger, it had given her the perfect karmic retribution for her life of judgement.

“I can still refuse to give in,” she said to herself. She didn’t truly believe it.”

When the man received his drink, he gave a genuine thanks. “This is just how I like my bourbon,” he said with a smile. “Thank you, Ramona, is it?”

He was looking at her name tag, which was positioned over her rather prominent chest.

“That’s me,” she said with a smile, joyful that he used her name despite how ridiculous that was. “I wanted to make sure your drink came out well in particular, sir.”

“Oh, no sir for me. Call me Jack,” he said.

"You don't have a date tonight, Jack?" she expressed, practically losing control of her words in order to seek the truth.

He smiled up at her, clearly lost in her beauty. "No, sadly I do not. But that doesn't matter so much when there's a beautiful woman like yourself here to talk to. Have you been a waitress long?"

"Not long at all," she answered honestly. "I'm only twenty one years old."

"Ha! I'm forty seven, would you believe it? Of course, I've not done poorly for myself. I work in finance. Got a nice big house thanks to it, not that it keeps me company."

"I like big houses," she said daringly. "Maybe one day I can see it."

He regarded her curiously. "When does your shift end?"

When she reached Meg again, the young woman looked at her expectantly. "Well? How did it go?"

Ramona couldn't blush much through her olive skin, but her embarrassment was obvious. "I - I got his number. And he got mine. Oh God, what am I doing?"

"Serving his dish out hopefully. And then serving him something else tonight, ha!"

Ramona coughed. This wasn't meant to be her life, not at all! She was meant to be feared. She was meant to be respected. She was supposed to be a modest, middle-aged woman who doled out unsolicited advice and judgemental comments as she saw fit.

"That life is behind me now," she murmured to herself as she took the plates intended for table twenty-one. "And maybe . . . maybe it's a good thing. Maybe I deserve this."

She took the food out, and once again winked and flirted with the man named Jack, even swaying her rear as she bent over near him to place his dish down. He clearly appreciated the view, and by the time the night had ended they had flirted several more times. Much to Ramona's embarrassment, no matter how much she tried to hold herself back, her desire for this successful older man was all too powerful. Her lust, formerly a dead thing, was fully alive and wanting. By the time Jack came up to pay the bills she had found an excuse to boot Tyler from the cashier just so she could serve him. His friends, the two couples, paid for their meals, but he lingered.

"So," he said. "How about it, Ramona? Would you like to come see my place? I'm sure we could have a lot of fun together. I like a girl with a gorgeous look and a cute accent, and a lot of . . . talent."

She beamed despite herself. "I'd . . . oh God, I'd really love that, Jack. Please, take me."

He grinned. "Oh, I'll take you alright, don't worry about that. Is your shift almost done?"

She looked with desperation over to Meg, who gave her thumbs up. Business was winding down, and her friend would cover for her.

"I'm done right now," she said, removing her apron. She extended her arm for him to take. "Lead the way. I like a sexy older man who can be my boss."

He led her from the building, clearly ecstatic about being able to score a hot young waitress with a killer body that night. Ramona herself was excited, even if the humiliation dug deep into her core. This was to be her fate, she realised. If Meg was right, and her own suspicions were correct, she'd be taking out rich older men from the restaurant quite often, and perhaps even developing a relationship for doing so. She'd be turned on by their success and power, and in turn would dress sexy for them and play her new role; the opposite of everything she had once been. And it would only end when one of these rich guys - Jack or who knows who - would end up marrying her. She had little doubt she'd be a good wife, always dressing and acting how her husband liked. It was ghastly to think of, and yet it sent her heart soaring with hope at the same time.

Perhaps it wouldn't be all that bad. Perhaps it would be atonement, just as her replacement had said. For now though, it didn't matter. As Jack helped her into his fine car and got into the driver's seat, all she could think about was being fucked by this attractive older man.

And if that was sin to the old Donna, then perhaps the old Donna had been a fool.

The End