

Mrs. Abernathy Just for Fun
By Cheryl Lynn

Mrs. Abernathy sat at the coffee table, granny glasses perched on the tip of her nose reading the "Wall Street Journal." To all outward appearances she appeared to be your typical grandmother. She was somewhat chubby with salt and pepper hair tied into a bun wearing a simple A-line dress. Normally you wouldn't see an elderly woman reading a financial journal in a coffee shop. However looks can be deceiving and in her case very much so. Not only was she a grand master of hypnosis but had access to certain psychotropic drugs. She used both of these to amass great wealth by deceit and deception. Once she had her victim(s) under full control, Mrs. Abernathy would sell them into the sex trade. In the process she would obtain whatever wealth they had gathered. Usually that alone was very profitable. So profitable that she could retire at the ripe old age of forty. Like I said looks can be deceiving. The real Mrs. Abernathy was a shapely very fine looking woman.

Over time Mrs. Abernathy had made many "friends" in the sex business and learned how to stay off the radar. She never stayed in one place too long and switched bank accounts frequently. Numerous passports showed her under different names and photos. Currently she was Mrs. Abernathy but like a CIA agent could change at a moment's notice. She liked being in this grandmotherly character for several reasons. Primarily because she went largely unnoticed and immediately trusted by people.

Her last job was several years ago in Florida. That project gave her more than enough to easily outlive her amassed wealth. So she decided to retire and enjoy frolicking with the jet set crowd. After a few years of that she grew bored and missed the emotional highs of her working life. You see Mrs. Abernathy was a truly evil person and got a perverse pleasure at someone else's expense. Which brings us to the here and now.

Mrs. Abernathy rented a house in an upper middle class neighborhood at the beginning of summer. It was originally her intention to just get away from the hectic jet set life style. Becoming the old frumpy Mrs. Abernathy was less demanding and a role she enjoyed playing. It was a role that now brought back fond memories of past misdeeds. She decided just for the fun of it to see if she could recapture her past. With her decision made, put down the paper and finishing her coffee left for home.

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Like many modern day couples the Summer's both worked to maintain their lifestyle. Jake was an IT specialist with a large company while Helen was a graphic designer. Again like most couples, lived beyond their means and had debt. They had a son, Jacob and twin daughter Melody eighteen. Both children were becoming responsible adults. Jacob cut the neighbor's grass and did odd jobs. Melody baby sat and did some house cleaning as well. All their earnings went into a collage fund. Both

children had good grades but would need financial assistance to get into a good college. Good colleges they would attend in the coming Fall.

Melody unlike many high school girls was a girlie-girl. She loved dresses and skirts over slacks and jeans. She was fastidious when it came to her makeup and hair. However she didn't overdo it. She wanted the girl next door look and reputation. Unlike her brother didn't have any problems attracting the other sex. She had a lot of dates but when they became too serious moved on. Currently she was dating the captain of the swim team. She was very pretty with large doe like blue eyes and wavy Chestnut shoulder length hair.

Jacob was like most high school boys. He enjoyed sports, gaming and girls. He wasn't macho, thin of frame with collar length mousey brown hair. He wasn't outgoing like his sister nor in with the "In" crowd at school. He did have a steady girlfriend, Jill, and had gotten as far as second base with her. While he enjoyed sports was a spectator rather than a player. Much of his free time was spent playing video games.

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Mrs. Abernathy as she arrived home noticed a young man cutting the grass and young woman washing a car across the street. She stood for several minutes just watching, then nodding her head made a decision. Smiling broadly, she went to brew her special tea and make some muffins.

"This is just going to be for fun. That family is just begging to get a jolt to their hum drum ordinary life. If I get to wet my beak by getting some cash out of it all the better," she thought.

That afternoon she pressed a white gloved finger to the doorbell across the street. An attractive woman in her middle to late thirties answered the door.

"Hello dear, my name is Mrs. Abernathy and I just moved in across the street. Thought I'd be neighborly and bring over some homemade muffins and iced sweet tea. I don't mean to brag but I've been told my muffins are fabulous. I hope I'm not interrupting but wanted to introduce myself," she said in greeting.

Helen had other things to do and wasn't all that happy about being interrupted. Seeing the elderly woman and the friendly smile couldn't say no. "I need to get the laundry started but how can I say no to this nice lady," she thought then stepping back invited her in.

The muffins were absolutely decadent and Helen knew she would have to spend an additional half hour on her treadmill but had two anyway. As she was doing that, Jacob came in to get a drink. He gladly accepted a glass of cold iced sweet tea. He didn't have to be asked twice if he wanted a muffin and sat with them at the kitchen table. Melody followed soon after. Jake arrived home as he had to work Saturday mornings and

sat with them. The iced tea was a welcome relief and the muffins tasty.

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Jake stood at the wash basin in the laundry room. He was wearing a flower imprinted bib apron with ruffled lace trim. It had been three weeks since Mrs. Abernathy started coming over with her tea and muffins. Something the entire family looked forward to every Saturday. He had both the washer and dryer running. In his hands were a pair of his daughter's used scarlet nylon panties. Slowly he brought the stained white cotton crotch up to his nose and inhaled deeply. He instantly had an erection.

His panty fetish blossomed two weeks ago when his wife used them to get him off. Now he preferred her masturbating him with dirty panties than penetration. The idea of normal intercourse no longer entered his mind. Doing house hold chores foreign to his past behavior now gave him a sense of accomplishment. Doing the laundry was his favorite as it gave him access to both his wife and daughter's used panties.

Helen was sitting on the sofa wearing a pair of slacks and one of her husband's undershirts. Under that she had on a pair of his dirty boxers and her white compression bra. As the baseball game started the fifth inning, Helen reached into her slacks and began rubbing her pussy. For some unknown reason she was sexually excited. Her other hand was holding a cold beer. If it weren't for the constant itching from the hair growing on her legs and underarms would have been totally content.

Normally Helen wouldn't be caught dead dressed and looking like she did now. She had been fastidious about her feminine appearance and keeping the house clean, seldom without minimal makeup. Now she could care less when home. Dressed as she was now had been liberating bringing out her masculine side. Two weeks ago she decided to make that change by switching roles with Jake. It was time for her to be the decision maker and king of her castle.

Jacob was in his room fascinated by the MAC cosmetic website he had pulled up. He had downloaded their makeup tutorial and absorbing the instructions. As he concentrated on them, his hand was slowly stroking his penis. For some strange reason he was sexually excited at the thought of wearing makeup. He knew he couldn't afford the expensive MAC line of cosmetics but their tutorial was very educational.

Over the past two weeks Jacob had become a totally new person. He developed a very strong interest in all things feminine. That interest drove him to learn as much as he could about fashions, hairstyles and makeup. At first he justified his actions as being better able to relate to his girl, Jill. The more he learned the more he wanted to look feminine. Thankfully he had a sister from whom he could borrow what he needed.

Meanwhile Melody was in her room sitting at her lavender satin skirted vanity applying a much heavier coating of makeup. The concealer and foundation were much darker than what she normally used. It really bothered her that her skin was so pale and her hair so totally wrong. A compulsion had come over her such that she was becoming frantic. Her entire look was just so wrong now.

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Mrs. Abernathy was sitting at the kitchen table putting her pendant back into her purse. The Summer's family along with Jill were there with blank expressions on their faces. It had been six weeks since her first visit and it was time to move on with her plans. They had proved to be very good subjects and had progressed better than she expected. Jill was a new acquisition being under her influence for two weeks but she was ready.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Abernathy had insisted that Jacob bring his girlfriend to meet her. After graduation Jill had moved into her own apartment and had a good job. Her main goal in life was to become a wife and mother so college wasn't important. At the moment she believed Jacob was the man to complete that goal.

While the parents had carried on somewhat normally at their jobs neither one did so at home. Jake was much more feminine and Helen more masculine. Instead of giving the orders he was doing the housework while she sat in the den watching sports. At home they wore each other's clothing. As far as the three young adults, it was a different matter. They could be brought along at a much faster pace. Mrs. Abernathy decided to start with Jill.

"Jill you love Jacob but as your best friend forever. You will do your best to help him become Jacqueline. Help him learn to love all those things young girls' needs to know. Give him your birth control pills as you are a lesbian. Lesbians don't need such things. Make sure he takes them daily as he likes the boys. Take him to your LGBT meetings. As his BFF you need to make sure his dates are with other gay boys and men. Unless you join and regularly attend LGBT meetings that would be difficult," she instructed.

"Jacob you want with all your heart to be Jacqueline. You will do whatever necessary to become Jacqueline, a boi-girl. Listen to Jill as she is your BFF. She will guide and teach you what you need to know. You absolutely love gay and especially transsexual men. You have to look pretty enough to attract their attention. You only want to wear the most girly clothing and lingerie you can find. Jill will guide you and Melody will give you her old clothing."

"Melody you were adopted as a young black girl. You have always been black but have denied your true origins. You can no longer deny that you're a black woman. You will change your appearance, dress and

thoughts to reflect your black heritage. You find that older black gentlemen are very desirable and sexually attracted to them. However you don't care if they are successful. You find that poor and downtrodden older black men are really hot. Just being near one sends thrills rushing up your spine. You want to have their babies."

"Helen and Jake I have checked out your employers and they have very liberal sexual orientation policies. Monday morning you will go to your boss and proclaim your chosen path. Helen you're now Harvey, a man living in a woman's body. You love Jake but only as a man loves his woman. Jake you're a panty sniffing transvestite. As a transvestite you love wearing fancy lacy lingerie, women's clothing and especially ultra-high heels. You love the man Helen is becoming but are unable to satisfy her needs. You have a pathetically small penis and balls. You are a premature ejaculator only achieving satisfactory sexual release by masturbating in used panties. However while it gives you no pleasure, you will let Harvey penetrate you whenever he wishes," she finished smiling broadly.

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Melody who decided her name should be Tanisha sat at her vanity slathering on the heavy dark makeup. She had shaved her light brown eyebrows so she could paint thin black high arches. Added long false eyelashes and multi-colored shadows to enhance her eyes. It was difficult as she had recently gotten one inch ceramic oval extensions. They were varnished in an elaborate multi-colored stripe design. Her hair had been dyed black and tightly plaited into corn rows. The plaits had been gathered up at the crown and cascaded down like a waterfall. She finished her makeup with a heavy rum-raisin lipstick. Now all she had to do was put in the brown contacts then get dressed.

About the only thing Tanisha wasn't happy with was her C-cup sized breasts. She wanted at least double D's but that would have to wait. Hopefully her parents would let her use her college funds to take care of that little problem. Right now she had to depend on her push'em up hold'em in balconet underwire bras. For underwear she only wore lacy thongs. Her regular panties she gave to her brother. Thongs were so much easier to get out of the way during sex. If asked she would say that her legs were her best feature. Tanisha loved the way her legs looked in fishnets and six inch stripper heels. She had used the tanning salon and lotions until her skin was a very dark tan. The only skin not tanned were her eyelids and the reason for the heavy eyeshadow.

With her makeup done she began dressing. The lingerie she selected was a bright scarlet colored satin balconet with the matching lace thong. After donning the scarlet embroidered garter belt, she rolled red fishnet nylons up her legs. Stepping into the bright purple six inch pumps with a one inch platform sole she then slipped into her purple satin pencil skirted low cut dress. The bodice was double breasted revealing cleavage and the hem didn't quite reach mid-thigh. A heavy dose of floral perfume

and she was ready to attend the NAACP meeting.

Jacqueline was at his BFF's house getting ready to go to their first LGBT meeting. Earlier Jill had taken him to her salon, had his hair dyed honey blond and given a soft perm. His makeup was done in a style similar to what his sister use to wear. From there to the mall where he had his ears pierced three times. He couldn't wait for the pink keepers to come out and wear some super hoops and dangly chandeliers. Fortunately he didn't have to spend a lot as Melody had given him most of her clothing. Still there was that must stop at VS. Their bras were not only sexy but a die for must if he were to attract a nice boy. The matching garter belts and sheer hosiery were necessary additions.

He was wearing a white cotton cap sleeved midriff top and pink above the knee wool blend flare skirt. His plum colored satin bra could be discerned through the thin cotton of his blouse. Under the skirt he wore the matching garter belt, hip hugger panties and lace frilled half-slip. His stockings were sheer with a lace welt. His feet clad in white patent leather pointed toed pumps with a three inch wedge heel.

Jacqueline was sitting impatiently on the Jill's bed. She still couldn't decide on what to wear. At the moment she had on a plain white satin bra and matching granny panties in a semi-sheer nylon. She held a pair of black slacks in one hand and a cute sun dress in the other. Before Mrs. Abernathy had come into the picture, Jacob would have been drooling at the sight with a massive erection. At the moment all he could think about was meeting some nice gay man. Jill for her part couldn't decide on whether or not to go butch or fem. Before Mrs. Abernathy, all she wanted was to be a wife and mother. Now she was trying to decide to be either a top or bottom in a same sex affair.

Harvey was watching a baseball game wearing green and black plaid boxers and stained white undershirt. Her boobs had been squished tight against the chest with flesh colored elastic bandages. Earlier she had gone to a barber shop and had the long flowing hair cut into a buzz style. Beautiful long hair that Helen had been very proud of. As Harvey watched the game a hand was stroking the double headed dildo strapped to the groin. He was feeling horny and wondering where Jake was. With the kids gone for the night, some play time with Jake was way past due. Over the years, sex had become an occasional thing. Now it seemed they were both horny all the time. Harvey couldn't wait to try out his new package, a large realistic double headed dildo with hairy scrotum.

Jake at the moment was in his son's room looking for a pair of dirty panties. Since his wife only wore boxers and Melody had switched to skimpy thongs, he had little choice to satisfy his needs. Now that Jacob was more girl than boy using his panties wasn't so difficult. They even smelled something like Melody's, perfume with hints of urine and musk. Plus being fuller cut felt wonderful gliding up and down his stiff pole. While his penis was slightly bigger than normal, Jake only saw a little boy's as he wrapped it in the yellow panties. Three jerks later he

squirted as he prematurely climaxed.

He had gone out earlier that day to Mr. Fred's of Hollywood and purchased a waist length auburn soft permed wig and pair of red shoes. He was wearing the wig, his wife's old panties and bra stuffed with rice filled stockings. Barely covering his underwear was a white with pink floral imprinted satin shorty robe. The shoes had given him fits but while wobbly could manage after hours of practice. Six inch stilettos with a one and half inch platform would be difficult for a woman but Jake loved them. His only regret was not getting the eight inch heeled ballet boots. Those he decided would have to wait until he adjusted to wearing what he did have. Right now he was only concerned about getting much needed relief before he went down to take care of Harvey,

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The sun was just coming up when Melody/Tanisha came home. As she stepped on wobbly legs out of the car looked like death warmed over. Her fishnets were hanging in threads. Her pink thong could be seen draped around one ankle. She spent the night in an apartment located in the hood with two elderly black men. Melody met LeRon at the meeting and felt an immediate attraction. He was in his middle fifties, wearing blue overalls and white tee. He kept his head shaved, had three gold front teeth and beer belly. When he asked if she wanted to go back to his place she happily agreed. All she wanted to do now was sleep. The sticky mess on her inner thighs could wait until later.

Meeting his roommate, Bootsie had been an added thrill. Bootsie was a little older than LeRon with gray kinky short hair, large flaring nose and thick lips. When they entered the apartment, he was wearing khaki pants and white undershirt. A bottle of cheap wine was on the coffee table beside an ashtray holding a smoldering cigar.

As Tanisha was introduced, Bootsie smiled broadly showing a large gap where his front teeth had been. His breath smelled heavily of wine and cigar. Instead of shaking the hand that was offered, Tanisha stepped in close and gave Bootsie a tonsil teasing French kiss. There was just something about these old men that Tanisha couldn't resist. Breaking the kiss she slid down to the floor and began undoing his pants.

"Holy shit!" she heard as her lips sucked in the head of his penis. Tanisha was almost delirious with joy as she slid all the way down that wrinkled shaft. It was the first time she had ever done that but was enthusiastic if not talented.

Sitting back on her heels Tanisha swallowed happily as she noted the rum-raisin lip imprinted on the base of the now limp dick. LeRon was standing beside her, his cock at full erection. To her eyes it was beautiful. A full nine inches long and thick. Instead of sucking it, she stood and with an inviting smile told him that was just too good to waste on a blow job. LeRon was not about to object and led her into the

bedroom.

Tanisha was wearing only her lingerie and heels as she swayed her tanned bottom in the air while on all fours. To say that LeRon was surprised at the tightness of her pussy didn't come close to how surprised he was discovering it was virgin. He was glad he had popped a Viagra while Tanisha was giving his buddy head. It had been over a week since LeRon screwed a prostitute and when he came, filled that tight little box. When he collapsed off to the side Bootsie was ready to take his place.

At the LGBT meeting Jacqueline met another transgender person. Her name was Mathilda and in her forties. He felt attracted to this aging drag queen for some unknowable reason and spent most of the meeting hanging on his words. While his BFF Jill was worried about Mathilda driving Jacqueline home didn't argue. She had met Dawn a very masculine looking twenty something woman. Dawn had asked her to meet at a nearby coffee shop so they could get to know one another better.

Instead of driving Jacqueline home Mathilda took him to her place. Two glasses of white wine later, she was all over Jacqueline. It had been a very long time since Mathilda had such a young naive young man. He was easy to manipulate with the help of some Ecstasy. Mathilda was having her way with Jacob. When the ground up date rape drug was put into Jacqueline's wine, she had taken Viagra. It was just getting light when Mathilda dropped a still groggy and sore Jacqueline off. It had been a wonderful night and Mathilda had the photos to prove it. She/he hoped he wouldn't have to use them to get Jacquie back in her bed but would. If he refused Mathilda would sell them to a porn site and make a few bucks.

Jill wound up following Dawn to her place thinking she had found her masculine lover. That went out the window when she was introduced to the roommate, Max. Max was a full on bull dyke. She obviously worked out with weights, had close cropped red hair and tattoos just about everywhere. It wasn't long after that a large doubled headed dildo was produced along with a strap on. The strap on held a massive eight inch by three inch thick black dildo. Max used that to take both of Jill's cherries while Dawn used the other to face fuck her. Before she left the next morning, Jill had a tattoo of her own. Max using a knife carved her and Dawn's initials into Jill's shaved crotch filling in the cuts with India ink.

As the kids were having their first time experiences, Jake was bent over the arm of the sofa. Harvey was pounding the big dildo into his upturned cheeks moaning in pleasure. Jake for his part did the best he could to stifle the tears and cries of pain. It was the first time anyone had put something into his back passage other than prostate exams. It hurt like all get out and derived no pleasure but he suffered as an obedient wife should. All that mattered was that Harvey enjoyed his romp. He even cleaned it with his mouth without complaint when she finally finished. Jake looked so cute and submissive as he cleaned her dildo, Harvey decided to face fuck him. The feeling of power Harvey got from that act

was almost as great as when she did it to his bottom.

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Over the ensuing weeks Harvey had legally changed his name from Helen. Signed up at a gym and was using the weight machines daily to bulk up. Jake came out as a transvestite and wore only women's clothing. From the neck down he did his best to look as feminine as possible. Even with makeup Jake was easily recognized as a man in a dress. At home he became totally engrossed in being the best homemaker and lover to his man as possible. While he received no pleasure from Harvey's physical attentions, Jake accepted it as his duty. After all, they loved each other deeply and some inconveniences were acceptable.

During that time period Jacqueline fell head over heels for Mathilda. At Mathilda urging he began using butt plugs. They went out at least twice a week usually to a gay nightclub then back to her place. To pay for the drinks at the club, she/he would send Jacquie to the restrooms with an older man. If Jacquie, as Mathilda liked to call him performed well would occasionally reward him with a blow job. Mathilda also harped on him about how tight he was. Mathilda demanded that he get much looser and wanted him wide open as soon as possible. She/he had a serious fetish. Nothing got Mathilda off better than seeing her arm thrusting in and out of that opening. Now that was dominance and Mathilda loved dominating Jacquie. Last week she/he had taken him to a black market doctor and had Jacquie's nipples fitted with two inch by half inch nipple extenders. With the extenders in place, the doctor injected silicon into each nipple filling the extenders. Mathilda seldom let anyone enter her back passage but having those nubbins in there would be a turn on.

Tanisha was spending much of her evenings entertaining LeRon and Bootsie. There she was both maid and lover. She really enjoyed their company even if they couldn't keep up with her sexual demands. One night LeRon's nephew, Leo came over to visit. He was a good looking well-built young man of twenty-three but Tanisha was totally turned off by him and his advances. She reluctantly gave in to the older men's demands that she at least suck him off. As she did that Bootsie fucked her in the ass. Her pussy was getting too loose for his big tool.

Jill helped Jacqueline whenever he needed advice or assistance but spent a lot of time with Dawn and Max. She had willingly become their ultra-fem. Her past conservative wardrobe was replaced with everything Lolita styled. Short flare skirts held out almost horizontally by layers of stiff petticoats. Her hair was usually up in twin pig tails. She had dyed it snow white with pink highlights. Her makeup, white-faced with bright crimson lipstick, blush and colorful eyeshadows. Multi-colored leggings and thick platform soled shoes with high spike heels completed her dressing. Some weekends when they had friends over she was required to wear a French Maid's black satin uniform. The skirt of that uniform high enough to display the bright white heavily laced rumba panties. Last week Max had taken her to a piercing parlor and had large gold rings

threatened through her labia. Those rings allowed fluids to pass but nothing to enter. Jill would be a better lick and much easier to control if left constantly frustrated.

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"I guess I haven't lost my touch," Mrs. Abernathy thought as she packed her bags. It was time to move on. She didn't make any money on this project but she did have a lot of fun. "I'd love to be here to watch what happens when my conditioning wears off in about three months. Oh to see their faces when they remember everything about who they were and what they have done. I bet from the way Tanisha is going at it she'll probably be preppers by then. Can't be helped. It's time to go."

Reckoning
By Cheryl Lynn

This is a follow up of my story, "Mrs. Abernathy, Just for Fun." As with all of Mrs. Abernathy's victims they usually remember everything after three months without her treatments. For the Summer's family, those three months are just about up. Please read "Just for Fun" before reading this.

Definitely not for the sweet/sentimental reader. All standard disclaimers apply and may be downloaded for personal use only. Any other use is strictly prohibited unless approved by the author. Comments are welcome at cheryl2lynn@yahoo.com.

Reckoning

Tanisha sat behind her desk at the nurses' station rubbing her rounded stomach. She was near the end of her first trimester of being pregnant. She had no idea who the father was and didn't really care. Most women of color were in a similar position at one time or another as she was. Obviously from the timing, it had to be either LeRoy or Bootsie. Still she didn't really care. All that mattered was having the first of what she hoped to be many babies. In the back of her mind a small voice was screaming but she ignored it.

Besides the more babies the more money she would receive from the State. Learning how to live off the dole was one of the first things she was taught. The woman across the hall from LeRoy had been a big help in that regard. One of the first things the woman did was help establish Tanisha's legal identity with the State. Since Tanisha had no job or skills, the State paid for subsidized housing, medical care and food. Since she was living rent free with LeRoy and Bootsie she used the money to get EE-cup implants.

Two months ago LeRoy had gotten her a volunteer job as a nursing assistant where he worked as a janitor. The retirement home was not that

far from his apartment. He figured Tanisha's sex drive demands on him and Bootsie would diminish if she took care of the male patients. While both of them enjoyed what Tanisha had to offer, doing it three or more times a week left them exhausted. After the first couple of weeks at their age doing it once a week was more than enough. With her at the nursing home, she could suck and fuck as much as she wanted plus as a volunteer wouldn't lose State benefits. As far as LeRoy and Bootsie were concerned, it was a win-win proposition. There were at least two dozen elderly black men at the home who gladly took their place. Now they only performed when they wanted too plus they had a live-in maid.

After three months there were two problems for them that needed to be addressed. One was the pregnancy. Neither of the men wanted a screaming brat sharing their two bedroom apartment. The other was the possibility of the State demanding DNA testing. Neither one of them wanted to be held responsible for paying child support. As much as LeRoy would miss her cleaning and cooking, more than the sex even, he made arrangements with a pimp to set Tanisha up. There was a demand for videos of pregnant women having sex and the pimp welcomed the addition. So much so he gave LeRoy five grand for the privilege. The pimp had witnessed just how horny Tanisha was and figured she could become a gold mine. Maybe horny enough to take on Titan, his big black pit bull.

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Jacqueline squatted over the baseball bat, slowly moving up and down while Mathilda filmed him. They needed a new inspirational film for their web pay site. Mathilda figured seeing Jacquie slide six inches of that four inch diameter bat up his backside would do it. After three months of intense training, he was stretched enough to do it. Yes it was painful but Jacquie could take it. There was only one downside to being that stretched out from Mathilda's point of view.

After living together for a month she had convinced Jacquie they needed the extra income and began pimping him out. Finding other gay men who shared Mathilda's fist fucking fetish was difficult. Still Jacquie gave great head and guys didn't mind paying for that. Jacqueline easily passed as a girlie-girl and could work both the straight and gay world. Something Mathilda took full advantage of.

When Jacquie moved in almost three months ago Mathilda started him using ever increasing butt plugs. At first he complained but complied. For reasons Jacquie couldn't understand he just couldn't say no to this aged drag queen. Whatever Mathilda wanted he would do even if he didn't like it. At first the demands were simple. Take some man into the restroom and blow him for twenty bucks. Jacquie wasn't the least bit attracted to men. He was only drawn to other transvestites like himself. Mathilda justified those acts by using the money to pay for their drinks at some bar. The web site paid the rent and other expenses.

Then there were the tattoos and piercings Mathilda wanted. A tramp stamp

across the saddle of his back depicting fornicating naked men intertwined amidst a bed of multi-colored roses. A pink rhinestone belly ring in the shape of a male penis. A blood red rose bud with green thorn rimmed stem was tattooed over his right breast. Under the stem in an inverted arc were written in black ink script, "Mathilda's Bitch." Jacquie didn't want any of these additions but did it for her. Finally a four inch gold hoop was inserted into the head of Jacquie's penis. The hoop prevented Jacquie from penetrating but could receive head. Mathilda didn't like to be taken in the backside or have him do anyone else. Mathilda justified those actions by telling him it would increase viewers on their major source of income. A pay per view gay adult web site.

So to keep Mathilda happy, Jacquie was humiliating himself while being videoed. With the bat firmly lodged, he bent at the waist and began sucking on Mathilda's dick. As he did that the small voice in the back of his head began screaming. Only this time it was accompanied by memories. Memories that couldn't be ignored. So sharp, so detailed and so shocking he passed out.

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Jill was sitting at the vanity putting her white pink highlighted hair into two high pigtails. She was trying to decide whether to use the chiffon scrunchies or satin ribbons to secure them. She wanted to look perfect for the photo shoot Max wanted to do today. For the past three months Jill had been living with Max and Dawn as their Lolita sex slave. One of the first things Max demanded when Jill agreed to be their lesbian sex slave was to become an Ero Lolita. A sexually precocious not promiscuous little girl look with some modification. Jill had to always wear white face foundation, bright green or blue eyeshadow, heavy black eyeliner and long false lashes with vivid red Cupid's bow lips. The eyeliner always extended to give her eyes an almond shaped Asian look.

While Jill did not personally like any Lolita style and especially the heavy makeup, she felt compelled to do what Max demanded. Another thing she absolutely hated were the piercings. Piercings in her eyebrows, a pink crystal nostril piercing that had four dangling thin gold chains draping across her right cheek and attached to her right earlobe. The most hated piercings were the golden hoops through her labia preventing any kind of penetration. Max had that done so Jill wouldn't lapse back into having heterosexual affairs. Jill agreed to that piercing when told if she didn't then would have a Muslim female circumcision. A procedure that would remove both inner and outer labia, the clitoral hood and gland and closure of the vulva leaving only a small opening for the passage of fluids. The very thought of that heinous act by a Muslim friend of Max's made Jill quickly agree. Having Dawn and Max's initials inked just above her vagina didn't bother her nearly as much as the piercings.

Finished with her hair she noticed the clock and hurried to get dressed. It took her the longest to button and lace the black satin with red lace decoration corset properly. She already had on her red satin thong and

matching bloomers with row upon row of white floral lace. Jill wore the bloomers in case her petticoats and skirt were blown up by the wind. If that happened the bloomers would make her appear precocious rather than promiscuous. With the corset on, she slid her feet into the white nylon ankle socks with three rows of red lace frills over her pink and white horizontally striped thigh highs. Then she put on the black patent leather Mary Janes. Four white stiffly starched layered net petticoats soon followed then the red bell shaped skirt. The petticoats fluffed out the dress well above the knees leaving their lacy hems exposed. As she checked her image in the mirror a small voice in the back of her mind was screaming objections.

After the photos were taken they all went out to the Pink Pussy lounge. Jill was a big favorite there and popular. So popular that Dawn and Max never paid for a drink. While they sipped Jill was either dancing or on her knees in the bathroom with some other butch. It was near closing time when it happened. The voice had been growing over the past couple of weeks and beginning to really bother Jill. It had always been there but was now becoming hard to ignore.

##

Helen/Harvey sat on the couch like she did every Saturday watching sports. Harvey easily passed casual inspection as a man. Her buzz cut hair, broken nose (broken on purpose) and gym workouts were an effective deception. Sitting on the side table was her bottle of beer and ashtray. Recently Harvey developed a taste for a good cigar to go with her brew. She particularly enjoyed the large black cigars. Cigars called a cannonies (cannon) maduro made in Mexico that smelled like vinegar soaked rags. A cigar only a very macho male would smoke. It gave her a perverse thrill watching her husband Jake/Jenny suck on the rounded end before lighting it. He always made the strangest faces when doing that. While their roles were totally reversed they loved each other dearly.

Jake had legally changed his name to Jenny and from the neck down looked female. However even with the long flowing red wig, ballet boots and makeup he would never pass as a real woman. His chin was too square, the nose too big and five o'clock shadow that concealer couldn't hide. Two months ago when his wife had breast reduction surgery he had implants. Harvey talked Jenny into getting DD-cup implants. Having such large breasts caused lower back pain and got in the way but Harvey loved them. Jenny would have preferred smaller C-cup ones but deferred to his wife's wishes.

They had both given serious thought to having genital reconstruction but the cost and results negated that idea. Besides the only way Jenny could get sexual satisfaction was wanking off into a pair of dirty panties. Harvey was happy using her large realistic strap-on dildo. Watching Jenny give it head or plowing it up his backside always made her climax.

Today Harvey was feeling restless as she watched a boring ball game. The

voice in the back of her mind was getting harder to ignore but she pushed it aside. She needed to get her mind on something else. The ball game certainly wasn't doing that.

"Jenny get your ass in here!" she shouted deciding she wanted sex.

A few minutes later Jenny wearing an outfit straight out of the late fifties came into the room. He was wearing an A-line full skirted powder pink rayon paisley printed dress with white cuffed mid-arm length sleeves. For lingerie he was wearing his new pink and white VS floral paisley patchwork second skin satin bra with the matching garter belt and bikini panties. At least four white net crinolines held the circle skirt out. What didn't fit the vintage style was his shoes. On his feet were a pair of skyscraper stiletto heels with a two inch platform sole.

"Yes darling, you need me for something. I just put a load into the washer and have some time," he said. "You want me to get you another beer?"

"Yeah then get that fine booty over here. I'm in the mood for some good lovin'," Harvey demanded.

Jenny was bent over the arm of the couch when memories began flooding his mind. Harvey had her dildo planted deep into her husband's backside when her memories returned. Both completely over whelmed, passed out.

##

"I have never stayed too long anywhere once I set my marks up. It's the smart thing to do. I know they acted as I instructed but never once got to see them once the conditioning wore off. I had no other people involved except the family and Jill this time. Perhaps I can make an exception to my standing rule. I really would like to see how they all turned out. All I have to do is give them commands to ignore my presents should I visit and make sure the children come over at least once a week. That way I can monitor their changes," Mrs. Abernathy thought.

Over the next three months Mrs. Abernathy watched Harvey and Jenny as they progressed. She was more than pleased by what she saw across the street when they cut the grass and washed the car. Harvey was wearing Bermuda shorts and undershirt while cutting the grass. The undershirt left no doubt that she had a very flat chest and lots of body hair. Jenny washing the car in a revealing green bikini left no doubts that he had a very nice rack. While they didn't realize she was in their house observing, Mrs. Abernathy kept those visits short. She was very pleased to see that they were living and acting like any other married couple.

Every weekend one of the children would stop by for a short visit. She was very pleased to see that Melody/Tanisha was quite passable as a young woman of color. On her last visit she sported a very full Afro and from the low cut purple satin dress had real EE-cup breasts. Jacob/Jacqueline

on his last visit was almost unrecognizable. Mrs. Abernathy had to look real hard at the very feminine creature going up to the door across the street. She was wearing skin tight pink denim short shorts with a white midriff halter top and white go-go boots. Jacquie was too far away for Mrs. Abernathy to make out the exposed tramp stamp but did notice the rose tattoo.

"I'm so glad I stayed around this time," Mrs. Abernathy mused as she walked into their house and saw the tramp stamp up close. "Things should be getting real interesting in about another two or three weeks."

##

Tanisha was leaving the OBGYN clinic after having a sonogram with a very confused look on her face. "Dat crazy doctor says I bees white folk. I know I been raised by deem but dat doan make me white," she thought sitting down at the bus stop.

Over the past three months Melody had fully acclimated to living in the hood and adopting its speech patterns and culture. The only two things she seemed to really care about was having children to call her own and sex with older black men. Her life seemed to be perfect until the doctor asked her why she was pretending to be a woman of color. Life was good right now. She had a pimp and all the sex she could handle. There had always been a tiny voice in the back of her head shouting objections to just about everything she did but now it was screaming. Yelling loud enough not to be totally ignored.

"Get out of my head you demon. I bees Tanisha not some honkey Melody," she thought as the bus pulled up.

Tanisha was on all fours, her EE breasts dangling beneath her giving a black man head while two more were plunging into her other openings. Enricki, her pimp, was filming the action when a very clear picture formed in her mind. It was a picture of a Chestnut haired blue eyed girlie girl. With that picture thoughts began filling her head. Remembrances of her past and who she really was. The onrush of memories was too much and she fainted. When she regained consciousness it was in the wee hours of the morning. Wiping away the tears that immediately formed, got dressed and snuck out of the apartment. The last thing she needed was to wake Enricki or one of the other girls. She had to go home, her real home. She was scared, very scared about what Mrs. Abernathy had done to her and her family.

##

Jill was wearing her black satin French Maid's uniform with all the frills. White lace wrist cuffs, lace fingerless gloves, lace choker and lacy cap. She was perched on seven inch black patent leather pumps serving Max and Dawn's guests. As she carefully minced around the room her satin skirt and petticoats bounced around revealing white satin

ruffled lace rumba panties. She didn't mind acting as a maid most of the time. This time however, Max had strapped a pacifier into her mouth. The pacifier had a three inch rubber nipple that filled her mouth while a seven inch silicon dildo extended from it. When a guest demanded service, Jill would get down on her knees and satisfy them.

She was in the process of bobbing her head vigorously when suddenly memories began filling her head. Memories so horrible and frightening she passed out. When Jill came too, she was in a darkened room laying on the carpeted floor. She was still in her maid's uniform and the dildo attached to her head. She screamed as the memories came flooding back. Fortunately the pacifier only let muffled sounds escape. With realization of where she was and the circumstances, she calmed and removed the pacifier. Quietly she went back to her small room and retrieved her purse as tears poured down her face. Her need to get away so strong she didn't bother to change but slipped on a pair of sensible three inch heels. Jill had to get back to the Summer's house hoping Jacob was alright.

##

It was early morning, the sun just cresting the horizon as five very distraught people sat at the kitchen table. All their eyes were bloodshot and tear stains covered their faces. Jake was back in charge, sitting at the head of the table informing the kids that Mrs. Abernathy was still living across the street. Jacob's first reaction was to grab a kitchen knife. Melody's response was to grab a meat cleaver while Jill wondered how someone could be so evil.

"Put those down and sit back at the table!" Jake commanded. "We can't go rushing off without some plan. Don't think for one moment that woman is stupid. I'm sure she has implanted some hypnotic command that will undo us all even now. So sit down and let's discuss this before we wind up back like we used to be.

After much discussion they had the rudiments of a plan. One that wouldn't get them put in jail but would provide justified retribution. The first thing they decided upon was to use candle wax to plug their ears. This way they wouldn't be able to hear any command words spoken by Mrs. Abernathy. Jake using a thimble as a mold and a piece of string let the melting wax drop into it. It was a trick his grandfather taught him when they went goose hunting. Once they all had the plugs, they decided to wait until Mrs. Abernathy came to their house. She was bound to notice Jill's car in the morning and become curious. In the mean time they would clean and rest up until then.

##

"What's this?" Mrs. Abernathy said as she retrieved her morning newspaper. "From the dew on the car windows she must have spent the night. I bet her conditioning has worn off. If that's true then I

should really get an ear full. Think I'll sneak over after I've had my morning tea," she thought going back inside.

"Okay guys, she's seen Jill's car. Remember our plan," Jake said entering the kitchen. "Helen, you have the earplugs ready. Jacob, you got the duct tape? Good. I'll keep watch until I see her coming over."

An hour later Mrs. Abernathy used her passkey to enter the Summer's front door. She heard the soft crying and "Oh woe is me" conversation coming from the kitchen. "Great, they all seem to be here and from the sounds of it fully aware. This is going to be so much fun," she thought.

Entering the kitchen Mrs. Abernathy was taken completely by surprise as Jake grabbed her from behind in a choke hold. Jacob rushed over and began wrapping duct tape around her head making sure she couldn't speak. Next he secured her hands behind her back then her ankles. To make sure she was completely immobilized, used some rope to hog tie her. With that accomplished they removed the earplugs.

"Got you bitch!" Jacob yelled as he finished. He started to kick her in the ribs but Jake stopped him.

"Jacob remember the plan," Jake ordered. You girls watch her while Jacob and I go over to her house. We need information before we go any further."

It was late morning before Jake and Jacob returned to the house with large smiles on their faces. Jake had a small suitcase in his hand that he put on the kitchen table. "It seems that our Mrs. Abernathy isn't exactly who she appears to be. We found several passports and a lot of cash at her place," he said opening the case.

"Why there must be at least two hundred thousand dollars here," Helen exclaimed.

"Did you look at these passports? They all show a much younger woman," Melody added.

"Yeah, but that's not the most surprising things we found. Look at these," Jake said holding up two vials. "These are the psychotropic drugs that bitch used on us. Checked them out on her laptop and they are diabolical. No wonder we're so fucked up but they gave me an idea. Why don't you girls strip our grandmotherly Mrs. Abernathy and reveal the person inside. I think you're going to be surprised at what else we found out."

Melody rushed over to a cabinet drawer and pulled out a pair of shears. She certainly wouldn't have to be asked twice. Released from the hog tie Mrs. Abernathy squirmed like a worm on hot concrete but in less than ten minutes she was revealed in all her padded glory. Soon the padding was gone exposing the early fortyish shapely woman.

"That's a fine looking fit body for such an old woman," Helen said.

"She's not that old dear," Jake replied. "I think if we peel away the makeup and latex off her face you'll discover she's about our age. However, before we do that put the earplugs back in. I don't want to take any chances with this bitch ever getting power over us again."

##

Zelda was one of the star attractions in the sideshow and proud of it. She was a hit from the very first when she arrived a little over three months ago. She was Zelda, the fat tattooed bearded lady. Most sideshows had a tattooed lady, a fat lady or a bearded lady but she was all in one. For her shows she would be wearing a scanty, gauzy harem outfit and her innie navel filled with a ruby glass jewel. The outfit revealed most of her obese body and its horrid and shocking tattoos. The more pornographic tattoos fortunately were hidden from public view. Her long black beard was braided and tied off with small colorful ribbons similar to dreadlocks. The handlebar mustache waxed and curled at the ends. Zelda's beard and mustache contrasted with her colorfully tattooed bald head. A bald head that had to be covered in public. Those tattoos were of muscled men engaging in fornication poses with each other.

She was not only a star but engaged to another famous circus performer, Mighty Mite. Mighty Mite was a bald headed midget strongman only five foot tall. Though small of frame had the body of a young Arnold Schwarzenegger. His ego was even bigger and his package even bigger yet. He loved lording it over his three hundred sixty pound fiancé and the attention they received whenever out in public. He particularly liked riding on her shoulders as they strolled in public treating her like an elephant. In the privacy of their shared circus trailer Zelda was always naked and available to his demands. Sometimes he would close his eyes, point at a particular tattoo then try that sexual position. Usually he'd just thrust out his hips and point at his eight inches. With their size difference it was just easier for Zelda to provide oral sex. Something Mighty Mite demanded three or four times a day.

Mrs. Abernathy slowly opened her eyes. It was early morning the sun just creeping above the horizon. Mighty Mite was still asleep beside her. The nightmare that had roused her from a deep sleep fading. Sitting up, the reality of her situation hit like a ton of bricks. Old memories coming back made her woozy, her hands shaking like windblown leaves.