

Mrs. Abernathy Goes To Florida

Mrs. Abernathy went into her seaside Mediterranean villa to begin preparations for her next trip. She was a handsome woman in her early sixties but looked ten years younger with long black hair and sparkling green eyes. Stripping out of her bikini which her body did justice, she started transforming into her alter ego. It took most of the morning and into early afternoon before she left for the airport. At this point she didn't come close to looking like her real self. She was now a portly grandmotherly looking old woman with gray hair. The type of grandmother everyone wished to have on the outside but pure evil on the inside.

She strictly adhered to three rules, stay anonymous, don't stay anywhere more than six months and change bank accounts frequently. Mrs. Abernathy was an alias she used whenever she took on a con. She had a number of different names and passports she used when not on a job. When working a con she always wore white cotton gloves to lessen latent fingerprints. She also had her rental properties thoroughly wiped down and cleaned when she left. She was an expert at selecting the right associates and clients to work her con.

She had received a tip from a trusted advisor on her burn phone about a mother and son located in Florida. The single mother had hit a \$3 million lotto jackpot recently, had no close ties with her few relatives and just moved into a new upscale neighborhood. Mrs. Abernathy had been living the high social life on a Greek Island for almost six months. Now that it was time to move on decided to check out this family.

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy turned away from her front window where she had been observing her next door neighbors arriving home. The house she was renting was in an upscale neighborhood and she had moved in a week ago. She spent that week checking out her nearby neighbors and really liked the ones next door as prospective marks. She hadn't met them yet planned on doing so shortly. Mrs. Abernathy was a full figured woman with a jovial round wrinkled face of sixty five. To all outward appearances she was the stereotypical grandmother. She kept her gray hair up in a bun and wore gold wire rimmed glasses perched on her pert nose. She could play the role perfectly when the occasion called for it but inside she was very immoral and evil.

The late Mr. Abernathy had been a very good stage hypnotist with Mrs. Abernathy his assistant. In those days they made a good living but the real money came from extortion. When they had a well to do gentleman or woman on stage, Mr. Abernathy always left a post hypnotic suggestion that they return after the show. He or she would be placed back under and very compromising pictures taken. Those pictures involved Mrs. Abernathy and very pornographic. Mr. Abernathy had absolutely no qualms about making his wife do outrageous sexual acts with the men and women he blackmailed. Now that he was no longer of this world she was free to

take his place. The big difference between her and her husband was that her mind was really twisted and evil. She didn't want to settle for a little blackmail money. No, she wanted all that she could get from her marks and then some, preferably if it destroyed their lives. She wanted them to suffer the indignities she had been forced to endure and more. She was a very talented hypnotist in her own right but with the addition of certain psychotropic drugs extraordinarily effective.

Ooo

Carol Simms and her soon to be eighteen year old son Mark had been left destitute after Mr. Simms ran off with his Latino girlfriend. With no child support or other financial assistance they subsisted on government handouts. Her husband didn't care and living with his girlfriend somewhere in Guatemala. After a year and half just scrapping by, Carol got lucky and hit the lotto. Three million dollars may sound like a lot of money but in the long run not really that much. She wasn't the sharpest but intelligent enough not to blow her new found wealth recklessly. The only thing she splurged on was her new home. It was in a very good neighborhood and her son could attend an excellent public school.

They moved into the home just before Mark started his senior year. It is difficult to make friends changing schools especially in one's senior year. Adding to his difficulties, he was small and thin for his age and used to keeping a low profile. In his old school gangs and bullies ruled the campus. With his physique, if he didn't bring attention, would only get beaten up once in a while. He was handsome enough but in a delicate way, had shoulder length shaggy brown hair and large expressive eyes. His mother had nagged him about getting his hair cut now that they could easily afford it. He refused as he had gotten so accustomed with it in a low pony tail. With only a couple of months till graduation, Mark had very few real friends.

Carol after her husband abandoned her didn't date very often and those relationships fizzled out after a few dates. She was a bit overweight, in her early forties, dressed in dowdy clothing and seldom wore makeup. She wasn't out to please any man. She was doing her best to raise her son. Now that graduation was near, she was a bit traumatized. Her only child would be going off to college and leaving the nest. Mrs. Abernathy had picked the perfect time to move next door.

Ooo

Saturday, almost a week since she moved in, Mrs. Abernathy fixed a pot of her special tea and removed the homemade cookies from the oven. It was time to introduce herself to the neighbors. She checked her reflection to make sure she looked grandmotherly enough. She tugged at her simple A-line full skirted blue and white checked gingham dress and patted the diamond encrusted golden locket hanging around her neck. Smiling devilishly, she picked up the tray with the tea and warm cookies.

Ooo

Carol was doing some minor housecleaning dressed simply in a gray cotton sweat suit and pink flip flops when the doorbell chimed. "Now who can that be? I don't really know the neighbors. Maybe some darn salesman or worse one of those church people," she thought as she went to the door.

Opening the door she was surprised to see a nice looking older woman holding a tray with tea pot and plate of cookies. "Yes, may I help...," she started but interrupted by the woman.

"Hello there dear. I'm Mrs. Abernathy and just moved in next door and decided to introduce myself. Do you have some time to have a bit of tea and a cookie with me?"

Carol didn't have anything better to do and the woman was kindly enough. "Yeah, sure, please come in. I'm Carol Simms. Pardon the mess and we'll go into the kitchen."

Carol found both the tea and cookie surprisingly delicious as they sat and made small talk. She was finding it very easy to talk to this old woman and before she knew spilled her whole life story out. As she was doing almost all of the talking didn't notice that Mrs. Abernathy hadn't taken a single sip of her tea.

"So Carol dear, you said you have a son? Is he home? He is? Don't you find it a bit immature for him not to come in and say hello? He has to know that I'm here you know. Very childish if you ask me. Very childish indeed," she said putting away her locket into the dress' bodice.

"Oh Mrs. Abernathy! I'm so embarrassed and apologize. For an eighteen year old he should definitely know better. Here let me go and get him. I'll only be a minute."

Mark was in his room playing a video game when his mother uncharacteristically barged into his room. More surprising, she was yelling at him about being an ungrateful little brat. He sat there mouth agape shocked by what he was hearing. Her actions and words were totally out of character.

It wasn't until she reached out, pinched his earlobe hard and pulled him out of his seat tugging on it that he was able to react. "Mom what's going on? I didn't do anything. I was just playing on my X-box," he said in pain.

"Don't Mom me! Get into the kitchen and say hello properly to our neighbor Mrs. Abernathy. Show some respect instead of being so childish. You should have come and said hello hours ago. I thought I had taught you better. Instead of acting your age, you're behaving like a ten year old."

"Mom! Please let go of my ear. You're hurting me."

"I'll do more than that if I catch you misbehaving again. Now get into the kitchen, say hello and be nice."

Mark was shocked and confused as he entered the kitchen. Seeing the old woman pouring a fresh cup of tea. "Hello dear, please come have a seat beside me and have some nice tea and cookie. I'm Mrs. Abernathy but you can call me Granny if you want."

Mark introduced himself and seeing the glare in his mother's eyes, sat and stared down at the cup. He didn't care for tea preferring coffee and said he would get that.

"Mark, sit and be polite. Mrs. Abernathy went to the trouble of making the tea and cookies. I can't believe how much of a little kid you're acting. Now drink your tea."

"You know Markey, I was just showing your mother my locket. You want to see it. Here look, isn't it pretty?" she said as he finished the tea and a cookie.

Mark really didn't want to look but couldn't stop himself. The diamonds sparkled and glinted in the overhead light and was drawn to how pretty it was. He didn't know how long he stared at it before she put it away but absorbed everything Granny was saying.

"Carol is your mother and because of that you must, no matter how much you don't, will do whatever she tells you. You will obey her without question, understand? Good and from now on you will call Carol, mother or better yet mommy. You can call me Granny from now on as well."

Three hours later Mrs. Abernathy left the Simms's house with a big smile. "Well that went very well. Both were very susceptible to my suggestions and this is going to be so much fun," she thought.

Shortly after she left, Carol did something she hadn't in over a decade. She put Mark over her lap and spanked him with her hairbrush then made him sit in the corner. He was still sobbing, tucked into the corner with his boxers and jeans around his ankles when she left.

"I can't believe that I let mommy spank me like some little kid. I'm eighteen and way too old for that but she's my mommy and I have to do what she says. I want to pull my pants up and go to my room but I can't," he thought through his tears.

When Carol came back she was carrying a number of bags and went straight to his room. There she tore down all his sports, hard rock band posters and tossed them into one of the empty bags. In their place she substituted a large framed picture of a fluffy white kitten hanging from

a tree limb with the pink script, "Hang in There" and another large poster of Justin Bieber facing his bed. She removed all his boy knick-knacks replacing them with some stuffed animals. The large pink furry teddy bear would sit between his pillows. His CD's and DVD's were scrapped and replaced as well. Gathering up all his X-box games got rid of them. In their place she put several new ones geared for a much younger person. None of his new entertainment was rated above a "G." Quickly stripping the bed she changed all the linens. His Tampa Bay Buccaneers blanket and sheets were tossed and replaced with powder blue ones and a blue quilted satin comforter. Finally she went to his computer, changing some settings and adding parental controls was satisfied. If her son wanted to act like a little kid then his room fitted his actions.

Back in the kitchen she told Markey, the name she used when he was much younger, to get up and sit at the table. His face was red and tear stained but wasn't crying as he did as ordered.

"Markey," she saw him cringe at the name, "Today I've decided to set some new rules for you. Beginning tonight and henceforth your bed time is no later than nine o'clock. I want you coming straight home from school. If you have a school function to attend, no matter what, you will still have to be in bed by nine. Any further disobedience and I will punish you by either taking away a privilege or with a bare bottom spanking. Now go to your room and take all those bags to the trash and no complaints."

Mark was fuming on the inside as she told him his new circumstances. He was determined not to allow her to do that to him. He had finally gotten the nerve to ask Emily to go to the senior prom and it didn't even start until eight. There was no way he would back out of his first serious date since they had moved here. Instead of telling her all that, he stood and said, "Yes, mommy."

New tears flowed down as he saw what she had done to his room and what he had to take to the trash. "What has she done? I'm not into cats much less that freak Bieber and my Buccaneers blanket and sheets. Shit! My games, my stuff it's all in those bags she wants me to trash. No way...no way," he thought as he picked up as many as he could carry.

Ooo

Over the next two months Mrs. Abernathy paid the Simms a weekly visit always bringing her tea. For Mark not much changed except his mommy insisted on giving him his baths and keeping his body denuded of any hair. When she first began shaving his pubic hair off, he managed a brief moment of resistance. He received his second spanking for that. Her shampooing conditioning his hair in a strawberry scented lotion every couple of days and brushing it one hundred strokes every night weren't so bad. She had also begun nightly electrolysis on his sparse beard and shaggy brows.

He was mortified and enraged by what was happening but try as he might complied. His inner soul was in complete rebellion and dumbfounded over the fact that he was totally helpless. No matter how humiliating, embarrassing or demeaning he physically couldn't object.

At school he really upset Emily backing out on their prom date. He lost his few friends by smelling "fruity" with thinned brows and wavy hair. He had cried himself to sleep the night of the senior prom. He hated playing childish games on his X-box, listening to equally nauseating Justin Bieber and similar music. He was particularly annoyed that he was blocked from any pornography on his computer. He really hated doing all those stupid things during his free time but felt compelled to do it. About the only age appropriate thing left to him was his nightly masturbation sessions. That little stress relieving action had changed too. Instead of jerking off into some tissue, he now caught it in his palm then lapped it up. He was disgusted with himself for doing that but couldn't stop and he tried many many times.

Carol had become a totally different person. She was happier than she had been in years. Tiny mini and mico-mini skirts and dresses were everyday wear. Her C-cup breasts enhanced with push-up and gel bras and constantly in danger of spilling out of her low cut blouses and dresses. Gone was all her cotton undergarments replaced with sexy satin and silk lingerie. Panty hose were swapped for real seamed hosiery and finely embroidered lace frilled garter belts. Her makeup was usually always in a glamour night time look. Her dirty blond hair was now what she had called Champagne and done in a big hair up do. The only time she was in flip flops was when she was getting a tan in her bikini. Now she could always be found wearing skyscraper stiletto heels. She looked more like she should be working a street corner rather than a stay at home mother.

Now that she had a high maintenance look she didn't have the time to clean the house or do much cooking. These duties she passed off on her son. When he hesitated and didn't put in real effort, she took away his car privileges. He had tried to argue he needed his car to get to school. She told him to take the school bus. It was very humiliating having to do that but he only had a month left. It took him awhile to stop being embarrassed hand washing her intimates.

She was even dating again and totally enthralled with her man. Dennis was a nephew of Mrs. Abernathy and she had introduced them. Mark positively hated him with a passion but couldn't act it out. His mommy had told him that he would be nice to Dennis. Dennis was just twenty-two, half his mother's age, short, sweaty, rude and crude. Mark doubted the man had any redeeming qualities whatsoever. He treated his mommy like a personal slave and didn't think twice touching inappropriate places on her body no matter who was watching. His idea of dressing up was wearing his tee shirt with the least number of stains and least smelly jeans. Mark cringed at the thought of what people must whisper about the two of them when they ventured out. At the moment they were

only seeing each other once a week but Carol thought she was falling in love with the greatest man ever.

When Mrs. Abernathy heard that she was very pleased. Dennis was the son of one of the biggest video porn makers and distributors in Florida. Of course Dennis would talk Carol into appearing in those movies and her son as well in time. Mark wouldn't be the stud in those but on the receiving end as a frilly little sissy by the time Mrs. Abernathy was finished. Ninety percent of their wages would go to Mrs. Abernathy as agent fees.

By the day of graduation Mrs. Abernathy had most of her plan accomplished. Over the past two months she had altered Carol's mind and thinking processes. Getting her to act and think like a stripper/street walker hadn't been hard. However most of her conditioning went into changing how she saw her son. It had been a labor intensive effort but it worked. Mark was viewed more as a Marcie than a Mark. He was in the eyes of his mother a pantywaist homosexual girlie boy. She fully accepted that, supported and loved him. Now out of school, his outward appearance could be changed to match her vision. It was what her son truly wanted after all.

Mrs. Abernathy had shown her several websites. There she could purchase the most precious, dainty and frilly little girlie dresses in his size. As well as over the top party dresses, equally frilly lingerie could be had all in bright shimmering satin. The necessary accessories like ribbons, bracelets and such she could get locally. Two weeks before graduation she began accumulating a wonderful new wardrobe for her sissy son.

Mrs. Abernathy could have with very little effort made Carol sign over all her assets including the house and two cars. But there was no fun in doing that. No, the deep satisfaction of seeing them destroy their lives and growing sexual depravity where just too much fun. Besides, she still had four months before needing to move on.

Ooo

Since his driving privileges were revoked Mark lost almost all contact with the outside world. He spent all his free time learning how to keep house, wash and iron clothing and cook decent meals. Going to bed at nine and getting up with the sun to perform stretching and exercises that Mrs. Abernathy assured him he had to do didn't help. Wearing a spandex pink or lavender leotard and white tights that crushed his male parts was almost as bad as doing leg splits. Spending over an hour after exercising with his mommy bathing then applying tons of facial and body creams before tending to his hair left him exhausted. Often he would nod off during one of his classes and his grades suffered. Still it was graduation day and he had passed.

"At last I have my diploma and with that can get into college. All I have to do is convince mommy to let me register and go to summer school.

I picked South Carolina to get far away and they have accepted. Now I need to get her okay," he mused as the graduation ceremony ended.

He groaned loudly as he saw his mommy, Dennis and Mrs. Abernathy coming toward him. His mommy was dressed particularly slutty today in a skin tight red satin micro-mini that didn't conceal the black garter straps. Along with the skirt she wore a billowing low cut black chiffon blouse and wearing a large floppy black satin hat. Dennis was his usual coarse sweaty self and Granny just plain old Granny in a gingham dress.

"Could this get any more humiliating?" he thought as they neared.

"Oh Marcie....errrr....I mean Mark I'm so proud of mommy's little gir...errr boy," she yelled out which yielded snickers from nearby lingering students.

Her comment reaffirming the common school gossip that he was gay. With his arched brows, flowing mid-shoulder length wavy hair, smelling like strawberries and smooth complexion had started that rumor over a month ago. Well he could forget about all that now as he was going to college. When he got there the first thing he planned on doing was getting a buzz cut then hitting the gym. He needed to bulk up as the diet his mommy had him on and the exercises only made his body look more like one of the girls. He even had little mounds on his chest and a tight round butt. Two months ago he weighed one thirty and now tipped the scales at a measly one ten.

When they got home he was taken into the kitchen where a small cake was sitting on the table. "Go ahead and all of you sit while I prepare the tea. Dennis you want a beer, right? Marcie I made the cake to celebrate your graduation," Mrs. Abernathy said.

Mark grimaced as it seemed like everyone was calling him Marcie lately and he hated that. Couldn't they see he was all boy? But he sat and waited for the tea without comment. Mommy cut two small slices of the cake and handed one to him taking the other for herself. She had a strange smile on her face as she sat.

"Look mommy I have to tell you something. I got accepted to South Carolina and entered their summer early start program. All I need is a check and show them my school record. I will be leaving at the end of next week. I hope you are happy for me."

"Wha.....what..leaving for college? Well Marcie I hate to burst your bubble but no you're not. Mommy certainly doesn't approve. No not one bit. You are staying here and living with me and Dennis. Why, I've ordered new décor for your room and purchased lots of nice new clothing for you. The painters have already been here and the furniture delivered tomorrow. So you're not going anywhere. Isn't that right Mrs. Abernathy?"

"Of course it is dear. Now both of you drink your tea and eat some cake.

We'll discuss this after that. It's not nice to argue on such a day. We need to celebrate Marcie's graduation."

It was obvious they both wanted to say more but did as they were told. Finished their snack, Mrs. Abernathy pulled out her sparkling locket. "Marcie what is your name?"

"It's Mark not Marcie and why have all of you been calling me by that stupid name?"

"Get this straight Marcie. You are and always have been Marcie Lynn Simms and you are a homosexual little girlie boi. You love wearing the frilliest primmest girlie dresses and silky lingerie. You have always been a little girl on the inside and now you want to become what you are. You are a gay, little girlie boi and love men and other boys like you. You have always been a little twelve year old prissy girl at heart and as such will obey your mommy in all things. Now tell me who you are and what you want to be," Mrs. Abernathy demanded.

Mark sat mouth ajar for a few moments as his brain filled with new attitudes and thoughts. In a higher pitched lisping voice he replied, "My name ith Mawcie Lynn Thimms and I'm a little pwithy twelve yeaw old giwl. I love fwilly fancy dwesses and silky lingewie n...n I love boys like me and men too. I do what evey my mommy tellth me ath I want to be a good little giwl."

"Hey what about me?" Dennis spoke up.

"Just a moment Dennis I was just getting to that. Marcie we just love your cute little lisp so keep talking like that always but make your voice a bit higher and softer. Now, you love your Uncle Dennis to death don't you? You will do whatever he tells you just like your mommy. It makes you very happy to please and obey your mommy and Uncle Dennis."

"Yeth Gwanny I do with all my heawt," he replied in a softer slightly higher tone.

Turning her attention to Carol stated, "Carol darling you're such a slut but you're deeply in love with Dennis and will do anything to please him. You love that your son has finally accepted who he really is. You fully support his new life style in every way. When he's in one of those precious dresses and ruffled silky panties you bought you just adore him. You are so relieved that he can now be himself and you love him even more."

"Of course Mrs. Abernathy. I know all that and really happy he can now be all that he ever wanted to be."

"Very good dear. Now Dennis are you satisfied? I believe you have something for me?" she said sticking her hand out for the very fat envelope.

As she got up to leave she nodded to Carol and Marcie but gave Dennis a hard stare. "Dennis if I don't get a nice deposit every month, what I did to them will seem like heaven to you and your father."

A very scared Dennis quickly answered, "You can count on it Mrs. Abernathy, ma'am."

To Be Continued

Mrs. Abernathy Goes To Florida Part 2

Once Mrs. Abernathy left the small group, Carol jumped up and grabbing Mark's hand said, "Come on Marcie. I can't wait to show you what we did to your room and all the lovely new clothing."

He didn't want a new room, he didn't want to spend another night in the house nor did he want any new clothing. All he wanted was to get off to college and away from all that had happened over the past two months. His mind screamed those desires but his body rose and meekly followed his mommy.

The room had been redecorated while he was at his graduation ceremonies. It was now all shades of pink and white with a few splashes of lavender. The walls were painted in a powder pink with eggshell white trim. The window treatments were in a pink satin with white lace overlay. The French Provincial styled furniture was painted in a pink enamel with white pin stripping details. The queen sized bed had white linens with tiny pink hearts, matching lace frilled pillow covers and a soft lavender quilted satin comforter. The vanity skirted in powder pink box pleated satin with a matching bench seat.

Otherwise the room was unchanged, the Justin Bieber poster was still on the wall but the kitty picture gone. In its place was a painting of two Victorian little girls bent over exposing layers of petticoats and ruffled pantaloons picking flowers. An oil lamp emitting a strong floral-spicy scent was a new addition to the top of his bureau. White fuzzy throw rugs were scattered about on the wooden floor.

"Don't you just love it darling!" Carol exclaimed.

"OMG no! I hate it more than I did the old room," his mind screamed but what he said was, "Of couwth mommy, it'th the betheth woom ewew!"

"Come, let me show you all the new clothing I bought for your coming out," she said leading him over to the walk-in closet.

Row upon row of little girl satin party dresses, satin hobble skirts and fancy blouses filled the closet. The only pants that could be seen were

all velvet shorts and vest sets in feminine colors. There were plenty of ruffled, beribboned and lace frilled chiffon, tulle, taffeta and satin petticoats as well. His mind was numbed by seeing what he was expected to wear.

From the closet he was led over to his bureau. Yes, he had been forced to wear panties and silky camisoles every day except when he had PE but they were plain compared to what the drawers contained. Panties galore, a mix of full cut and pantaloon styles filled two drawers. They were all made of satin in very vivid colors with tons of white floral lace trim and satin ribbon bows. Another held matching training bras in satin and frills. He was even more horrified when the next drawer was opened. It contained elaborate metal boned wasp waisted satin corsets. The last held seamed hosiery and little girl ruffled lace trimmed nylon socks.

Mark's mind was reeling by the time the tour of his new room was over. It kept shouting, "No this can't be! I don't want this! She can't be serious! I can't wear that! No boy should have to wear that! It's sick and repulsive."

To his shock his voice and body exhibited nothing but pure delight. He did manage to get around his conditioning somewhat by asking, "Mommy where are my boys' clothing?"

"Why we donated all of it to Goodwill sweetheart. You won't ever be wearing those ugly rough things again."

"Marcie don't you think you should give your mommy a nice curtsy and kiss to thank her?" Dennis said then added, "I should get one too and a nice big hug."

After he had performed the onerous task of hugging and kissing Dennis on the cheek was told to get out of his clothing.

"That bastard grabbed my ass. Why can't mommy see what a pervert that pimply faced ass is?"

"Okay darling, get undressed and out of that boy's clothing. Oh dear, I don't know where I want to start first. Hurry up Marcie, I want to see how this delightful lingerie ensemble looks on you," she said holding up a matching set of very shiny vibrant lavender and pink satin full cut panties and bra.

Pulling up as much of his will as possible, Mark feebly protested. "Mommy...Uncle Dennis is still here."

"Of course sweetie. You don't have anything to hide from your Uncle. Now get undressed. I simply can't wait to see you dressed as my darling little girl."

The panties were positively glowing in a vertical striped pattern, the

back had six rows of white floral lace and a very large pink satin ribbon bow at the center of the waistband. The crotch had an opening surrounded by a halo of white chiffon. The matching A-cup bra's stiff satin cups stuck out sharply and hemmed in white lace frills.

Mark certainly didn't want to strip naked with them standing watching nor did he want to put on the flamboyant lingerie. However in what seemed like just a moment, he was wearing the lingerie, jumping up and down and clapping his hands like a thrilled five year old girl.

"Oh thank you mommy, thank you iho much," he said enthusiastically.

"I just knew you would love them darling but you need to adjust your panties. See that opening there, yes that, you need to put your little pee pee and marbles through the opening. That's a darling boy. Let me put this protective sheath on and tie a pretty little bow to secure it," Carol commented bending down.

She worked the bright purple satin sheath onto his penis and around his balls. It was rubber lined and would protect his dainties from any possible stains. A clear long plastic tube came out of the end of the sheath capped with a penis shaped pacifier.

A wide matching garter belt embellished with lace along the six straps with the pink metal tabs covered in bright lavender satin bows and floral embroidery was put on. The belt pulled his waist in a good three inches. She had him sit and quickly rolled white thigh high nylons up his legs. Once she had the tabs hooked and the hosiery taut, she pulled three very full taffeta and chiffon petticoats into place.

"Give us a twirl Marcie," she instructed.

"I need to raise those petties higher on your waist. You do want to let everyone see the frilly lace on your panties don't you dear?"

Going to his walk-in closet, she selected a very ornate lavender satin little girls' party dress and pair of pink patent leather shoes. It had a lace frilled rounded neckline, short boning supported balloon puffed chiffon sleeves tied off with pink satin ribbons. A wide pink satin sash just below the bust line was tied off in a humongous bow with long streamers. The tiers of the skirt were trimmed in pink lace and reached to his upper thighs.

Dressed she sat him at his vanity and began working on his long hair. She didn't have the time, so pinned it and secured a gold sausage curled wig in place.

"Baby, we don't have time to do anything with your hair today but I promise tomorrow I'll take you to the salon. We'll get the works and your hair will look a lot like this wig. I promise."

Concealer, foundation, liquid eye liner, lavender blended into pink shadows, long black artificial lashes and bright lustrous lavender lipstick covered in a high gloss completed his makeup. As a finishing touch placed a lace embellished pink satin baby bonnet on his head tying the streamers in a big bow under his chin.

All that was left were the pink patent leather shoes. The shoes had a one inch platform sole with a leather bow attached at the pointed toe. The heels were five inched spikes and had a wide ankle strap. Carol fitted the shoes, making sure the ankle strap was tight before helping Mark stand. He wobbled and threatened to topple over as his mommy led him around the room. The heels made a loud click-clack on the wooden flooring.

Before teaching him how to mince in the stripper heels, she took the pacifier hanging under his skirts. Pushing it into his mouth, told him to always keep it there and suck on it.

"All prissy little girls like you get very excited by being dressed and acting this way. So in case you have any accidents, you can drink all that gooey boy cream all up. I know you would hate to waste any of it."

The pacifier's guard was a large pair of bright red lips and the tit shaped into a three inch circumcised penis. "There's no way in hell you're going to do that," he thought but opened his mouth. Much to his dismay, as he began sucking, the sheath contracted giving a pleasant sensation. Emily had kissed it once, quickly but pulled back. The feeling he was getting now was similar but lacked the warmth.

Ooo

Each time he pranced by the full length mirror, stopped and gave it a curtsy his mind screamed in anguish. While his mind was repulsed by the image, his body giggled and blew the reflection a kiss. After about an hour Mark had the hang of walking in those tall heels. His toes, feet, ankles and calves burned but his body ignored it. As he sat before the mirror with his skirts piled up almost to his chin noticed a white liquid moving up the tube. He had climaxed without even realizing it.

For the next couple of hours Marcie practiced sitting, bending and walking. Not quite the little girl moves as he was taught to bend at the waist and strut like a model. After each session would drop into a curtsy and say, "Fhank you mommy fow thowing me how to be a propew liffle thithy giwl."

At supper he was put into an extra-large powder blue satin bib with rubber white lace trim. He had to cut his food into very small pieces and chew at least ten times before swallowing. Eating would be one of the few time his pacifier would ever leave his mouth. After dinner while Carol and Dennis were having a good fuck, Marcie sat in front of the television set. The DVD was of two muscular men, one black one Hispanic,

getting it on with a younger white boy dressed like an over the top little girl.

Later when mommy and Dennis returned, Marcie sat across Dennis' lap with arms around his neck. With the dress and frilly petticoats pressed up between them, Marcie wiggled his butt as Dennis put sloppy wet kisses all over his neck, ears and face. Dennis kissed and fondled the boy until white fluid ran up the tube and a muffled sigh was heard. Mommy then took him to bed.

Mark's dreams that night were one nightmare after another. It was in dreams that his subconscious took over. The humiliations and degradations forced upon him that day replayed in a constant loop. The question of "Why" he couldn't do anything to stop the madness was never answered. In his troubled sleep he sucked furiously on his rubber penis pacifier.

Ooo

It took his mommy more than two hours to get him ready in the morning. She had bathed and helped with his morning toilet then dressed him. Today would be a long one spent at a special spa run by a friend of Mrs. Abernathy. For the occasion, Mark had been carefully dressed. Scarlet satin ruffled panties with that special opening and matching training bra were his only lingerie. A bright white satin sheath covered his penis and balls. For outer wear she put him in a white satin, puffed sleeved blouse with a lacy peter pan collar that buttoned up the back. A red velvet high waisted short-shorts with a sailor front and large brass button closure with a matching vest followed. To complete his outfit she added nylon socks with wide fringe of red lace, a pair of four inch stiletto heeled pumps and white straw box hat with veil. After his makeup and wig were put on, she popped his pacifier into his scarlet lips.

The spa was located in a nondescript neighborhood owned by Dennis' father. It was here that Mark's transformation would be completed. His body was waxed from the neck down then allowed to soak in a tub of fragrant oils and moisturizers. When he emerged, his skin was whiter, smoother and smelled of flowers. His natural long hair had been turned golden and given sausage curls with curli-cue bangs. Permanent ebony eye liner and deep red bee stung shaped lip liner were tattooed on and the lips plumped into soft pillows. His ears were pierced three times in each lobe and a Sleep Beauty pendant inserted into his navel. Tattooing the face of Sleeping Beauty with puckered red lips covering his right ass cheek took the longest.

While Mark was being treated Carol underwent her own changes. Her hair was bleached platinum with pink highlights and put into an old fashioned big bee hive. Padding had been added to give the style a cartoonish Mrs. Simpson look. Her eyebrows had been permanently removed and high thin deep black arches tattooed. Her lips were severely pumped up and made

the most prominent feature on her face. Her nipples were enlarged and thickened into half inch by half inch size and pierced. The inner lips of her vagina were greatly enlarged and dyed bright red so they would really stand out for close up shots. Finally a spider's web was tattooed on the left side of her neck. A small Sleeping Beauty could be seen centered in that black web.

Both Dennis and his father were more than pleased with the results. Their eyes glowed with dollar signs as they examined the finished products. "Those two are going to make us fuckin' rich boy despite what we have to pay Mrs. Abernathy. We begin filming next month. You just make damn sure you don't tap Marcie's ass or even think about it. I'm saving that virgin for my best client."

Ooo

It would be awhile before mother and son's tattoos and piercings healed before they could begin filming. In the meantime Carol enjoyed dressing Mark up in his various outfits. When dressed in her favorite outfit, he had to wear his burgundy satin with black lace and ribbon detailing corset cinched in five full inches. His breathing was forced into shallow gasps but his torso took on that necessary hour glass look. A luminous red satin penis and testicle sheath was tied off with a purple satin ribbon followed by iridescent white pantaloons frilled with layers of burgundy floral lace. The cuffs of the pantaloons consisted of four overlapping layers of white floral lace with thin burgundy satin ribbons threaded through each hem just covering the knees. White knee highs with a red satin ribbon bow attached to the back welts and burgundy satin four inch stilt heeled pointed toed pumps would complement the dress.

The dress would be any little girl's beloved Christmas dress. It was made of burgundy velvet with a square bib collar of delicate white lace and short balloon sleeves of sheer chiffon with bone supports. The cuffs were three overlapping layers of white floral lace tied off with thin red satin ribbons. The skirt flared out from the just below the bust down to his rounded butt once the yards and yards of ruffled chiffon white petticoats were added. When fully dressed it took little movement to expose the ruffled bottom of his pantaloons.

For accessories he wore a pair of white fingerless lace gloves with a ruffled frill of chiffon, a thin golden chain with heart shaped locket around his neck and a cute white box hat with eyebrow length net veil. A pearl handled white wicker box purse completed his look. To finish everything off she sprayed him with Jasmin scented perfume.

He spent most of one day dressed like that as mommy took pictures. Carol had him in every feminine pose she could think of. Many of which were taken while he sat in Uncle Dennis' lap, being hugged and fondled. Others depicted him with hands on knees, bent over and looking back over his shoulder or on his back, knees raised and spread, skirts flaring up wildly as he stroked his sheath covered penis.

Dennis did take a number of photos of Marcie and his mommy. Mommy had dressed up for them as well. She was wearing her own wasp waist black satin corset, black fishnet hose and black patent leather stripper six inch heels. A mostly unbuttoned white satin long sleeved satin blouse and mid-calf length black satin hobble skirt. Her boobies were practically falling out of her blouse. All the pictures were posted to his new media pages that Uncle Dennis has set up.

Dennis' favorite was a close up of mommy and sissy son. It showed Marcie with his face inches from Carol's exposed cleavage, his cheeks indented from sucking on his pacifier and a white substance flowing up the clear plastic tube. For some reason mommy messed up all of the ones with Dennis as his head was missing.

Another of his outfits that she liked was his little sailor suit. It had a white satin winged short sleeved mid-riff blouse with a V-necked deep blue sailor's bibbed collar. A cute red silk scarf was knotted at the throat in a big floppy bow. It left his belly button bared and the precious Sleeping Beauty pendant dangled for all to see. The short box pleated blue flare skirt had white piping running along the hem and didn't reach much below the crotch. Fastened at each hip was a large red satin bow with short notched streamers. His legs were encased in white thigh highs with a lace welt and red patent leather stripper six inch heels on his feet. A white satin with blue piping sailor cap was pinned atop his sausage curled head at a jaunty angle. Blue opera length satin gloves completed his dressing. The satin straps of his sea blue training bra were exposed and red, white and blue striped satin ruffled panties seen with every step.

Like all his clothing, it was mortifying for Mark but all he could do was prance around wiggling his butt. Like the other photo session, he donned a lot of feminine poses. This time, there were a number of them with him kneeling between Uncle Dennis' spread legs. The first several showed Mark caressing and fondling Dennis' hairy balls and penis. The next set were of him kissing the mushroom head then licking it and the shaft. The final shots were of Dennis' dick half way then all the way down Marcie's throat.

This was the first time Mark had ever touched another person's dick and balls much less kiss them. He struggled against the instructions Dennis was giving him to no avail. His only outward expression was a moaning, "Oooooohhhhhh," as he began giving his first blow job. By this point he was used to drinking his own cum but someone else's was another thing entirely. His mind reeled in abject horror as the first glob hit the back of his mouth but he swallowed.

As Mark was undergoing his own struggles, Carol had her own battles to confront. Inwardly she couldn't believe what she was putting her son through or how thrilled he appeared doing them. He had been all boy up until recently and never showed any hint of being a homosexual sex hungry

little girl. Then again until a short time ago, she didn't like wearing heavy makeup or dressing like a hooker either. One of the last things she would have ever wanted was a tattoo or her son to get one but all that had changed. Even dating a man, no a boy not much older than her son, would have been totally out of the question as well. She was confused and angry at herself for not being able to control what was happening around her. Being a whore and helping her son become one as well just didn't compute but she was helpless to stop any of it. All she could do was silently scream in agony as events were forced upon her.

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy sat in the lounge chair watching Marcie give her very first blow job. Her hand was busy between her legs rubbing furiously a large smile on her lips. No one in the room seemed to even notice she was sitting there watching intently.

"This is so friggin hot! The eyes, the eyes are the windows into the soul and I can see all the hate, humiliation and disgust in both their eyes. Watching that mother and son debase themselves is worth all my efforts. Well watching and knowing that deep down they know what has happened and can't stop. That's it my darlings keep it up and hate every second. Feed my hatred feed my lust with your perversions. Yes, that is where I get the will to do what I do best."

Ooo

Alfred, Dennis' father, sat behind his desk looking at Mr. Julio Gomez his best client. Mr. Gomez was reputed to be a major drug lord but looked like none of those depicted in the movies. He was grossly overweight, mostly bald and wore thick black rimmed glasses. His face was sprinkled with dark liver spots. His large nose always red in contrast to his light brown skin. It seemed that there was more hair growing out of his ears and nose than on his head. He was dressed in rumpled khaki slacks and sweat stained white dress shirt. Despite his appearance no one ever gave him any disrespect.

"Don Julio you have seen the photos and I assure you that Marcie is a virgin and never violated. I know of your....errr....particular tastes and would appreciate it if you could do me the honor of resolving that."

"Ahhh a favor for a favor is it? So how can I repay this 'honor' you wish to bestow upon me?"

"I have a situation, nothing serious but I could use your influence Don Julio. I want to bring in some girls from Mexico. Your assistance in the transportation would ease the passage."

"I do know of people that can arrange such things but what you ask is no small favor. However, your little Marcie intrigues me. A virgin you say?"

Ooo

Marcie was dressed very specifically per Mr. Gomez's instructions. The only undergarments were a frilly white training bra and a four layered pleated bright white chiffon flaring tap panty. Over this an aqua green leotard like spandex garment was pulled on. A diamond shaped panel had been removed from the center and had a deep "V" neckline. A bright white chiffon blouse with a high pointed collar trimmed in white floral lace buttoned at the throat and down the front. The elbow length balloon sleeves were made of three layers of delicate white chiffon secured with thin aqua satin ribbon bows. A wide brimmed aqua green boater hat was pinned to his hair. The brim had a frill of white lace and the white satin band tied off into a large bow with long notched streamers at the back. Aqua green three tiered overlapping lace cuffs were attached to the wrists, white nylon socks with four ruffled layers of aqua lace and a pair of aqua green patent leather Mary Jane styled shoes with a two inch block heel and metal taps completed his look. The only accessory was a fluffy panda bear purse.

The leotard pulled painfully into his groin as he sat to have his makeup applied. The makeup wasn't overdone but took lots of time. His eyes were elaborate and when finished looked like the eyes of a peacock's feather. His plump lips were a vivid scarlet with a high gloss and his cheeks glowed with a dusty rose blush. His nails were given one inch extensions and varnished scarlet to match his lips.

Carol had prepared him as best she could teaching him about douching, lubrication and how to cleanse in the aftermath. "When a girl, or boy girl in your case, makes love for the first time darling, it can be very painful. Fortunately you have an advantage knowing beforehand and can limit the pain. Now don't get me wrong but the pain will lessen and who knows, it might last long enough for you to get a lot of pleasure. Men are messy and don't care if their partner gets satisfied. All they want to do is spread their man seed and roll over. It can be so frustrating but we do it anyway."

"Normally I would insist on using a condom but Dennis says that your lover hates them. Condoms are good protection and limit the mess but I want you to take several super tampons and maxi-pads. You'll be stretched and definitely need them. Now remember what we told you. It's very important that you do whatever Don Gomez wants or he may get physical. You and I both don't want that. So be nice and remember your training videos."

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy was royally pissed. She had been in Florida for almost five months and should be preparing to leave. However Alfred had welched on their deal. Yes she had what was left of Carol Simms's assets, about \$1.5 million and another \$50 thousand from their porno movies but Alfred

cheated. He had held back on both royalties and ten percent of the profit he made off five Mexican whores. An associate, Mr. Jackson an astute financial expert, had shown her the figures. Of course much of his findings were based on hearsay and guess-ta-mates but he was seldom far off. Based on his figures Alfred owed her at least another \$250 grand. She had to get to the truth and invited Alfred, his wife and Dennis over for a farewell dinner.

"I don't care if that SOB cheated me out of five dollars or five million! No one welches on me and gets away with it. He needs to pay up and rue the day he was born. If I don't make him and his family pay dearly then no one will respect me in the future," she stormed.

Alfred wasn't happy about bringing his wife, Darcy, to Mrs. Abernathy's. He never involved her in his business but this was supposed to be a social dinner. One would expect a man such as Alfred to have a blond headed big breasted bimbo for a wife. Darcy was anything but. She was pretty, in good shape for a forty-three year old and easily blended in with the population at large. In other words, she was your typical soccer mom except her son no longer played the game. Throughout their twenty plus years of marriage, she believed her husband and now her son ran an insurance business.

Alfred other than having a slight belly bulge was a fit forty-five with thick black hair with a fair complexion. An uncle now long deceased with connections, had gotten him involved in the porn business when he was eighteen. Alfred worked his way up from being a brothel manager to where he was today. He was now one of the State's biggest producers and distributors of porn. He wasn't connected like his uncle and didn't want to be. He wanted to be independent from their influence and protect his family from possible threat.

He was a bit nervous and uncomfortable but confident as he rang Mrs. Abernathy's doorbell. He was well aware of her reputation and that he had short changed her but was sure she wasn't aware of that. His nervousness an unease dissipated as they were warmly welcomed and had a superb dinner. Mrs. Abernathy couldn't have been nicer or the food any better.

After the meal Mrs. Abernathy had Alfred open a bottle of very expensive Portuguese port and fill everyone a glass. Alfred wasn't stupid by a long shot and had kept his eyes on her the entire evening. He made damn sure they ate and drank what she did. Dennis had told him about how she would drug her tea and what had happened to the Simms.

The cork on the bottle of fine wine didn't seem tampered with so happily poured. Standing with cut crystal glass in hand toasted Mrs. Abernathy for her hospitality. As he finished swallowing the fantastic port, he noted that her glass was still full.

"Shit!" was his last conscious thought.

Ooo

Alfred woke up suddenly, a bit dizzy, the need to relieve himself overpowering. The room was dark but he found the bathroom easy enough. Standing over the commode reached down to guide his dick. His fingers touched cold metal and what sleep remained vanished immediately. Looking down he saw his penis encased in a bright stainless steel tube tucked down between his legs. The tube was barely an inch long and half as much around. From the way his scrotal sack overlapped the metal strap his balls must have been pushed up back inside his body. Letting out a soft moan, he pulled the lid down and sat.

As the urine poured forth, he became aware of another feeling. This time in his ass. Reaching between his legs, he touched something rectangular, soft but unyielding. Grasping it, he pulled. As it came out an emptiness was left behind. Holding it up, he recognized it. It was an eight inch long by five inches wide at the center silicone butt plug. He wanted to toss it as far away from him as possible but carefully laid it on the counter top. Trying to assess the damage he was dismayed as all five fingers entered the anal ring with little resistance.

Ashen faced he got off the commode, turned on the light and looked at his reflected image in the full length mirror. Other than the chastity he was completely nude. Over his right breast was a bright tattoo of Tinkerbell, over and around the left was one of the dragon from "The Never Ending Story." His belly button had been surrounded in a colorful floral wreath. Matching floral wreaths were on both wrists and ankles. Looking back over his shoulder he checked out his backside. A solitary burgundy colored rose with bright green stem adorned his right shoulder blade. A pair of puckered bright red lips was on his left. Across the saddle of his back was a detailed floral design running from hip to hip with a pink penis etched vertically in its center spewing pink sperm. The left cheek had the word in fancy black script, "Enter" and on the other, "Here." None of the tattoos looked new and his anus was gaping. The butt plug was now a necessity.

The piercings were all well healed and numerous. Six in each earlobe, the most prominent was a large pink pearl stud in the center of each lobe. His septum held a gold hoop, a chromed barbell and hoop were in each brow, another barbell was in the center of his lip and larger one through his tongue. Centered in his navel was a pink rhinestone penis held on a gold chain.

Dazed and confused he staggered back into the bedroom. The bedside lamp was on and a stranger sitting up in the bed he had left. The man was humongous in both height and weight, blacker than the ace of spades.

"Bitch what da fuck took ya so long n what's with all dat moaning n groanin'. Ya woke my sorry ass up with all dat commotion. Sheet! As long as I's awake, get ya ass back in bed n give me a good blow. What da

fuck ya lookin' at like dat? You'd think ya never seen me afore now. Sheet ya been my bitch fer almost a year and ya coppin n attitude."

Dennis was on all fours, a big black dildo plunging into his ass as another pink gel one was working his mouth over. He was wearing a pink satin DD bra and pink net tutu. The bra barely contained what looked like real boobs. Unfortunately for Dennis they were silicone implants. Both women were grunting with their efforts and both were amazons. They both had flat top styled hair one red hair the other a blond with muscular builds. The one in front was wearing grease stained jeans and black and green checked flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up. The one in back tan khakis with a blue wife beater tee. Her breasts barely tented the tight tee shirt. As Dennis hit the floor exhausted when the women pulled out, the fog lifted from his brain. With the realization that he was the she male sex slave of two notorious lesbians famous for their bad ass roles in porno movies he fainted. Later when he discovered that he had been castrated and his penis surgically altered into a small stub, he cried for hours.

His mother, Marcie, was there. She had been changed dramatically as well. Now she looked and acted like the biggest street whore imaginable. Big platinum hair, her breasts enlarged to EE's and the sluttiest clothes with no less than a six inch stiletto heels. In the past she had been a loving mother but now she got her thrills putting him in a leather straight jacket, ballet boots and stringing him from the ceiling for hours. She did tricks to help fund the lesbian household but much preferred eating out her two roommates. As Dennis hung swinging, she beat his round ass with a riding crop. Suddenly she paused, everything coming back to her now. With a wailing cry the riding crop fell from her hand.

Ooo

Mrs. Abernathy was enjoying a Mai Tai with a cute umbrella in it. "Nothing like a pacific island get away," she thought.

The End