

## **Mrs. Abernathy**

**Anthony looked up at the full figured old woman. She could have been his grandmother but wasn't. Mrs. Abernathy looked like the stereotypical grandmother with her gray hair up in a tight bun, round wrinkled face with wire framed glasses perched on her nose. Oh she could play the role beautifully when the occasion called for it but very immoral and evil on the inside. In her early years she had been used and horribly abused but now she was in charge. Now it was her turn to use and abuse and she fully intended to do just that.**

**Mr. Abernathy had been a very good stage hypnotist with Mrs. Abernathy his assistant. In the early days they made good money with the show but the real money was extorted. When they had a well to do gentleman or woman on stage, Mr. Abernathy always left a post hypnotic suggestion for the man or woman to return after the show. He or she would then be placed back under and very compromising pictures taken. Those pictures involved Mrs. Abernathy and very pornographic. Mr. Abernathy had no qualms about making his wife do some very outrageous sexual acts with the men and women he blackmailed. Now that he was no longer a part of the real world, she was free to take his place.**

**Anthony Hopkins was the only son of Mary and John and it was his birthday. Being the only child he was spoiled by his parents. They weren't rich but upper middle class. John and Mary both had middle management jobs at two local factories. So he didn't get a Porsche or even a Mercedes but Dad got him a used Tundra for his sixteenth birthday. Dad figured Andy, as his son liked to be called would get into a fender bender or two and the truck would limit the damage. They pretty much let him do his own thing but did impose some limits. No he couldn't get a tattoo, no he couldn't wear his pants below his boxers and similar restrictions. They did let him grow his hair long (now shoulder length) and a single ear pierced.**

**It was shortly after Anthony turned seventeen that Mrs. Abernathy moved in next door. Using Andy's truck as an excuse, introduced herself to Mary. She was wondering if her son could move some heavy boxes to storage for her. Of course who wouldn't want to help out an old lady and new neighbor at that? Andy was pressed into service after some moaning and groaning. There were only half a dozen boxes to be taken to the storage facility but Mrs. Abernathy had her foot in the door. Now all she had to do was take advantage of their kindness.**

**That next Saturday she brought over some homemade cookies and a pot of herbal tea. "Mary honey, I thought Anthony would like some of my cookies. I want to thank him for helping me out last weekend. This is my special herbal tea I thought you would enjoy as well. I hope you will like it as much as I do."**

**Mary was trying to get her household chores done that she hadn't gotten to during her busy work week. John was taking her out to dinner but she**

couldn't politely refuse Mrs. Abernathy's offering. She called Andy from his room and he greedily took the cookies to his room. They sat and talked sipping the surprisingly good tea. Mary didn't notice that her new neighbor didn't drink her cup of tea. Two hours later Mrs. Abernathy left and Mary much to her surprise felt wonderful yet confused.

"OMG! Where did the time go? I know I sat and talked with my new neighbor but can't remember what we talked about. Gosh, I still have all the laundry to get done before John gets home," she thought then yelled for Andy to come to the kitchen.

"Andy your father is taking me out to dinner tonight and I have too much left to do. You are going to help me. Now before you start don't give me any sass just do what I say. Come along to the wash room. I want you to hand wash my lingerie so I can get everything done before he comes home."

Andy was just as confused as his mother. He had just finished off the last cookie when Mrs. Abernathy came into his room. He remembered talking to her but nothing specific. When his mother asked him to hand wash her lingerie, for some strange reason felt his dick harden. He watched attentively as she showed him how to wash her panties, bras, pant liners and slips. Neither of them thought anything was wrong about washing lingerie. Mary was extremely pleased that her normally lazy son was so cooperative.

When she left to vacuum the living room, Andy's dick sprang into full erection. After double checking to see that his mother was no where near, he grabbed a pair of purple nylon full cut panties from the pile. Slowly he brought it up to his nose and took a big sniff of the cotton crotch. The strong feminine scent of his mother's panties made him ejaculate into his boxers. Quickly and guiltily he shoved the panties into his jeans pocket. The only thing he remembered about the incident was an over powering lust for his mother's panties. Mary didn't remember that she had him wash her intimates.

That night and every night thereafter, Andy would lock himself in the bath. There he would take the purple panties out of his pocket and pull them over his head so the crotch touched his nose. Then he would inhale deeply while stroking his cock until he came in torrents. That night and every night thereafter Mary's desire to drink more of that wonderful tea became stronger and stronger. Andy and Mary were both relieved to see Mrs. Abernathy come over with a pot of tea and plate of cookies that next Saturday. They were both very relaxed two hours later when she left.

Again Mary was surprised at where the time went and told Andy to wash her lingerie. This time he took a pair of bright red nylon panties and stuffed them into his pocket. That night for the first time he used the purple pair to jack off while the red pair pressed against his nose.

That night Mary was very demanding of her husband. After he was completely spent she went into the master bath and cleaned up using the gusset of her emerald green panties. Once she was satisfied that the panties were completely saturated with the combined juices of their coupling, she tossed them into the hamper.

Saturday as he was washing his mother's intimates, he grabbed the green panties. That night when he put them over his nose, the intense aroma made him immediately explode. As a teenager his need to masturbate was strong but this experience was the best he had ever had. He decided to put the first pair he swiped on and use the next oldest pair to stroke his growing erection while sniffing deeply his newest acquisition. As the green pair filled his nose, he rubbed the red panties over his growing erection. Unlike the last time where he wrapped the panties around his cock, this time he had folded and placed them over his penis. With the top side of his penis pressed against his stomach, he rubbed the soft nylon up and down using the tips of his first three fingers. Again he was brought to a rousing conclusion.

By the end of the month Andy had four pairs of his mother's dirty panties. His bathroom habits had changed as well. He would take his most recent acquisition and place it over his nose, the purple pair he put on, the emerald green he stuffed into his mouth and the red he used to jack off. He knew that what he was doing was horribly wrong, perverted but couldn't stop. The smell and taste of his mother's dirty panties were just too addictive and erotic. Plus he loved the feel of her nylon panties clinging to his groin and bottom.

Mary was also feeling upset and bothered but just couldn't put her finger on what was wrong. She had never demanded so much sex from John. It was like she had turned into a nymphomaniac overnight. All she could think about was getting a damn good screwing and Mrs. Abernathy's delicious tea. John for his part didn't mind the change in his wife but exhaustion was making his response much less enthusiastic. At one point in his life he thought having a nymphomaniac in bed was the best outcome of getting married. Now her constant demands were rubbing his dick raw and left his balls aching. By the end of the week all he wanted to do was sleep.

Mary was very frustrated and began chiding him for being less than a man. Those hurtful comments made performing even harder for him. When Mrs. Abernathy came over she confided her disappointment with her husband. When she left Mary sat at the table remembering how much of a wimp her husband really was. All she wanted was a damn good screwing by a big cock. She didn't think that was too much to ask. So if her husband couldn't provide it maybe she should get it somewhere else.

Sunday afternoon Mary told John that they were going over to Mrs. Abernathy's for supper. John hadn't yet met the new neighbor and would rather sit and watch major league ball. However when Mary indicated that if they went she wouldn't feel like having sex, he was eager to go.

The only thing John remembered about dinner was that it was excellent and Mrs. Abernathy a surprisingly beautiful woman.

In the days that followed, Mary began coming home later and later. John wondered why she was working so late but it didn't bother him. He was thrilled that he could get some rest. Mary didn't think dumping the used condom's contents into the gusset of her panties before tossing them into the hamper strange. She did find it strange that her husband could no longer get it up for her. No matter what she tried his dick remained limp as a wet noodle. After a week of his failures, she began coming home even later at night. John of course was ashamed of his failure and her snide comments didn't help his diminishing ego. When she finally stopped asking him for sex though, he was surprisingly greatly relieved.

That next Sunday afternoon Mrs. Abernathy asked John to come over and help her move a couch. When he had moved it to a place that satisfied her, she offered him some iced tea. Going home two hours later he had a very mincing sway to his hips and several magazines tucked under his arm. The magazines were all gay orientated and contained many pictures of men engaging in various sexual pursuits.

Ooo

It is now June, three months after Mrs. Abernathy had moved into the neighborhood. A number of things had changed in the Hopkins's household. Mary was wearing sexier clothing from her lingerie to her outer wear. Gone were her pant suits in their place were short skirts and frilly blouses, she always wore full makeup even on her day off. Her granny panties were exchanged for sexy lacy bikinis and thongs. Garter belts and seamed hosiery replaced her panty hose. Her sensible shoes were replaced with stiletto and platform heels.

Andy now that school was over took to wearing panties every day. He also decided to take better care of his hair, face and nails. He used his mother's hair, facial and nail products. Mary was more than happy to teach him. She spent most of the weekends showing him how to put his hair in curlers, care for his skin and nails. He loved how his shoulder length hair hung in flowing waves instead of the stupid low pony tail. He adored how his oval shaped nails looked in a bright nail polish.

John was now wearing his wife's discarded panties all the time. It did bother him a bit that Mary insisted that he wear them. Wearing and then jerking off in them while she watched and demeaned him were mortifying. While it bothered him, he considered it was a justifiable punishment for his failures in bed. He also took up the job of doing all the household chores except washing lingerie. Washing lingerie was Andy's job. When John kept house he wore a floral mop cap and frilly apron. Again he accepted the apparel and housework as penance for not being able to perform in bed. However he loved jerking off into the panties while looking at his collection of gay porn. John, Mary and Andy knew

something was horribly wrong with what they were doing but couldn't stop.

One Saturday after Mrs. Abernathy left, Mary became very upset with Andy for not washing his hair that morning. Yelling and screaming that he wouldn't forget to properly take care of his hair again, drove him to a beauty shop. It was a shop she had never been to before, Betty's Cut N Curl. The shop was not in the better part of the city and clearly catered to a much older female clientele. The floor was green and white linoleum tiles, the walls painted eggshell white and the equipment outdated. The smell of ammonia, acetone, hydrogen sulfide mixed with perfume filled the air. Betty was a stout older woman wearing a black above the knee length straight skirt, blue polyester smock, tan support hose and sensible black shoes. She listened as Mary ranted about Andy's lax attitude when it came to his hair and that Mrs. Abernathy had referred them.

"Of course honey, I know just the style that will force your darling Andy to really pay attention to his hair care needs. Why don't you leave, go shopping and buy yourself something sexy while I attend to Andy. Mrs. Abernathy is a very dear friend and I will make sure you are pleased. Give me four hours."

When Mary left, Betty locked the door and turned on the closed sign. "Now Andy darling, you just do whatever Auntie Betty tells you and everything will be fine. The very last thing Andy wanted to do was be alone with this old woman but he couldn't resist. He followed her into the back where he stripped down to his soiled panties. He cringed when she reached down with a liver spotted wrinkled hand and cupped his balls. Smiling broadly she had him get up on a table. He watched both fascinated and horrified as she removed her white granny panties and stuffed the crotch into his mouth.

"I'm going to wax your body and it might hurt a bit. You can suck on my dirty panties to help keep the noise down and your mind occupied."

These panties didn't taste nearly as good as the ones he took from the weekly washing but he did as he was told. The waxing hurt a lot and tears streamed down his cheeks as she pulled the last strip away. The only hair left on his torso was a cute heart shape just above his penis. She had dyed the pubic hair a bright pink, tied a thin pink satin ribbon around the head of his dick, pulled the long streamers back between his legs and tied it in a bow around his waist.

"Now sweetie you're going to always keep you little clittie tied back like this and sit to pee, understand? Good boy, now don't forget, it's what Mrs. Abernathy wants," she instructed.

She removed the soaked panties from his mouth and had him put them on. The wet XXX panties drooped on him but stayed up. Then she had him put his panties into his mouth while she styled his hair. When she

finished, his hair was a brassy gold styled into an old fashioned up do page boy with pin curled bangs. Next she added five new piercings. His ears had a large pearl stud in the lower lobe, a pink rhinestone above that and an emerald green stone on top. He was a bit sorry to see her toss his skull stud that he had been wearing into the trash. However he was more than happy over the changes Betty had done to his overall appearance.

She helped him out of the styling chair and told him to get on his knees. He spent the next twenty minutes worshiping between her legs. Unlike his neat heart pubes hers was a mat of thick bristly gray hair and smelled of dead fish. When she told him to get up, go clean his face and get dressed he gladly rushed to the bathroom. There he puked his guts up and washed out his mouth. He could still smell her as he walked back into the shop. Andy decided then and there that he much preferred the taste of his mother's used panties and he hated eating pussy.

When Mary saw what Betty had done she was very happy. She thought she should be raising twenty kinds of hell over what had been done but she liked it. She made sure Andy had weekly appointments before they left Betty's Cut N Curl. She also decided that he would always keep his clitty tucked back and held in place with a pretty satin ribbon. As they walked out of the shop, Mary could be heard telling him that now he would have to spend the time to make sure his hair was this nice every day.

On the way home Mary stopped at a thrift store. Pulling a reluctant Andy into the store purchased several sets of stirrup and Capri pants with coordinated shell blouses. Passing some lingerie piled on a table on the way to checkout she stopped. Giving Andy a hard look, daring him to say anything, picked out several frilly training bras. For a moment, only a very brief one, she wondered why she was doing this.

When John came home that afternoon, the only person in the house was Mrs. Abernathy. She told him that Mary and Andy had gone shopping and to have a cup of tea with her while they waited. John smiled as he promised to be over at her house by eight and that he would be delighted to meet her friend. He also agreed that he would love whatever changes were made to Andy.

Ooo

"Just another prissy faggot like his father," Mary thought as Andy modeled his bright pink skin tight stirrup pants and lime green cotton shell blouse.

The pants fit him like a second skin the back seam digging into and separating his ass cheeks leaving very visible panty lines. The thin cotton blouse allowed the white lace training bra to show especially when he raised his arms. With his stiff bouffant hair style and brassy

color he looked like a throw back to the fifties.

"Neither one of them could ever satisfy a real woman," she thought tossing him a pair of black flats.

Andy knew that he should be strongly, if not violently, opposed to what had been done by Betty and his mother but actually liked what he saw. A chill of pleasure ran up his spine as he donned the training bra. When he was completely dressed his penis became painfully erect tucked back between his legs. He couldn't explain it but he loved his new look.

"Well Andy....or should I now start calling you Audrey? Yes, you look more like an Audrey than an Andy. Okay Audrey come to my bedroom. Since you insisted on getting that hairstyle, you may as well learn how to apply makeup," she stated.

"But mom, I didn't....," he started to reply.

"Enough! I know you have been wearing my old panties and wanking off in them. So I don't want to hear another word. You just do what I say from now on!"

Andy wanted to protest but meekly followed her into the bedroom. There she slathered on a heavy foundation, used bright green eye shadow on his lids after using black liquid eyeliner. As Betty had waxed off his eyebrows, she drew in high arches with a black pencil. A heavy dusting of rose blush and bright magenta lipstick finished off the look she wanted. Audrey looked much older than when he had entered the room.

Mary stepped back and examined her handiwork. "Emmmm, good but I missed something. Ahhh, a nice heady fruity sweet perfume but what...that pineapple coconut perfume I got as a gag gift. Now where did I put it?" she thought.

She took several minutes looking for the perfume before applying a heady dose. "Now you smell nice and sweet. Come along Audrey and we'll show your father what you have become."

Much to Andy's surprise his father didn't come to his defense. Instead he made a funny kind of face as his initial frown turned into a half smile. "Whatever you think best dear. I like the changes and love Audrey as much as I did Andy," he said after a few minutes.

For a brief second his smile faltered. "OMG! What did she do to my son?" flashed through his mind then was gone.

Andy should have been horrified hearing what his father said. Instead he suddenly felt very proud and very horny. He raced to the master bathroom and grabbed a frilly pink nylon pair of panties from the dirty clothes hamper. He noticed that they were freshly stained and still damp. In his bathroom he pulled the pink panties over his nose and

inhaled deeply. Sitting on the commode, he began rubbing his tucked penis through the tight pants with his finger tips. His other hand was busy pulling and pinching his small nipples through his blouse and bra. When he ejaculated Andy nearly fainted from the pleasure.

Ooo

Before John left to visit his neighbor he put on his frilly apron and floral mop cap. He felt very uneasy as he walked to Mrs. Abernathy's but disregarded his feelings. There he was introduced to Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson was tall just over six foot and weighted around two eighty most of that in his beer belly. He was sixty five years old and sported a white full mustache. For some reason John formed a strong attachment to the elderly man. He had no problems serving and waiting on them while they enjoyed a leisurely dinner. He even blushed when Mr. Jackson gave him a compliment.

After dinner they adjoined into the living room where again, John served after dinner drinks including one for himself. He sat next to Mr. Jackson on the sofa and Mrs. Abernathy sat in the overstuffed chair. They made small talk for awhile then Mr. Jackson mentioned that he had been a financial planner before he retired. Before John had finished his cocktail, he agreed to turn over the family's assets for Mr. Jackson to handle.

"Whoa there John, are you sure you want me to handle your affairs. Let's not rush into things. Besides, I'm retired and the only reason I'm even considering doing it is because Mrs. Abernathy is a very good friend."

"Yes, I'm sure I need you to do this for me Mr. Jackson. Andy, my son, will be going to college next September and I need all the help I can get. I'll do anything you ask if you'll help."

"Anything? What an interesting idea. Tell me John, would you be willing to give me a great blow job if I take over your finances? Mrs. Abernathy has told me you can't keep your wife happy, so maybe you're a closet homosexual."

John blushed as he looked down at his feet. Inside he was screaming to get the hell out of there but found himself shuffling his feet blushing even harder. He was strongly attracted to Mr. Jackson but doing what he asked was impossible or was it. Yes, he was another man and an old one at that but John really felt drawn to him. Plus his total lack of interest in his wife made him think that he was a latent homosexual.

"Don't get me wrong John but I haven't had a real good blow job in ages. I like you and want to help. Plus you are wearing that cute apron and cap. I think you would really love giving me some head but if I'm wrong I'll take my leave."

**"No, please, don't go," John said as he reached over and began lowering Mr. Jackson's zipper.**

**When John walked home he had a definite swish and big smile. He was in love and couldn't wait to see Mr. Jackson again. He was relieved to now know that he was indeed gay. Mr. Jackson's cum had tasted like the nectar of the gods.**

**Ooo**

**Over the next couple of weeks nothing much changed. Andy was automatically answering to his new name and spending much of his time learning to care for his hair and applying makeup. After his second visit to Betty's he had glamour length acrylic nails painted in a vivid plum color. He was also convinced that he hated eating pussy or anything else involving a ousy. On the way home they stopped at the thrift store. There Mary bought him six pair of padded panty girdles and a dozen pair of support panty hose. Audrey didn't like wearing them as the girdles were both very tight, retained heat and moisture. The panty hose worn under the girdles also retained heat. They also made it a royal pain to go to the bathroom.**

**It was summer and he was miserable until Mrs. Abernathy told him he loved wearing them. She also suggested that he start wearing maxi-pads to help absorb the moisture. Audrey was greatly embarrassed as he stood in line at the drug store checkout holding the large package of maxi-pads but he had to have them.**

**Ooo**

**Towards the end of June Mrs. Abernathy decided to up the ante. John developed a new taste in his wardrobe. His casual slacks were replaced with tight fitting velvet and satin ones. His plain casual shirts became polyester floral shirts some with ruffles. The suits he wore to work became more unisexual with tighter fitting pants. He also decided to have his beard permanently removed and kept his body hair free.**

**Mary also had a wardrobe change. Now her clothing and makeup was on the slutty side. Most days she didn't bother to wear panties and wasn't coming home until close to midnight. Her new attire earned her a reprimand at work but she just had to wear the above mid-thigh skirts, see through blouses and stripper heels. Due to her late nights her work suffered. The combination of her mode of dress and work effort resulted in her being fired at the end of June. At first she was upset as it meant that she wouldn't be seeing the hunk from the mailroom, the geeky but hung computer guy or the old janitor but Mrs. Abernathy eased her worries.**

**"Honey, I have a dear friend who will be very happy to help you out. His name is Leroy and you will love working for him."**

Leroy was black in his early sixties and lived in public housing. Mary was scared when she first went to visit but her craving for cock put her worries away. After Leroy had filled her with nine inches of Viagra inspired cock, she gladly returned every day. She was more than happy to help entertain his many elderly friends.

John fared a little better but his swishy manner and dress got the attention of his boss. He was issued a letter of reprimand shortly after the fourth of July. Showing up to the company pick nick wearing white Daisy Dukes and midriff pink nylon top contributed to him getting that letter. By the middle of July he was also fired but he didn't care. Mr. Jackson was taking care of the family finances and assured him everything was alright. However, he stated, John was going to have to find a way to make some money. He suggested that John entertain some of his friends. Soon John was entertaining a number of older men.

Andy now Audrey wasn't left alone. Mrs. Abernathy introduced him to Mr. Myers. Mr. Myers was a wrinkled bald headed old man of sixty six with heavy liver spots covering most of his skin. He needed someone to take care of his place and help him in his daily activities. Now that Audrey had turned eighteen with no aspirations of going to college, working for Mr. Myers was logical. Audrey had no problem moving in with Mr. Myers and loved taking care of his personal needs. Servicing and being served made him excited. As much as he enjoyed being penetrated couldn't achieve climax. It wasn't until he removed his panties that he had a wonderful explosion. With the fresh pair covering his nose, yesterdays in his mouth and another pair pressed over his bent swollen dick, Audrey came in what seemed like buckets.

Ooo

Mary was naked except for a red floral embroidered garter belt, pair of red fishnet stockings and red platform six inch spike heeled pumps. She was on all fours with every hole filled by a pumping dick. Off to the side Leroy was filming all the action. One minute she was feeling totally content. She loved every bit of what was being done and the tremendous pleasure being stuffed gave her. The next minute her eyes flew open and she tried to scream but the black cock filling her mouth prevented any sound. She tried moving away but the hands on her head held her firm. She tried wiggling her butt to remove the two invaders of her rectum and pussy but that only made them pump harder. As the camera zoomed in for a close up of her face, lips stretched to the limit by a dick it caught the flowing tears and fear in the eyes.

"Oh wow the bitch is really getting into it now. Just what daddy wanted to make this movie a hit. Just wish she would have done this act when she first came here six months ago."

John was sitting on Mr. Jackson's lap smiling as he bounced up and down. He loved having that Viagra enhanced dick buried in him. Some of Mr. Jackson's friends didn't need Viagra but they never lasted as long as

those that did. He also enjoyed having his silicone treated elongated nipples sucked. It was Mr. Jackson's idea to inject silicone into them as longer and longer nipple extenders were used. John's nipples were now a full inch long and half inch thick. Mr. Jackson also liked that the lipstick covering John's nipples matched that on his collagen swollen lips. Another change was wearing a chastity device all the time. Mr. Jackson had put the CB 6000 on and threw away the key shortly after he moved in. While he was kept extremely frustrated by the device, he deserved it for being such a wimp. It was on Mr. Jackson's recommendation that he sold the family home, all its contents and his and Andy's cars. The house wasn't needed any more as both Mary and Audrey had moved out.

John was very content with his arms around Mr. Jackson's neck, ass firmly pressed down deep into Mr. Jackson's pelvis and having his nipple sucked. That contentment vanished in an instant as John remembered everything. In a panic he tried to jump up and get away but Mr. Jackson held him firmly around the waist as a broad smile creased his lips.

Mr. Jackson was expecting this to happen sooner or later. Seeing that John had full recognition brought a big smile to his face. He loved it when they did this and realized what had been done to them. Not only that but they would never be able to return to their old life or ways. They would of course always hate what they would have to do but unable to stop it. The physical changes and no assets would keep them in slavery.

Audrey was sitting in the bathroom. It was his favorite place as it was here that he could finally release all the pent up sexual energy. Mr. Myers had been especially energetic this morning and filled him with his seed twice. Audrey made sure he had rubbed as much of the fluid from his butt as possible onto his panties. Then he quickly placed the pink nylon panties over his face after putting yesterday's tacky panties into his mouth. Inhaling deeply he began stroking his erection through the yellow panties. He was almost there when he suddenly stopped. Panic replaced ecstasy as he pulled the panties from his face and threw them away. Getting up and turning around to face the commode, he vomited the blue pair out along with the contents of his stomach.

As he cleaned up at the sink saw other changes that made him faint. He still had the brassy gold hair but it was in a tall very stiff beehive. There was a small gold ring in his left nostril from which dangled several small gold chains attached to the gold hoop at the top of his ear. Over his left breast was tattooed a multicolored hummingbird and a colorful butterfly perched above a garland of flowers across the saddle of his back. If you looked closely you could tell the beauty mark over his right lip was a cock.

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy was very pleased with herself. With the help of

illegally obtained psychotropic drugs and her knowledge of hypnosis, she was richer. Plus she was receiving regular payments from her friends for helping them out. Now it was time to move on. The rental on her house was due and her victims were probably beginning to come out of their induced trances.

"Yes," she said, "I have done about all I can do here. It's time to move on."